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THE
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THE LION'S HEAD.

To our Readers.

THIS IS OUR BIRTH-DAY. For we, like other imperial units, must confess to a day of birth. Although the king never dies, yet he is born: So Editors, though they be shadowy as ghosts, and bear within them the seed of immortality and wisdom, yet are they sometimes reduced to their "*ab initio*," and must own to some origin, some source, like their inferiors the Ohio and the Missouri.

Accordingly, we are this day *three years of age*.—But, understand us, gentle readers:—In periodical literature there is no nonage, no lisping feeble immaturity. It springs at once to its full strength, like the rainbow,—like art. Its wisdom is, as it were, an intuition, and has no infancy. It changes, like the sky; but it always preserves its due elevation.

On this day we bid a welcome once more to our friends and to the public. A probation of three years has established us, we believe, in the good opinions of many; and our last year has, we hope, confirmed us there, and acquired for us new friends and well wishers. We may venture to assert, that we have included in our past pages many Essays of first-rate merit. There have been displayed—wisdom, and wit, and humour,—true poetry and story,—the knowledge of art and science, mingled, and (we trust) made agreeable. We may the less hesitate to ascribe to our papers these eminent qualities, and confer on them our own mark of approbation, since they are not productions of our own, but are referable to gentlemen of admitted talent, most of whom are well known, and some of whom enjoy a high and undoubted celebrity.

From what we *have* done, our readers will be enabled in some degree to judge of what we intend to do. The conclusion of our Third Year has come upon us. We are not oppressed by the vanity arising from what we have accomplished: yet the consciousness of having striven to lead the public mind to proper objects,—of having never pampered a vicious taste, nor fed the open ears of the curious with private slander, or unjust and malignant satire, may well afford us some satisfaction, while it generates in our readers a confidence in our designs for the time to come.

For the future—we can, of course, speak only of what is probable and possible. We hope and expect to do much (even more than we have hitherto done), and this hope is *backed* by the strong support of our many literary friends, and our increasing acquaintance with the public.

Having said thus much, we may now leave the argument in better hands, namely, in those of our Contributors; *they* will advocate, in less direct terms perhaps than we have done, but with more effect,—the subject to which we have once more thought it right to draw the attention of our friends and readers.

Elia is dead!—at least so a *Friend* says; but if he be dead, we have seen him in one of those hours "when he is wont to walk;" and his *ghostship* has promised us very *material* assistance in our future Numbers. We were greatly tempted to put the Irish question to him of "Why did you

die?"—But as we know how very unusual a thing it is for a gentleman to give his reasons for such a step, we resisted the temptation. Mercy on us!—we hope we are wrong,—but we have our shadowy suspicions, that Elia, poor gentleman! has not been honestly dealt by. Mercutio was killed by one Will Shakspeare, a poacher, though his death was laid to other hands;—and Sir Roger De Coverley (a gentleman more near our own time) perished under very mysterious circumstances. We could lay our finger upon the very man we suspect as being guilty of Elia's death! Elia's ghost, however, cannot sleep in its grave, for it has been constantly with us since his death, and vows it must still write for its peace of mind. Indeed the first paper in our present Number is one of its *grave* consolations.

The winter *must* be *very hard*,—as it was expected to be,—for honest Master Janus Weathercock has, in the present Number, “composed his decent head and breathed his last.”—But we are acquainted with his tricks—and well know how subject he is to wilful trances and violent wakings. The newspapers told us the other day of a person who could counterfeit death to such a *nicety*, as to deceive even an undertaker:—now our Readers must not be surprised to find Janus get up, after his laying out, and go about his ordinary concerns. Depend upon it, Readers, he resembles the Spectator's sleeper at the Cock and Bottle—and is no more dead than we are!

The Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected, are, as our readers will perceive, from the pen of one of their favourite writers. We are led to expect much valuable assistance in the course of the ensuing year from that Gentleman—and, like all communicative personages, we like to babble of our expectancies.

A Paper upon The Marquis of Stafford's Gallery, will form No. III. of the Series upon the Great English Collections of Pictures.

We are prevented by want of room (what an enemy to good articles this same *want of room* always is!) from inserting the first of a Collection of Papers, illustrative of the Domestic Manners, &c. of the inhabitants of Persia, Siberia, and Turkey, by a Gentleman (a member of the University of Cambridge,) who has been for many years resident in those Countries; but it is already *set up* (to use a printer's phrase) and will inform our very next Number. We beg also to say that we are *set up* (to use an Editor's phrase) with the rest of the Series.

Peter Patricius Pickleherring is a fish rather to our taste. We *did* think well of the last paper we received—and we *do* think well of the present one. If P. P. P. will favour our Publishers with a call, and introduce himself (we know no other way), they will make his mind easy on the subject to which he alludes in his letter.

Our other unknown Contributors must—perturbed spirits as they are, rest until the next Number for our replies to them.

THE
London Magazine.

JANUARY, 1823.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his Stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve lit-

tle, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow *Day*, well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a Queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping; and sunshiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear; *Pay Day* came late, as he always does; and *Doomsday* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopes.

He had stuck the *Twenty First of June* next to the *Twenty Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccup'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hypo-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth,—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calves' head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, suddenly screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, collected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous

old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept mistress*, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate *BIRTHDAY*) had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning day-light. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the same lady was observed to take an unusual time in washing herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the farther end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*), muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the male-content was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for

such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mum-chance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave “*Miserere*” in fine style, hitting off the mumping tones and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions: but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases out-numbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux*

under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution,) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old *Madam Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one *Master Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the *question* to her, but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the *Almanack*. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

On the bat's back do I fly,

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few *Aves* or *Penitentiaries* (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another;—but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a *Lover's Day* would wish to set in.

ELIA'S GHOST.

OF EXAGGERATION AND MATTER-OF-FACT PEOPLE.

THE truth should be spoken undoubtedly, and always spoken—that is, when we do speak. Silence may be a lie, under circumstances; but ordinary moralists will scarcely think it cognizable under the head of “telling lies.” Not to perplex myself with fine distinctions, how few there are of those who open their mouths, that, with any kind of certainty and constancy, speak the pure truth. I have nothing to say just now of grave and pondered lies of the devil’s colour; I advert only to that general laxity and inaptitude of expression in familiar discourse or description, which, with no great dishonesty of meaning, do violence in various degrees to things as they are, and are known to be. Exaggeration strikes one in a moment as the most common among colloquial misdemeanors, though, providing it at once come from the heart, and have some “method in it,” I think it by no means unpleasant, nor, with all its boldness, so apt to mislead as many figures of a more cold and balancing character. If a man give me the right spirit of things, I can allow him a little harmless licentiousness in piling up of quantities. If he do not distort and disguise, he may magnify, and will not deceive or offend me. Let him not confound black with white, and I will not quarrel with him about *very* black, and *very* white. I should stipulate literally and formally for the “true stuff;” but, secure of this, a man may intensify it as he pleases: I understand him; I know his ardent ways and liberal measures, and can at any time dilute him down to proof.

There is an inborn tendency in the human mind (where there is mind,) to amplification—to swell out beyond the limits of nature and truth. Our souls are too big for our bodies, and our perceptions and impressions pitched too high for the scale and circumstances of the physical world in which we live. Our middle-size beliefs us: we are all Patagonians in our hearts and our tongues—little creatures with our fifteen hundred steps to a mile, who nevertheless find this earth, with its spare deserts and untrodden forests, too circum-

scribed for our free elbow-room. Our language, our descriptive phrases, however they may be tamed down in signification by common use, have been framed as for a race of giants in a giant world. The more moderate among us, in describing the wonders of a gale of wind at sea, would scarcely be so narrow-minded as to talk of waves rising thirty or forty feet, instead of “mountains high.” How should you credit that a man could be wet through two coats, unless he asseverated that it rained “as if heaven and earth were coming together,” at the least? “When the louse feeds,” says Buffon, “the blood is seen to *rush like a torrent* into the stomach.” Could one have said more, in severe justice, of a lion?

This sublimity of style will not bear to be tried by the nice weights and measures of truth, yet it is not always adopted with the simple intention to deceive. The difficulty, as well as the desire, of exciting attention, urges us into dishonest vehemence and magnificent misstatements. The world is sufficiently fastidious not to feel curiosity about familiar appearances, common forms, and trite opinions. The only resource then is in the extraordinary: the object is not to inform but to surprise; and for this purpose we are driven, not to our experience, but to our invention. We must create: the Alps will not do—we must pile Pelion upon Ossa.

Considerable art, however, is necessary in these daring efforts, or they may fail to produce the notice which they aim at, or any notice at all. Mere over-grown exaggeration will not astonish us; if its gross bulk be not quickened with a due proportion of liveliness, it is only so much waste and darkness. Some of our modern dramatists give us heroes and heroines of a monstrous size and shape; but, in their anxiety to make them big, they forget to make them men and women. As a ranting actor will tear a passion to rags, one of these improvident poets will blow it up till it is almost choked, and cannot speak to be understood. In their improvements upon the littleness of

nature, they not only exceed her limits, but disfigure all her forms and proportions: they are faithful to neither the measure nor the pattern of her works. Their greatness is nothing but corpulency, uninformed with any principle of life and activity. We might bear a Cupid seven feet high, if he retained his accustomed beauty and sprightliness; but it is cruel to see our little favourite tumefied into a dull, unwieldy lump, a sort of anasarcous, or *Daniel Lambert* fairy, with no compensation for the change but in his increased dimensions and stone-weight. This style of exaggeration is frequently employed by persons of tame and unimpassioned spirits, and in their hands it is certainly a most deadening and overwhelming instrument. I know not how minds of such a temperament should deviate into such unsuitable vices; but so it is; we often see profound dulness troubled with a strange, lumbering ambition for the great and the wonderful. We do not complain of these heavy fabulists, that they strain, pervert, or obscure the truth: they convey no likelihood of it—no sign—no shadow; their uninspired exuberance falling upon you with the dead weight of sheer impossibility. There is often a perfidious solemnity and decorum in the general manner of the sort of persons I allude to, that adds greatly to the perplexity of their hearers. When a vivacious enthusiast bursts out into some violent description, his spirit, his look, tone, and gestures; at once alarm our watchfulness, and put us upon our guard. He has no sly and indirect means of lulling our suspicions and cheating us into belief. He may have his lies, but they are lies which wear their hearts on their sleeves. Not so with your slow, prosing hyperbolist, who with a steady eye doles out his cold extravagance and dull excess. You can come to no squares with him, yet you look at him and know not how to understand him. Nothing can be more puzzling.

This anomalous variety excepted, I have rather a kindness than otherwise for a little honest exaggeration; and every species of it, leaden or mercurial, is preferable, I am ready to maintain, to its opposite—cold-blooded and penurious exactness.—

The whole host of long-bow-men, light troops and heavy, are far less annoying, and, paradoxical as it may appear, less hostile to the more essential parts of truth, than the little teasing tribe—the minute, higgling worshippers of matter-of-fact. A man who in a transport of passion gives an undue extension to any determinate quantity of time, or space, or any thing else, does not exaggerate in any ill sense; he deceives nobody except those without passion, the posts of the human race. His object is not to define a frigid reality as established by law, but to describe it according to the impression which it made, and was likely to make, upon his mind, under a particular state of excitement. He has no thought about “stubborn facts;” he makes them, and very fairly, I think, malleable to his will, and susceptible of any variations of form that his feelings require. People were cool and collected when they set about making facts; and it is very hard that a man in a fury should be bound by them. Ready-made facts will not suit him; they must be all purely his own. He is above statutes and tables, and will own no allegiance to common rules and measures. Surely he must be a very heartless person who will not admit, that an hour is not always neither more nor less than sixty minutes, and that a mile is not invariably only a mile. A matter-of-fact man has no conception of such an extravagance: he grants no indulgences; law is law with him, and he will abide by it to death. A mile, he will have it, is a mile; and the worst of it is, he has certain odious proofs and literal standards in his favour, which, backed by his oath, he will quote against a liberal adversary, till there seems nothing left for it but to own that the block-head is correct. In vain you strive to move him from his position by appealing to his passions or his imagination, these gifts in him, (if he have them at all,) being under such certain controul, that he carries them about with him as securely and ceremoniously as his gloves and his stick. Never hope to exasperate him into a thought of apostacy from absolute Cocker, London measure, or aveirdupois. He stands out for a fact; and though it be stripped to

positive nakedness, or robbed of its living marrow, he will still cling to it—still hug his bit of barren dryness, if it be but according to book and “his bond.”

I look upon these miserable friblers as the most intolerable plagues that go about to disturb the ease, cordiality, and trusting freedom, of familiar conversation. One of these, among a company of lively men, is as bad as the “*Six Acts*.” There is no speaking before him; he lies in wait for every trivial lapse, and is ready to arrest on the spot every unimportant misnomer of time, or place, or person. He will stop a good anecdote, just before its finest moment, to ask for its credentials; and cut off the *dénouement* of a pathetic tale to question its parish. To pun in his presence would be as bad as to deny his existence: he and *equivoque* (the name is enough) could never be brought together but to fight. The humour of the thing too is, that these poor starvelings, with their bigoted strictness and peddling precision, set themselves up for lovers of truth. But the truth is not in them, nor for them. A little niggardly truth, perhaps, a crumb of certainty, they may pick up; but of truth, in its entire spirit—of “the whole truth,”—they have no notion. They will discriminate between John and Thomas, and authenticate a day of the month with fatal accuracy, and, to secure such points, will let the whole interest of a story, catastrophe and all, pass by them, “like the wind which they regard not.” All that is warm, fluent, and animating in discourse, is husk and chaff to them, if there be not something that they can swear to: when the joke is complete, and the laugh has gone round, “Now,” they will say, steadying themselves in their chairs, and collecting their powers, “let us come to *particulars*.” With all their professed antipathy to exaggeration, they are themselves exaggerators of the most contemptible description—those who attach extravagant importance to trifles, and busy themselves to demonstrate circumstances that are not worth a thought. There is something noble at least in the error of a man who exaggerates only what is in itself great and exalted; but he that would measure a

hair, or weigh a feather, is guilty of an hyperbole (if so generous a term is not too good for him) that admits of no excuse. These scrupulists—these baters down, are themselves far more remote from truth generally than those whom they are so pleased to charge with incorrectness. A man overpowered with thirst says, that he could drink the Thames dry—and I believe him—that is, I very distinctly apprehend that he is excessively thirsty. A matter-of-fact man would receive such an assertion as an insult, and would take upon himself to prove, if he could keep from passion, that it was, from the nature of things, an absolute falsehood. He would lay down the *maximum* of a possible draught, and the way would be clear before him. He has no allowance for the natural language of an eager appetite; but summons up his soul, with all its experience, to justify the capacity of a quart pot. A lover about to be separated for a few weeks from his mistress affirms that he shall not see her again for ages—and he is perfectly right—or what man of spirit would condescend to fall in love? Who shall put definite limits to the duration of a week, a day, or an hour, spent in the absence or the presence of a mistress? The lover, with his weeks a century long, tells you pretty plainly that he is desperately impatient—tells you the truth, I contend, in contempt of any little huckster in matter-of-fact, who would compute the ardours of a lover with the same beggarly exactness with which he would measure a yard of tape, or compare the dates of a butcher’s bill.

I was walking once in company with two persons, one of whom was a fine, precipitate, *ad libitum* fellow, warm of heart, and hasty of tongue; the other, a simple, direct man, who looked at things in their just proportions, and was nice even to the smallest fractions in all his affirmations. Briefly, I was with an enthusiast and a matter-of-fact man. The former was miserable, and had every reason to be so, in regard both to his existing condition and his future prospects. He suddenly broke forth, “I never expect to be in any way better off than the wretched beggar there before us.” “Yes—

yes," interposed his friend, more readily than was usual with him, "with prudence, you may be a degree better as long as you live." The warm man could not bear this, and he angrily retorted, "Now, d — it! can you never be a little less precise? You mean, I suppose, to comfort me; yet what consolation is it to be assured, that I am and may be just a degree—after your freezing manner—a strict, exemplary degree, above the lowest of my species?" The other still kept his temper, and insisted, modestly, but resolutely, "that a degree was a degree,"—and there the matter ended.

I would not be understood to object to precision and minuteness, when these qualities are important, or when they can be attended to without disturbance to points of higher consideration. The most subordinate circumstances and indifferent relations of great events may be interesting, in the same manner as trifles, down to a buckle, or a shirt-pin, are worth notice, when connected with persons distinguished by extraordinary actions or talents. I would have all given of things that are worth giving: what is admirable cannot be too complete. I complain not of the matter-of-fact man on such grounds; but that the little parts of high matters, or of all matters,—those which by their nature are alone reducible to an arithmetical certainty—are the *sole* objects of his regard. Affecting to worship Truth, he sees her not in her full majesty; but overlooks her covering robes and flowing draperies, (to speak of something more than "the naked Truth,") to fasten upon a button. He would mention no particulars of the great storm with such unqualified satisfaction as that it commenced at twenty-three minutes past four, A. M. on the 6th November, A. D. 1723. Of facts of mind and feeling he makes no account: he must have facts in a ring-fence; realities of the Almanack. He cares not to hear that a man died: he must know *where* he died and *when* he died.

Persons of this stamp make excellent lawyers: they should never travel out of Westminster-Hall. In the intricacy and darkness of the law, there is an obvious fitness in

that watchful jealousy, which would as soon see a kingdom overthrown as a name or a date abused. But a matter-of-fact man will carry the captious spirit of a legal process into his moral judgments—turn lawyer against himself—cross-question the evidence of his own heart—cheat himself, against his broadest convictions, into a kind of accidental innocence—deliver himself from a piece of conscious roguery, because his name is not Timothy. He has always some petty flaw, or lucky difference, that will suffice, at a pinch, for a "not guilty," after the manner of the charity-boy who robbed a woman's orchard, and being asked whether that was the way in which he performed his "duty to his neighbour," replied, that the old lady lived in another parish. These people affect extreme indignation at the scandalous opinion of the world, if, in appreciating their conduct, it makes some light error in particulars, though it may be perfectly just in its general spirit and bearing. Fame avers that Mr. Shuffle cheated the other night at cards, to the amount of thirteen shillings and sixpence—and that, therefore, he is a knave; against which decision he contends, that the sum was only twelve shillings—and that, therefore, he is an honest man. Mr. D—— is universally reported to be always drunk: he is mightily out of humour, however, with so gross a charge, and makes out, clearly enough, that he was sober on part of last Thursday, and the whole of Palm Sunday. Mrs. F—— is said to wear a wig, at which she is grievously offended, proving, that she wears only a *front*—and that even that does not cover more than three-fourths of her head. There is no defence against such slanderous imputations as these but patience: the innocent, we see, are not safe. "I am accustomed," says Voltaire, "to bear patiently the invectives of an ill-natured world; in this respect resembling the ladies, who are often accused of having had twenty lovers, when they never exceeded three."

Matter-of-fact men, it is thought, are good servants, whose highest merit is to do as they are bidden, to be precise and punctual in the nicest circumstances of their duty. I would

not deny them what credit they may deserve; but I cannot, even in such lowly capacity, allow them unconditional praise. A master had need to be very select in his own phrases before he absolutely trusts them.—Who would wish to be obeyed to the very letter in all his orders, for three days together? In the changeful bustle of this various life, a modicum of discretionary power and spontaneous action should be permitted to the humblest and most subservient agents. A punctilious menial may serve you to your heart's desire for two days, and bring you to I know not what sorrow or shame on the third, by no other crime than an unlucky obedience to your commands. You desire that your horse shall be *always* at the door at eleven o'clock, and that your dinner shall *invariably* be on the table at four; but take care, in your heedless strictness, that your horse be not found some morning perishing, according to orders, at your door, for half a dozen hours in a pelting rain; or that your mutton be not, at your special request, cooling itself to stone, while you are distinctly known to be a good hour and a half away from it.

Matter-of-fact men, again, it might be thought, would form admirable soldiers; and so they would, no doubt, as far as a formal attention to the petty detail of an imperious discipline could make them so; but such a habit would not often be found combined, I fancy, with the impetuous heroism and daring which, as Bonaparte was the first in modern times to prove, is so much more effective, as an instrument of war, than a dull system of rigorous drilling and intricate manœuvres. The Germans are matter-of-fact soldiers—no troops being so remarkable, more by force of education, I believe, than of natural temperament, for their submission to an unvarying formality in all their martial movements. They do nothing extempore; nothing by accident—surrendering themselves up, as Madame de Staël says, to “a sort of pedantic tactics,” in the place of liveliness and enterprise. They would despise defeat if “according to rule,” and scarcely prize victory if in opposition to it. Methodical and predetermined in all their proceedings, you may calculate, to the divi-

sion of a degree, what they can do and will do; but never expect from them one of those fine hairbrained and dazzling exploits, which are sometimes achieved by more flighty spirits, under the impulse only of a stubborn will and reckless confidence.

I remember a curious instance of military exactness in the conduct of a soldier (a German by the way) who was stationed as a sentinel on Margate Pier-head, during a night-storm of tremendous violence, in the course of which nearly the whole pier was destroyed by an irruption of the sea, the high-street of the town undermined, and many of the houses washed down. In this dreadful night, which was made more bitter by a fall of snow and intense cold, the poor fellow stuck to his station till his life was in the most imminent danger. He was found by some seamen, who went to his relief, clinging to a post, and with great difficulty maintaining his hold against the sea which dashed over him—and which, not long after his removal, swept away the very ground on which he had stood, and made a free passage into the harbour. When he was asked how he could be such a fool as to stay there only to be drowned, he barely said, that “he had no thought of moving till he was *relieved*, and that it still wanted a full half-hour of the time.” Had this devotedness to duty and contempt of danger been shown for any useful or generous purpose, I could have worshipped the man; but I have no great consideration for the mere steady stupidity which could hold him fast at such a moment, and at such a risk, when he had no worthier pretence than his respect for the formalities of the parade. This man, who would not stir from his useless post to save his own life, would not have stirred, I suspect, to save the whole town from destruction. And herein is the danger of trusting too freely to such minds, on the strength only of their slavish docility and literal obedience. They are very well while the road is straight, but they are lost without resource whenever they come to a turning. My affection, I confess, is for men of a warmer, more adventurous and inventive, kind, who, in spite of their occasional errors of exaggeration and precipitancy, are,

take them for all in all, better framed for the mingled and shifting circumstances of human action and suffering. If my way lay through a travelled country, I would put up with a Scotchman, or a worse man, as my guide over the exact roads—the true bridges—and the right fords; but if my unprecedented journey was over a pathless desert, obstructed by quag-

mires and quicksands, and fruitful of accidents, requiring sudden plans, and sudden changes of plans, I would choose for my leader an Irishman. A *bull*, it may be insinuated, would be an awkward matter in a bog—but I abide by my preference notwithstanding. The Irishman would blunder through with me, or I am mistaken.
R. A.

THE DULWICH GALLERY.

It was on the 5th of November that we went to see this Gallery. The morning was mild, calm, pleasant: it was a day to ruminate on the object we had in view. It was the time of year

When yellow leaves, or few or none, do
hang
Upon the branches;

their scattered gold was strongly contrasted with the dark green spiral shoots of the cedar trees that skirt the road; the sun shone faint and watery, as if smiling his last; Winter gently let go the hand of Summer, and the green fields, wet with the mist, anticipated the return of Spring. At the end of this beautiful little village, Dulwich College appeared in view, with modest state, yet mindful of the olden time, and the name of Allen and his compeers rushed full upon the memory! How many races of school-boys have played within its walls, or stammered out a lesson, or sauntered away their vacant hours in its shade: yet, not one Shakspeare is there to be found among them all! The boy is clothed and fed, and gets through his accidence: but no trace of his youthful learning, any more than of his saffron livery, is to be met with in the man. Genius is not to be “constrained by mastery.” Nothing comes of these endowments and foundations for learning,—you might as well make dirt-pies, or build houses with cards. Yet something *does* come of them too—a retreat for age, a dream in youth—a feeling in the air around them, the memory of the past, the hope of what will never be. Sweet are the studies of the school-boy, delicious his idle

hours! Fresh and gladsome is his waking, balmy are his slumbers, book-pillowed! He wears a green and yellow livery perhaps; but “green and yellow melancholy” comes not near him, or if it does, is tempered with youth and innocence! To thumb his Eutropius, or to knuckle down at law, are to him equally delightful; for whatever stirs the blood, or inspires thought in him, quickens the pulse of life and joy. He has only to feel, in order to be happy; pain turns smiling from him, and sorrow is only a softer kind of pleasure. Each sensation is but an unfolding of his new being; care, age, sickness, are idle words; the musty records of antiquity look glossy in his sparkling eye, and he clasps immortality as his future bride! The coming years hurt him not—he hears their sound afar off, and is glad. See him there, the urchin, seated in the sun, with a book in his hand, and the wall at his back. He has a thicker wall before him—the wall that parts him from the future. He sees not the archers taking aim at his peace; he knows not the hands that are to mangle his bosom. He stirs not, he still pores upon his book, and, as he reads, a slight hectic flush passes over his cheek, for he sees the letters that compose the word *FAME* glitter on the page, and his eyes swim, and he thinks that he will one day write a book, and have his name repeated by thousands of readers, and assume a certain signature, and write *Essays and Criticisms in the LONDON MAGAZINE*, as a consummation of felicity scarcely to be believed. Come hither, thou poor little fellow, and let us change places with thee!

thou wilt; here, take the pen and finish this article, and sign what name you please to it; so that we may but change our dress for yours, and sit shivering in the sun, and con over our little task, and feed poor, and lie hard, and be contented and happy, and think what a fine thing it is to be an author, and dream of immortality, and sleep o' nights!

There is something affecting and monastic in the sight of this little nursery of learning, simple and retired as it stands, just on the verge of the metropolis and in the midst of modern improvements. There is a chapel, and a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration, by Julio Romano; but the great attraction to curiosity at present is the collection of pictures left to the College by the late Sir Francis Bourgeois, who is buried in a mausoleum close by. He once (it is said) spent an agreeable day here in company with the Masters of the College and some other friends, and he determined, in consequence, upon this singular mode of testifying his gratitude and his respect. Perhaps, also, some such idle thoughts as we have here recorded might have mingled with this resolution. The contemplation and the approach of death might have been softened to his mind by being associated with the hopes of childhood; and he might wish that his remains might repose, in monumental state, amidst "the innocence and simplicity of poor *Charity boys!*" Might it not have been so?

The pictures are 356 in number, and are hung on the walls of a large gallery, built for the purpose, and divided into five compartments. They certainly looked better in their old places, at the house of Mr. Desenhans (the original collector), where they were distributed into a number of small rooms, and seen separately and close to the eye. They are mostly cabinet-pictures; and not only does the height, at which many of them are necessarily hung to cover a large space, lessen the effect, but the number distracts and deadens the attention. Besides, the sky-lights are so contrived as to "shed a dim," though not a "religious light" upon them. At our entrance, we were first struck by our old friends the Cuyps; and just beyond, caught

a glimpse of that fine female head by Carlo Maratti, giving us a welcome with cordial glances. May we not exclaim—

What a delicious breath *painting sends forth!*

The violet-bed's not sweeter.

A fine gallery of pictures is a sort of illustration of Berkeley's Theory of Matter and Spirit. It is like a palace of thought—another universe, built of air, of shadows, of colours. Every thing seems "palpable to feeling as to sight." Substances turn to shadows by the painter's arch-chemic touch; shadows harden into substances. "The eye is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest." The material is in some sense embodied in the immaterial; or, at least, we see all things in a sort of intellectual mirror. The world of art is a deception. We discover distance in a glazed surface; a province is contained in a foot of canvas; a thin, evanescent tint gives the form and pressure of rocks and trees; an inert shape has life and motion in it. Time stands still, and the dead re-appear, by means of this "so potent art!" Look at the Cuyp next the door (No. 3). It is woven of ethereal hues. A soft mist is on it, a veil of subtle air. The tender green of the valleys beyond the gleaming lake, the purple light of the hills is like the down on an unripe nectarine. You may lay your finger on the canvas, but miles of dewy vapour and sunshine are between you and the objects you survey. It is almost needless to point out that the cattle and figures in the foreground, like dark, transparent spots, give an immense relief to the perspective. This is, we think, the finest Cuyp, perhaps, in the world. The landscape opposite to it (in the same room) by Albert Cuyp, has a richer colouring and a stronger contrast of light and shade, but it has not that tender bloom of a spring morning (so delicate, yet so powerful in its effect) which the other possesses. *Two Horses*, by Cuyp (No. 74), is another admirable specimen of this excellent painter. It is hard to say, which is most true to nature—the sleek, well-fed look of the bay-horse, or the bone and spirit of the dappled iron-grey one, or the face of

the man who is busy fastening a girth. Nature is scarcely more faithful to itself, than this delightfully unmannered, unaffected picture is to it. In the same room, there are several good Teniers's, and a small *Head of an Old Man*, by Rembrandt, which is as smoothly finished as a miniature. No. 10, *Interior of an Ale-house*, by Adrian Brouwer, almost gives one a sick head-ache; particularly the face and figure of the man leaning against the door, overcome with "potations pottle deep." Brouwer united the depth and richness of Ostade to the spirit and felicity of Teniers. No. 12, *Sleeping Nymph and Satyr*, and 59, *Nymph and Satyr*, by Polemberg, are not pictures to our taste. Why should any one make it a rule never to paint any thing but this one subject? Was it to please himself or others? The one shows bad taste; the other wrong judgment. The grossness of the selection is hardly more offensive than the finicalness of the execution. No. 49, a *Mater Dolorosa*, by Carlo Dolci, is a very good specimen of this master; but the expression has too great a mixture of piety and pauperism in it. It is not altogether spiritual. No. 51, *A School with Girls at work*, by Crespi, is a most rubbishy performance, and has the look of a modern picture. It was, no doubt, painted in the fashion of the time, and is now old-fashioned. Every thing has this modern, or rather uncouth and obsolete look, which, besides the temporary and local circumstances, has not the free look of nature. Dress a figure in what costume you please (however fantastic, however barbarous), but add the expression which is common to all faces, the properties that are common to all drapery in its elementary principles, and the picture will belong to all times and places. It is not the addition of individual circumstances, but the omission of general truth, that makes the little, the deformed, and the short-lived, in art. No 183, *Religion in the Desert*, a sketch by Sir Francis Bourgeois, is a proof of this remark. There are no details, nor any appearance of permanence or stability. It seems to have been painted yesterday, and to labour under premature decay. It has a look of being half done, and

you have no wish to see it finished. No. 52, *Interior of a Cathedral*, by Sanadram, is curious and fine. From one end of the perspective to the other—and back again—would make a morning's walk.

In the SECOND ROOM, No. 90, a *Sea Storm*, by Backhuysen, and No. 93, *A Calm*, by W. Vandervelde, are equally excellent, the one for its gloomy turbulence, and the other for its glassy smoothness. 92, *Landscape with Cattle and Figures*, is by Both, who is, we confess, no great favourite of ours. We do not like his straggling branches of trees without masses of foliage, continually running up into the sky, merely to let in the landscape beyond. No. 96, *Blowing Hot and Cold*, by Jordaens, is as fine a picture as need be painted. It is full of character, of life, and colour. It is rich, and not gross. 98, *Portrait of a Lady*, said in the printed Catalogue to be by Andrea Sacchi, is surely by Carlo Maratti, to whom it used to be given. It has great beauty, great elegance, great expression, and great brilliancy of execution; but every thing in it belongs to a somewhat later era of the art than Andrea Sacchi. Be this as it may, it is one of the most perfect pictures in the collection. Of the portraits of known individuals in this room we wish to say little, for we can say nothing good. That of *Mrs. Kemble*, by Beechey, is perhaps the most direct and manly. In this room is Rubens's *Sampson and Dalilah*, a coarse daub—at least, it looks so between two pictures by Vandyke, *Charity*, and a *Madonna and Infant Christ*. This painter probably never produced any thing more complete than these two compositions. They have the softness of air, the solidity of marble: the pencil appears to float and glide over the features of the face, the folds of the drapery, with easy volubility, but to mark every thing with a precision, a force, a grace indescribable. Truth seems to hold the pencil, and elegance to guide it. The attitudes are exquisite, and the expression all but divine. It is not like Raphael's, it is true—but whose else was? Vandyke was born in Holland, and lived most of his time in England!—There are several capital pictures of horses, &c. by

Wouvermans, in this room, particularly the one with a hay-cart loading on the top of a rising ground. The composition is as striking and pleasing as the execution is delicate. There is immense knowledge and character in Wouvermans' horses—an ear, an eye turned round, a cropped tail give you their history and thoughts—but from the want of a little arrangement, they look too often like spots on a dark ground. When they are properly relieved and disentangled from the rest of the composition, there is an appearance of great life and bustle in his pictures. His horses, however, have too much of the *manège* in them—he seldom gets beyond the camp or the riding school.—This room is rich in masterpieces. Here is the *Jacob's Dream*, by Rembrandt, with that sleeping figure, thrown like a bundle of clothes in one corner of the picture, by the side of some stunted bushes, and with those winged shapes, not human, not angelical, but bird-like, dream-like, treading on clouds, ascending, descending through the realms of endless light, that loses itself in the infinite space! No one else could ever grapple with this subject, or stamp it on the willing canvas in its gorgeous obscurity but Rembrandt! Here also is the *St. Barbara*, of Rubens, fleeing from her persecutors; a noble design, as if she were scaling the steps of some high overhanging turret, moving majestically on, with Fear before her, Death behind her, and Martyrdom crowning her:—and here is an eloquent landscape by the same master-hand, the subject of which is, a shepherd piping his flock homewards through a narrow defile, with a graceful group of autumnal trees waving on the edge of the declivity above, and the rosy evening light streaming through the clouds on the green moist landscape in the still lengthening distance. Here (to pass from one kind of excellence to another with kindly interchange) is a clear sparkling *Waterfall*, by Ruysdael, and Hobbima's *Water-Mill*, with the wheels in motion, and the ducks paddling in the restless stream. Is not this a sad anti-climax from Jacob's Dream to a picture of a Water-Mill? We do not know; and we should care as little, could we but paint either of the pictures.

Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.

If a picture is admirable in its kind, we do not give ourselves much trouble about the subject. Could we paint as well as Hobbima, we should not envy Rembrandt: nay, even as it is, while we can relish both, we envy neither!

The CENTRE ROOM commences with a *Girl at a Window*, by Rembrandt. The picture is known by the print of it, and is one of the most remarkable and pleasing in the collection. For clearness, for breadth, for a lively, ruddy look of healthy nature, it cannot be surpassed. The execution of the drapery is masterly. There is a story told of its being his servant-maid looking out of a window, but it is evidently the portrait of a mere child.—A *Farrier shoeing an Ass*, by Berchem, is in his usual manner. There is truth of character and delicate finishing; but the fault of all Berchem's pictures is, that he continues to finish after he has done looking at nature, and his last touches are different from hers. Hence comes that resemblance to *tea-board* painting, which even his best works are chargeable with. We find here one or two small Claudes of no great value; and two very clever specimens of the court-painter, Watteau, the Gainsborough of France. They are marked as Nos. 184 and 194, *Fête Champêtre*, and *Le Bal Champêtre*. There is something exceedingly light, agreeable, and characteristic, in this artist's productions. He might almost be said to breathe his figures and his flowers on the canvas—so fragile is their texture, so evanescent is his touch. He unites the court and the country at a sort of salient point—you would fancy yourself with Count Grammont and the beauties of Charles II. in their gay retreat at Tunbridge Wells. His trees have a drawing-room air with them, an appearance of gentility and etiquette, and nod gracefully over-head; while the figures below, thin as air, and *vegetably* clad, in the midst of all their affectation and grimace, seem to have just sprung out of the ground, or to be the fairy inhabitants of the scene in masquerade. They are the Oreads and Dryads of the Luxembourg! Quaint association, happily effected by the pencil of Watteau! In the

Bal Champêtre we see Louis XIV. himself dancing, looking so like an old beau, his face flushed and puckered up with gay anxiety; but then the satin of his slashed doublet is made of the softest leaves of the water-lily; Zephyr plays wanton with the curls of his wig! We have nobody who could produce a companion to this picture now: nor do we very devoutly wish it. The Louis the Fourteenth is extinct, and we suspect their revival would hardly be compensated even by the re-appearance of a Watteau.—No. 187, *the Death of Cardinal Beaufort*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a very indifferent and rather unpleasant sketch of a very fine picture. One of the most delightful things in this delightful collection is *the Portrait* (195) of *the Prince of the Asturias*, by Velasquez. The easy lightness of the childish Prince contrasts delightfully with the unwieldy figure of the horse, which has evidently been brought all the way from the Low Countries for the amusement of his rider. Velasquez was as fine a portrait-painter as any now living—almost as fine as any that ever lived! In the Centre Room also is the *Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*, by Murillo—a sweet picture with a fresh green landscape, and the heart of Love in the midst of it.—There are several heads by Holbein scattered up and down the different compartments. We need hardly observe that they all have character in the extreme, so that we may be said to be acquainted with the people they represent; but then they give nothing but character, and only one part of that, *viz.* the dry, the literal, the concrete, and fixed. They want the inspiration of passion and beauty; but they are the finest *caput mortuum*s of expression that ever were made. Hans Holbein had none of the volatile essence of genius in his composition. If portrait-painting is the prose of the art, his pictures are the prose of portrait-painting. Yet he is “a reverend name” in art, and one of the benefactors of the human mind. He has left faces behind him that we would give the world to have seen, and there they are—stamped on his canvas for ever! Art is *Time’s Telescope*. Who, in reading over certain names, does not feel a yearning in

his breast to know their features and their lineaments? We look through a small frame, and lo! at the distance of three centuries, we have before us the figures of Anne Boleyn, of the virtuous Cranmer, the bigotted Queen Mary, the noble Surrey—as if we had seen them in their life-time, not perhaps in their best moods or happiest attitudes, but as they sometimes looked, no doubt. We know at least what sort of looking-people they were: our minds are made easy on that score; the “body and limbs” are there, and we may “add what flourishes” of grace or ornament we please. Holbein’s heads are to the finest portraits what state-papers are to history.

The first picture in the Fourth Room is the *Prophet Samuel*, by Sir Joshua. It is not the Prophet Samuel, but a very charming picture of a little child saying its prayers. The second is, *The Education of Bacchus*, by Nicolas Poussin. This picture makes one thirsty to look at it—the colouring even is dry and austere. It is true *history* in the technical phrase, that is to say, true *poetry* in the vulgar. The figure of the infant Bacchus seems as if he would drink up a vintage—he drinks with his mouth, his hands, his belly, and his whole body. Garagantua was nothing to him. In the *Education of Jupiter*, in like manner, we are thrown back into the infancy of mythologic lore. The little Jupiter, suckled by a she-goat, is beautifully conceived and expressed; and the dignity and ascendancy given to these animals in the picture is wonderfully happy. They have a very imposing air of gravity indeed, and seem to be by prescription “grand caterers and wet-nurses of the state” of Heaven! *Apollo giving a Poet a Cup of Water to drink* is elegant and classical; and *The Flight into Egypt* instantly takes the tone of Scripture-history. This is strange, but so it is. All things are possible to the imagination. All things, about which we have a feeling, may be expressed by true genius. A dark landscape (by the same hand) in a corner of the room is a proof of this. There are trees in the fore-ground, with a paved road and buildings in the distance. The Genius of antiquity might walk here, and feel itself at home. The large

leaves are wet and heavy with dew, and the eye dwells "under the shade of melancholy boughs." In the old collection (in Mr. Desenfans' time) the Poussins occupied a separate room by themselves, and it was (we confess) a very favourite room with us.—No. 226, is a *Landscape*, by Salvator Rosa. It is one of his very best—rough, grotesque, wild—Pan has struck it with his hoof—the trees, the rocks, the fore-ground, are of a piece, and the figures are subordinate to the landscape. The same dull sky lowers upon the scene, and the bleak air chills the crisp surface of the water. It is a consolation to us to meet with a fine Salvator. His is one of the great names in art, and it is among our sources of regret that we cannot always admire his works as we would do, from our respect to his reputation and our love of the man. Poor Salvator! He was unhappy in his life-time; and it vexes us to find that we cannot make him amends by thinking him so great a painter as some others, whose fame was not their only inheritance!—227, *Venus and Cupid*, is a delightful copy after Correggio. We have no such regrets or qualms of conscience with respect to him. "He has had his reward." The weight of his renown balances the weight of barbarous coin that sunk him to the earth. Could he live now, and know what others think of him, his misfortunes would seem as dross compared with his lasting glory, and his heart would melt within him at the thought, with a sweetness that only his own pencil could express.—233, *The Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. John*, by Andrea del Sarto, is exceedingly good.—290, Another *Holy Family*, by the same, is an admirable picture, and only inferior to Raphael. It has delicacy, force, thought, and feeling. "What lacks it then," to be equal to Raphael? We hardly know, unless it be a certain firmness and freedom, and glowing animation. The execution is more timid and laboured. It looks like a picture (an exquisite one, indeed), but Raphael's look like the reality, the divine reality!—No. 234, *Cocles defending the Bridge*, is by Le Brun. We do not like this picture, nor 271, *The Massacre of the Innocents*, by the same artist. One reason is that

they are French, and another that they are not good. They have great merit, it is true, but their merits are only splendid sins. They are mechanical, mannered, colourless, and unfeeling.—No. 237 is Murillo's *Spanish Girl, with Flowers*. The sun tinted the young gipsy's complexion, and not the painter.—No. 240, is *The Cascatella and Villa of Mæcenæ, near Tivoli*, by Wilson, with his own portrait in the fore-ground. It is an imperfect sketch; but there is a curious anecdote relating to it, that he was so delighted with the waterfall itself, that he cried out, while painting it: "Well done, water, by G—d!"—No. 243, *Saint Cecilia*, by Guercino, is a very pleasing picture, in his least gaudy manner.—No. 251, *Venus and Adonis*, by Titian. We see so many of these Venuses and Adonises, that we should like to know which is the true one. This is one of the best we have seen. We have two Francesco Molas in this room, the *Rape of Proserpine*, and a *Landscape with a Holy Family*. This artist dipped his pencil so thoroughly in Titian's palette, that his works cannot fail to have that rich, mellow look, which is always delightful.—No. 303, *Portrait of Philip the Fourth of Spain*, by Velasquez, is purity and truth itself. We used to like the *Sleeping Nymph*, by Titian, when we saw it formerly in the little entrance-room at Desenfans', but we cannot say much in its praise here.

The FIFTH ROOM is the smallest, but the most precious in its contents.—No. 322, *Spanish Beggar Boys*, by Murillo, is the triumph of this collection, almost of painting. In the imitation of common life, nothing ever went beyond it, or, as far as we can judge, came up to it. A Dutch picture is mechanical, and mere *still-life* to it. But this is life itself. The Boy at play on the ground is miraculous. It is done with a few dragging strokes of the pencil, and with a little tinge of colour; but the mouth, the nose, the eyes, the chin, are as brimful as they can hold of expression, of arch roguery, of animal spirits, of vigorous, elastic health. The vivid, glowing, cheerful look is such as could only be found beneath a southern sun. The fens and dykes of Holland (with all our respect for them) could never produce such an

eplome of the vital principle. The other boy, standing up with the pitcher in his hand, and a crust of bread in his mouth, is scarcely less excellent. His sulky, phlegmatic indifference speaks for itself. The companion to this picture, 324, is also very fine. Compared with these imitations of nature, as faultless as they are spirited, Murillo's Virgins and Angels, however good in themselves, look vapid, and even vulgar. A *Child Sleeping*, by the same painter, is a beautiful and masterly study.—No. 329, a *Musical Party*, by Giorgione, is well worthy of the notice of the connoisseur.—No. 331, *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, by Guido, is an extraordinary picture, and very unlike this painter's usual manner. The colour is as if the flesh had been stained all over with brick-dust. There is, however, a wildness about it which accords well with the subject, and the figure of St. John is full of grace and gusto.—No. 344, *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, by the same, is much finer, both as to execution and expression. The face is imbued with passion.—No. 345, *Portrait of a Man*, by L. da Vinci, is truly simple and grand, and at once carries you back to that age.—Boors

Merry Making, by Ostade, is fine; but has little business where it is. Yet it takes up very little room,—No. 347, *Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse*, by Sir Joshua, appears to us to resemble neither Mrs. Siddons, nor the Tragic Muse. It is in a bastard style of art. Sir Joshua had an importunate theory of improving upon nature. He might improve upon indifferent nature, but when he had got the finest, he thought to improve upon that too, and only spoiled it.—No. 349, *The Virgin and Child*, by Correggio, can only be a copy.—No. 332, *The Judgment of Paris*, by Vanderwerf, is a picture, and by a master, that we hate. He always chooses for his subjects naked figures of women, and tantalises us by making them of coloured ivory. They are like hard-ware toys.—No. 354, *a Cardinal blessing a Priest*, by P. Veronese, is dignified and picturesque in the highest degree.—No. 355, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, by Annibal Caracci, is an elaborate, but not very successful performance.—No. 356, *Christ bearing his Cross*, by Morales, concludes this list, and is worthy to conclude it.

W. H.

A CHARACTER OF THE LATE ELIA,

BY A FRIEND.

THIS gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature. He just lived long enough (it was what he wished) to see his papers collected into a volume. The pages of the LONDON MAGAZINE will henceforth know him no more.

Exactly at twelve last night his queer spirit departed, and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining room of his friends T. and H.; and the company, assembled there to welcome in another First of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent. Janus wept. The gentle P——r, in a whisper, signified his intention of devoting an *Elegy*; and Allan C——, nobly forgetful of his countrymen's wrongs,

vowed a *Memoir* to his *manes*, full and friendly as a *Tale of Lyddal-cross*.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been

pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in his Fourth Essay (to save many instances)—where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history.—If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero, or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly?

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.—He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good com-

pany, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kinder than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested.—Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statish!

I do not know whether I ought to hemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories

to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtsied, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like any thing important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sate gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

He left little property behind him. Of course, the little that is left (chiefly in India bonds) devolves upon his cousin Bridget. A few critical dissertations were found in his *escrutoire*, which have been handed over to the Editor of this Magazine, in which it is to be hoped they will shortly appear, retaining his accustomed signature.

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. The gentlemen in the Export department of the East India House will forgive me, if I acknowledge the readiness with which they assisted me in the retrieval of his few manuscripts. They pointed out in a most obliging manner the desk, at which he had been planted for forty years; showed me ponderous tomes of figures, in his own remarkably neat hand, which, more properly than his few printed tracts,

might be called his "Works." They seemed affectionate to his memory, and universally commended his expertness in book-keeping. It seems he was the inventor of some ledger, which should combine the precision and certainty of the Italian double-entry (I think they called it) with the brevity and facility of some newer German system—but I am not able to appreciate the worth of the discovery. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he considered himself in having his lot thrown in amongst them. There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks (he would say) than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with. He would brighten up sometimes upon the "old days of the India House," when he consorted with Woodroffe, and Wissett, and Peter Corbet (a descendant and worthy representative, bating the point of sanctity, of old facetious bishop Corbet), and Hoole who translated Tasso, and Bartlemy Brown whose father (God assoil him therefore) modernized Walton—and sly warm-hearted old Jack Cole (King Cole they called him in those days), and Campe, and Fombelle—and a world of choice spirits, more than I can remember to name, who associated in those days with Jack Burrell (the *bon vivant* of the South Sea House), and little Eyton (said to be a *fac simile* of Pope—he was a miniature of a gentleman) that was cashier under him, and Dan Voight of the Custom House that left the famous library.

Well, Elia is gone—for aught I know, to be reunited with them—and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said or did in their lifetime, a few glittering words only! His Essays found some favourers, as they appeared separately; they shuffled their way in the crowd well enough singly; how they will *read*, now they are brought together, is a question for the publishers, who have thus ventured to draw out into one piece his "weaved-up follies."

PHIL-ELIA.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

New Year's Day is the day best suited to universal holiday of any of the three hundred and sixty-five. It is the period of the regeneration of the Calendar in the most interesting parts of the civilized world. Persons of all ranks and occupations take an interest in it. It is the beginning of a new era. We have made up our accounts of happiness and sorrow with the old year; we have struck the moral balance, calculated the profit and loss, and taken stock as a trader does of his goods. We turn over a new leaf, we enter upon a fresh series of transactions, and the common maxim, "As is the beginning so shall be the ending," disposes us to enter upon it joyfully. It is a day of peace-making. Family quarrels are adjusted, broken intimacies repaired, severed friendships reunited; and many a one who would reject an overture of reconciliation on the second of March, would make no scruple of being the foremost to propose it on the first of January: the season levels all the distinctions of etiquette which usually restrain the better impulses of the heart. These are among its positive advantages over all the other days of the year; it possesses many negative ones derived from their inefficiencies for holiday-making in its complete sense.

Christmas Day, notwithstanding its gambols, turkeys, and plum-puddings, is of somewhat too serious a character for the purpose; besides that it suggests ideas of tradesmen's bills. Michaelmas, indeed, is hallowed by the roasting of geese, and, which is still better, the eating of them; but then the twenty-ninth of September is *Quarter-day*! As for Lady Day, and Midsummer—Midsummer duck-and-green-pease is mere affectation, the impotent struggle of a would-be holiday—they owe their prominence in the almanack purely to the invention of rent and taxes, and impudently stand forth as claimants on our purses, without even a decent attempt to render their approach less unwelcome, by affording us a pretext for merry-making: they are a couple of surly tax-ga-

therers. Easter and Whitsuntide are not altogether destitute of merit, but the advantages they possess are considerably abated by their being more or less considered by different sects. This destroys their universality.—Kings' birth-days are too local: one is not obliged to rejoice on the birth-day of any king, excepting the king of one's own country. The joyous influence of the twelfth of August is necessarily confined to England and its immediate dependencies; but there is no law to compel a Dutchman to cut capers and be lively on that day, to keep British subjects in countenance. The birth-day of Louis XVIII is a day of jubilee throughout all France, and the English residents there emulate the natives of the country in their manifestations of happiness on the occasion; but in London an Englishman may rejoice or not, just as he pleases; and it is even probable that a Frenchman, living under the protection of a foreign government, might, on the seventeenth of November, exhibit a long face with impunity. Kings' birth-days are, decidedly, too local; but in all other respects they are so admirably fitted for holidays, that it is much to be lamented that all the crowned heads in Christendom were not ushered into the world on the same day of the year. One's own birth-day! It is an excellent holiday for one's own self, but infinitely too limited in its joyous influence for general use. And, alas! how many poor souls are there to whom the anniversary of their birth brings nought but bitter recollections, to whom it is a day of sorrow rather than of joy, who look back with repentance or regret upon the years which have passed, and heavily step forward into the year that is to come, without a hope perhaps—except that it may be their last!

Lord Mayor's Day would be scarcely worth a passing notice, but that many persons of sense and erudition have considered it a fitting opportunity for holiday-making. The main objection against it is, that it is even more limited in its influence than a king's birth-day. It is purely a Lon-

don holiday, nay, a city holiday, in which the population west of Temple-bar takes as little concern, as it does in the celebration of the virtues of Lady Godiva at Coventry. For my own part, I never could look upon it as a holiday, or a day of rejoicing, even in the city. There is, to be sure, the ringing of bells, and the firing of the river fencibles; and there are processions and feasting; but these are all expedients invented with a view to couceal the real sadness and melancholy inherent in the occasion—an intention which, after all, is but very imperfectly executed. Take what is commonly considered as the gayest and most important point of the ceremonies of the day, the dinner—(I address myself to those who are capable of digesting not merely turtle, but ideas)—there are few things intrinsically so afflicting. Rejoicing supposes gladness; and there can be but little gladness at a feast at which many an aching heart is seated, where we can even number the bosoms in which they throb. One of the most prominent ornaments of the table, the late Lord Mayor, or, as he is vulgarly termed, the *old* Lord Mayor—as one would speak of a cast-aside, a worn-out utensil—is a discontented, a repining, an unhappy man. Human nature forbids it to be otherwise; and what must be the feelings of the guests when they ruminate on his! There he sits, a living sermon on the vanity, the frailty, and the brevity of terrestrial grandeur; a bitter, yet salutary sermon preached distinctly *at* and *to* the new Lord Mayor. But *he* heeds it not; he is too full of his infant honours. See! he rises—he gazes at his predecessor—there is condescension, pity, nay, somewhat of protection in his aspect—he pledges him—the *old one* accepts the cup—there is gall and wormwood in it—he casts a mournful glance at the glittering insignia which but yesterday were his—he smiles, but his heart is sinking within him! * “But yes-

terday,” he thinks, “was I the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor! What am I now? neither one thing nor t’other! Alas! what shall I be to-morrow? Mister, plain Mister!” Then the numerous dependants and sub-officers who surround him, and who lose their dignities at the moment he is shorn of his! And, most pitiable of all, the *old* Lady Mayoress, “tittering to squench her tears,” as a certain Deputy’s Lady, celebrated rather for the force than the elegance of her phrases, once expressed it. But to contemplate the last expiring gasp of the civic honours of a Lady Mayoress is too painful an effort—the heart bleeds at it. Can gaiety and gladness exist where we find in such abundance the elements of suffering and of woe? Spite of the human vessels, into whose capacious recesses Guildhall discharges the savoury burthens of her table,—spite of their *bellics* which *think* the ninth of November a day of rejoicing, and would gainsay me, Lord Mayor’s Day can never become a holiday.

No, the first day of the new year is decidedly the day of all others, and it is much to be lamented that in England it is so little distinguished. In London, indeed, the Bank is closed, and the quays are deserted; but the shops are open, people walk about in their every-day clothes, and the day *looks* like any other; and, except a dinner of ceremony, or of good fellowship, nothing is done to mark it, and confer on it the pre-eminence it merits. We drink the Old Year out—(a melancholy funereal ceremony, the interring of one who has been our companion through storm and sunshine for a whole twelvemonth)—and we drink the New Year in: but this short welcome over, we inhospitably leave the stranger to make its way as it can.

But New Year’s Day in Paris! *Le Jour de l’An*, as the French emphatically call it—the *day of the year*—the day of all others—is a holi-

* A certain worthy *new* Lord Mayor seems to have entertained the same ideas on the subject as the author. At the Guildhall dinner he rose to propose the health of his predecessor. This was his speech; “My worthy ancestor, I rise to drink your health, and may you enjoy on the occasion of your *extinguishment* out of the dignity which I am elevated up into—” Here, perceiving that the gloom deepened on the countenances of his *worthy ancestor*, he added, in a tone of extreme kindness, “Come, come, damn it, never mind; it aint my fault, you know; gulp down your wine, old boy.”

day indeed. The Parisians pay no honours to the old year; it has performed its office, resigned its place; it is past, gone, dead, defunct; all the harm or the good it could do is done, and there is an end of it. But what a merry welcome is given to its successor! Perhaps this is somewhat owing to national character: the French soon forget an old acquaintance, and speedily become familiar with a new one. The very appearance of New Year's Day is sufficient to distinguish it; and any one acquainted with Parisian manners, dropping from the clouds down upon the Boulevards, would at once exclaim, "Parbleu! c'est le Jour de l'An!"

It is unlike the *Carnival*, which is distinguished by its maskings and its buffooneries; at every turn you meet a tall lanky punch, or an unwieldy harlequin, with his hands in his breeches-pockets; and coach-loads of grotesque disguises rattle through the streets.

It is unlike the *Saint Louis*, which is the holiday of the rabble, when all the scum of Paris is in motion, when bread, and sausages, and wine, are distributed gratis, and all the theatres are thrown open at noon-day.

It is unlike the *Fête Dieu*, which is the holiday of the religious, or the pretenders to religion; when solemn processions move along the streets, and the air is perfumed with incense and sweet herbs.

It is unlike *Longchamps*, the period devoted to the worship of Fashion, the goddess who exercises unbounded sway over all ranks and classes in Paris. It is then she issues her mandates, and dictates the mode in which it is her will to be worshipped for the season to come. It is the holiday of the fop and the *petite maitresse*; it is the harvest of the taylor and the *marchande des modes*: from the prince to the porter, from the duchess down to the *poissarde*, every one who has a reputation to maintain in the *fashionable world*—and who has not?—must sport something new on the occasion. A carriage, a pelisse, a new set of harness, liveries, a gown, a hat, a ribband, each according to their station. It is the period of universal pretension. Not a little daughter of a little *bourgeois*, whose severe eco-

nomics throughout the preceding winter have enabled her to procure a coloured muslin gown for *Longchamps*, but fancies, as she shuffles along from the *Fauxbourg St. Martin* to the *Champs Elysées*, that she is the paramount object of attention. "Dieu! comme ma robe a fait de l'effet à Longchamps!" The countess thinks the same of her new liveries; the dandy of his cabriolet; the opera girl of her carriage, just presented to her by some booby *milord*, who is duped, jilted, laughed at, ridiculed, and caricatured, for his misplaced liberality. My landlord had bought a new umbrella. One day I begged him to lend it to me. It was impossible; for he had not bought it to have it rained upon—at least till after he had shown it at *Longchamps*. And then the jealousies, the quarrels, the heart-burnings, this important season excites! Previously to the last *Longchamps*, Madame St. Leon, in pure openness of heart, showed the bonnet she intended to wear to her intimate friend Madame Desrosiers. Will it be credited! Madame Desrosiers went immediately to the *marchande des modes* who made it, and ordered one precisely similar, in which she appeared at *Longchamps* an hour earlier than her friend. Madame St. Leon justly stigmatized this conduct as a piece of unheard-of treachery—*une trahison inouïe*! But what follows is scarcely in human nature—it is so improbable, yet so true, that it might form the subject of a melodrama. Madame La Jeune and Madame St. Victor were bound together by the strongest bonds of friendship and affection—they were sisters rather than friends—their hopes, their fears, their wishes, their sorrows, their pleasures, were in common—their confidence was mutual—they often swore that they had no secrets from each other; and, in fact, this was almost true. As might be expected, at the approach of *Longchamps*, they consulted together about the dresses they should wear; and, as might be expected, it was settled that, as on former occasions, their dresses should be exactly alike. The chief point agreed upon was, that their gowns should be made with four *ruches*, or flounces. My pen almost rejects its office. Madame St. Victor appeared in a

gown with six *ruches*! Every one admitted that Madame St. Victor's conduct was *de la dernière infamie*. The infamy of Madame St. Victor's conduct is, perhaps, somewhat redeemed by the circumstance of her dear friend's having secretly ordered *five ruches* to her gown, of which fact Madame St. Victor was fortunately informed in time to advance upon the encroachments of her treacherous *amie*.

In former times, Queens did not disdain to mingle in this combat of vanity and display. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette once ordered a mistress of the Comte d'Artois to be turned out of the *Champs Elysées*, for presuming to appear in an equipage which eclipsed the splendour of her own. Now the struggle is abandoned to opera girls, fourth-rate actresses, kept mistresses, and the *petite bourgeoisie*. The real fashion either goes on foot to behold the scene, or in a carriage *sans pretension*.

But the *Jour de l'An* is every body's holiday, the holiday of all ages, ranks, and conditions. Relations, friends, acquaintance, visit each other, kiss, and exchange sugar-plums. For weeks previous to it, all the makers and venders of fancy articles, from diamond necklaces and tiaras, down to sweetmeat boxes, are busily employed in the preparation of *Etrennes*—New Year's presents. But the staple commodity of French commerce, at this period, is sugar-plums. At all times of the year are the shops of the *marchands de bon-bons*, in this modern Athens (as the Parisians call Paris), amply stocked, and constant is the demand for their luscious contents; but now the superb *magasins* in the Rue Vivienne, the splendid *boutiques* on the Boulevards, the magnificent *dépôts* in the Palais Royal, are rich in sweets beyond even that sugary conception, a child's paradise, and they are literally crowded from morning till night by persons of all ages, men, women, and children. Vast and various is the invention of the *fabricants* of this important necessary of life; and sugar is formed into tasteful imitations of carrots, cupids, ends of candle, roses, sausages, soap, bead-necklaces—all that is nice or nasty in nature and art. Ounce weights are thrown aside, and

nothing under dozens of pounds is to be seen on the groaning counters; the wearied venders forget to number by units, and fly to scores, hundreds, and thousands. But brilliant as are the exhibitions of sugar-work in this gay quarter of the town, they must yield for quantity to the astounding masses of the *Rue des Lombards*. That is the place resorted to by great purchasers, by such as require, not pounds, but hundred weights for distribution. There reside all the mighty compounders, the venders at first hand; and sugar-plum makers are as numerous in the Parisian Lombard-street, as are the traffickers in *douceurs* of a more substantial character in its namesake in London.

The day has scarcely dawned, and all is life, bustle, and movement. The visiting lists are prepared, the presents arranged, the cards are placed in due order of delivery. Vehicles of all descriptions are already crossing and jostling in every quarter of the city. Fortunate are they who, unblest with a *calèche* or a *cabriolet* of their own, have succeeded in engaging one for the day at six times its ordinary cost. Happy is he whose eloquence has prevailed with the driver of a *fiacre* or a *cabriolet*, to engage *by the hour* for three or four times the usual fare, or his purse would become lighter by thirty sous at each visit he made, though but the width of a street interposed between them. These servants of the public, the hackney-coachmen, are rather a more decent set of people than the same class in London, and the *cabriolet* drivers are again superior to *them*. The superiority of the latter may in some measure be accounted for, from their constant opportunities of conversation with their *fares*; while the coachmen, like ours, are either left by themselves on their seats, or to associate one with the other,—each alternative leaving them in tolerably bad company. Abandoning this important point to the consideration of any young aspirant in moral philosophy who may be in want of a thesis, I shall merely suggest, as a probable reason why both are as civil and well-conducted as such gentry can be, that a very benevolent institution, called the police, watches over

them with the most constant and affectionate solicitude. "Coachman," said I to a London jarvey, "why really you are a decent sort of man!" "Vy, master, I'm about as good as the rest on us; but, on the whole, ve 'ackney-coachmen should be the greatest blackguards in all Lunnon, if them 'ere vatermen didn't 'inder us." "And how do they so?" "Vy, because they somehow contrive to be even greater blackguards than ve."

On New Year's Day the Paris fraternity are allowed the enjoyment of what seems to be their birth-right—rudeness and extortion; or rather their exercise of it is tolerated. There, on yonder deserted stand, are collected eighteen or twenty people who have been waiting, the greater part of the morning, the possibility of the arrival of an unhired vehicle. At length—for wonders never cease—a cabriolet approaches. It is surrounded, besieged, assaulted, stormed. It is literally put up to auction to be let to the highest bidder. That poor servant of the public, its driver, now finds that the public is his, and his very humble and beseeching servant too. "Eh, bien, voyons, combien me donnerez vous?"—"I'll give you—," says one taking out his watch. "Au diable, l'imbecile! he wants a cabriolet à l'heure on New Year's Day—to drive him to Pontoise, perhaps." (A place celebrated for its calves.) "And you there, grand nigaud, with your watch in your hand! *A bas les montres*, or I'll listen to none of you. *A la course, à la course!* And you, *ma petite demoiselle*, what is it you offer? How! three francs! *Elle est gentille, la petite, avec les trois francs! Allons! tout ça m'ennuie.* I'll go take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne for my own pleasure." At length he consents to take a little squat *négociant* at five times the usual fare, exclaiming, as he drives off, "Ma foi, j'ai trop bon cœur—je me laisse attendrir."

But all this time I have my own pockets full of sugar-plums, a cumbersome load! There—I have got through my few visits, and now—but hold, I must not forget Monsieur Valcour. I believe we do not like each other, but I find his *Soirées* very agreeable; he has sometimes need of

my counsels in the management of his horses and dogs; and, this being sufficient for the establishment of a very decent friendship, we cordially embrace and exchange sugar-plums every New Year's Day. The family is assembled in madame's bed-chamber. They surround a large marble table which is covered with baskets, silken-bags, paper vases, pasteboard cornucopias, and other vessels of a similar description, all full of bonbons, dragées, sugar-candy, sugar-almonds, sugar-plums—sugar in all forms, and of all colours. They are in ecstasies at some sugar ends of candle, with chocolate wicks, just presented by a visitor, and agree that not only they are delicious, but made—*à ravir!—divinement!* M. Valcour, who expects a seat in the next Chamber of Deputies, and is now engaged in the composition of a work on political economy, takes me aside, and, with a very profound contraction of the brow, says, "Setting aside all national prejudices, you cannot but acknowledge that we have *perfected* these things in France." I approach madame, kiss each of her cheeks, and add my mite to the mountain of sweets. Madame's mother is present,—a good snuff-taking lady of sixty-seven—but the ceremony is *de rigueur*, and must be performed. In this world there is a pretty equal balance of good and ill; and, in my own case, but half an hour before, I made my New Year's visit to a sprightly little grandmother just turned of four-and-thirty, who, on my entrance, was singing a waltz tune, and dancing round a chair. Young grandmothers are not uncommon in France; and a man of a certain age might even marry a great grandmother without incurring the ridicule such a step would draw down upon him in England. But to return to M. Valcour. Having paid the usual respects to the mamma and the grandmamma, I present a small packet of peppermint drops to papa—I might kiss him too—who instantly swallows a handful, and praises them in terms of exaggeration suitable to the occasion. Then come masters Alexis, Achille, Hector, and Télémaque, and the daughters Cléopâtre, Euphrosyne, and Flore—names very common in French fa-

milies—and these relieve me of the remainder of my burthen. I withdraw ; but not till madame has shown me an instance of *Monsieur's aimabilité*. He had that morning presented her with a *corbeille* (an ornamented satin box), which, in the simplicity of her heart, she imagined contained nothing but sugar-plums ; but what was her astonishment when, on removing them, she discovered a *Cachemire magnifique* ! Her astonishment, however, seemed rather affected ; for had M. Valcour presented her with a set of diamonds, he must, in honour of the day, have smothered them in *bon-bons*.

And now, being at leisure, this corner window at Tortoni's is a convenient spot for observing a variety of passers. There is, however, a little accident which is rather unfavourable to observation. It is a thick, dense, heavy, dirty-brown, ill-flavoured vapour, which prevents one's seeing distinctly twenty yards before one ; a phenomenon such as in London we term a *fog*, but which I am positively assured by a Frenchman at my side is not a fog, merely a kind of exhalation ; fogs being peculiar to England, and utterly unknown in this *beau climat*—“ *d'ailleurs c'est connu de tout le monde ça*.” As this is known to all the world, at least to all Paris, which, according to French notions, means precisely the same thing, and fogs moreover being the curse of England, prevailing alike in July and November, obscuring the sun, and intercepting his power of ripening even an apple—very current opinions all over the said world—it is useless to dispute the point.

In yonder carriage is the Minister for the — Department. He is going to the Palace, to pay to its august inhabitant his annual tribute of homage, or, to express it more accurately (since Ministries *et cetera* are liable to change), to render the tribute of homage due from the — Department to the Palace. There will he see assembled all his honourable colleagues, together with the *corps diplomatique*, a crowd of civil dignitaries, Marshals, Generals, Presidents, Bishops, Abbés, Professors, Academicians, Governors of Public institutions, Deputations from Chief Towns, and Representatives of a variety of

great bodies, all performing the same ceremony. We cannot but approve this custom—it forms a bond of attachment between the people and their governor—it *has been faithfully observed for the last thirty years*. Not the least curious among the different groups is the deputation from the *Dames de la Halle—Anglicè*, fish-fags. The visit of these *Ladies*—the French are certainly the politest people in the world—their visit will be formally noticed in to-morrow's *Moniteur*. These gentle creatures have sometimes rendered their *calls* at the Royal Palaces more extensively notorious. One cannot but think that French politeness is running to waste when we see it so indiscriminately lavished. In this instance, perhaps, profusion is prudent. *Mesdames les poissonsnières*, who are themselves not remarkable for a delicate choice of language, are exceedingly fastidious about the forms of address used towards them ; and they are mistresses of a mode of teaching people to keep civil tongues in their heads, which has the great merit of being adapted to the meanest capacities.

There goes Monsieur le Chevalier de ——. His visit is to a certain man in power with whom he is but slightly acquainted—it is his first—*n'importe*—on the *Jour de l'An*, a visit is always *aimable*. The man in power can recommend to a vacant *Préfecture*, which the Chevalier is anxious to obtain. The patron is just gone out. *Tant mieux*. But madame is visible. *Tant mieux encore*. He presents a little box of *bon-bons*. Madame laughingly remarks that the box is heavy for its size. Monsieur le Chevalier is already destined to fill the vacant *Préfecture*.

But the man in power—where is he all this time ? He wants an important place for his son, and is gone to slide a box of *bon-bons* into the hand of a greater man than himself. In France, as in most other countries, the art of adroitly administering sugar-plums, and the art of obtaining places, are synonymous phrases.

That is Mademoiselle ——— of the Théâtre Français. Her first visit is to Monsieur ——— editor of the ——— journal. Three days ago she received a hint that he had prepared a thundering article against her intend-

ed performance of *Célimine*, which she is to act for the first time on Monday next. The chased silver-gilt *soupière* at her side is a new-year's present for *Monsieur le Rédacteur*. The article will not appear. Her performance will be cited as a model *de grace, d'intelligence, et d'esprit*.

That?—Hush! turn away, or he will call us out for merely looking at him. 'Tis Z——, the celebrated duellist. Yesterday he wounded General de B——, the day before he killed M. de C——, and he has an affair on hand for to-morrow. To-day he goes about distributing sugar-plums; as in duty bound, for *c'est un homme très aimable*.

I don't know either of the two gentlemen who are kissing both sides of each other's faces, bowing, and exchanging little paper packets. The very old man passing close to them, in a single-breasted faded silk coat, the colour of which once was apple-blossom, is the younger brother of the Comte de ———. He is on his way to pay his annual visit to Mademoiselle ———, who was his mistress some years before the breaking out of the Revolution. He stops to purchase a *bouquet* composed of violets and roses—Violets and roses on New Year's Day!—his accustomed present. His visit is not one of affection—scarcely of friendship—*c'est une affaire d'habitude*.

I am of your opinion, that Mademoiselle Entrechat, the opera-dancer, is extraordinarily ugly, and of opinion with every one else, that she is a fool. She is handsome enough, however, in the estimation of our countryman, Sir X—— Y—— (who is economizing in Paris), because she dances, and has just sense enough to dupe him—very little is sufficient, Heaven knows! He is now on his way to her with a splendid *Cachemire* and a few *rouleaus*. "*Vraiment, les Anglais sont charmants*." The poor simpleton believes she means it, and sputters something in unintelligible French in reply; at which Mademoiselle's Brother swears a big oath, that *Monsieur l'Anglais a de l'esprit comme*

quatre. Sir X—— Y—— invites him to dinner, but the Captain makes it a rule to dine with his sister on New Year's Day. O! if some of our poor simple countrymen could but see behind the curtain——! but 'tis their affair, not mine.

In that cabriolet is an actress who wants to come out at the Comic Opera. What could have put it into her head that Monsieur L——, who has a voice potential in the Theatrical Senate, has just occasion for a breakfast-service in Sevres porcelain!

Behind is a hackney-coach-full of little *figurantes*, who have clubbed together for the expense of it. They are going to *etrenner* the Ballet-master. One does not like to dance in the rear where no body can see her; another is anxious to dance *seule*; a third, the daughter of my washerwoman, is sure she could act *Nina*, if they would but let her try; a fourth wants the place of *ouvreuse de loges* for her *maman* who sells roasted chesnuts at yonder corner. They offer their sugar-plums, but, alas! they lack the gilding. Never despair, young ladies. Emigration is not yet at an end; economy is the order of the day in England, and Paris is the place for economising in. Next year, perhaps, you too may be provided with eloquent *douceurs* to soften the hearts of the rulers of your dancing destinies.

So then, it may be asked, is all this visiting, and kissing, and present-making, and sugar-plumizing, to be set down, either to the account of sheer interest, or to that of heartless form! Partly to the one, perhaps, partly to the other, and some part of it to a kinder principle than either. But, be it as it may, motives of interest receive a decent covering from the occasion; these heartless forms serve to keep society together; and, without philosophising the matter,—let it be set down that, of all the days in the year, none is so perfect a holiday as New Year's Day in Paris.

P.

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

ALTHOUGH the art of English poetry has been long and diligently cultivated, in every species of composition, and every kind of measure that our language will admit, it would be difficult to point out any complete treatise of English prosody, or account of the nature of our verse, as yet existing among us. There are not indeed wanting writers, who have treated of the subject; but they have either touched upon it incidentally, or considered it partially, without giving that full and satisfactory information which would supersede the propriety of any future attempt. Upon this account it is proposed, in the following pages, to investigate and explain the principles of our versification, and to give a more systematic English prosody than has hitherto been made public.

Another reason might also be alleged for engaging in the task which is here undertaken. Our English writers of the present age are indeed seldom deficient greatly in the art of versification; but there are certain popular works in circulation, which, though, in other respects, of great merit, are composed in verse of so loose a structure, and with such unwarrantable licences, that, if they should obtain many imitators (they already have some) we might relapse again into ignorance of true poetical measures; and the art “to build the lofty rhyme” might fall into disuse and be forgotten. I allude to some of the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and of Dr. Southey, the poet laureat; and to such measures as these:

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
When the broken arches are black in sight,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave.

These lines, which are found in the Second Canto of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, are evidently composed after the manner of our ancient ballad-makers; and they are perhaps allowable in this work, because they are not unsuitable to the character of the minstrel, nor to his subject, which is a ballad. But the same loose measures and licences abound in his greater piece, his Marmion, where they are entirely destitute of the same excuse. They have no congruity with his subject; indeed, they are in direct opposition to it. The dignity of an heroic poem requires an heroic measure of verse; and an author could hardly debase his subject more by celebrating his hero's exploits in eight syllable (that is, four feet) lines, than if he had represented the hero himself as only four feet high.

Demetrius Phalereus, in his Treatise on Elocution, has a section expressly on this head. Having observed that a length of phrase is admissible and proper for grand subjects, of which he gives an example from Plato, he adds, “therefore the Hexameter is called the heroic verse because of its length, as being suitable to heroes: for no man would think of writing the Iliad of Homer in the short lines of Archilochus, such as

Τίς σὰς παρηΐρη φρενας,

Who now has enchanted her eyes?

nor in those of Anacreon,

Φερ' ὕδωρ, φερ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,

Bring me water, bring me wine, boy;

which is a measure of verse for a tippling old man, and not for a warlike hero.”—Sect. 5.

The judgment which Dryden passed on Butler is applicable here. “The choice of his numbers (says he, in the Dedication prefixed to his Translation of Juvenal) is suitable enough to his design (his Hudibras) as he has managed it; but in any other hand the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style.”*

* Warton, in his History of Poetry, informs his reader that “there was a species of short measure used in the minstrel romances, for the convenience of being sung to the harp at feasts, and in carols, and such other light poems, which are more commodiously

In the other English poet above mentioned, we find these verses.

You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's moan ;
Though the trumpet's breath,
And the dirge of death
Mingle and swell
The funeral yell.

Southey's Curse of Khamah, p. 3.

I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone, and from wood,
And the beasts of blood.*

Ibid. p. 18.

But it is not my present business to pursue this censure farther ; nor are these lines now recited with any other view than to point out their irregular and vicious structure ; which the authors have admitted, not by accident, or inattention, but have

contrived of set purpose ; and which, of course, is a species of versification that they recommend by their authority and example.

But having stated that the subject of English prosody has been already treated of by former writers, it will not be improper, before entering upon the present work, to mention who they are, the principal of them at least, and to give some short account of what they have done.

The first English writer† that occurs to notice is William Webbe, who published a Discourse of English Poetry, in 1586. In that discourse, after treating of poetry in general, he singles out Spenser from the English poets for his especial commendation, and takes the Shepherd's Calendar, published about seven years before,

uttered by buffoons in plays, than by any other person ; and in which the sudden return of the rhyme fatigues the ear. Such (says an early English critic, Puttenham) were the rhymes of Skelton, being indeed but a rude railing rhymers, and all his doings ridiculous ; he used both short distances and short measures (i. e. the rhymes near together, and the lines short) ; pleasing only the popular ear. Vol. ii. p. 341. Here is an example.

And if ye stand in doubt
Who brought this rhyme about,
My name is Colin Clout :
I propose to shake out
All my conning bagge,
Like a clarkly hagge.
For though my rhyme be ragged,
Tatter'd and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty and moth-caten,
If ye talk well therewith,
It hath in it some pith.

His satire on Cardinal Wolsey, entitled, Why come ye not to Court ? contains these lines.

Our barons be so bold
Into a mouse-hole they would
Run away, and creep
Like a meiny of sheep,
Dare not look out of door
For dread of the mastiff cur,
For dread of the butcher's dog,
Would worry them like an hog :
For and this cur do gnar
They must stand all afar,
To hold up their hand at the bar.

Enough of Skelton.

* Lines of measure like these were composed in the oldest and rudest state of our language, as

Hightest thou Urse ?
Have thou God's curse !

These rhymes were made before the Conquest, against Ursus, Earl, or Sheriff of Worcestershire, for his encroachment on the church. See William of Malmesbury, de Gest. Pont. Angl. l. 3, p. 271 ; and Godwin de Præsul. Life of Aldred, Archbishop of York, and Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, vol. i. p. 34. There is a Latin translation of them in the Leonine verse, *Tunc vocare Ursus ? Te sit maledictio versus.*

† Our King James published in Scotland, in 1584, "Ane schort Treatise, containing some reulis and cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poetrie."

but which, it seems, had not been owned by him, for the subject of his remarks on English Versification. He says, "of the kinds of English verses which differ in number of syllables, there are almost infinite. To avoid therefore tediousness, I will repeat only the different sorts of verses out of the Shepherd's Calendar, which may well serve to bear authority in this matter.

"There are in this work twelve or thirteen sundry sorts of verses, which differ either in length, or rhyme, or distinction of the staves." Having quoted several passages to prove this assertion, he adds, "I shall avoid the tedious rehearsal of all the kinds which are used; which I think would have been impossible, seeing they may be altered to as many forms as the poets please: neither is there any tune or stroke which may be sung or played on instruments, which hath not some poetical ditties framed according to the numbers thereof."

But notwithstanding this abundant variety, our author was one of those who fancied that English poetry would be greatly improved by adopting Greek and Latin measures, and composing in hexameter, pentameter, sapphic, and other ancient forms. It was a project that had already been set on foot by some of high literary reputation; and he endeavoured to advance it by his advice and example. He was aware, indeed, of the objection "that our words are nothing resemblant in nature to theirs, and therefore not possible to be framed with any good grace after their use:" but this he proposed to surmount, by "excepting against the observance of position, and certain other of their rules." Still there remained various difficulties; and it is amusing to hear him relate his distress, when, composing in the new fashion, "he found most of our monosyllables to be long," when, to serve his purpose, they should have been short: he wanted "some direction for such words as fall not within the compass of Greek or Latin rules, and thereof he had great miss." He was forced "to omit the

best words, and such as would naturally become the speech best," to avoid breaking his Latin rules. Under all these discouragements, however, he translated two of Virgil's Eclogues into English hexameters, and transformed a part of the Shepherd's Calendar into sapphics; and these pieces make a conspicuous portion of his book.

The next was George Gascoigne, an eminent poet of that age; his book was published in 1587, and is to be found among his poems; the volume is become scarce. It is entitled, *Certain Notes of Instruction concerning the making of Verse or Rhyme in English.*

The more remarkable passages in Gascoigne's work are these. He speaks of no other feet, as entering into verse, than those of two syllables; of which, says he, "the first is depressed, or short; the second, elevate, or long." He gives rules for rhyming, and for finding a rhyme. Concerning the admission of polysyllables into verse, he gives this direction, "I warn you that you thrust as few words of many syllables into your verse as may be; and hereunto I might allege many reasons: first, the most ancient English words are of one syllable; so that the more monosyllables you use, the truer English you shall seem, and the less you shall smell of the inkhorn. Also, words of many syllables do cloy a verse, and make it unpleasant."* Respecting the cesure, or pause in a verse, he observes that, "in lines of eight syllables it is best in the middle, as,

Amid my bale | I bathe in bliss.

In lines of ten syllables, after the fourth, as

I smile sometimes, | Although my grief be
great.

In those of twelve syllables in the middle; and in those of fourteen, after the eighth, as,

Divorce me now, good death, | From love
and lingering life;
That one hath been my concubine, | That
other was my wife.†

* There are two critics of later times who have given their judgment upon the use of polysyllables in English verse; of whom some mention will hereafter be made. Of these, one is directly opposite to Gascoigne, the other agrees with him; and, upon the whole, appears to be right.

† These examples are taken from his own poems.

Lines of twelve and fourteen syllables alternate, says he (i. e. such as the last here quoted), "is the commonest sort of verse which we use now-a-days."

But the most celebrated work, hitherto composed on the subject, was a regular treatise, on the Art of English Poesy, published in 1589, but written some time before, by Puttenham. This author was of a different opinion from Webbe in respect to the introduction of Greek and Latin measures into English poetry; and he says, with good judgment, thus, "Peradventure, with us Englishmen it may be somewhat too late to admit a new invention of feet and times that our forefathers never used, nor never observed till this day, either in their measures or their pronunciation: and perchance will seem in us a presumptuous part to attempt; considering also it would be hard to find many men to like of one man's choice in the limitation of times and quantities of words; with which, not one, but every ear is to be pleased and made a particular judge; it being most truly said, that a multitude or commonalty is hard to please, and easy to offend." In conclusion, he condemns this sort of versification, as a frivolous and ridiculous novelty. But, although in this particular he manifested his good sense, in some other points he fell in with the whimsical fancies of his time; such as making poems in the shape of altars, pyramids, and the like.

He who shall peruse Puttenham, may collect from him some information concerning the state of poetry in his day; and may understand what kind of verse was censured or praised, and what degree of estimation former English poets were then held in, but he must not expect much instruction upon the art itself.

Warton says of this book, Hist. of Poet. vol. iii. 10, that it remained long as a rule of criticism.

Another work however was published in 1602, with this title, "Observations in the Art of English Poesie, by Thomas Campion. Wherein it is demonstratively proved, and by example confirmed, that the English tongue will receive eight several kinds of numbers proper to itself; which are all in this book set forth, and

were never before this time, by any man, attempted." Campion was a physician, and was celebrated by his contemporaries, not only as a poet, but also as a composer of music; and his acquaintance with the latter art appears by some remarkable passages in his book. The eight several kinds of numbers which he mentions are to be understood, not of feet, nor yet altogether of verses taken singly, but, some of them, of combinations of verses and stanzas. He has, indeed, a chapter on "English numbers in general," by which he means the feet admissible into English poetry; and he reduces them to two, as being essential, and giving character and name to two different species of verse: viz. 1. the iambic; and 2. the trochy, of which he gives this strange account, that it "is but an Iambic turned over and over."

Having limited his verse to these two kinds, the iambic, and the trochaic, he exhibits his eight several numbers as follows:

1. The iambic verse, of which he makes two varieties; example,

Appear ye sterner if the day be clear.

This, being composed of iambic feet only, he calls the pure iambic; the other, into which he admits a spondee, or trochy, as,

Hark how these winds do murmur at thy flight,

he terms the licentiate iambic.

2. His second number he denominates iambic, dimeter, or English march, of which he gives this example:

Raving war begot.

3. Is the trochaic, viz.

Straight he sighs, he raves, his hair he tearcth.

4. The elegiac, this he calls a compound number, and to form it takes two lines,

Constant to none, but ever false to me,
Traitor still to love through thy faint desires.

5, 6, 7. These numbers are still more compounded; they are (as he says) "fit for ditties and odes, and may be called lyrical;" in short, they are stanzas containing four or five lines each, which it is here unnecessary to transcribe.

8. The anacreontic is this.

Love can alter
Time's disgraces.

Campion might have shown, even from his own poetry, that our language can receive other numbers than he has enumerated: but his book contains little that is new or extraordinary, except that the poetical part is all in blank verse, and that he wishes to discard entirely from our poetry what he is pleased to call "the fatness of rhyme:" which brought forth an answer from a writer of a superior order to Campion, both in verse and prose.

This was Samuel Daniel, who wrote a Defence of Rhyme, against a pamphlet, entitled Observations, &c. "wherein is demonstratively proved that rhyme is the fittest harmony of words that comports with our language." This is, indeed, asserted; but in proofs and demonstration he falls as short as his antagonist; of him he says, "this detractor (whose commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth) is a man of fair parts, and good reputation, and therefore the reproach forcibly cast from such a hand, may throw down more at once than the labours of many shall in long time build up again. We could well have allowed of his numbers, if he had not disgraced our rhyme, which both custom and nature doth most powerfully defend; custom that is above all law, nature that is above all art. Our rhyme is likewise number and harmony of words, consisting of an agreeing sound in the last syllables of several verses, giving both to the ear an echo of a delightful report, and to the memory a deeper impression of what is delivered therein: for as Greek and Latin verse consists of the number and quantity of syllables, so doth the English verse of measure and accent; and though it doth not strictly observe long and short syllables, yet it most religiously

respects the accent; and as the short and the long make number, so the acute and grave accent yield harmony, and harmony is likewise number: so that the English verse then hath number, measure, and harmony, in the best proportion of music. But be the verse never so good, never so full, it seems not to satisfy nor breed that delight, as when it is met and combined with a like sounding accent; which seems as the jointure, without which it hangs loose, and cannot subsist, but runs wildly on, like a tedious fancy, without a close." Having thus defended the use of rhyme, he proceeds in a similar strain against the rest of Campion's book; asserting, "that of all his eight several kinds of new promised numbers, we have only what was our own before;" such as have ever been familiarly used among us; and the like of his other positions. He expresses a wish, however, "that there were not that multiplicity of rhymes as is used by many in sonnets;" he acknowledges, "that to his own ear, those continual cadences of couplets used in long and continued poems are very tiresome and unpleasing;" and he confesses that his "adversary had wrought so much upon him as to think a tragedy would best comport with a blank verse, and dispense with rhyme, saving in the chorus, or where a sentence shall require a couplet." He says too that he thinks it wrong to mix uncertainly feminine rhymes with masculine;* which, ever since he was warned of that deformity by a kind friend, he had always so avoided, as that there are not above two couplets in that kind in all his poem of the Civil Wars; that he "held feminine rhymes to be fittest for ditties, and either to be certain, or set by themselves."

The opinions of Daniel are more particularly noticed here, because his versification is equal to the best of his times.

* The terms masculine and feminine, as applied to verse, are taken from the French, and signify—the first, rhymes of one syllable—the other, of two, which we now call double rhymes; and of which this character of King John, from the First Book of his Civil Wars, is an example:

A tyrant loath'd, a homicide convented,
Poison'd he dies, disgraced, and unlamented.

By rhymes uncertainly mixed, he means introduced irregularly; not recurring in the stanzas at set distances, which he calls certain.

Another poet, who valued himself upon his skill in numbers, viz. Cowley, may be joined with these authors; not indeed for any formal work upon the subject, but for certain notes, made by him upon his own verses. The purport of those notes is to inform his readers that the verses are intended and framed to represent the things described, by their imitative harmony. In his preface he expresses himself thus, respecting the odes which he calls Pindaric. "The numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the ode, entitled, *The Resurrection*;^{*} and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

— ut sibi quivis

Speret idem, multum sudet frustra que labore
Ausus idem."

In 1679, Samuel Woodford, DD. published a Paraphrase on the Canticles and Hymns; and in the preface made certain observations on the structure of English verse; which are mentioned, not so much for any thing remarkable in his criticism, as for his high commendation, at the period, of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; though he would rather "it had been composed in rhyme."

About the same time another work came out, comprising some principles

of versification, together with an assistance towards making English verse. The title was the *English Parnassus*, or a *Help to English Poesie*; containing a collection of all the rhyming monosyllables, the choicest epithets and phrases, with some general forms upon all occasions, subjects, and themes, alphabetically digested; together with a short institution to English Poesie, by way of preface. The author was Joshua Poole, MA. of Clare Hall, Cambridge; but it was a posthumous publication. The preface is subscribed J. D.; it contains no matter worthy of particular notice; and for the book itself, it is sufficiently detailed by the title.

This work appears to have been the foundation of another, built on the same plan, but considerably enlarged. The author was Edward Bysshe; who, in 1702, published an *Art of English Poetry*. The part relating to prosody is contained in three chapters, under these heads: "1. Of the structure of English verses.—2. Of rhyme.—3. Of the several sorts of poems and compositions in verse." His manner of treating these topics is plain, but neither methodical nor comprehensive; it presents, however, some useful information, and though perhaps no versifier of the present day may seek from this author "Rules for making English Verse" (for so he entitles this portion of his volume), it continued for above half a century to be a popular book. It also provided a farther help to verse-makers, by a plentiful magazine, or Dictionary of Rhymes. But the bulk of his performance was made up of a Collection of the most natural, agreeable, and noble Thoughts, &c. that are

* The passage in the Ode on the Resurrection, to which he refers, is this:

Stop, stop, my muse, allay thy vigorous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great;
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course:
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit:
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace;
Conscious and proud of his own natural force:
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure.

to be found in the best English poets. Now, if the execution of this part be compared with the promise of its title, he will be found to deserve little commendation. The number of poets, from whom he professes to have formed his selection, are forty-three. Of these, more than a third part are either men of no name, as Stonestreet, Stafford, Harvey; or of no distinguished reputation in poetry, as Walsh, Tate, Stepney, Dennis, and others. Then the selection is made so unequally, that three of his number, viz. Cowley, Butler's *Hudibras*, and Dryden, have furnished him with at least three-fifths of the whole. In fact, he had very little knowledge of our poets, even of those who lived and wrote but four-score years before himself; as will appear from this statement. Ellis, in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, has given extracts from upwards of forty authors, in the reigns of Charles the First and Second, not one of whom is mentioned in Bysshe's catalogue. Here is another proof of the same. He affirms that "we have no entire works composed in verses of twelve syllables;" he must therefore have been unacquainted with Drayton.

Not long after Glover's *Leonidas* appeared, Dr. Pemberton, a great friend of the author, published *Observations on Poetry*, especially epic, occasioned by the late poem on *Leonidas*, 1738. The versification of that poem is very regular; and the design of the observations, in part, is to justify and extol that regularity; which, in an instance or two, is done without foundation. The sixth section of the *Observations* is upon the principles of verse; and here, his singular notions, and the severe rules he would establish, might startle and discourage a young poet. He disallows all licence, all irregularity. He asserts that no irregular composition of feet is by any means necessary towards that variety which is required in the longest work. With the same rigour he pronounces upon the last syllables of verses; and commends Glover for closing his lines with a firm and stable syllable, which, he says, is necessary to support the dignity of the verse; and which Milton now and then ne-

glected. The lines he means are, in Glover, such as these:

Rehearse, O Muse, the deeds and glorious
death
Of that fam'd Spartan, who withstood the
power. *Leon. b. 1.*

And of the contrary sort, in Milton, such as this:

Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
Paradise Lost, b. 1.

A close of the line, which, had he thought it negligent, or wanting dignity, he would not have admitted so frequently, much less three times together, as in this instance:

And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Treblond.
Paradise Lost, b. 1.

The foregoing censure on Milton may warrant the mention here (though not exactly in chronological order) of Tyrwhitt's *Essay on the Versification of Chaucer*, which contains much learned research into the nature and origin of our poetical measures; but which, in regard to the structure of our verse, advances some positions that are very questionable, to say the least of them; as in this passage: "On the tenth (or rhyming) syllable, a strong accent is in all cases indispensably required; and in order to make the line tolerably harmonious, it seems necessary that at least two more of the even syllables should be accented, the fourth being (almost always) one of them. Milton, however, has not subjected his verse even to these rules; and particularly, either by negligence or design, he has frequently put an unaccented syllable in the fourth place. See *Paradise Lost*, book iii. 36, 586; book v. 413, 750, 874." *Essay*, p. 62.

To make this statement respecting Milton, is to show very little attention to his manner of versification; and to put it as a doubt whether he did not, through negligence, set an unaccented syllable in the fourth place of his line, is to doubt whether he was not grossly negligent in that point throughout all his poem; since he has done so no less than three times within the first seven lines:

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste

Brought death into the world, and all our
 woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing heavenly muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, &c.

Again, to affirm that "a strong accent is in all cases indispensably required on the rhyming syllable," is to condemn the practice of our most correct and approved authors. Pope, without scruple, admitted an unaccented syllable to rhyme: for instance, in his *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*,—

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres.

Eloisa to Abelard,—

And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice.

Essay on Satire,—

That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

So that should we submit to Tyrwhitt's authority, we must renounce some of the most established and allowed licences (if they are so to be called) in English versification.

Foster, in his celebrated *Essay on Accent and Quantity*, wrote two chapters on English Prosody; and the mention of them is introduced here, not for any material information which they will afford to the reader, but rather to caution him against trusting to what is there said upon the subject.

The *Treatise on Painting and Poetry*, by Webb, deserves notice, as well for some judicious remarks on our poetical measures, as for directing the public attention to Shakespeare's skill and excellence in them.

Another work upon the subject under consideration is, *An Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language, and of the Mechanism of Verse*; published 1804. As the author is yet living, it may not be proper to enlarge upon its character now; this however must be acknowledged, that he has laboured with more diligence and success than any of those who have been hitherto named; and for whatever else it may be needful to say of his book, there will not want occasion in the course of the present undertaking.

There still remain a few whom it will be sufficient to specify by their names, and the titles of their books. These are,—

Tucker (under the name of Edward Search) on *Vocal Sounds*, 1773.
 —Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*, 1779.
 —Odell's *Essay on the Elements, Accents, and Prosody of the English Language*, 1805. From each of whom something may be gleaned to elucidate our national prosody.

But the same subject has employed the pens of certain writers in the northern part of our island, who are by no means to be omitted; for they are all men of high rank, and (with one exception) would form a catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. They are,—King James the Sixth of Scotland; the lords of session, Kaimes and Monboddo; Doctor Beattie; and Lord Glenbervie: not that they challenge our notice by their rank, but by the merit of their writings. The first, by his *Reulis and Cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, (see p. 30); the second, by his *Elements of Criticism*; the third, by his volumes on the *Origin and Progress of Language*; Doctor Beattie by his *Essays*; and, very lately, Lord Glenbervie, by the *Notes on his spirited translation of the Poem of Ricciardetto*.

In this catalogue are enumerated all, or nearly all, the principal authors who have published any criticism upon the subject of our versification; or to speak more precisely, upon the mechanism of English verse. To a few of these there may be occasion to recur, sometimes for the sanction of their authority, and sometimes to specify the points upon which a difference of opinion is entertained.

From the dates here given, it will be seen how much later than poetry criticism appeared among us: and the perusal of these authors will convince us that the art, though now considerably advanced, is yet far from being settled upon rules which all admit. But indeed it has always been found a difficult matter to lay down satisfactory rules for poetical, and still more for oratorical numbers. And here it may be allowable to adduce the authority of Cicero. The passage is in his treatise entitled *Orator*, and applicable to the present subject. He is speaking of the early Roman Orators, who had no skill in rounding their periods, or

giving any pleasing cadence to their sentences, and he says, "*Quoniam igitur habemus aptæ orationis,*" &c. (Or. ch. 53.) The substance of which is this:—That it was surprising the ancient orators were inattentive to this art, (viz. of numerous composition,) especially as they often uttered a well-turned period by chance, and then could not but observe, from the effect which it had upon their hearers, that it was pleasing: so that at least they should have marked what it was that pleased, that they might repeat or copy it. For the ear (or rather the mind by means of the ear) is a good judge of all articulate sounds. Thus it distinguishes between long and short, and always expects that which is measured and perfect. It perceives some (periods) to be maimed and curtailed, by which it is often offended, as if it were defrauded of something that was its due. It perceives others to be immoderately long, which it dislikes still more; for, in this case, as in most others, the defect is less offensive than the excess. Therefore, as the gratification of the ear, and the observation of attentive men, discovered and settled what should

be verse; so in prose, the same natural feeling discovered (though much later) that there are certain measures and cadences more agreeable than others. The ear distinguishes this; and it is unfair not to acknowledge what you perceive, because you cannot tell why it is so. For neither was verse made out by reasoning, but was what pleased the sense; afterwards reason examined, and taught us the cause of it: and thus, observation upon that which was naturally pleasing produced art.

The art which Cicero here describes is indeed but a subordinate part of poetry and oratory; it is nevertheless such as cannot be neglected without injury to the highest branches of these arts; for as the poet has said,—

Gratior est pulchro veniens in corpore
virtus;

so if our poetry and oratory shall be (as it were) embodied in fair and comely words and sentences, they will appear the more graceful: but, on the contrary, if our language and measures are rough and ill-formed, they will debase the best qualities of the composition. C.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE is one day (or night) in the year which, however capricious Nature may choose to be, is always the same. On that day, though the heavens shower roses, or stones, or seawater, we have always our frost and snow upon earth. If it be not nature, it is art, and will answer our purpose as well. This day (we beg pardon of our friends in Dublin) is *Twelfth Night*!

On that day the world is populous, multifaced. Every one (Oh! rare day!) is a Weathercock, bifronted, double-tongued. He is Robert and Rigdum-funnidos at once. He is lean Simpson, and Sir Epicure Mammon. He is grinning Harry, and Hamlet the sad Dane. His capacity is double, be it for mirth or drink. He hath two distinct natures, like French and English, heterogeneous. He is, in short, an exquisite irregularity, like

the mermaid; but in most cases handsomer.—I could go on till February in describing these pleasant accidents of fortune, these personal antitheses; where one corporeal title (like the fable of the belly and the members) rebelleth against the other.

On that day there is a grand making of kings, (but "no coronation.") They are as common as kittens, and playful. Men live for a day under a royal democracy; but they are free, though ephemeral—contented, though happy. They are slaves to the monarch of fortune, yet they beard and laugh him to scorn. And what, though he bid them kiss the cold bars, or their pretty neighbour,—they repine not, but straightway obey him.

Then how fine is the dialogue, how free from restraint, how gay! I can

almost imagine a Contributors' circle, potent as a magician's.

"WE ARE THE KING."

"We speak no treason, man—"

"We are the king; so give us our bells"—[Ah! cursed quill: we consign thee to perdition for this. No more state papers nor stately shalt thou indite; no more royal rhyme for thee: henceforward thou shalt scrawl out bills for some village Crispin, nothing higher.]

"Give us our crown (of wood or tinsel): we will shine like Mr. Elliston's pillars, though it be not Bartholomew fair. Now——"

Yet, shall I go on?

Shall I try to show our Elia's glancing wit? Shall I trace the deep and fine vein of Mr. Table Talk? Shall I paint the cheerful gravity (almost a paradox) of D——? the restless pleasantry of Janus, ever-verging, catching the sun and the shade? Shall I strive to out-do Mr. Herbert, in his humour, in his portraits so plquant and so true? Or shall I sharpen my pen's point, and hit off our friend Lycus's waggery, his puns, and (what is much better than either) his poetry? Or paint our good A——, always gay; like a huge forest transplanted, a *rus in urbe*,—musical as Polypheme, and as great?

Shall I go on?—Ah! no. For who can tell of our doings? Who can paint a laugh? Who can carry away a rich thought with all its bloom? Where is the freshness of the jest that hung upon accident or circumstance?—It may not be done.

Yet, talking of laughing—as Mr. Aircastle would say, I own I like a laugh. It is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.

I never saw a Frenchman laugh. They smile, they grin, they shrug up their shoulders, they dance, they cry "Ha!" and "Clél!" but they never give themselves up to hoisterous *unlimited* laughter. They have always a rein upon their lungs, and their muscles are drilled to order. Their mirth does not savour of flesh and blood. I do not mean to contend for that pampered laugh which grows less and less, in proportion as it is high-fed—(so gin given to children stops their growth) but for a good broad humourous English laugh, such as belongs to a farce or a fair. The Germans laugh sometimes, the Flo-

ming's often, the Irish always: the Spaniard's face is fused, and the Scotchman's thawed, into a laugh; but a Frenchman never laughs. They smile indeed, but what then?—Their smile is like their soup-maigre, thin; their merriment squeezed and strained. There is in it something of the acid of their sallads, something of the pungency of their sauces, but nothing *substantial*. It is neither solid nor ethereal,—but a thing between wind and water,—not of earth, nor heaven,—good nor bad; but villainously indifferent, and not to be admitted as mirth.

And yet "Twelfth Night" was celebrated in former France. One of the courtiers used to be chosen king, and the king himself and the nobles obeyed him. In Germany too, it is (or was) kept up with joke and banqueting; and in England we have still our Saturnalian revels. These are censured by good master Bourne, "our ancient," I believe; but for mine own part I love to see them. I love to see an acre of cake spread out, (the sweet frost covering the rich earth below,) studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeat; and hollow yellow-cruled crowns, and kings and queens, and their paraphernalia. I delight to see a score of happy children, sitting huddled all round the dainty fare, eyeing the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence which is kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round; and the glistening eyes which feed beforehand upon the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold. And then; when the "characters" are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their little eyes? One is proud, as king; another stately, as queen; then there are two whispering grotesque secrets which they cannot contain (these are Sir Gregory Goose and Sir Tumbelly Clumsy). The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes, but the little girls (almost ashamed of their prizes) sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round, that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed. And then, what a roar of mirth! Ha, ha! The ceiling shakes, and the

air is torn. They bound from their seats, like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Thompson's card. Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed, what ostentatious pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed seasonably in her hands, and the glass of sweet wine "all round" drowns the shrill urchin laughter, and a gentler delight prevails.

—I am not one of those who love to breed up children seriously, or to make them moral rather than happy. Let them be happy (innocently), and the other will follow of course. A good example is a good thing. Give them that, and spare your precept.—Oh! I like to see the pleasures of children. They enjoy to-day, and care not for to-morrow. Their path is strewn with roses; the heaven is blue above them, and life is a gay race which all feel sure to win. Some indeed there are, outcasts of fortune, who have to make their way over the rough stones and barren places,—beggars from their birth. It pains me to see those many little faces, frost-nipped, which are pressed (with flattened noses) against pastry-cooks' windows,—Lazarites at the rich men's tables. I do not enjoy their famished looks and roving eyes, and watering mouths half opened. Oh! no: I pity those poor denizens of the streets, inheritors of the cold air. They have no privilege, but to ask—and be refused: no enjoyment, save hungry idleness: no property. Or rather they are "tenants in common" with the bird of passage, and the houseless dog; they have the fierce sun or the inclement sky; nothing further.—*Their* "liberty" is without even its "crust."—

Once—(let me have leave to tell this: it is my only tolerable action) I made a happy heart on a day of feasting. This was on a Christmas Day, many years ago. I was walking briskly to my coffee-house dinner. Every body looked full of gaiety; and I myself trod like Diomed. There was scarcely a beggar in the streets. Yet was there *one*,—a pale slight little woman who lingered about the opening doors in Greek-street. She might have been the widow of a country clergyman. Her face was thin and hunger-pinched. Her eyes were dull; and

there was the shining mark of a tear (*like a cicatrice*) which traversed one of her cheeks from top to bottom. She crept slowly along the pavement, and now and then she sighed; but she did not beg. She must have been *very* cold; for her tattered black weeds were not enough, with all her care, and shifting them from shoulder to shoulder, to fence off the nipping wind. I turned my head aside as I passed (a week's begging would have done me good then) lest I should be beguiled into giving. She did not even look at me; but kept her eyes on the ground as though she were searching for the raw vegetables which servants cast into the street. I walked on twenty—fifty—a hundred yards. I was uncomfortable—I looked back, and there was the pale widow-beggar still dragging her weak steps along. She met nothing but the blast which made her tatters shake. She staggered—I thought she must have fallen. There was no standing this: so I went back, and gave her—something; no matter what,—not much, nor too little; enough to satisfy both her and myself.—Some years have passed by since this happened; but I have often seen her in my fancy since. There she is—sad, drooping, shivering, her thin arms exposed to the frosty wind. I hear again her quick cry (it brought tears into my eyes), and that frightful hurst and chuckle, scarcely speech, which filled her throat when she saw my gift. She trembled as though she had been palsy-struck, and looked——. All this I saw and heard in a moment, for in a moment I was gone. I could never meet her again.

O gay and gaudy time! and shall I ever grow too old for *thee*? Shall I ever hate thy mirth, and wish thee gone, thou bright land-mark of the year? Oh! thou art not like other feasts ending with the day; but thy merriment reacheth through the wakeful night. Thy mistress is the moon, and thou thyself art gaily mad, wisely unreasonable, lunatic. Other feasts are good, but thou art *royal*! They have their chairmen, their jesters, their jacks in the green; but *thou* treadest on crowned heads; the phantasms of Momus are thy fellows: Wit whispereth in thine ear;

Care boweth down before thee ; and if Ill-humour for a moment come, he is quickly put to flight, and Sorrow is drowned in wine.

But of all the feasts and gay doings which I have known, none were like that one "Twelfth Night" which I passed at L——'s house, some five or six years ago. That *was* a night ! O Jupiter ! O Bacchus ! There was *too much* mirth. The muscles were stretched and strained by laughing. Our host was a right merry man,—a man of humour, of good nature, of high animal spirits, fantastic. He could make "the table" ring and roar beyond any one I ever knew. His jokes would not bear a strict glance, sometimes ; but they were better than wit, which is too serious. Wit sets one thinking, but L—— did not do this. He laughed ; he talked ; he told comical stories ; he mimicked friend and foe (good naturedly) ; he spoke burlesque in verse ; he misplaced epithets ; he reconciled contradictions ; he tacked extremities to each other—the grave and the gay—sense and nonsense. He had drawn "the king," and was as absolute as a Fate. He ordered things impossible. He insisted that black was white, and he insisted that others should think so too. Oh ! there was no withstanding him, he was so pleasant a potentate :—he said something—nothing—and looked round for the boisterous homage of his neighbours, and received it smiling and content.

That night we had songs, English

and Italian ; we had mistletoe (there were ladies under it)—we had coffee, and wines, and Twelfth Night characters. We had a supper, where joke and hospitality reigned. And there were cold meats, and sallads, and pies, and jellies, and wines of all colours, mocking with their lustre the topaz and the ruby ; and there were pyramids of fruit, and mountains of rich cake, all decked with sprigs of holly and laurel. And we had a huge "*wassail bowl* :"—One ? We had a dozen, brimming and steaming, and scented with cloves and cinnamon. We ate, and we drank, and we shouted. One sang, and another spoke (like a parliament orator), and one gave an extravagant toast ; and a fourth laughed out at nothing ; and one cried, from very pain, that he could "*laugh no more* ;" and instantly a fresh joke was started, and the sufferer screamed with delight, and almost rolled from his chair. The cup of mirth was brimming. It went round and round again, and every one had his fill. This was no meagre shadowy banquet,—no Barmecide feast,—no card-party, coldly decorous (where you lose your money, and pay for the candles). It was a revel and a jollity. Though our mirth was becoming, it raged and was loud like thunder. It lasted from nine o'clock at night till early breakfast (eight o'clock) in the morning, and it still lives in my recollection, as the brightest day (or night) of the calendar. Q.

SONNET.

AN ITALIAN PHILOSOPHER TO HIS FRIEND.

FRIEND, Signior Gualdo, some long time has pass'd
 Since you and I wore our bright youth away
 In toiling through the schools of Padua.
 You, I remember, climb'd steep Learning's mast ;
 While I among the common crowd was cast,
 With reputation still to make quick way
 To Truth ; for I was known by some to stay
 My thirst at poet-fountains as I pass'd.—
 —O friend ! shall these gone times *never* return ?—
 The spring returneth, and its leaves, and flowers ;
 The planets hold their golden rounds, and burn
 Again, with re-illuminated powers ;
 The Sea, now silent, hath his stormy turn ;
 The Moon hath her reviving :—Where is ours ?

B.

The Early French Poets.

ROBERT GARNIER.

JODELLX's fame, as a dramatic writer, was soon eclipsed by that of Robert Garnier, who indeed, if we were to take the words of Dorat and of Robert Estienne, (grandson, I believe, of him who compiled the *Thesaurus*) surpassed even the three Tragedians of Greece.

La Grece eut trois auteurs de la Muse tragique,

France plus que ces trois estime un seul
Garnier.—*R. Estienne.*

At nunc vincit eos qui tres, Garnerius unus,
Terna ferat Tragicis præmia digna
tribus.—*Jo. Auratus.*

His other panegyrists, Ronsard, Belleau, Balf,* Flaminio de Birague, and Claude Binet, are more temperate; and Estienne Pasquier, after quoting Ronsard's testimony in his favour, and reciting the names of his eight tragedies, contents himself with adding, that they will, in his opinion, find a place among posterity.† “A mon jugement trouveront lieu dedans la posterité.”

In some prefatory verses to Henry III. Garnier well describes the character of these poems.

Une tragedie,

Semblable a celle-cy qu'humble je vous dedie :
Où j'empouille des vers pleins de sang et d'horreur,
De larmes, de sanglots, de rage, et de fureurs.

(Les Tragedies de Robert Garnier, Conseiller du Roy, Lieutenant General Criminel au siege Presidial et Seneschaussee du Maine. A Rouen. Chez Pierre L'Oyselet, au haut des degres du Palais. 1611. 12mo. p. 12.)

A tragedy,

Like this which humbly I present to thee :
Through the big verse, where blood and horror rage,
And tears, and sobs, and fury, swell the page.

He has a tumid grandeur which frequently expands itself even beyond the dimensions of Seneca himself. Like Shakspeare, he sometimes bold-

ly coins a word, when the language does not supply him with one that will suit his purpose.

Il faut pour *orager* ta puissance suprême
Emprunter les efforts de ta puissance mesme. (P. 28.)

Ces champs envenimez où les Dieux inhumains
Hostelerent jadis votre premiere enfance. (P. 33.)

Si les Dieux tant de fois nous estoient punisseurs
Que nous chetifs mortels leur sommes offenseurs,
Leur foudre defaudroit. et la terre profonde
Sans cause *enfruiteroit* sa poitrine feconde :

Ainsi vous convient-il estre aux vostres plus doux. (P. 51.)

The speeches are often immoderately long. He has much declamation; occasionally a good deal of passion; but very little character.

In what manner he conducts his stories, my reader will be able to judge from the following abstract, which I have made of each of those

wherein the plot is, for aught I know to the contrary, his own.

In the first, which is entitled *Porcie*, the fury *Megæra* speaks the prologue. The chorus of Roman women then sing the perils of grandeur and the safety of lowliness in an ode, much of which is from Ho-

* Flaminio de Birague lived in the time of Charles IX. and composed quatrains, sixains, sonnets, elegies, and epitaphs. One of the epitaphs is cited by M. Philipon-la-Madelaine, in his *Dictionnaire Portatif des Poëtes Français*. Paris, 1805.

Passant, penses tu pas de passer ce passage
Qu'en mourant j'ai passé? Penses au même pas.
Si tu n'y penses bien, de vrai tu n'es pas sage ;
Car possible demain passeras au trépas.

† *Recherches de la France*, l. 6, c. 7.

race. — Act 2. Porcia laments the miseries of her country. The chorus sing a translation of Horace's *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*. The Nurse also mourns over the sufferings of Rome, and expresses her fears for the approaching conflict between the forces of Antony and those of Brutus and Cassius, and for the effects which the defeat of the latter may produce on her mistress. Porcia now comes in, and in her despair regrets the death of Julius Cæsar. The chorus again sing a moral ode, much

of which is from Horace:—Act 3. Areus, the philosopher and favourite of Octavius Cæsar, makes a long soliloquy on the happiness of the golden age, and the subsequent corruption of mankind, concluding with a quotation from Horace. Octavius, who has now been informed of the death of Brutus, enters exulting, and vows further vengeance on his enemies, from which Areus endeavours to dissuade him, but in vain. There is in this scene a brisk alternation in the dialogue.

Ar. Cæsar pour se venger ne proscrip't jamais homme.

Oct. S'il les eust tous proscrip'ts, il regneroit à Rome.

Ar. Il epargnoit leur sang.—*Oct.* Il prodiguoit le sien.

Ar. Il estimoit beaucoup garder un citoyen.

Oct. D'un citoyen amy la vie est tousiours chere,
Mais d'un qui ne l'est pas nous doit estre legere.

Ar. Cæsar pardonnoit tout.—*Oct.* Que servit son pardon ?

Ar. D'en conserver plusieurs.—*Oct.* Quel en fut le guerdon ?

Ar. Que gravee en nos cœurs sa florissante gloire
Vit eternellement d'une heureuse memoire.

Oct. Il est mort toutesfois.—*Ar.* Immortel est son los.

Oct. Mais son corps n'est-il pas dans le sepulchre enclos ?

Ar. Ne devoit-il mourir ? (P. 52.)

Ar. Cæsar proscribed no man to sate his vengeance.

Oct. Had he proscribed them all, he yet in Rome

Were reigning.—*Ar.* He was sparing of their blood.

Oct. Say rather he was lavish of his own.

Ar. A citizen's life was precious in his eyes.

Oct. The life of one, who is a citizen,
And loves us, ever must be dear ;
Not his who is a citizen, and hates us.

Ar. Cæsar pardon'd all.—*Oct.* Whereto served his pardon ?

Ar. To win more to him.—*Oct.* What was its reward ?

Ar. That graven in our hearts his glory lives
Eternally in blest remembrance.—*Oct.* Yet
He died.—*Ar.* Not so his praise, which is immortal.

Oct. But for his body, is't not in the tomb ?

Ar. And could he 'scape to die ?

The chorus sing the mutability of human affairs and the unhappy destinies of Rome. Antony, and Ventidius, his lieutenant, return to Rome after their victory. Antony salutes the city in a pompous speech, and Ventidius sets him on recounting the labours of his forefather Hercules, and boasting of his own achievements. He is joined by his two colleagues,

Octavius and Lepidus, who debate on the measures to be pursued in future, and resolve to set out for their several provinces. A chorus of soldiers conclude the act.—Act 4. The messenger, after much delay and circumlocution, and many long similes, communicates the fatal tidings to Porcia, who breaks forth into the most clamorous grief.

Tonnez, cieux, foudroyez, eclairez, abismez,

Et ne me laissez rien de mes os consommez,

Que ceste terre ingrate enferme en sa poitrine.

Respandez, respandez vostre rage maline

Sur mon chef blasphemeur, et tempestez si bien

Que de moy malheureuse il ne demeure rien. (P. 75.)

Thunder, ye heavens, flash, lighten, swallow up,
Nor leave one little particle of all
My seared bones, which this ungrateful earth
May in its bosom-cover. Pour, pour down

Your utmost spite on this blaspheming head ;
And execute your stormy wrath so fully,
That nought remain of such a wretch as I am.

The Nurse endeavours to soothe her, to no purpose. The chorus once more bewail the fate of Rome.

Act 5. The Nurse relates to the chorus the death of her mistress. They lament over that event, and the fate of Brutus, in a simple and pathetic song; and the Nurse concludes the play, with a poniard at her breast, in the following couplet.

Mourons, sus sus mourons, sus poignard
haste toy ;

Sus jusques au pommeau vien t'enfoncer
en moy.

Die, die we then. No ling'ring. Haste
thee, dagger ;

Up to thy hilt be buried quick within me.

CORNELIE.

Act 1. Cicero, in a long soliloquy, deploras the servitude of Rome under Julius Cæsar, and expatiates on the mischief of ambition. The chorus sing an ode on the wickedness and evil of war.—Act 2. Cornelia bemoans the fate of her two husbands, Crassus and Pompey. Cicero endeavours to console, and to argue her out of her intention to commit suicide. A fine ode by the chorus on the perpetual revolution and changes in human affairs—Rome, once freed from

her kings, has been again enslaved, and will some time be in like manner restored to liberty.—Act 3. Cornelia tells the chorus of a terrible dream, in which Pompey had appeared to her. The chorus assure her, that the spirits of the deceased cannot return, but that evil demons assume their appearance in order to fill us with vain terrors. Cicero makes another turgid soliloquy on the ambition of Cæsar. Philip (who had been the freedman of Pompey) enters, bearing, in a funeral urn, the ashes of his late master. Cornelia laments over them, and inveighs against Cæsar. Another ode by the chorus, on the mutability of fortune, concludes the Act.—Act 4. A scene between Cassius and Decimus Brutus, in which the former excites the latter to vengeance against the tyrant. The chorus sing the glory of those who free their country from tyranny, the insecurity of kings, and the happiness of a low condition. Cæsar and Mark Antony; the one exulting in his conquests, the other warning him against his enemies. There are some splendid verses put into the mouth of Cæsar.

O beau Tybre, et tes flots de grand' aîse ronflans,
Ne doublent-ils leur cresse à tes verdureux flans,
Joyeux de ma venue, et d'une voix vagueuse
Ne vont-ils annoncer à la mer écumeuse
L'honneur de mes combats ? ne vont, ne vont tes flots
Aux Tritons mariniens faire bruire mon los,
Et au pere Ocean se vanter que le Tybre
Roulera plus fameux qu' Eufrete et le Tygre ? (P. 139.)

O beauteous Tyber ! and do not thy billows
Snort out their gladness, with redoubled curls,
Up their green margins mounting, all o'erjoy'd
At my return ? do they not hasten onwards
Unto the foamy sea, to tell my triumphs
In surging clamours, and to bid the Tritons
Trumpet the praises of my valorous deeds ?
Vaunting to Father Neptune that their Tyber
Rolls prouder waves than Tygris or Euphrates ?

A chorus of Cæsar's friends celebrate his praises, and declaim on the evils of envy.—Act 5. A messenger relates to Cornelia the defeat and death of her father Scipio, embellishing his tale with a due proportion of similes. Her grief clamorous and eloquent as usual.

Au moins, ciel, permettez, permettez, à cette
heure,

Après la mort des miens, que moy-mesme
je meure :

Poussez moy dans la tombe, ores que je ne
puis,

Veufe de tout bien, recevoir plus d'ennuis ;
Et que vous n'avez plus, m'ayant ravi mon
pere,

Ravi mes deux maris, sujet pour me des-
plaire. (P. 156.)

Here we have the same thought,

but much less strongly expressed, as in that line which Longinus has adduced from the most pathetic scene in the most pathetic of all tragedians.

Τίμω κακῶν δὴ, κούκέρ' ἰσθ' ὄπῃ τεθῆ.

Euripides, Hercules Furens,
1245, *Ed. Barnes.*

And Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary * to

Chaucer, has remarked a similar passage in that poet.

So full of sorowe am I, sothe to sayne,
That certainly no more harde grace
May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

Cornelia concludes by resolving to live, that she may honour the remains of the dead.

Maia las! si je trespasse, ains que d'avoir logé
Dans un funebre tombeau mon pere submergé,
Qui en prendra la cure? iront ses membres vagues
A jamais tourmentez par les meurtrieres vagues?
Mon pere, je vivray; je viroy, mon espoux,
Pour faire vos tombeaux, et pour pleurer sur vous,
Languissante, chetive, et de mes pleurs fameuses
Baigner plaintivement vos cendres genereuses:
Puis sans humeur, sans force emplissant de sanglots,
Les vases bien heureux qui vous tiendront enclos,
Je vomiray ma vie, et tombant legere ombre
Des esprits de la bas j'iray croistre le nombre. (P. 158.)

But oh! if death surprise me ere I lodge
My father in his tomb, who then shall do
That office for him? Shall his limbs go wand'ring
For ever up and down the murderous waves?
Yea, I will live, my father—I will live,
My husband, but to make your tombs, and weep
Upon you, languishing away my life
In pining sorrow, and bedewing still
Your noble ashes with my plenteous tears;
And then at last, for lack of moisture, falling,
Sob out my soul into the happy urns
That shall contain you; and, an empty shadow,
Flit down among the spirits of the deep.

ANTOINE.

Antony makes a speech not much in character, deploring his captivity to the charms of Cleopatra. The chorus sing an ode on the miseries incident to human nature: for part of which they are indebted to Euripides, and to Horace for the remainder.—Act 2. Philostratus appears, for this time only, that he may lament over the state of Egypt. The chorus in their song run over all the instances of unhappy mourners whom they can recal to memory, and say they have themselves more reason to mourn than all, but do not tell us for what cause. Cleopatra, with Eras and Charmion, her women, and Diomedes, her secretary. The Queen declares her resolution to share the fate of the conquered Antony, and will listen to no arguments for consulting her own safety. She goes into a sepulchre, there to await her doom. Diomedes remains alone, to meditate on the beauties of his royal mistress, and to lament her obstinacy.

The following Ode predicts the subjection of the Nile to the Tyber, but suggests a topic of consolation to Egypt in the future destruction of Rome herself.—Act 3. Antony discovers to his friend Lucilius his fears of Cleopatra's fidelity. Lucilius endeavours to calm his apprehensions; and after much empty moralizing on his own weakness, and on the fatal effects of pleasure, Antony resolves to put an end to his life. The chorus chant an Ode, partly borrowed from the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum* of Horace, in which they commend the determination of Antony and Cleopatra not to survive their misfortunes.—Act 4. Octavius Cæsar enters, boasting of his triumphs. Agrippa is dissuading him from his design of exterminating his enemies, when Dercetas comes to acquaint him with the particulars of Antony's death. His death is bewailed by Cæsar; but Agrippa thinks only of being in time to prevent Cleopatra from destroying herself and her treasures.

* See the word *Grace*.

A chorus of Cæsar's friends lament the divisions of the Roman empire, in a song which, according to custom, is in great measure translated from Horace.—Act 5. Cleopatra, in the monument with her children,

their tutor Euphron, and her women Charmion and Eras, utters her last lamentation over the dead body of Antony.

(The remainder of this Article will be given in our next Number.)

JANUS WEATHERBOUND; OR, THE WEATHERCOCK STEADFAST FOR LACK OF OIL.

A GRAVE EPISTLE.

Ear-cracking Fleet-street o'er,
And the resounding shore,*
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament:
From the Magazine,
Clothed in dismal green,
The parting Janus † is with sighing sent.

Milton, slightly altered.

DEAR PROPRIETORS! (for convenience sake let me condense ye) Dear Proprietor!—(one I have ever found ye, both heart and hand.) I address this letter to *you* rather than to the Editor, as something hearty, cordial;—a tangibility;—one that hath eyes, ears, and nerves, even as a Contributor;—liable to the same sicknesses, mental and bodily;—possessing human sympathies and dimensions. I *know* all this. As to the Editor, I am doubtful. He is without form—I can't make up my mind to believe in such a *nominis umbra*. Were any one to describe the colour of his coat and breeches, I should look on such description as an absurd fiction, or, at best, as an allegory,—a shadowy fable for the clarifying solution of some new *Palæphatus de incredibilibus*. My soul entertaineth no affection for him:—how can it?—Doth the farmer love the unseen wind which overturneth his barns, his granaries?—devastates his orchards?—He cuts me out three pages (a monstrous cantle! three painful pages! three *elaborated* pages!—*print!!*—); He turneth the edges of my keenest razors (rather least *blunt*, good Janus!) awry, so that they lose the name of action;—he obliterates a climax!!—In short, I never saw him in my life; and *therefore*, I suppose, hate him abominably. You have now one of my reasons for choosing you for my patient.—Secondly—Remarks on the MAGAZINE and its CONTRIBUTORS seem to dedicate

themselves peculiarly to the Proprietor and Patron of the said Mag. and Contribs. (what a Procrustean pen!) and thirdly—I cannot suffer this opportunity (the last I shall ever have in the LONDON) to pass away, without thanking you publicly, but most truly, for the encouragement my jejune papers have received from your unvarying good-nature. Here permit me to digress for a few lines on a subject on which “all men are fluent, few agreeable, *self*.” Many of your readers, as I *know*, have been, and *are* surprised at the presumption which tendered,—at the weakness (that was the word) which admitted the tawdry articles signed J. W. and C. V. V. From the latter count I can exculpate *you*, by reminding them of silly readers' sympathy for silly writers: a tub for the whale—a farce for the galleries.—That is despatched. I must plead now to the first charge—*not guilty*.¹

As a boy I was placed frequently in literary society; a giddy, flighty disposition prevented me from receiving thence any advantage. The little attention I gave to any thing was directed to Painting, or rather to an admiration of it;—but, ever to be wiled away by new and flashy gauds, I postponed the pencil to the sword; and the noisy audacity of Military conversation, united to the fragrant fumes of whisky punch (ten tumblers every evening—without acid!) obscured my recollections of Michel Agnolo as in a dun fog. After a

* Shore pro Strand.

† Janus, Hibernicè, pro Genius.

while, several, apparently trifling, chances determined me against this mode of killing Time and humans. I was idle on the town—my blessed Art touched her renegade; by her pure and high influences the noisome mists were purged;—my feelings, parched, hot, and tarnished, were renovated with a cool fresh bloom,—childly, simple,—beautiful to the simple-hearted. The writings of Wordsworth did much towards calming the confusing whirl necessarily incident to sudden mutations. I wept over them tears of happiness and gratitude—yet my natural impatience, and I may term it fierceness, was not altogether thereby subdued—rather condensed and guided against more fit objects—meanness—sordid worldliness,—hardness, and real vulgarity in whatsoever rank it grew;—at least, in such degree as I was capable of distinguishing them. But this serene state was broken, like a vessel of clay, by acute disease—succeeded by a relaxation of the muscles and nerves, which depressed me

————— low

As through the abysses of a joyless heart
The heaviest plummet of despair could
go,—

hypochondriasis! ever shuddering on the horrible abyss of mere insanity. But two excellent secondary agents, a kind and skilful Physician, and a most delicately affectionate and unwearied (though young and fragile) Nurse, brought me at length out of those dead black waters—nearly exhausted with so sore a struggle. Steady pursuit was debarred me, and varied amusement deemed essential to my complete revivification. At this time, the LONDON MAGAZINE was on the stocks—and its late lamented Editor, taking notice of my enthusiasm for Art, and pitying my estate, requested me to put down on paper some of the expression of feeling whereto I was from time to time excited by the mighty works of Michel, Raffaello, Correggio, and Rembrandt. With some modifications as to plan, I cheerfully prepared to obey him; not that I had any hope of carrying such attempt beyond two pages MS.—but it was a new thing. It struck me as something ridiculous, that I, who had never authorized a line, save in Orderly and

Guard Reports (and letters for money of course)—should be considered competent to appear in a new, double-good Magazine! I actually laughed outright, to the consternation of my cat and dog, who wondered, I believe, what a plague ailed me. A reaction commenced, and I put so much gaiety and spirit into my *First Contribution*, that S. was obliged to cut sheer away every alternate sentence (that at least was the agreeable turn he gave to the cursed excision). However, out *some* of it came—I was amazed—that's weak—I was astounded — astounded — confounded. I said with John Woodville, "It were a life of gods to dwell in such an element:"—to see, and hear, and write brave things:—

These high and gusty relishes of life
Have no allayings of mortality.

I read it, I don't know how oft—and I declare to you, I thought it the prettiest reading I ever had read. Why should I—anonymous, flinch? By our Halidom! I *think* so still!!

S———'s conduct, in some measure, justified this my opinion—he said, with Bottom, "Let him roar again, let him roar again!" And truly again (to the dictation of the above-named fairy-led weaver) did I aggravate my pen more gently than a sucking dove. Fortune once more flung over me the reflex warmth of her golden wings, and not above *one third* was abolished—Deo gratias.—(That third was the *best part* for all that; I looked at it in my rough copy the other day—quite a curry, credit me! though not exactly conformable to Pegge's "*Forme of Curie*.") But why this tale of Oaks, as Hesiod or Homer says—I forget which, if I ever knew—suffice it that I continued to sentimentalize until S———, becoming aware that his friendly purpose had taken its full effect on my mind and body, began to rap me on the head, as one sees a cat deal with an elderly kitten which retaineth its lacteal propensities over due season.—Then came a blank.

Afterwards, shortly before his painful end at a wretched inn, on a squalid bed—Poor fellow!—at this moment I feel, fresh as yesterday, round my neck the heart-breaking, feeble, kindly clasp of his fever-wasted arm—his faint whisper of entire

trust in my friendship (though but short)—the voice dropping back again—the look—one stronger clasp! May the peace which rested over his last moments remain with him for ever!—That I steadfastly confide in such consummation, this recurrence to his name will prove; were it not for that, I could not have uttered an allusion.

I must finish my involuntarily interrupted sentence. Afterwards there was some talk of a regular re-engagement, with an increase of five guineas per sheet; on what account I could never exactly discover—(not that I tried much, to be sure—it was too gracilely pleasant for the harsh touch of scrutiny.) Elia, the whimsical, the pregnant, the “abundant joke-giving” Elia, and our Mr. Drama, the real, old, *original* Mr. Drama! —*par nobile fratrum*, spoke flatteringly of Janus—shall I breathe it? —as of one not absolutely inefficient; not the worst of Periodical scribblers.

You, Padrone mio! know best how I was found on your establishment; whether my importunities for admission overmatched your rejective faculties. Proclaim then aloud, now at this my literary decease, that my reputation is unsmirched, unblemished, by any hateful scrambling after the loaves and fishes:—answer for me. Have I been forward with MSS? Have I ever displayed an unseemly alacrity with my quill? Have I ever been ready and forthcoming when first called on?

The kernel of the above peroration lies, I take it, in the affirmation, that not a single sentence has been by me volunteered from the commencement of the LONDON MAGAZINE to its present robust and healthy growth.*

This digression has pulled out half an ell longer than I intended; and the only thing is to get it out of your head as fast as you can. Come! take a pinch of snuff and a sneeze—“Heshsh hoo!”—God bless you!—Now, what do you think of Miss F. Kelly? Not seen her? indeed! I was

sorry to see Charles Kemble, (how dare any one write him down “Kemble,” without the baptismal prefix, while his great brother lives!) I was really sorry to see Charles Kemble on the same boards. *He* carries the gentleman in every motion.—He is not a bit like Romeo—the young, the sentimental Romeo, for all that. The Italian Lovers were by Shakspeare steeped in poetry, the highest, the most absolute poetry, till it became infused through their substance, past re-separation—he has compelled and amalgamated together spirit and matter into a quicksilver too slippery and subtle for the mere corporeal hands of any given actor or actress.

The deep-sentient Charles Lamb hath protested against the competency of theatrical means to give an outward and visible representation of Lear. I think, for Romeo and Juliet, that “sweet hymn in praise of love! that harmonious miracle!” he might have done as much. †

All traces of the digression are now quite obliterated, I’ll venture to say,—judging from myself at least—the fact is, I’ve forgotten whither this letter tended—I must turn to the first leaf—um—thirdly—um—um—O!—“Remarks on the *Mag.* and its *Contribs.*” Very good—so then, without further preamble—thus rush I, like Homer, Tasso, Ossian, or, to speak concisely, like all authentic epic poets of this terraqueous globe, *ἐν μέδιαις ρης*, which bit of Hebrew means, gentle—no, not gentle, strictly—rather—sweet readers, *into the middle of the Contributors’ Club-room*, ———!—I doubt, it is in some sort pedantic to interlard and garnish one’s paragraphs with strange and outlandish sprigs, not personally plucked from the linguistical trees, but abstracted from the sample which genuine travellers occasionally expose to the marvelment of the commons;—by which figure I imply, that a man to whom Latin is Greek,

* Copy of an affidavit sworn before the late Lord Mayor: “I, T—— P——, Printer’s Devil to the LONDON MAGAZINE, voluntarily make oath, that Mr. Janus Weathercock has never been ‘forward with his MSS.’ and that he was never ‘ready and forthcoming when first called on;’ but, on the contrary, that I have called on him at least six times for every article.”

† If the reader adores Shakspeare (not the family one, nor the acted one,) he will be pleased with the elaborate and poetical critique on Romeo and Juliet, translated from Aug. Schlegel, in Ollier’s Miscellany, No. I.

and Greek Hebrew, might just as well—I don't know what I was going to say—might just as well not essay to decide the intertangled disputes on the authenticity of Aristotle's *Poetics*, in their present state, or to supersede Dr. Burney's *Tentamen de Metris Æschyli*.—I confess that the former member of the above sentence is not preparative, *ad modum Scholarum*, to the final one; but never mind, it is the last time I shall ever cudgel my brains for a meaning, or you yours,—to find it out.—There's something in that— isn't there?

Odds bobs! lo—another digression, I fear! which arises like a stream from a triple fountain-pipe, out of three incidents at my left hand, viz. a dish of strong coffee, a plate of crisp muffins, buttered to a fraction, and a glass of ruby Rosolio,—which is a vulgar—luscious—meretricious liqueur! (there! it's despatched). One table-spoonful of Johnson's fifty-years-old pale Cogniac is worth a case full of the sickly Italian. Now, clear away these!—and—don't disturb me again till the last thing!—when you can just warm me up an oyster pâté. Call the dog away with you! she snores, deuce take her, and puts me out.

Now, brother administrators to periodical delight—ye who rifle the fresh dewy (a matter-of-fact fellow would substitute *dank*) beauties of the Magazine one day before all the rest of the world!—be so kind as to read the next line or two over, till convinced of their rationality.

Stand not on the order of your nominations! If I had acquaintance with your names, I would say my little say, and take my leave alphabetically. If I had the requisite judgment, ye should be arranged according to style and respective eminence therein—or if my pate had the bump of calculation, (such a bump exists;) the paginary amount of your lucubrations should determine precedence. Being deficient in all these requisites for a *lucidus ordo*, I shall trust to circumstances (my usual way), and esteem my disarray *un beau désordre*, as the French wise-acres have dubbed the surviving lyrics of the Theban Swan.

And first, then, for JOHN CLARE; for *first* doth he stand in the sixth volume. “Princely Clare,” as Elia

would call thee, some three hours after the cloth was drawn—Alas! good Clare, never again shall thou and he engage in those high combats, those wit-fights! Never shall his companionable draught cause thee an after-look of anxiety into the tankard!—no more shall he, pleasantly-malicious, make thy ears tingle, and thy cheeks glow, with the sound of that perplexing constraint! that conventional gagging-bill!—that Grammar!! till in the bitterness of thy heart thou cursedst Lindley Murray by all the stars.—Not once again shall thy sweetly-simple Doric phrase and accent beget the odious *pain*. Thou mayest imbibe thy ale in peace, and defy Priscian unchecked,—for Priscian's champion is gone!—Elia is gone!—Little didst thou think that evening would be the last, when thou and I, and two or three more, Messer Brunetto, Dugdale Redivivus, T—— that anthery Cicero, parted with the humanity-loving Elia beneath the chaste beams of the watery moon, warmed with his hearty cheer—the fragrant steam of his “*great plant*,”—his savoury conversation, and the genuine good-nature of his cousin Bridget gilding all. There was something solemn in the manner of our clasping palms,—it was first “hands round,” then “hands across.”—That same party shall never meet again!—But pardon, gracious Spirit! that I thus, but parenthetically, memorize thee—yet a few more lines shall flow to thy most embalmed remembrance. Rest then awhile!

One word at parting, John Clare! and if a strange one, as a stranger give it welcome. I have known jovial nights—felt deeply the virtues of the grape and the barley-corn—I have co-operated in “the sweet wicked catches” ’bout the chimes at twelve, yet I say to thee—visit London seldom—shutting close thy ears in the abounding company of empty scoffers,—ever holding it in thy inmost soul, that love and perfect trust, not doubt, is the germ of true poetry. Thy hand, friend Clare! others may speak thee fairer, but none wish thee solider welfare than Janus.

Near the banks of Thames dwells one like the stream, placid and deep, Messer Brunetto! Many are the be-

nefits I owe him in common with others—(his *opus majus* * * * * *;—his elegant Memoirs replete with candour and substantial criticism,—his Early French Poets, a pleasure-plot, quaintly pranked, laid open for public recreation); some peculiar to myself—(his countenance and commendation). Let me apply to him the words of an author only undervalued by the dull and the prejudiced; “No man can be a true critic or connoisseur who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess the flexibility, which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them as it were from their proper central point, and—what ennobles human nature,—to recognize and respect whatever is *beautiful and grand* under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes seem even to disguise them.” That Messer Brunetto is endowed with this rare comprehensive apprehensibility cannot be denied—his translations are nearly unique for closeness and felicity, both as to style and expression. The poetry, however subtle, never evaporates during the transfusion—neither is his penetration partial, but offers fresh proofs of its legitimacy in the sister art. His taste there is singularly grand, pure, and consistent. By the bye, our critics seem hardly aware of the intimate connexion, or rather of the identity, of the primal seeds of poetry and painting; nor that any true advancement in the serious study of one art co-generates a proportionate perfection in the other. If a man who did not feel Michel Agnolo, should talk of his gusto for Milton, depend upon it he deceives one of two persons—you or himself:—so likewise *vice versa*. The moment you entered Elia’s room, you could swear to his selection of authors, by his selection of framed prints—(Leonardos and Early Raffaellos). And it is impossible to read Barry Cornwall without a conviction that his *cored* loves were Correggio, Parmegiano, and Bolognian Giulio (which they are, and some choice *bits* he has too); Michel, Leonardo, Rembrandt, coming in only by way of relief—Rubens rejected altogether. I intend these

two instances as compliments. But to proceed. Hang these bastard sprouts! these *suckers*! Before quitting our Brunetto, high esteemed among the magnates of poetry, I must suggest two or three subjects for his pen—Pindar—Petrarcha—but, perhaps, in that exquisite writer he may find “thoughts that lie too deep for tears.” If so, we must sympathize and abandon hope.

Occhi miei oscurato è'l nostro sole
Anzi è salito al cielo, ed ivi splende:
Ivi 'l vedremo anchor: ivi n'attende;
E di nostro tardar forse li dole.

.....
.....

Morte biasmate; anzi laudate lui;
Che lega, e scioglie; e'n un punto apre, e
serra;

E dopo 'l pianto sa far lieto altrui.

There are others from whom Englished Excerpta might amuse him, and delight his readers;—we have no specimen of an English Ariosto;—Pulci and Boyardo are quite unknown. Some green flowers surely might be picked from the chaplets of the Provençals, enumerated by Crescimbeni—or he might afford the involuntarily-unlearned an idea of the towering and severe *Æschylus*!

When the spring comes, there is joy on the hills of Cumberland, and life in the streams of Nithsdale; but the joy of thy smile, and the life of thy song, ALLAN! glow through the snow of winter—flourish sappy and green amid the adust summer.

Thou murmurest near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

Large art thou in body and soul!
Thy broad brow and palm consort
most fitly. If nature models her faces truly, there was never man less soiled by the foul smoke of Babylon. Thy poetry germinates from the divine seed—love of all things lovely and good. There find I set down, without straining and ambitious fustian, the elements of thine own mind—pathos, innocent hilarity, disdain of petty craft and cant, deep affections, native delicacy, and a noble enthusiasm for supernatural cheer.—In it we see how

——— wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that
mood,

Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.

But what need of my lean praise?—
thou hast thy weed of fame;—higher

hands have crowned thee with the wild-wood wreath. Farewell, pleasant Allan C——m! The last green glass over which we nodded to one another, *was* the last!—Ere Christmas Day, Janus will be even as Elia. Farewell! May thy seasons be ever smooth. Health to thee and her

To whom the warble of thy lip is dearest.

Mild and tasteful BARRY CORNWALL! old brother *dilettante*—friend of Elia! Poet of Woman! the most grateful title to thy ears—honey-tongued singer of beauty and its mother-night!

Come from out thy dreams
Of green Sicilian fields,
And blue Sicilian streams!

Let *Her* smiling hair,
Untwisted, wind at length
To the wild wind's tricksome care,

while thou strikest a dying note in the hand of Weathercock. Adieu!—too sensitive friend! follow thy own blooming road—be thy own mind thy kingdom;—and should the envious and the hard blow on thy tender flowers with their foggy breath, doubt not the advent of due guerdon.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil;
Nor in the glistening foil,
Set off to the world: nor in broad rumour lies.

Relinquish not *our* art—lest thine own in anger desert *thee*. Grant me, too, one request at this heavy time, —drop on my grave one melodious tear—my hungry spirit “would suck up” another LAST SONG,* as rich incense. “What say you, friend?” Janus to Barry Cornwall speaks his last adieu!

I would fain address a valediction to our Mr. Table Talk, “that cunning master of fens!” he that will thrust you clean through the eye of a needle;—who unlooses the most knotted question, “familiar as my garter.” By Saint Nicholas, in matters of graphic art and opera dancing, he is villanously heterodox!—a perilous heretic! But I may spare my flickering breath;—he reads not a word of our Magazine!!

Young THEODORE! young in years, not in power! Our new Ovid!—only more imaginative!—Painter to the visible eye—and the inward;—commixture of, what the superficial deem, incongruous elements!—Instructive living proof, how close lie the founts of laughter and tears! Thou fermenting brain—oppressed, as yet, by its own riches. Though melancholy would seem to have touched thy heart with her painful (salutary) hand, yet is thy fancy mercurial—undepressed;—and sparkles and crackles more from the contact—as the northern lights when they near the frozen Pole. How! is the fit not on? Still is “Lycus” without mate!—Who can mate him but thyself? Let not the shallow induce thee to conceal thy depth. Leave “*Old Seamen*,”—the strain thou held'st was of a higher mood;—there are others for your “*Sketches from Nature*,” (as they truly call'em)—*****—and such small deer! As for thy word-gambols, thy humour, thy fantastics, thy curiously-conceited perceptions of similarity in dissimilarity, of coherents in incoherents, they are brilliantly suave, innocuously exhilarating:—but not a step farther, if thou lovest thy proper peace! Read the fine of the eleventh, and the whole of the twelfth chapter of *Tristram Shandy*; and believe them, dear Theodore! O most truly. For *others* (not for thee) is the following paragraph thence quoted: “Trust me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no afterwit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft I see it happens, that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger,—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears,

* See that exquisite lyric, among the minor poems at the end of *Marcian Colonna*. (“*Marcian Colonna is a dainty book.*”)

and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so."

Let my gratitude reach thee in thy learned ease, unseen IDLER, on the prerupt rocks and breezy downs of woody *****! Thou who hast taught so many Greek and Roman mouths to utter vigorous and manly English.—Some call thee rough! so did the full-styled Rubens leave his decided tints.—The gay-coloured Ampelus is rich as his unctuous pictures. Thy version of Atys* hath the thundering force of some old anvil-clad cavalier's battle charge; Maximilian, Richard the Lion, or Albert the Giant. I love the ardent way in which thou championest those of thy favourites, at whom ignorant scorn hath wrinkled the nose! 'Tis a rare vice now-a-days!—more pity!—My bidding hath been potent on thy sprites ere now:—again I essay!—I call on Apollonius!—see that he answer not in rhyme.

But ELIA's ghost is impatient.

Yet what can I say of thee more than all know? that thou hadst the gaiety of a boy, with the knowledge of a man;—as gentle a heart as ever sent tears to the eyes.—Marry! the black bile would sometimes slip over his tongue's tip; then would he spit it out, and look more sweetly for the riddance.—How wittily would he mistake your meaning, and put in a conceit most seasonably out of season!—His talk without affectation was compressed, like his beloved Elizabethans, even unto obscurity;—like grains of fine gold, his sentences would beat out into whole sheets.—I say, "without affectation," for he was not the blind-brained man to censure in others his own vice.—Truly "without affectation," for nothing rubbed him the wrong way so much as *pretence*;—then the sparks flew about!—yet, though he would strip and whip soundly such beggars in velvet rags, the thong never flew in the face of a wise moderation to do her any hurt.† He had small mercy on spurious fame; and a caustic observation on *the fashion for men of genius* (vulgarly so termed) was a standing dish:—he contended that several of our minor talents, who now emulate Byron, Coleridge, and

the old Dramatists, had, fifty years ago, rested contented satellites to old Sylvanus Urban—tranquil imitators of Johnson and Goldsmith. One of these flaunting, arrogant ephemera was particularly odious to him—(in one species of his scribbling he resembled a gilt chimney-sweeper—in another a blow-fly;—this is my remark). Sometimes would he defame, "after a sort" his printed (not painted) mistresses.

As perplexed lovers use
At a need, when in despair,
To paint forth their fairest fair;
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike.

.....no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Farewell to Tobacco.

Sir Thomas Brown was a "bosom cronie" of his—so was Burton, and old Fuller. In his amorous vein he dallied with that peerless Duchess of many-folio odour;—and with the hey-day comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher he induced light dreams. He would deliver critical touches on these like one inspired; but it was good to let him choose his own game:—if another began, even on the acknowledged pets, he was liable to interrupt—or rather append, in a mode difficult to define, whether as misapprehensive or mischievous. One night, at C——'s, the above dramatic partners were the temporary subject of chat. Mr. *** commended the passion and haughty style of a tragedy (I don't know which of them), but was instantly taken up by Elia; who told him, "That was nothing,—the lyrics were the high things—the lyrics!"—and so having stricken *** with some amaze—he concluded with a brief intense eulogy on the "Little Thief!"

He had likewise two perversities—a dislike to all German literature,—by which language he was, I believe, scrupulously intact;—the other was a most vehement assertion of equality between Harrington and

* Privately printed.

† Somewhere in Fuller.

Fairfax, as translators—Venial aberrations!—I know of no others.

His death was somewhat sudden; yet he was not without wormy forebodings. Some of these he expressed, as you may recollect, Dear Proprietor! at your hospitable table, the — of last —. I accompanied him home at rather an early hour in the morning, and being beniguantly invited to enter, I entered. His smoking materials were ready on the table, —I cannot smoke, and therefore, during the exhaustion of a pipe, I soothed my nerves with a single tumbler of *** and water. He recurred several times to his sensation of approaching death—not gloomily—but as of a retirement from business, — a pleasant journey to a sunnier climate. The serene solemnity of his voice overcame me;—the tears poured thick from their well-heads—I tried to rally myself and him:—but my

throat swelled—and stopped my words.

His pipe had gone out—he held it to the flame of the candle—but in vain.

It was empty!—his mind had been wandering. He smiled placidly and knocked out the ashes—"even so silently," said he, "may my fiery spark steal from its vehicle of ashes and clay!"

I felt oppressed—many things had contributed lately to break and daunt my once elastic spirits—I rose to go—he shook me by the hand,—neither of us spoke—with that I went my way—and *I saw him no more!*—

How much is lost to this miserable world—which knew him not while it possessed him!—I knew him—I, —who am left to weep.—Eheu! Elian! Vale!

GOOD NIGHT TO ALL.†

*. *. *****.

† Janus was here taken too sick-hearted to proceed. He is now ———. ED.

I'LL DAUT NAE MAIR A POSIE.

1.

ONCE I loved a lily hand,
A cheek haith' ripe and rosie;
ONCE I loved a ruddie lip,—
I'll daut nae mair a posie;
Sweet is a rose to smell and pu',
When opening is its fragrant mou,
But there's a worm amang the dew—
I'll daut nae mair a posie.

2.

ONCE I met a rosie cheek
Amang the dews of even,
An ee that kenn'd nae ill but love
Could wiled a saint frae heaven,
Though love's divine delicious lowe
Warm in those rosie cheeks did glow,
Where pity has forgot to grow,
'Tis but a posie living.

3.

Woman, thou art a bairnly playke
Wi' nought but beauty's blossom;
But thou'rt a flower of heavenly power,
Wi' pity in thy bosom.
Wi' a' thy smiles and a' thy charms,
Wi' a' thy failings and thy harms,
Thou'rt lovelier in a bodie's arms
Than ought that bears a blossom.

C.

A VISIT TO THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERY OF SORRENTO.

Naples, June, 1822.

ON our arrival at the Monastery we were received by the Superior, or *Guardiano*, with great civility; we soon arranged all the particulars respecting our lodging and fare, and immediately took up our residence in two little white-washed cells in the poor retreat of the *Franciscani*. The Monastery stands on the edge of the cliffs which overhang the sea; it is a rectangle, enclosing a little court, in the middle of which is a very large well of excellent water. The cloisters run round the court, and serve occasionally as a promenade for three pigs, which are kept on the refuse of the convent kitchen, until they are fat enough to go to a meal, not where they eat, but where they are eaten.

The cells in the cloisters are but few; some of them are appropriated to the use of the lay brothers, and others are employed as store-rooms; one large outlet leads from the cloisters into the church; another gives admittance to the garden; and a third, secured with a large folding door, is a dark narrow passage cut through the rock, and leads to the cellars: continuing to descend, it opens low down upon the cliffs, and from the opening a winding path, cut in the face of the rock, leads almost to the shore; then, entering the cliffs again, the path ends in a broad cavern where the monks keep their boats;—a few steps bring one to the sea-side.

We arrived at the Monastery a little before noon, and we had but just ended our conference with the *Guardiano*, when a cracked bell, which hung by the door of the refectory, called the willing monks to dinner: the Superior conducted us thither, and led us to the seat of honour at the upper end of the room, where he placed us by his side. The refectory is rather spacious; on the sides and at the upper end the floor is raised about a foot; this elevated part is about four feet wide, and on it are ranged the narrow tables, and the benches on which the monks sit. The walls on the sides are painted

with figures of saints of both sexes, but these are sadly decayed by time and damp; and we learned afterwards, that the Superior was considering—seriously and sorrowfully considering—whether it would not be better to white-wash them out altogether. Over the door is an oil painting, representing the Persons of the Trinity and San Francesco, with a good many wax tapers before it, which the monks light up every Saturday night, and, according to their rules, sing and pray half an hour by the blaze: to the left of this picture is a pulpit, perched high against the wall, and ascended to by a flight of wooden steps. The kitchen adjoins the refectory, and there is an opening near the foot of the pulpit through which the lay-brothers receive the dinner for the community from the cook; under this opening is inscribed, “*Si non est satis, memento paupertatis.*” When we entered, we found five or six novices, and two or three friars, ranged in a row, and singing with all their might: after exercising themselves in this manner for a few minutes, they took their places at table, except one novice, who ascended the pulpit, and read a homily out of a great greasy book. His homily ended, he stopped until a lay brother had received the portions of soup, and had begun to deliver them round; then, immediately lifting up his voice, he sang a short grace, and closing the book with a slap, ran down the steps with surprising agility, bowed reverently to the Superior, and shuffled into his place at the board. A very good *minestra di cavoli* (cabbage broth) began the repast; it was followed by a plate of boiled meat, and that by another of roast; there was nothing very superlative in the cookery of these dishes, and the quantity was far from being considerable, and might be taken as a proof of the frugality or poverty of our hosts. Every monk had about a bottle of wine in an earthenware jug; and this liquor, we may observe, we (during our residence)

found pretty good when they were obliged to buy it, but "very middling indeed" when it was what they had begged; for the good folks of Sorrento too generally make it a rule to give away in charity the very worst things they happen to have. A few figs and grapes from their own garden furnished the dessert. The monks' simple meal was eaten in haste: when it was ended, the Superior rang a little hand-bell; at this signal the novices got up, advanced towards the Superior with their arms crossed upon their breasts, bowed to him, and kissed the table at which he sat; they then bowed to each other, and, retreating a few steps, fell on their knees, their arms still crossed, and their faces turned towards their temporal chief: they remained in this situation a few minutes, when the Superior rang his bell again; the monks then rose from table, the novices began to chaunt, and soon after rising, they, the monks and the Superior, sang and prayed in unison: all at once they stopped and fell on their knees; a single monk then carried on the prayer, and when he had concluded, the whole community joined in the response. This lasted about five or six minutes; the monks then formed a double line, and the Superior, taking the lead with awkward stateliness, made his exit from the refectory.

This, as we afterwards found, was the regular convent dinner; but it underwent a little variation on particular occasions,—as on Fridays and Saturdays fish was eaten instead of meat, as also on appointed fasts, or on other rare days when ways and means were rather embarrassed; for the happy times are past when the monks could assure themselves of abundant and unfailing supplies: still, however, they strive hard to distinguish the feast days from the ordinary ones, and on such times we found that the meal was generally reinforced by an additional plate of

meat, or some macaroni, or a *pizra*, and a glass of wine better than common.

After dinner, the Superior out of politeness returned to us: in a few days other monks came to join us at the same time, and in short this innovation grew gradually into a habit; and as we usually remained at table longer than the monks, or took a bottle of wine and some fruit out into one of the alcoves over the sea, we had generally a little *conversazione* after dinner, which equally amused us and them. The novices, as soon as they had dispatched their meal, retired to their seminary; and when they were gone, the monks dropped in upon us one after another, some to ask strange questions about foreign parts, some to tell stories of miracles, others to relate anecdotes of different monasteries in which they had resided, or of monks with whom they had associated. The Superior's favourite hero was a certain Irish Franciscan, Padre Tormichele,* lately defunct, whom he considered as a *mostro di santità e di scienza*; and we suspect he was inclined to believe that this Padre *Ibernese* had fully merited canonization. Another inexhaustible source of conversation was *Enrico Ottavo*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Lutero*, all of whom were huddled together in his head in a most amusing confusion. He frequently, with infinite pathos, observed, it was a great pity that England, which had once been such a flourishing garden of Catholicism, and had produced so many and such great saints and martyrs—martyrs inferior to none, and saints all but equal to those of Naples,—should now teem with nothing but noxious weeds, and be always covered with dark clouds; and that the English, who were such *bella gente*, should all be consigned into the hands of the dark one: he used, however, to console himself with the hope that the Almighty would not abandon that

* This Irish monk was well-known under the name of Padre Maccormack to many travellers of our nation: we had the honour of being rather well acquainted with him when we were in Naples some five or six years ago: he was a droll old fellow; he had travelled in several continental kingdoms, and had formed himself a curious grammar and vocabulary of their languages. The old monk was very dirty, very ignorant, very fond of aqua-vite and snuff, and of making converts to his faith—at least of attempting to do so.

unhappy country for ever to reprobation, but would in his own good time restore it to the true faith, and to his favour and protection, which he had so long withheld. Another subject of discourse was Naples, the Neapolitans, and the Carbonari. The Guardiano's opinion about his native city was, that it undoubtedly stood higher in the favour of God than any other spot on earth; in this opinion he was principally confirmed by the circumstance that miracles are performed there up to the present day: the Neapolitans, he said, were undoubtedly very bad people, very ignorant, very lazy, great thieves, great liars, and very malignant; but they had one capital virtue—that of believing more devoutly than any other people; and the bad part of them, he said, was composed entirely of those who had been spoiled by the French, or seduced by the Carbonari. He allowed that the Neapolitans did not excel in manufactures, which he attributed solely to the influence of the air; and this opinion he sustained and elucidated by the following ingenious explanation:—"our countrymen," said he, "as all the world knows, can make very good macaroni, and this is, because the air of Naples is favourable to the making of macaroni; but if they go to Rome, they cannot make good macaroni there, because the air of Rome is not favourable to macaroni-making:—now, now in England you excel in manufactures, because your air is cold and moist, and favourable to manufactures, especially to cotton weaving and cutlery—but Englishmen cannot make razors or stockings in Naples, for the air prevents them."

Our conversations were sometimes enlivened by Padre Torpietro, the *Iettore* (or instructor of the novices), a tall, thin, sententious old man who had grown grey in the cloisters; he was a very dogmatical personage, and prided himself extremely on his Latin, his logic, his theology, and his natural philosophy, of all which, as it seemed to us, he understood but very little. He was a person of great consideration in the Monastery—the most learned and the most aged—and these circumstances, added to his experience in his business, made him

quite a confidential person in the town: the penitents, to whom he administered spiritual admonitions, continually supplied him with some little luxuries by way of presents, which gave him another sort of superiority in the eyes of his *confreres*. The presents he produced at table were generally choice fruit, and when he had eaten his fill, with equal generosity and condescension he regaled some of his favourite novices with the remainder; they received the gift with great eagerness, never, however, forgetting to mutter the Franciscan formula, "*per l'amor di Dio*." All the monks looked up to Torpietro with fear and trembling, and even the commanding spirit of the Superior stood cowed before him; nothing of importance was undertaken without his sanction, and every one craved his counsel in all affairs, heartily wishing at the same time that the old man was safe in his cell at Santa Maria la Nuova in Naples, to which monastery he belonged, as he resided at Sorrento only on account of his health. We do not, however, suppose that he will speedily relieve them from the unwelcome honour of his presence; for, no doubt, he finds himself much more comfortable in his capacity of confessor, and much more dignified in his quality of censor, than he would be as an undistinguished member in his own convent. Besides which, he was here quite a privileged person: on account of his age he was exempted from attending constantly at the prescribed services; he occupied the finest cell in the building; and he was listened to with patient and admiring attention whenever he told again his "thrice-told tales," which he generally did every day; for the old sage was very fond of hearing himself talk, and of the profound respect which was paid him by every individual in the convent,—monk, novice, and lay.

The alcoves, to which we have alluded before, were occasionally the scenes of consultations rather curious for a monastery. Here the lay-brothers came to confer with their Superiors upon the value of dreams, deaths, accidents, &c. with reference to the *buona Offiziata*, or Neapolitan lottery. The *sacerdoti* are not allowed

to play in the lottery themselves, but they study the cabala,* and give their advice to the *laici*, who, not lying under the same inability, continually tried their luck, as it always happened that they had dreams, or met with accidents more promising than any which they had had before: but notwithstanding these continual advances, we never heard that any success crowned their expectations. The Guardiano's opinion in these matters was the most esteemed, though for what reason we know not, as he never happened to divine the fortunate numbers: yet his ill success did not abate the poor monks' credulity, and they continued to consult him, and he to give his advice, with as much confidence as ever. When we first went to reside with the monks we ourselves were several times solicited to give our opinion: the first time this occurred was one day when we were walking in the cloisters, at the hour when the greater part of the monks had retired to take their *siesta*; on this occasion a lay-brother came up to us with a soliciting smile on his face, and, after a short preface, said, "*Nè Signori! volete far mi una grazia?—Voi altri Inglesi siete nomi-*

nati per il calcolo—non mi potreste combinare un terno?"† We assured him that, whatever other Englishmen might know of the matter, we knew nothing about it: he desisted from his solicitations, which, however, he repeated once or twice afterwards, and we believe we never thoroughly persuaded him of our incapacity in this respect.

The Superior's ruling passion was music, and his skill in that art was one of his most useful qualities in the church; his greatest ambition was to be heard above all the rest in the *Messa Cantata*, which he always was, on account of his voice being a high and shrill *falsetto*: he used frequently to amuse us in the alcove after dinner with an exhibition of his musical powers, sometimes singing the solos of a favorite mass, sometimes an old opera air, and at other times resuming the musical exercises of his youth, several of which we found very pretty. We send you two exercises on the scale, which are true antiques, and are not altogether destitute of merit:—they were composed by a Franciscan monk, who lived and died in this very monastery.

FRA MARTINO.



DO RE MI.



* This cabala is called "*La Smorfia*," or, "*Il nuovo dilucidario della buona fortuna, per poter vincere all' estrazione de' Lotti.*" There is no book so much referred to in this kingdom; as it is—we shall refer to it again, when speaking of the amusements of Naples.

† *Terno*, three numbers, which, in case of their being guessed, entitle the holder to a prize proportioned to his stake and risk.

One of the monks, who was most regular in his attendance after dinner, was Padre Michel Angelo, a poor old man, "half daft," who had been for three or four years unsuccessfully engaged in a law-suit, the vexation of which, joined to a want of the means of procuring a few luxuries necessary to old age, and of which even poor Franciscans have need, had somewhat prematurely brought on dotage. The constant theme of his conversation was this interminable law-suit, and we believe not one of his companions escaped hearing something about it at least once a day. You would hardly guess what sort of a law-suit it is; these are the particulars: his father made him a monk, and his sister a nun, at a very early age; and to another sister, who afterwards married, he left all his little property, charged however with the encumbrance of twelve ducats a year; this money was to be paid for forty masses, which he wished to have said by his son every year for the repose of his soul. Some years after the father's death, the sister discontinued paying this sum, and the object of the law-suit was to compel her to discharge this obligation; but as Padre Michel Angelo had no money, his lawyer only worked *per l'amor di Dio*; and not caring much for such sort of motives, did not seem to be very diligent in his calling; and, in all appearance, the aged monk will come to an end before the law-suit. The sum in question the poor Franciscan looked upon as very considerable, and it would indeed have been sufficient to supply all his little wants, and to make his old age comfortable. But though this was the principal subject of Michel Angelo's conversation, it was by no means the only one: another favourite theme was a long rambling story about a young woman in Naples whom he had known in his youth: this poor girl was possessed with devils, who used to hold audible conversations in her inside; he had frequently heard these conversations himself, but was not possessed of sufficient power to put a stop to this singular ventriloquism; — at length, there came a venerable monk, who, by the force of his sanctity and his logic, was enabled to overcome these devils in an argument concerning God, and immediately on being

vanquished they took to flight, darting away, wrapped in sulphureous flames. Next to this, his most frequent subject of discourse was hell, which he most devoutly dreaded and abhorred; he thought he had a pretty good notion of its geography and of its terrors, which latter he described with all the puerile hideousness which a heated and feeble imagination, and a hankering after horrors, enabled him to invent.

It sometimes happened that the monks did not pay their usual attendance, either because they had affairs which engaged their attention, or because the heat of the weather gave them more inclination for sleep than for conversation; and on such occasions we generally used to retire to an alcove at the end of the dormitory, whence, as it almost hung over the edge of the cliffs, and was open on two sides, we had a most beautiful view, comprising a great part of the bay and its islands; the city of Naples and the hills behind it; Vesuvius, of course; the towns of Portici, Resina, La Torre del Greco, and La Torre del' Annunziata; and on our own side of the bay, the cliffs of Monte Chiaro, a part of the Piano, the pretty garden of the capuchin Monastery there, and the fine hills and shore of the peninsula running towards Cape Minerva; an old watch tower standing out on a little cape near some ruins, said to be of a temple of Neptune; and now and then a vessel coming round the peninsula, from Calabria, or the crowded passage boats from Naples, lowering their sails as they entered the little port of Sorrento, which was just below us, and creating in a moment a pleasing and busy maritime scene. We were accustomed to lounge about in this nook till the cool of the evening, when we generally took a walk; sometimes through the villages in the Piano; sometimes up the hills that lie between Sorrento and Massa: the last never failed to delight us; and our steps often turned mechanically into the long narrow street that led that way. We passed an old low gateway, immediately beyond which a bridge strides over the deep natural fosse or ravine which runs round the town: beyond the fosse there is a narrow green flat, and then a fine coloured mass of rocks covered on the

top with vines and olive trees; the path runs a little way along at their feet, and then begins to ascend in steep ramps. Often, returning from this walk, we reached the old bridge just as night was closing in, sat down on a little bank near at hand, and watched the peasants returning into town from their labours, or a traveller or two from Massa, or some other part of the peninsula, riding over the bridge on a slow and sober ass, and disappearing under the arch-way. Sometimes at this hour a few ragged boys lingered here to play, and gathering weeds and flowers from the brink of the fosse, wove themselves little garlands, with which they crowned one another; and then, as the night advanced dropped off reluctantly to return home. This was one of our favourite scenes. The darkening mountain, the deep obscure ravine, in part of which the evening breeze was busy with groves of orange trees; the rude decayed bridge; the dilapidated wall of the town, over which rose two or three antique houses; the low arched gate, with a dim lamp burning before the Madonna under it, and armorial bearings rudely carved in stone above, and the glancing sea, seen far below through the glen—objects which will always be picturesque, were here arranged with a felicity of combination which we shall long remember. The stillness of the evening was only broken by the shrill croak of the *cicala*, or a low murmur which the breeze brought from the town, or the last tolling of a distant bell which had rung the hour of *ave-maria*. We generally got back to the Monastery a few minutes before supper was served: this was for the monks a very humble meal; a little tripe, or two or three fried eggs, a few leaves of salad, some bread, and the same quantity of wine as at dinner, composed the repast. The devotional exercises were much the same; and after supper our conversations were renewed in the same alcove to which we retired after dinner: they were generally better attended than in the middle of the day, for the novices and the lay-brothers were sometimes admitted to the honour of taking a part; as, however, our subjects of conversation were not very abundant, we frequently had the satisfaction of

hearing the same things over again, particularly the Superior's long endless history of *Enrico Ottavo*. In about an hour our visitors began to drop off, one by one, with a "*Santa notte, Don Guglielmo, Don Carlo, santa notte,*" and we were soon left alone; when, occasionally before going to our cells, we walked awhile around the corridor, enjoying the silence and tranquillity of the hour and the scene. A soft light streamed along the passages from a lamp which was placed under a large crucifix, and from another which burned before an altar; in one angle of the dormitory there were two staircases leading into the church, and another leading to the belfry: in this part of the passage stood an old sofa, which had once been covered with silk, and had been the most splendid piece of furniture in the cell appropriated to the use of the Provinciale, (Provincial Superior of the order) when he visited them; but which, having somewhat declined into the vale of years, and being dirty and decayed, had been displaced and thrown here in neglect, as the finances of the Monastery were not now in a sufficiently flourishing condition to meet the expenses of having it repaired. On the opposite side of the passage stood five or six wine jars, in form and material resembling the ancient amphoræ found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The silence was so perfect, that the ticking of an old clock near the altar might be heard in every part of the dormitory. Every object was well adapted to assist and associate with those feelings which night inspires—there was a certain something of romance and of sadness which sunk on the heart.—The old couch reminded us at once of the former prosperity of the Monastery, and told us that the monks have now "fallen upon evil days." We saw at the end of the passage a figure of Christ, which seemed starting from the cross, displayed in a strange and almost terrific light and shade by the flame of the lamp below the feet of the image,—the low doors of the crowded cells, the dark staircases, and sometimes a solitary monk gliding silently along the passage, and lighting his careful steps with the fragment of a taper:—and here, frequently forgetting the faults of mo-

nastic institutions, we felt that they abound in circumstances calculated to allure and captivate the imagination.

One night, after having mused in this place rather later than usual, we had retired to our cells, and were preparing to go to bed, when we were surprised by a very unusual bustle, the cause of which we did not understand: we thought, perhaps, the monks were going into the church to perform some nocturnal service, and as we did not wish to be considered prying, we remained where we were; but hearing the bustle increase, and hasty footsteps going backwards and forwards, and loud voices in the corridor, we at last issued from our cells. We saw all the monks running about in the utmost confusion; and presently the Guardiano, accompanied by two of the brothers, came up to us in haste and tribulation, and asked if we had got pistols, and if they were loaded with ball; and on our replying we had, he begged us to take them and come with him, but was in too great confusion to explain why. We, however, complied with his request, and followed him through the dormitory into the kitchen, and there we found the cause of this midnight alarm was that the great kitchen chimney had caught fire, and threatened the safety of the Monastery. The monks, novices, and lay-brothers, were all assembled here, and seemed overcome by fear; and indeed, there was apparently some cause of alarm, for the chimney, which opened upon a wooden roof, was all in flames: the motive for calling us "up in arms," was that we might discharge the pistol up the chimney in order to bring down the soot, which either from negligence or false economy had been suffered to collect for many months. We were advancing towards the great fire-place for that purpose, when a monk came and snatched the pistols from our hands, willing probably to show that he was not afraid of fire arms: the pistols had bolt locks with secret triggers, and as he in his hurry had neglected to ask how to cock them, when he got to the fire-place he found he could not accomplish his purpose, and he returned to us in great dudgeon, saying the pistols were good for nothing, for they would not go off. His

ignorance was a piece of very good fortune, for had he fired, he would probably have wounded a lay-brother, who had in the meantime ascended on the outside, and having got on the top of the chimney, was trying to extinguish the flames by covering the mouth with wet straw. The poor fellow indeed ran a double risk, for we had advanced with the pistols cocked close under the chimney, and were on the point of firing before we learned that any body was above. The means used to extinguish the fire proved successful, the soot soon burned itself out without doing any damage, the confusion gradually subsided, and the monks once more retired to their cells.

Another nocturnal disturbance took place on a very different occasion, and occurred some hours after we had retired to rest: we were awakened by a sudden rocking of the bed and room, and while we were musing on this odd circumstance, we heard a monk passing along the dormitory, and crying out in a loud and doleful voice *terramoto! terramoto!* (earthquake). We jumped up and opened the door; the monks were hurrying along, each with a taper in his hand, to the church; fear, and that stupor natural to persons waked suddenly out of their sleep, were marked on their countenances: we were standing at the door of our cell, when two or three of those who were behind passed by; they did not speak, and in a few moments we heard the whole of them lifting up their voices in the church. The trembling had ceased almost instantaneously; we had felt this sort of thing two or three times before in the kingdom; they had always been slight, and we had never experienced any harm from them, we therefore sagely concluded no harm would happen to us this time, went quietly to bed again, and fell asleep before the monks' *cantata* was ended. The next day, the earthquake of course was the sole subject of conversation; the monks spoke of it with superstitious awe, hinting pretty strongly that the mercy of Heaven had been exerted to save the Monastery and the city of Sorrento in consequence of the fervency of their prayers. This earthquake was felt in Naples and in the country round to a considerable distance; and, like

the others we have known, it took place during the suppression of the activity of Vesuvius.

There are few objects in nature which are to us more attractive than the "beachy margent of the sea," and as our Monastery stood so near the shore, and as it was besides the season of bathing, we seldom let a day pass without spending half an hour on the sands: indeed, if we had neither loved the sea, nor the scenery of the shore, we should still have found something to amuse us, for the gentry of Sorrento generally repaired hither every day, either to bathe, or to dive for *frutta di mare*, or to gossip away their lazy hours, while the sea breeze tempered the heat of the season. They were nearly all expert but timid swimmers, and seldom ventured above a few yards out of their depth, under pretence of there being at times *pesci cani* (sharks) in the bay. These people were called gentry, because they did no work, wore coats, and had perhaps from three to five hundred ducats a year; but they were not gentry for any better reason, for they were ignorant, vulgar, and frequently unprincipled. After we had bathed, and perhaps conversed a little, we generally walked along the sands, listening to the waves that rolled gently at our feet, or examining the picturesque masses of lava, which, falling from the cliffs above, had heaped the shore with ruins; some of them retained their native rudeness, while others, washed into comparative smoothness, were covered with incrustations of salt, or thick coats of green or reddish marine moss. The sands on the shore are black and sparkling, and seem merely lava ground into dust; the pebbles appear to be of the same origin, and their speckled appearance is very curious; molten stone, and pumice, and dust, are mixed up in them in motley confusion; some are black or brown, some bluish, some reddish, but all seem to retain the swarthy traces of the element that expelled them from the bowels of the earth. They have probably been rocked for ages in the cradle of the sea, soaked by the wave and

scorched by the sun in countless alternations, and the cohesion of their parts is so much weakened, that a slight blow crushes them into dirt. In many of the cliffs there are considerable grottos, with long narrow passages, some leading to and some from them, and others whose use and direction are not at all apparent: they are now all half filled with water.* According to traditions current here, these grottos were formerly connected by passages which led up to Monasteries or palazzi, on the cliffs above; but we could never find any such passages, and never could form any probable conjecture, as to what the grottos were originally intended for. Some of them, no doubt, were excavations made merely to get materials for building, and these are left in a very rough condition: but considerable labour has been bestowed upon others. One is carefully wrought into the form of a rotunda with a dome; another is a large arched vault, evidently chiselled with some attention to elegance; and in several of the narrow passages, we found many remains of *tonica* (ancient plaster) and traces of ornamental painting, mouldings, and other embellishments. But we are afraid we shall tire you with too many descriptions, therefore let us return to the Monastery.

During our residence here, the order was enriched by two members; we saw the ceremonies of their taking the vows, which, as they amused us, may perhaps amuse you. The first of these was a lay-brother who had served a twelvemonth's apprenticeship in the convent, performing all menial offices, such as serving the monks at meal and at mass, lighting the candles, sweeping out the church, mending old cowls, &c. The preliminary to those ceremonies was an unusual preparation for eating and drinking: this important part of the business was committed to Frà Gabriele, whose skill in such affairs was universally acknowledged, and who had the management of every little donation that was made to the fraternity for festival purposes: to him the monk gave what might be

* The great difference in the elevation of the waters of the bay in different epochs is a curious subject, frequently referred to, but never well accounted for, nor are the times of its rises and falls ascertained.

considered as his *footing*; and, considering the smallness of the sum, honest Gabriele did a great deal. As soon as the ceremonies began in the church, we repaired to the choir, whence we observed all that passed. The church was crowded with people who came to see the *funzione*, which began with a *messa cantata*, wherein our worthy Superior exhibited his musical talents to great advantage, singing all the solos himself, and being always heard the loudest in the chorus: indeed, he might have said with Bottom, "I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove." The singing in the choir was equalled by the unusual pomp below. After the grand mass, one of the novices preached a short sermon, or rather a eulogy in praise of those who made themselves monks; this the lay-brother seemed to listen to with humble devotion, and when it was finished he retired into the sacristy: immediately a bell by the side of the church door was rung, and a long range of *spari* (little mortars about five inches long) began to be fired off, and under the cover of this amusing battery, the Superior retreated to arrange his dress. When the firing was over, he made his appearance in the church through a side door; he was loaded with all the finery of the Monastery, and fine indeed he was: his robes were gaudy and heavy;—silk, and gold, and embroidery, rose on a ground which had once been white; and these, oppressive enough in themselves, were thrown over his ordinary monk's dress, which Heaven knows is none of the coolest. The weather was very warm, and, as he had been exerting himself pretty violently in singing, and bustling about to give due *éclat* to the festival, his face, when he peeped through the little door, was something like a London sun in a foggy day. He plunged into the church, vibrating from side to side, rolling his great head, (a particular practice he had) and evidently breathing hard from fatigue: his right hand held a pastoral crook, and his left was gracefully applied to his belly; he was followed by four monks, also covered with white robes, in the middle of whom walked the professing lay-brother; they advanced to the altar

and fell upon their knees; after a short prayer, they all arose except the lay-brother, upon whose head the Superior laid his hands, and began to repeat the vow in Latin, in which, although it was not very long, and he had been studying for a day or two, he was so imperfect, as to be frequently obliged to consult a book which one of the monks held open before him. The lay-brother repeated the vow, sentence by sentence, after the Superior, not comprehending much of what he repeated, but taking all on trust to be what had been explained to him beforehand. When the profession was finished, the strangest part of the exhibition began: the new made monk arose, and was conducted by the Superior, followed by the monks, who did not choose this time to be very close in their attendance for reasons about to be disclosed: they had hardly turned their backs to the altar when we observed a sudden movement in the congregation; there was a great rising from seats, rummaging in pockets, and standing on tip-toe, and presently there proceeded from every part of the church a discharge of rough comfits which were directed generally pretty successfully at the Superior and the new-made monk. This discharge was accompanied by the simultaneous movement of a number of ragged children who precipitated themselves on the floor to pick up the sweetmeats: by their number, and their struggling with one another, the progress of the procession was impeded, and the monks exposed to the fire, which was kept up very briskly. The Superior bore all this with admirable patience for awhile, and only sought to defend himself a little by holding up part of his finery; anon, however, a whole handful "hit him too hard," and then dropping his guard he began clearing away the hindrances, (i. e. the children) with his feet: just then some *confetti*, maliciously directed, took him clean about the face and eyes—he lost all his patience, and almost ran to the door of the sacristy. The procession remained a few seconds in the sacristy, and then returned in the same order in which it had gone out, to the altar. Though the ammunition, with which the spectators had supplied themselves, was now consider-

ably diminished, still enough remained to keep up a running fire; and as the children followed the comfits wherever they fell, even the steps of the altar were besieged by them, and they were heard squalling and seen sprawling on the ground, and struggling with one another in every part of the church, notwithstanding the admonishing voice of the Superior, and sundry manual arguments of the lay-brothers. After a short prayer at the altar, the monks retired again to the sacristy, and the ceremony ended.

The pelting very much surprised us, as we thought it so entirely at variance with the character of seriousness and decorum which would have been proper to the scene: however, nearly all the people present joined in it very merrily; they laughed, talked aloud, pushed one another, and seemed to have the same sort of relish for the function, as for a carnival procession.

When the church was cleared, we went into the cloisters, and loitered about until dinner time, which followed very closely on the morning fatigues. On entering the refectory, we found every face lighted up with smiles brighter than usual; a remission of the observance of silence had been granted, and they were all chattering about the *funzione*, applauding the various parts of it, and anticipating the luxuries of which they were about to partake. The dishes were served round, and the good humour increased. We took our seats by the Superior, who asked us with proud satisfaction how we had liked the ceremonies, and especially the singing; and anon he began to open the fountains of his wit, and repeated again and again every pleasantry with which his memory was stored. The dinner was really *qualche cosa di bello*; there was the usual soup and *boulli*; they were followed by a ragout of bullock's tongue, (esteemed a great delicacy by the monks) and then came an *arrosto di vaccina* (roast beef), and the rear of the repast was brought up by a *pizra*, a Neapolitan dish, composed of paste, covered with a composition of eggs and cheese,

sprinkled over with a little sugar: at the same time that the *pizra* was introduced, a lay-brother went round with a large bottle, from which he filled every one's glass with some pretty good wine. The wine as well as the *pizra* was a *complimento** paid by the new-made monk to his brothers; a little dessert was served round, and that concluded the dinner. As the repast had continued longer, and as the monks had undergone extraordinary fatigues, and had drunk a glass or two of wine more than usual, on retiring from the refectory they all went to bed to recruit their forces for the remainder of the day's work.

The other occasion of this sort, was the profession of a young man who had passed his noviciate in the monastery, and who now took the vows which raised him to the more dignified and comfortable rank of father: the ceremonies were much the same, but there was a greater profusion of comfits employed in pelting in the church, and some additional means furnished for the enjoyment in the refectory, as some sweetmeats, some rosolio, and some *sorbetti*. The young monk afterwards entertained himself in his cell with some relations and friends, who had come to assist at the ceremonies, and to rejoice with him on the happy change of his condition. They were very loud in their gaiety; one of them played a clarionet, and the others laughed, talked, and sang some Neapolitan burlesque songs, which were rather *broad*, and very curious to be heard in a monk's cell. This merriment was kept up for a long time: it ceased, however, at length, and they all took their after dinner's nap. The new-made monk did not appear in the refectory in the evening, but after supper, while we were sitting in the alcove, we heard the noise of plates and glasses in his cell, and somewhat later, the same rejoicing as in the afternoon; the gentlemen, however, were rather more noisy, and uttered a good deal of the slang of Naples, and acted a variety of imitations of the popular Pulcinella. The next morning the young man left the con-

* With the Neapolitans a *compliment* means something to eat or drink—*ci à fatto complimenti*, often means no more than that so and so has given us a glass of *rosolio*, or a bit of cake.

vent, in company with his friends, to go to Naples, it being customary for every new-made padre to have fifteen days' liberty and enjoyment after his profession, and previous to his entering upon the duties of his calling. We had occasion to go into town at the same time, and we met the gay *brigata* in the passage boat: they were by no means so merry as on the preceding day; and as it was rather a rough morning, they were soon reduced to a melancholy state of silence or complaint, and paid an abundant tribute to the waves in consequence of the excesses they had committed

at the convent. They were all very low fellows, vulgar, and brutally ignorant; in short, true Neapolitans of La Lavandara (a Saint Giles' quarter of Naples) and it is generally from such classes of persons that the Franciscan monasteries are supplied: the young monk, however, was very superior to them; he was a very decent youth: and indeed during our residence at Sorrento, we frequently observed the disparity between the monks and their relations, and the superiority of the former in every respect.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SUPPLEMENTAL ILIAD OF QUINTUS CALABER.

(Continued from our last Number.)

PARTING OF NEOPTOLEMUS FROM HIS MOTHER DEIDAMIA.—BOOK 7.

This said, Achilles' valiant son replied;
 "Then if the Greeks invite me to their side,
 Warn'd by heaven's oracles, no more delay;
 Brush we to-morrow the broad ocean's spray:
 So may I to the wishing Greeks afford
 Light; seek we now the hospitable board
 My promised wedlock—let some future day
 And the kind gods dispose it as they may."

He said, and pass'd before; and they elate
 Trod on his steps and walk'd the hall of state.
 Within they Deidamia found, who kept
 Her widowhood aloof, and ceaseless wept
 As snows that to the whistling breezes run
 From mountain crags, and feel th' unconquer'd sun.
 So for her glorious lord she pined away;
 The princes hail'd her, thus to grief a prey;
 Her son approach'd, and frankly told the fame
 Of their high lineage, and each single name,
 But till the dawn deferr'd the cause for which they came,
 Lest weeping sadness on the mourner steal,
 And supplications check his hastening zeal.

They took repast; and all were soothed with sleep,
 Who lay in Scyros 'midst the sounding deep,
 Where the still beating billows roar around,
 And dash'd with broken foam th' Ægean shores rebound.

But slumber seal'd not Deidamia's eyes;
 Her sleepless fear Ulysses' name supplies
 Coupled with craft; and god-like Diomed
 Who from her widow'd arms Achilles led;
 Rouzing that dauntless heart for war to burn,
 Till Fate surprised and barr'd him from return.
 Thence boundless grief on her and Peleus fell,
 And thence new terrors in her breast rebel;
 Lest to the chance of war her son should go,
 And woe be added to her bleeding woe.

Morn climbs the spacious heaven; the heroes rise:
 With tip-toe step each from his chamber flies,
 But shuns not Deidamia's watchful eyes:
 Round Neoptolemus' broad breast she clings;
 The thrilling air with her lamentings rings;
 As when the heifer unremitting wails
 Her youngling, moaning deep o'er hills and echoing dales:
 So rang the inmost chambers with her grief,
 That now indignant found in words relief;
 "Whither is flown thy sense, my son! my joy!
 That thou with strangers wend'st to tearful Troy?
 There many have made shipwreck of their life,
 Though train'd to battle and inured to strife:
 Thou art a youth; not thine the fence of art,
 That brunts the death-stroke and that shields the heart:
 Then listen; rest at home; rest safely here,
 Lest the death-news from Troy affright mine ear;
 My mind forebodes that from the battle plain
 Alive thou never wilt return again.
 Thy father fell himself; that mightier he,
 God-born, superior to the rest and thee;
 Their counsel, *their* deceit allured him on
 To dismal war, who now seduce my son:
 For thee I fear; I tremble at my heart:
 Thou leav'st me childless, if thy steps depart;
 No worse despair to woman can befall;
 Of husband, son, bereft, bereft of all:
 Her void house shrouded in one funeral pall.
 Then neighbouring ruffians rend her fields away,
 Reckless of right and greedy of their prey;
 Ah! what more wretched, what more weak than she,
 Whose house is desolate as mine will be?"

She said, and wept aloud; her son replied,
 "Cheer thee, my mother! cast thy fears aside.
 Dismiss thy evil omen: can it be
 That I shall fall, unless by Fate's decree?
 If such my fate, may those I serve proclaim
 I perish worthy of Achilles' name!"

He said; when Lycomedes reverend stood
 With snowy hairs, to check his fiery blood:
 "Brave son of valiant sire! his image thou:
 Thy father's valour sits upon thy brow:
 Yet war's most bitter end I dread for thee,
 And dismal peril of the surging sea:
 The mariner hangs on the brink of death:
 Fear, ere thou tempt the fickle breeze's breath,
 From Troy's, or other shores: then, when the sun
 Meets Capricorn involved in vapours dun,
 And leaves the Archer and his bow behind;
 Then clouds and storms come thickening in the wind:
 And when the stars are snatch'd in ocean's breast,
 And sinks Orion darkling to his rest.
 Dread in thy mind the equinoctial gale,
 Nor when the Pleiads set unfurl the sail:
 Then tempests scour the waters waste and wide,
 And on the surface of the billows ride.
 Fear too the Goat, when from th' horizon's verge
 He plunges headlong in the skirting surge:
 And other stars that set or rise around
 The broad expanse, and light the blue profound."

He spoke, and kiss'd his grandson; nor withheld
Longer his steps, to brawling fields impell'd;

He smiling blithe was hastening to the beech ;
But in the house his mother's tear-dew'd speech
Detain'd him yet awhile, though hurrying on
With buoyant feet, that seem'd already gone.
As when a youth his starting steed restrains,
Presses his side and draws the bitted reins ;
Neighing he champs the curb that has repress,
And throws the foam on his besilver'd breast ;
He shifts his feet that quiver'd on the bound ;
His light hoofs trampling clang with hollow sound ;
His mane's toss'd flakes athwart his shoulder flow ;
He flings his head aloft ; his breathing nostrils glow ;
His rider glorying smiles ; thus clinging round
Her Neoptolemus, the mother wound
Her fettering arms ; his feet but pause to part,
And the track'd dust is smoking ere he start :
Though grieved, she gazed with joy upon her son ;
Who kiss'd her o'er and o'er, and so was gone :
He left her in his father's hall to mourn
Her bitter sorrows, helpless and forlorn.

As round some mansion's jutting frieze on high
The swallow flits and mourns with piercing cry
Her dappled nestlings, whom a serpent foul
Caught shrieking, and with sorrow wrapp'd her soul ;
Sad cowers the mother o'er the vacant nest,
And plaining beats the cornice with her breast ;
So for his sake did Deidamia shed
Fast tears ; and on her son's deserted bed
Fall'n at her length, shriek'd loud ; and o'er and o'er
Wet with her tears the pillars of the door
Through which he pass'd away ; and fondly press'd
Each toy that pleased his childhood to her breast ;
Or if through tears she spied a chance-left spear,
She kiss'd it oft ; 'twas his, and it is dear.
He from his mother, thus lamenting sore,
Was far away, and heard her voice no more.
His limbs fast bore him on his shipward way ;
And like a meteor flash'd his armour's ray :
Ulysses, Diomedes, graced his side,
And twenty followers, valiant men and tried :
Them Deidamia from her house had sent
To serve her son, and guard him where he went.
They of Achilles' son composed the train,
Thus through the city hastening to the main :
He marching in the midst exulting trod ;
Glad Nereids look'd, and smiled the blue-hair'd god,
To see Achilles' son, a dawning star,
Languish to cope with fields of tearful war,
Though beardless was his cheek : strength nerved the frame,
And knit the joints ; the spirit lent the flame.
He bounded from his country's shores, like Mars
In form and aspect, when he seeks the wars ;
While the keen rage is kindling in his soul,
Bent are his brows, his eye-balls flashing roll ;
With fierceness clad his cheek has awful charms,
And gods shrink trembling as he stalks in arms ;
Such was Achilles' son : the temples burn
With incense for the prince's safe return ;
Heaven hears the city's prayers : and on he treads
Elate, and towering o'er his followers' heads.
By the deep-roaring ocean rolling dark
They found the rowers in their sculptured bark : . .

Busied from side to side, and to the gale
 Loosening the canvas of the running sail :
 The hero leap'd aboard : they straight unmoor
 The cable's noose that binds them to the shore,
 And heave the anchor's strength ; th' eternal stay
 Of mighty ships that roll within the bay.
 The spouse of Amphitrite kindly lent
 A passage through his calmy element :
 For care was at his heart, since Greece, his joy,
 Was press'd by brave Eurypylus and Troy.

Meanwhile the chiefs beside Achilles' son
 Beguiled his ear with deeds his sire had done :
 Joy in his spirit rose, and hope that he
 Should great and glorious as his father be.

But in her chamber, as they plough'd the tide,
 The virtuous Deidamia wept and sigh'd
 For her lost son ; with tears and many sighs
 Her heart dissolves in sorrow's ecstasies,
 As wax or yielding lead above the gleams
 Of living embers melts in trickling streams ;
 Nor e'er that anguish left her, as she stood
 Still looking out on the sea's shoreless flood :
 And still the son was in the mother's mind
 When at her lonely meal she sad reclined ;
 The sails have vanish'd from her eye, that bear
 That ship too far away, and seem as air :
 She all day long sobb'd in her lone despair.

But fresh the breeze, and through the furrow'd sea
 The ship upon her course sprang cheerily ;
 Lightly she skimm'd the undulating tides ;
 The dark, blue billow dash'd her foamy sides.

ARRIVAL OF PHILOCTETES BEFORE THE WALLS OF TROY.—BOOK 9.

Now reach'd they Lemnos, and the stony den
 Of Pæan's son, the wretchedest of men :
 Aghast they stood to see him as he lay,
 While groaning torments wore his life away :
 And many tinted plumes of birds were spread
 To form a tapestry for his flinty bed ;
 Others again his girdled waist enfold
 To shield him from the nipping winter's cold :
 And when unjoyous hunger seized, he sped
 The rapid arrow, where his fancy led,
 And on the birds, that lent him clothing, fed ;
 And oft their flakes of feathery down he bound
 To staunch the torture of his lurid wound.
 Wild round his temples floats his matted hair,
 Like some wild beast, far skulking in his lair,
 When, caught by hunter's spring, his own fierce fangs
 Lop the maim'd foot—a prey to pain's and hunger's pangs :
 So pined the man that spacious cave within,
 His bones gaunt staring through the shrivell'd skin :
 His squalid cheeks with rheumy damps o'erflow,
 And sharp and grievous is his lingering woe :
 Beneath shagg'd brows look out his hollow eyes,
 And groans express his constant agonies.
 A livid wound deep searching upwards thrill'd
 Ev'n to his bones, and all the man with anguish fill'd :
 As on the shore that breasts wide ocean's shock,
 The mining billow eats into the rock ;
 Hard though it be, the hollow'd cliff gives way
 To the sea-whirlwind and the ravening spray ;

So crept beneath his sole th' exploring wound ;
The venom'd bane his healthful juices drown'd :
A water serpent, fiercer, when ashore
He feels the sun, had fix'd th' immedicable sore :
And thus the bravest of the brave his breath
Had drawn in pain, that rankled near to death.
Ages to come would mark appall'd the gore
That ever trickling stain'd the roomy cavern's floor.
Beside his rocky tent his quiver lay,
Whence flew the shafts that struck his feather'd prey,
Or smote intruding foes ; the serpent's blood
Their barbed points with pestilence embrued :
And there the leaning bow enormous stands
Whose horns were rounded by Alcides' hands.
When towards the cavern's yawning mouth he saw
The men approach, he sprang at once to draw
The arrow to its head ; at either's heart
Vengeful he aim'd the wound-inflicting dart ;
For they had left him in his need before,
Though deep his groanings, on the desert shore :
And he had wreak'd his rage ; but on his flame
Minerva sprinkled patience ; nigh they came ;
He saw their sympathising mien and air
Of sorrow ; and they sate beside him there
Within the hollow cave ; and question'd mild
Of that his deadly wound and torment wild.
He told his tale ; and they his heart assure ;
And pledge his fatal suffering's ease and cure,
So he but join the Grecian camp ; where all
Felt with themselves, and mourn'd his hapless thrall.
" No Greek had caused his wrong ; but destiny,
Beneath whose influence all must live and die ;
Invisible she wanders to and fro
Among the toiling race of men below ;
Now at her will she grinds their strength to dust,
Now lifts them high ; and that must be, which must."
He at their voice straight laid his anger by,
Though late for heaviest wrongs his wrath was high.
They to the galley and the wave-beat strand
Led him elate, his arrows in his hand.
With porous sponge his bitter wound they lave,
And plunge his body in the copious wave :
Eased he respired : then to his famish'd lip
They spread the dainty food within the ship :
Themselves partook the feast : till down heaven's steep
Ambrosial night descended, shedding sleep :
So on the sea-girt Lemnos' lea they lay
Till morn should break, and with her early ray
Heaving the crooked anchor from the sand
Round the rigg'd ship they plied the hastening hand ;
Minerva sent a favouring breeze, that blew
Fair from the shore, and the beak'd galley flew :
While, either hawser stretch'd, the straining sail
Squared its full sheet before the gather'd gale.
The well-steer'd vessel sprang before the wind
O'er the broad surge, and left the shore behind :
Black groan'd the furrow'd wave around the prow,
And white the frothing waters chafed below :
And shoals of dolphins floated in the spray,
And cut beside them the hoar ocean way.
Now on the fishy Hellespontine flood
They burst, where ranged the harbour'd gallies stood ;

Joy fill'd the Greeks, as now th' expected train,
 Among the tents ascending, left the main.
 But Philoctetes each emaciate hand
 Lean'd on the chiefs, sore halting up the strand :
 As in some forest a tall beech, half cleft
 By woodman's axe, or resinous pine is left
 Nigh tottering to its fall, whence pitch distils
 To shed its torch-light in the lonely hills,
 The gusty wind and its own weakness rock
 The tree, that bends and labours with the shock,
 So resting on the chiefs, with tortures bent,
 His stooping weight the son of Pæan lent :
 They lead him through the camp, and all press round
 Pitying the glorious archer's wasting wound.
 But godlike Podalirius, swift as thought,
 Restored the man, and painless vigour brought.
 Discreet with medicated unguents came,
 And pious call'd upon his father's name.
 Then waters pour'd, and oily fragrance shed,
 And raised him up refresh'd as from the dead.
 The Greeks beheld the balms his woes appease,
 And saw him breathing from his drear disease.
 The red displaced the pale upon his cheek,
 The limbs moved vigorous that were bow'd and weak.
 As when the corn uprises from the plain,
 Which storms had deluged with a weight of rain ;
 The earth-bent stalks, by fanning breezes heal'd,
 Smile o'er the ridges of the blooming field ;
 Thus Philoctetes, languishing and low,
 Resumed his stature's height, his bloomy glow,
 And in his hollow cave he left behind
 The miseries that had quail'd his generous mind.

SKETCHES FROM MY LIFE, BY GOETHE.—FIFTH PART.*

THIS is the fifth volume of Goethe's Life, and, for aught we can see to the contrary, the work is likely to go on *ad infinitum* ; the old man seems determined never to finish his life, either virtually or metaphorically, for at the age of seventy-three he is as young as ever ; and at the end of his fifth volume he is no nearer the conclusion of his biography than he was when at the end of the third ; in fact, this volume is little more than a sketch of the advance of the Germans into France, under the Duke of Brunswick, and their subsequent retreat before the revolutionary forces. Taken altogether, it affords a curious map of the German brain, which appears to be strictly formed on the plan of the Cretan labyrinth, a tissue of roads and bye-roads, of serpentine and zig-zag, so

that you either do not reach the object at all, or by so circuitous a track that the toil is greater than the profit.

This volume imports to be the fifth of the second series ; but by a very German arrangement the third and fourth have not been yet published, from fear, it is said, of offending the privileged class, these locked-up pages containing matter not compatible with the interests of a professed courtier. The consequence of this new mode of publication is, that we leave him at Naples and find him at Mentz, with the Duke's army, without the slightest intimation of his purpose in being there, unless, indeed, he was taken along with the troops to record the victories they were expected to gain over the French ; in that respect, however, his office was a perfect sinecure, though the miseries of a

* *Aus Meinem Leben, Von Goethe.—Fünfter Theil. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1822.*

forced retreat furnished him with abundance of materials.

It was on the 25th of August that he reached, and not without difficulty, the Prussian camp that was pitched at the bottom of a gentle hill; by this was a canal or ditch, intended to carry off the superfluous moisture from the fields, which was now made a receptacle for all the filth of the camp, and in consequence it became choked up, so that when the rains fell the water overflowed and scattered the noxious matter among the tents. All, however, were high with hope, and full of wrath against the French revolutionists, though the pride and insolence of the emigrant nobles soon alienated all hearts from them; still there was a general love for the cause; and even when the peasant shut his door against the Knight of St. Louis, he wished to see the monarch on the throne of his ancestors.

The camp now broke up, and the army advanced under the name of the French king, but though as friends to France they raised no contributions, they borrowed at a prodigious rate, seizing cattle, or whatever they might want, and recompensing the owners with notes made payable by Louis. In this way they maintained themselves comfortably, and, the roads becoming more practicable as they went on, they soon sat down before Verdun, and summoned the city to surrender. This of course the sturdy republicans refused to do, and the siege of the place was then commenced in good earnest. There appears, however, to be more amusement connected with these bloody businesses than could possibly be divined by men of civil habits; and, on one occasion, Goethe found an opportunity of studying the theory of the prismatic colours much to his satisfaction. Amongst other warlike stores, the German soldiers had brought with them complete sets of fishing tackle, meaning no doubt to make themselves quite at home in France, and were now seated about a pond amusing themselves with angling. Curiosity led our author to join them, when his attention was attracted from these soldier-fishermen to a piece of earthen-ware that lay at the bottom of the clear water,

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and sent forth the most beautiful prismatic colours: the opposite edge gave the blue and violet, the edge nearest to him gave the red and yellow, and, as he moved round the pond, the phenomenon of course followed him, while the colours, in reference to himself, appeared invariably the same. He then varied the experiment by flinging a second piece of earthen-ware into the water, and observed that the same thing took place when it was a little below the surface, increased as it sank deeper, and when it reached the bottom there was the appearance of a small pale flame.

From this philosophical farce he was called to a more tragic spectacle,—the bombardment of the city; and, seated at a convenient distance, he had all the pleasure, without any of the perils, of the amusement. By means of his telescope he could distinctly see all that was passing within Verdun, could distinguish the descent of the shells, and their consequent mischief; but the noise of the guns soon drove him from his post, and he retired behind the walls of a vineyard to talk philosophy with one of his princely friends. The next day Verdun surrendered, contrary to the will of the commandant, Beaurepaire, who was compelled to this measure by the importunity of the citizens, and, after having given his consent, he blew out his brains in the Senate-house. On taking possession of the city, the soldiers found every preparation for a long defence, and Goethe found an admirable proof of the dispositions of a favouring Providence in a ball having struck the lintels of a delf-ware shop, and passed on without any farther injury. Delf must have borne a high price at that time in Germany.

While the Prussians were occupied with the siege, Dumouriez, who had succeeded Lafayette in the command of the French, had taken possession of the important pass between Verdun and St. Menchould, and thus compelled the Allies to follow the course of the Aire, instead of marching straight towards Paris. Heavy rains too began to fall, the road became more and more difficult, and by the time they reached Malancour, they had got an ample foretaste of the miseries that were to follow, having

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by the way inflicted an equal portion on the invaded country. From this place they continued their march, till at last they got themselves fairly hemmed in by Dumouriez. Daily skirmishes took place, though the parties never came to a decisive engagement; and in one of these actions the author was led by curiosity to mingle more closely in the battle, from a desire to know the precise sensations of what he calls the *cannon-fever*,—but the story should be told in his own words.

Alone, and collected, I rode up the heights, to the left, whence I could clearly overlook the happy position of the French; they stood amphitheatrically in the greatest calm and security. Kellerman, however, on the left wing, was to be first reached.

I was now absolutely within the circle of the bullets; the sound is singular enough, as if it were compounded of the humming of a top, the seething of water, and the whistling of a bird. They were, however, less dangerous from the dampness of the ground; wherever one fell there it remained sticking, so that my foolish adventure was at least free from the danger of the balls rebounding.

Under these circumstances, I could clearly perceive that something unusual was going on within me. On paying a more close attention to it, I soon found that the feeling could only be explained by comparison. It seemed as if I were in a very hot place, and thoroughly penetrated with the same heat, so that I felt as one with the element in which I breathed; the eyes lost none of their power or clearness, but yet it was as if the world had acquired a certain brown-red hue, which made the condition, as well as the objects, still more apprehensive. I could perceive no hurry of the blood, but all seemed rather to be swallowed up in that glow; hence it is apparent in what sense this state may be called a fever. It is besides worthy of remark, that this dreadful anxiousness is conveyed to us through the ears only; for the thunder of the cannon, and the howling, whistling, and crashing of the balls through the air, are the real cause of these sensations. When I rode back and was in full security, I found that glow at once extinguished, and not the least of the feverish sensation remained.

After a hot day the troops returned to their old position, and things remained as they were before the battle, to the great surprise, as well as horror, of the Prussians, who had expected to kill the French army before

supper. The former unlimited confidence in the Duke of Brunswick was changed to disaffection and curses; and as the starving soldiers sat in melancholy parties about their watch-fires, the rain fell down in torrents, and deprived them even of this consolation. They were indeed in a desperate situation. The French were too strongly posted to be attacked with the least chance of success, and, hopeless of any other aid, the Duke at last commenced a retreat, which he was fortunate enough to effect, though not without the usual difficulties and losses; yet, even in the midst of these perils, his mind was occupied by trifles that never would have been noticed by a great commander under any circumstances; the place abounded with a fine chalk, and orders were issued from head-quarters, that every soldier should provide himself with as much as he could carry of this useful article, for the benefit of his clothes; though at the very time his troops were mouldering away with hunger. It was not so that Moore retreated.

It would be useless to follow Goethe through the tedious story of this march, and we therefore overleap a long space of time, and come at once to the May of 1793, when he was summoned from his quiet office of director of the theatre at Weimar, to be present at the siege of Mentz, which it was the object of the Prussians to wrest again from its French conquerors. Great preparations were made for this purpose, but it does not seem that the French were quiet spectators of them; they first endeavoured to dislodge their enemy from the village of Bretzenheim, and subsequently made a night-attack on Marienborn, both of them posts of importance; but to the latter affair they were chiefly led by a desire of seizing General Kalkreuth and Prince Louis. In this desperate attempt they were favoured by a lucky circumstance, which allowed them to press forward into the heart of the village before their presence was at all expected: on the day preceding the night of their attack, some peasants had been employed in cutting down the harvest before the city, and when they returned, after the accomplishment of their labour, the

French mingled with them, and thus passed the first of the Prussian out-posts: when at last they were discovered, they pressed on to Marienborn as fast as possible, and got there by one o'clock, where all were either asleep or held a careless watch, as having not the slightest expectation of an enemy. Wherever the French saw a light they fired into the houses, forced their way through the street, and fairly surrounded the quarters of the general. A regiment of infantry, the Saxon hussars, and a squadron of the Duke of Weimar, now came forward to the relief of their friends, and a confused battle followed, which ended in the defeat of the assailants, who left behind them thirty dead, while the Prussians and Austrians lost upwards of ninety men.

Hitherto Mentz could hardly be said to be besieged; but on the night of the 15th of June, the matter was commenced in good earnest.

The siege of Mentz, which had been so long talked of, and kept a secret from the enemy, at length approached; it was whispered, To-night the trenches will be opened. It was extremely dark as we rode up the well-known way to the Weissenaner ditches; we saw nothing, heard nothing, but all at once our horses stopped, and we perceived immediately before us an array that was barely distinguishable. Austrian soldiers clothed in gray, with gray fascines on their backs, marched forward in silence, only from time to time the clang of the spades and pick-axes faintly announced a near movement. An appearance more strange and spectre-like can hardly be conceived than this, half seen, and always repeated without becoming more distinct. We remained on the same spot till they had past, for from thence we could at least see the place where they were to work in darkness. As such enterprises are always in danger of being betrayed to the enemy, it was to be expected that a fire would be levelled from the walls against this spot, even at a venture; we did not, however, remain long in this expectation; for precisely at the spot where the trenches were to be commenced, a fire of small arms was suddenly directed, that was to all incomprehensible. Was it possible the French had stolen out and ventured upon our out-posts? We could not understand it. The fire ceased, and all sunk into the deepest silence; but the next morning we learnt that our own out-posts had fired on the advancing columns,

as if upon an enemy; the party in consequence hesitated, was confused, each threw away his fascines, and only the shovels and axes were saved. The French on the walls, being roused, were on their guard, the Austrians came back without having accomplished any thing, and the whole besieging army was confounded.

A second attempt by water, to take possession of the islets and meadows, succeeded no better than this against the city.

So much was talked about it (the swimming battery), that at last it was forgotten. I had scarcely reached the trenches above Weissenau, in my usual afternoon walk, when I observed a great bustle on the river; French boats were rowing assiduously to the islands, and the Austrian battery, placed there to command the stream, fired ricochets unceasingly across the water, a sight altogether new to me. When the balls for the first time struck the fluid element, an immense wave arose, lifting itself up many feet into the air; this had not yet fallen when a second was driven up aloft, powerful as the former, but not of the same height; and thus followed a third and fourth, always more distantly decreasing, till at last they reached the boats, worked in more level masses, and became, as accident directed them, dangerous to the small craft.

I could not sufficiently gaze on this spectacle, for shot followed shot; every moment arose new and immense fountains, while the old had not yet entirely whirled away.

On the sudden, a strange machine was let loose above, on the right shore, amongst the trees and bushes. A huge square thing, formed of rafters, floated along, to my great astonishment, and at the same time to my great delight, that I was to be an eye-witness of this important expedition, of which so much had been spoken. My wishes, however, appeared to be without effect, and my hopes did not last long, for the mass soon began to whirl round upon itself; we could see that it did not obey the rudder; and, as it revolved, it was carried along by the stream. Upon the Rhine banks, above Cassel, and before it, all was in a bustle; hundreds of French ran upwards to the shore, and raised a loud shout of joy, when this Trojan sea-horse, far from its intended destination on the tongue of land, was seized by the flowing Mayn, and now floated quietly and unceasingly between Rhine and Mentz. At last the current carried this helpless machine towards Cassel, where it stranded, not far from the bridge of boats, upon a flat ground, that was still covered with the water. Here all the French soldiery

was collected, and I now, with my glass, saw the portcullis, which enclosed this space, fall down, and those who were thus blocked up taken out and led off to prison. It was a vexatious sight; the draw-bridge did not reach to the dry land, and the little garrison was forced to wade through the water before they could reach the circle of their adversaries; there were four-and-sixty men, two officers, and two cannon; the prisoners were well received, then brought to Mentz, and finally to the Prussian camp to be exchanged.

But while the siege of Mentz was thus pregnant with evil to its inhabitants, it was a source of great amusement to the people of the surrounding districts, who, on Sundays and holidays, came in crowds to the trenches above Weissenau, that, independent of their military curiosities, commanded a noble prospect. Another great advantage was, that the visitors were tolerably safe there from the French shot, the requisite elevation of their guns making the aim very uncertain, and the balls, for the most part, passing over the redoubt. Whenever the centinel on the breast-work observed that a cannon was directed thither, he would cry out—"Duck!"—and all within the battery immediately flung themselves on their knees, at this magic word, with very singular devotion for this respectable though dangerous apparition. No sooner had the bullet past, than they rose to their former occupation, laughing, chattering, and staring about them, till the formidable—"Duck"—again sent them on their knees. But these same balls were not altogether without effect, for in passing over the batteries they reached the Frankfort road, at the back of the heights, and caused a sad confusion amongst the carts and carriages, horsemen and pedestrians, that were flocking to swell the numbers of the curious. This is the bright side of the medal; it has its reverse, and one that offers a fair antidote to those who are in love with the glorious art of war, though Goethe does not bring forward half its miseries.

Every hour (says our author,) was pregnant with evil; every minute we were anxious for our revered prince, for our dearest friends, and forgot to think of our own safety. Attracted by the wild and maddening danger, as by the glance of a

rattle-snake, we rushed into the deathful space;—walked and rode through the trenches,—let the bombs hurtle and whistle above our heads, the ruins topple down beside us; to many a one that was heavily wounded we wished a speedy release from his horrible sufferings; and the dead—none wished to recal the dead to life.

Of the respective positions of the attacking and defensive parties, thus much may be generally noticed. The French had provided themselves by times against the threatened danger, and thrown up smaller trenches, according to art, before the head-works, to keep the besiegers at a certain distance, and increase the difficulties of the siege. All these obstacles it was necessary to remove.—In the meantime we, in company with some friends, although without any call or order, betook ourselves to the most dangerous posts. Weissenau was in German hands, and the trenches, lying down the river, were already conquered; we visited the desolated spot, and held, in the bone-house, an after-gleaning of morbid bones, the best of which had probably got already into the hands of the surgeons. Not contented with this, we went on farther towards the nunnery, where, in truth, it looked wild enough, and where, for an adequate remuneration, wine was sold and drunk in the vaults below, while the bullets, rattling from time to time, forced their way through the roofs.

An end was at last put to these horrors by the surrender of the city; when Goethe more than hints that the most obnoxious of their enemies were suffered to escape by a purposed neglect. But the difficulties of the French were not yet over; the poor citizens of Mentz, who had been driven from their homes, now flocked in troops to return the evils they had suffered on the heads of their fallen persecutors. They had taken up a position on the cause-way; and, though they suffered the women to pass unhurt, they punished the soldiers without mercy. The Mentz girls, too, who had chosen lovers from amongst the French army, and now joined them in their retreat, came in for their full share of the popular execrations, their own friends assisting in the clamour; a circumstance which, according to our author, very little troubled the fair fugitives. We believe him; it is the morality of Charlotte and Werther.

On taking possession of the city, the Germans found at every step the mournful vestiges of war. The works

of ages lay in dust and ruin; the streets were loaded with filth; the hand of plunder was every where visible; of noble buildings a wall or a column only would remain, and those tottering to their ruin; but it would be useless to follow our author through these minute details, that run through many pages, till the moment when the Duke of Weimar

leaves the Prussian service, which of course concludes Goethe's campaigning, and his volume at the same time,—a volume which, though not altogether destitute of interest, might as well have been written by any man of moderate talent, as by him whom Germany styles the third in the trinity of genius.

CHRISTINA SWAYNE.

1.

O have ye been on Iceland isle,
And heard the sea-mew's clang?
And have ye been on Iceland isle,
To hear the minstrel's sang:
To hear the minstrel's music sweet,
With a sad note and a slow;
When stars shoot bright, at middle night,
O'er the hills of ice and snow?

2.

And have ye been on Iceland isle,
To hear the birds in June
Sing, while the flowers come bursting forth,
To the hot sun hung aboon;
To the hot sun hung in heaven aboon,
While soft, and sweet, and low,
Ye hear Tingalla's maidens sing,
O'er the sea-waves as they go?

The Ballad of Snorro.

"The island on which I was cast," said Allan Lorne, recommencing his narrative, "appeared a cluster of wild and steep hills, striped on the sides with verdant mosses, and hooded on the summits with perpetual snow. Along their bases winded innumerable valleys, showered all over with a rich and varied abundance of flowers and blossomed shrubs. Small currents of water gushed among the flowers and grass; while from the clefts and fissures of the rocks, the summer had summoned all her tribes of odoriferous herbs—some peeping out in modest and stunted beauty, others streaming down in blossoming strings and garlands, perfuming our feet at every step.

"Now," said Christina Swayne, "we shall soon see our home, and happy are they whom the sea casts on our coast, for ours is a rocky but a pleasant land. We are a people, plain and frugal, prudent in speech, humane in deeds, and hospitable at our hearths. We go not down, like the

lords of other islands, to the great waters to work men woe, nor descend among the habitations of men with fire and with sword. We seek not the curse of silver, nor the plague of gold, nor the vanity of precious stones. We perfume not our chambers with spice, nor wear embroidered girdles, nor mantles edged with lace, and brought through the peril of plague, and fever, and tempest, from a far land. We are a plain and a simple people—our weapons are the fish-hook and the hunting spear, and we sleep on the skins of wild beasts in habitations of stone and turf. Behold our dwelling there, where it stands at the foot of that tall rock—it has no floor of cedar, and walls of marble polished by a cunning hand. There is no roof of fretwork and fine imagery—but a clay floor, bedded with moss and leaves—walls lined with wolf and wild-cat skins, and a roof stained by the smoke of many a hospitable feast;—so welcome to our home, young mariner. Whoso

marries a Swayne,' added Christina, with a side smile, and a tone between pleasantry and seriousness, 'weds one who can find her food in the sea when it rages at the loudest,—tame the wolf with her spear when he howls the fiercest,—bring the heron from the cloud when he soars the highest,—snare the eider-duck and the wood pigeon,—build a house, and hold it in order,—inspire a sweet song, and sing it as sweetly,—and win a kind heart, and keep it after it is won. And yet with all these attractive qualities, aided and abetted by two eyes indifferently bright, clustering looks curled by the kind munificence of nature, and cheeks good enough for the winter wind to blow upon without risking their roses, here am I, Christina, who, single and sackless, and with the maiden snood of single-ness round my brow, must welcome thee into the home of Olave Swayne.'

" 'Christina,' said Olave, as he laid aside his hunting spear, 'thou wert ever wilful and full of mirth, yet in thy jesting thou hast spoken much truth of thyself. Marriage, which lessens the mirth of men and the laughter of maidens, as our Icelandic bard, Therman Snorro, sings, will never abate thy pleasantry, which breaks out alike in sunshine and storm, in merry-making and misfortune. Now let me see thee be hospitable to this poor castaway mariner; and though ye slight Wilfred Thorold, see that ye slight not him. Those whom the storm and the ocean spare are beloved of God, and should be cherished of man.' 'My brother Olave,' said Christina, half addressing herself to me, yet wishing to be heard by others, though she dropt her voice to something scarcely more audible than a whisper; 'My brother Olave thinks, because Wilfred Thorold draws his net full when other men draw theirs empty—leaps in and hews down the wild bear when dogs and men stand aloof—pursues the whale with his harpoon, till he spouts blood instead of water, and wears his seal-skin bonnet with something of a grace when the dance begins—that I his æ sister should fall desperately in love with a youth whose whole talk is of reindeer, white bears and black, spermaceti whales, seals, and sea-horses.'

" 'Ah, my æ sister,' said Olave,

'It is not the pleasant of speech, nor the smooth and fair in person, who should be near a woman's heart.' 'You say right, Olave,' said Christina; 'the man who should come nearest a woman's heart is he who can slay a bear, nor make a long history of the risks he ran from fangs and claws—who can harpoon a whale, nor fill all the land with the deed, and who can moisten his hunting boots with wild beasts' grease, nor tell us that the fittest season for slaying the white bear is when he is fattest, that his skin carries fur, and that his fat is good for our winter lamps. All these matters I have faith in, and even some small knowledge—but the man who hopes to win me must know more than how many foreteeth a sea-horse has, and how many bob-corks are on a haave-net.'

" All the while, Christina prepared a couch, heaped with mantles and furs, for the mariner's widow and her child; and, placing food on a little table—the simple food of that wild region, which the people of happier climes serve in a richer sauce, and in more costly plate—smoke-dried fish, swimming in melted butter, and fragrant with wild herbs—motioned me to be seated on a square block of wood, ornamented round the top with a kind of sunken frieze or border, curiously inlaid with shells and the teeth of bears and wolves. 'There,' said the maiden, 'rest and refresh thyself—on the same seat, and at the same table, where my ancestors sat, who defeated the Scotch and the Danes—where they heard the harpings of the minstrels, and the battle songs of the Scalds, and hearkened too to the wisdom of those Christian teachers whose genius and learning made our little island bright, while the mainlands were in darkness. There,' said she, changing her tone till it bordered on irony, 'rest and feed, where Wilfred Thorold feeds on the wild beast he has slain, and tells me how many cubs are found in a blue bear's den—and then, while the fat of the feast is yet unwiped from his lips, he turns and caresses his three favourite hounds, Rover, Ringwood, and Comely.'

" 'Come, my sister,' said Olave, 'you are not so sarcastic when young Edwin, the descendant of the ship

wrecked Saxon, comes from far Rodefiord, and plays on the harp a whole evening beside you, and sings songs which he says he heard in his father-land. But truly, the hard who made them must have seen my sister in a vision; for in every song has he pictured her out, with her curling tresses and her sparkling eyes, and endowed his verses with much that adorns her person and mind. But my poor friend Wilfred loves best the music of the hound and the horn; and my simple opinion in this weighty matter is, that he would find subsistence with his spear and his harpoon, where Edwin would fail to charm the eider-duck or the dolphin with the sweetest song he could sing.' 'Brother,' said the island maiden, 'the descendant of the Saxon, as ye disdainfully call him, is expert alike in the chase and in the dance—the fleetest elk escapes not his lance—the swiftest wild swan soars not beyond his arrow. He knows, too, the tales of our warriors and our sea-kings, sings the legends of our Scalds, and the ballads of our maidens—the productions of those inspired spirits will make our land renowned, when Wilfred Thorold and his three dogs are forgotten. Compare him not, therefore, with the rude in speech and in understanding. Though the love of the daughter of

Haco Swayne, the sea-king, was not on him, he would be worthy of being named when my brother is named; for in gentleness, kindness, and enthusiasm, they are similar.'

" 'Well spoken, my sister,' answered the young islander, with a smile; 'but ye forget to cheer the stranger and the cast-away at our board, according to the rule of our fathers. Have ye not heard how they ever welcomed the stranger with food—with music and with song—that the harp ever rung, and the minstrel ever sung, while men feasted in our halls?' 'A shealing of turf and unshapen stone, my brother,' answered the maiden, with a look of grave and considerate humour, 'is a pretty hall for the high feast and the lordly strain. But ye have chosen your minstrel well—the charms of my voice, and the beauty of my song, will harmonize with the outward and inward splendour of the hall of the children of Haco Swayne. Listen, therefore, ye ladies, with your mantles of wadmaal, and your ear ornaments of fish-bones—and listen too, Wilfred Thorold, with thy three comrades, Ringwood, Rover, and Comely, till the daughter of Haco soothes the stranger with her strains in her hall of ruble stone, with its roof of grassy turf.

CHRISTINA SWAYNE'S SONG.

1.

Sleep, gentle sleep, ye bring my love
In gentle dreams to me;
But, gentle sleep, thy fairest shape
Is ne'er so fair as she;
Her shining ringlets flowing,
Her lily-white hand I see,
The lights of true love glowing,
In my Annie's bonnie black ee.

2.

Sleep, gentle sleep, ye bring my love
In visions bright and rare;
Ye love to come in my love's form,
'There's nought so sweet and fair;
Though 'tween me and her dwelling
Rolls foaming and wide the sea,
In slumber she comes smiling,
My charming young Annie, to me

3.

Go, vision'd sleep, I love thee not;
For memory, kinder far,
Comes with the hour I met my love
Aneath the trysting star;

The silver stream was roving
 Adown by the fairy lea,
 The silver moon was moving
 Aboon bonnie Annie and me.

4.

O, my love's like the morning star,
 Before the sun she shines,
 And lovelier than the evening light
 Among Dalgonar pines ;
 And tall is she and tender,
 And as fair as fair can be,
 Her dark eyes beam diviner,
 When young Annie muses on me.

"To the attractions of her song, Christina added a voice sweet and gentle, which echoed the spirit of the verses—nor seemed she at all unconscious of having honoured her guests by the sweetness of her strain.

" 'As I live, by the net and spear,' said young Olave, looking up the narrow glen, in the gorge of which his shealing stood, 'here comes a moving and breathing illustration of my sister Christina's eulogium on the modesty of woman's nature, and the simplicity of her apparel. Behold, here she comes who may raise common prose speech like mine into the metaphor of a Highland Senaschie. Her mantle is as broad as a displayed banner—she glitters at every step like an armed man—she diffuses frankincense as she walks, and looks from side to side, with the hope that the rocks will stoop their heads and acknowledge her beauty and the bravery of her apparel. Word I it well, my sister? and have I not caught up the distempered language of the bards? Behold, is yon Catrina Snorro, or a pillar of sun-beams, on the heath? She carries the thrift of three generations on her boddice and mantle, and the worth of seven nets on the latchets of her shoes. She strides along with the gait of a swan as it paces the river bank—she has the neck too of the swan, for pride has bent it one way, and vanity has pulled it back the other. Here she comes, and how shall I greet her?' 'Greet her according to Scripture,' said his sister Christina—'even welcome her with kisses of thy mouth—dost thou think Catrina Snorro, of Scalholt, comes here to see thy father's daughter, without the wish of meeting thy father's son?' The young hunter stepped from the door; I heard the quick

rustling of agitated silks, and something like the half-suppressed utterance of a tongue which knows not how to deny a favour it is anxious to bestow. That the primitive mode of salutation was followed on this occasion, I have no further assurance than the condescension of female beauty to a handsome youth; and I wish it not to be believed, that I state such to be the usual mode of greeting between the sexes in this lonely island.

"Olave entered, leading in a maiden tall and beautiful; the heiress, I afterwards learned, to the wealth of a very opulent islander, and whose personal loveliness was only equalled by the richness and extravagance of her dress. She wore an undress of quilted and flowered silk, bordered with the finest lace, over which a jacket or jupes of damasked satin came midwaist down, ornamented with edgings of lace and gold, the long wide sleeves of which terminated in a golden netting, closing over a wrist very small and white. Her fingers, long and round, were nearly concealed under a profusion of broad rings of gold; a chain collar of the same metal, wrought over a ground of silk, enclosed her neck; while over the whole a loose mantle of many colours, and curiously enriched round the border with the plumage of foreign birds, descended mid-leg down, beneath which, the end of an embroidered garter was seen touching an ankle, and approaching a foot, formed for mirth and dancing. Her head was uncovered—at first I imagined she wore some sort of a fantastic turban, adorned with artificial curls, and sparkling with gold and gems; but I soon discerned that she was indebted for her beautiful headgear

chiefly to the lavish hand of nature. Here and there she had taken and plaited a ringlet; and, gathering the whole of her luxuriant locks together, fastened them with a narrow ornamented fillet, or snood, from beneath which they gushed in a long and thick succession of nutbrown clusters down her back, till they touched her girdle. Vanity and nature strove hand in hand to render this singular head attire graceful and becoming; and the manners of the island beauty were all of that soft and winning kind, which conspired, with a fair face and dark hazel eyes, to make her presence acceptable among men.

“ ‘Catrina Snorro,’ said Christina, concealing, under the mask of maiden gravity, no small inclination for mirth; ‘are you come to invade us, and discover the humility of our dwelling? You alarm us, arrayed in this splendour; look if my brother be not practising a poetic speech to welcome you from the vale of Scalholt. Come, disarray thee, my old schoolfellow; lay aside that mantle, which bears an island’s riches on its hem—the fishy smell of our shealing is not the smell of frankincense; and, instead of setting your jewelled slippers upon carpets of dyed wool, you place them on kneaded clay. Alas! you come not to the painted chamber, and the attiring room, attended by menial maidens; but welcome, nevertheless. I have not seen thee since thy grand uncle died—him with the close hand and the hard heart, and the riches of the Indies at his disposal; and now, like a dutiful relative, thou art giving his treasures to the sun and the wind.’

‘Christina,’ said her visitant, dropping her embroidered cloak negligently from her neck, and waving back her thick luxuriance of locks, so that the air might circulate about her bosom and shoulders; ‘Christina, you are the same giddy girl still; mirth will be scarce in Oddo when you are mute; but laugh on, my lass—stint not your laughter for me; nay, be as sarcastic as you may choose; put on your cloak of coarse wadmaal as you do now in derision of mine. But I can tell thee, my merry scoffer, that the mantle which Edwin gave thee is more rich and rare than mine; and when shall I, with my inheritance of

an hundred haave-nets—my fields of oxen, and parks of deer, and all my eastern riches, have such sweet and beauteous songs sung in my praise as little lovely Christina Swayne? Ah! my lass, all the hills of Scalholt ring with thy praise; and the riches of my close-handed uncle adorn me not more than the young Saxon bard has endowed thee with the grace and riches of poesie. Go, now; we are both alike vain—only the fair mantle which the muse has thrown over thee will endure and remain lovely whilst the hill of Hecla stands; and mine will fade as the grass of the summer vale, or perish as the snow of Oddo when the sun brings back the flowers.’

“ ‘Ah!’ said Olave, ‘I wish we had young Wilfred Thorold here to hearken to this clamour of female wit; to see this encounter between two painted sparrow hawks—to see two young peacocks counting the stars in their trains, and quarrelling over the summary.’ ‘In good time was the wish uttered,’ said Christina; ‘for hither comes the knight of the harpoon and fishhook—two spears are in his hand—a fox hangs at his back, and before him run his three four-footed favourites, Ringwood, Rover, and Comely. Room, there, room; and prepare ye all for the natural history of the sea bear, and the cormorant, and the fox, with a crafty head and four mischievous legs.’ And the maiden, seating herself as Wilfred entered, extended her distaff like a spear, assumed a huntsman’s air, and the tone of one who carries destruction among partridges and pigeons. ‘See you all this mighty bird?’ said the mischievous maiden, imitating the voice of Wilfred, and snatching a wood pigeon from his belt; ‘it is no common creature of the elements—the egg from whence it sprung was hatched on the hot hill of Hecla; it found its first food in the poke of an English pilgrim, who was drowned in the lava—it drank its first water from the hot spouting spring of Geyser, and then it winged its way, not, like the hook-beaked vulture and cormorant, to prey on the birds of song, but to feast on the staff of human life, on the fatness and fullness of man—I found it preying on a field of corn; I broke its wing with a smooth

stone, and my friends Ringwood, Rover, and Comely, caught and overcame it; lo! their mouths are yet bloody from the encounter.'

" 'Will nothing charm thy satiric tongue, Christina?' said the young huntsman; 'I would go to the sea in a midnight storm; I would go upon the first drift isle of ice, and take the polar bear by the beard; I would go to the summit of burning Hecla amid its wildest convulsions, and bring thee a bird broiled in lava for one kind word of thy lips—for one kind glance of thine eyes.' 'There is little in all that but what I could do for myself,' said the maiden, with a smile; 'and when will you go down to the deep sea in a storm, Wilfred, and fish from the surge such a comely acquisition as this?' and she laid her hand upon my head, and thus addressed me: 'Look up, young mariner, it is thy misfortune that thou wert born in a strange, perhaps a Saxon land, and that thy hand is yet odorous with the touch of hemp and tar. For had I not vowed never to

wed a Saxon born, or one who has gone down into the devouring sea to seek his subsistence in ships, I protest I see nothing frightful in an active form, and a pleasant look like thine. I'll warrant, this youth,' said she to Catrina, 'notwithstanding his meek and downcast eye, could sing us a pleasant song; the merrier the better; and hark ye, young man, if ye could cast something like courtship into it, it would taste on our lips like honey. Have ye never a ballad, man, where a knight with his three dogs comes to wooe the lady of a sodded sheal, with a portion of seven bear skins, and a bed of the down of the eider-duck?'

" Thus dragged unwillingly into notice, and desirous of acquitting myself with my best skill in minstrelsy, it was my fortune to be able to remember a lyric of no greater note than the old song of 'The Greyhounds Three;' and, such as it was, I chaunted it forth, in a tone between gravity and humour; even as the strain requires.'

THE GREYHOUNDS THREE.

1.

The lark is in the summer cloud,
The flower is on the lea,
The lamb is on the mountain side,
The blossom on the tree;
And Johnstone of Dargavel,
With his greyhounds three,
Is away to wooe the lady
Of bonnie Logan lea.

2.

Now, come ye here to chase the deer?
My hills are rough and high:
Or come ye for to hunt the gowk,
And see my falcons fly?
Or come ye with your greyhounds good,
With bow and bended knee,
And all to wooe the lady
Of bonnie Logan lea?

3.

I care not for your roebucks wild,
Your hills so steep and high:
Nor care I for your falcons fleet,
And fairer may not fly.
But I come here with bended bow,
And gallant greyhounds three,
And all to wooe the lady
Of bonnie Logan lea.

4.

Is woman's heart a walled town,
 Ye come with bow in hand?
 Or is she like a hunted hart
 Your greyhounds may command?
 When Criffel hill, and Burnswark top,
 Lie low in Solway sea,
 Then come and wooe the lady
 Of bonnie Logan lea.

“ ‘Enough, enough,’ cried the maiden, bursting out in uncontrollable laughter, till hill and glen re-echoed; ‘enough, enough; thy song shall give thee the head of the supper board, and the first claim to my hand in the dance. What! and has old Scotland, as well as our little wild isle, had its gallant wooer, with his greyhounds three? Happy land! to possess such an original will be the boast of thy children, and embalm the inimitable lyric which records him till woods cease to grow and greyhounds to run. But Johnstone of Dargavel, and thy greyhounds three, what art thou to Wilfred Thorold, and his three dogs—Ringwood, Rover, and Comely? Thou wert but a type, thou Caledonian gallant, of the wooer of little Iceland; Rover, Ringwood, and Comely, let me pat your heads; you are immortal, and will flourish in tale and rhyme, while there is smoke on Hecla, and snow on Snaefjels.’ ‘I vow,’ said Wilfred, reddening in anger at those close and characteristic verses, and at the satirical comment of the young maiden; ‘I vow these are rhymes made in open scorn of me, and sung on the sudden to make me be laughed at, and become ridiculous—were he not under your roof I would beat respect into his head with the staff of my hunting spear, else let my name be chaunted by beggars and ballad-makers, like him of Dargavel.’ And he made a step towards me, as if resolved to fulfil his threat. Christina started up, snatching her distaff, which she levelled at his bosom with a smile of bitter scorn, and then dropping one knee till it nearly touched the floor, held up her hands in supplication, and said, ‘O! valorous Wilfred, slayer of seals, and shooter of cormorants, forgive the idle song of a poor cast-away mariner. Let not the hearts of

thee and thy three dogs burn in anger against him. His song is of ancient date, and we knew not that it typified thee, and that to warble it would move thy mood, and enchain thy spirit. The youth is not of a martial turn; but even now I saved him from the stormy sea; forgive him, I entreat thee. But I see, by that clenched hand, and frowning brow, that ye breathe battle—Olave—Catrina—come and examine my chin, and I vow if ye can detect half a hair—nay, the symptom of approaching down, that I will for a while forswear womanhood, and war with this man and his three dogs myself.’ Nothing was to be gained by anger; so Wilfred, with a smile, sought to smooth his brow, and now and then eyeing Christina and me, with a sharp and jealous glance, he took his seat among us; and mirth, and laughter, and idle converse, prevailed by turns.

“ In such converse and company, busied in the chase by day, and in drawing our nets by night, with dancing and with song, I passed the summer months among this simple and curious people. The indications which nature gives of an approaching period of more than common storm were frequent, and passed not unnoticed. The birds forsook our land in flocks; the flowers died earlier away; the mountain tops obtained a fresh accession of snow; the wild animals seemed more than commonly busied in preparing retreats for winter; the wild cat lined her bed deeper with down and feathers; the fox burrowed farther into the earth; and the mouse filled its nest with nuts and grain, and sheltered itself in the sunward side of the hill. Man profited by this lesson from nature. Mantles, lined with triple fur, were prepared; beds filled with the softest and most comfortable materials, for warmth

and repose, were made ready; the grain was carefully stored away; fat, to feed the perpetual lamp with its wick of rush, was treasured by; and fish from the flood, and flesh from the field, were amassed with a careful and ready diligence. Amid all this preparation, the sun contracted its daily circle; its light began to lessen upon our vales, and a red and horizontal beam was shed upon us over the illimitable expanse of waters.

"To me, who had never been accustomed to behold this gradual diminishing of the comfort of sunshine, who had never seen the sun set without the perfect assurance that he would return at morn, this sight was impressive and mournful. In vain Christina assured me, that the absence of the sun for a time would be recompensed by dancing and by song, and nocturnal excursions on the wastes of frozen snow, in quest of the bears from the Polar shores, who, wafted over on fields of ice, invaded the land, and braved the force and the arms of man. Even by her side, or with a spear in my hand, while in pursuit of food, have I halted and gazed on the beautiful luminary, whose journey, contracted almost to a span, or at most a stride, was marked upon the ocean and sky. On others, something of the same depression was visible; the talk of the old men became more solemn; they collected in groups, and summed up the time which would elapse ere the sun's return. I saw them smooth their grey hairs with their hands, and gaze upon the bright descending orb, and then look towards the churchyard, with its long ridges, where their ancestors lay each under his flat and inscribed stone. Day after day we assembled and looked; the sun at last only raised half an orb, brilliant as fused gold, and, shooting along the ocean, a sharp and frosty beam struck the hills at half height, and, slowly receding, left, for many minutes after he became invisible, a red and wavering glow on the mountain of Snaelfiels. I saw the old and the young turn their faces away and retire to their homes, nor lift again their looks from the ground.

" 'Come,' said Christina to me, 'if you wish to live with us, you must learn to reverence our supersti-

tions; turn your eyes away from yon departing sun, nor look at him again if you desire to behold his beams relumining once more the summit of Snaelfiels, and gleaming on the grey roofs of Oddo. It is a belief of long descent,' said the maiden as we walked homeward, with our eyes cast to the ground, 'that those who look on the sun's departure will never see his return. Let us not seek to be wiser than our fathers in matters where wisdom only helps to remove a poetical impression, and takes the stamp from our fancy of many a wild and mystical thing. Beliefs that delude our minds, and debase our thoughts, we should employ the light of reason and of the gospel to dissipate; but beliefs which impress us more strongly with the majesty of heaven, with the dignity of invisible things, which give us dark and mysterious glimpses of a higher order of beings, and show us the skirts and the mists of another world, I hold it unseemly and unwise to remove.' As we passed the threshold, we heard, from cottage and hill, an universal song of sorrow pouring forth; it seemed to be full of the forebodings of age, and to murmur, as the stream of rude melody flowed overhead, as if the frost and snow had already descended, and the monsters of the great deep had left their frozen domain, to molest the abodes of men.

"The maiden took down a small harp; and as she adjusted and tuned the strings, there was an awe and a silence like that inspired by domestic devotion. 'Let us sing,' said Christina, 'the song of Snorro, the bard; the song at which Haco Swayne laid aside the spear which he had reddened on the Dane. It is not a song for smiles; it is an ancient strain of dool and sadness. Tradition says that the people were gathered together, blessing the sun, while he was descending into the southern ocean, during the season of snow. Their favourite bard, who was as their prophet and their priest, also came suddenly among them, with his harp-strings rent, and his hair dishevelled, and warned them, in a wild, and yet remembered strain, of the approaching desolation of the land, from the first and most disastrous eruption of Mount Hecla. During the sing-

ing of the bard, earth and sea gave token of the truth of his song ; and the destruction which followed made the day of the sun's departure ominous to man. It also gave his lyrics the stamp of prophetic truth, and as such are they still esteemed from side to side of Iceland. Let us hearken with awe to the song of Snor-ro, the son of the sea-king, when woe came upon his native land.'

THE SONG OF SNORRO.

1.

Come, haste from the mountain ;
Come, leap like the roe ;
Like the sea-eagle, come ;
Or the shaft from the bow :
Cast away the wet oar,
And the gleaming harpoon ;
Leave the love-tale half told,
And the sweet harp in tune ;
Leave the broad banner flying
Upon the rough flood ;
Leave the ships' decks unswept
From the Orkney-men's blood.

2.

And why should we leave thus
The whale when he's dying,
Our ships' decks unswept,
And our broad banners flying ?
And why leave our loves
With their white bosoms swelling,
When their breath lifts their locks
While the soft tale we're telling ?
The cloud when it snows,
And the storm in its glory,
Shall cease ere we stay,
Ancient bard, for thy story.

3.

Bow all your heads, dames,
Let your bright eyes drop sorrow ;
Hoar heads, stoop in dust.
Said the sweet voice of Snorro.
Fear not for the Norsemen,
The brand and the spear ;
The sharp shaft and war-axe
Have sober'd their cheer :
But dread that mute sea,
With its mild waters leaping ;
Dread Hecla's green hill
In the setting sun sleeping.

4.

It was seen in no vision,
Reveal'd in no dream,
For I heard a voice crying
From Tingalla's stream—
Green Hecla shall pour
Its red fires through Oddo,
And its columns of flame
Through the Temple of Lodo.
Where the highland shall sink,
Lo, the deep sea shall follow,
And the whale shall spout blood
Between Scalholt and Holo.

5.

The hard wept—in his palms
 His sad face he conceal'd ;
 And a wild wind awaken'd,
 The huge mountain reel'd ;
 Beneath came a shudder,
 Above a loud rattle,
 Earth moved too and fro
 Like a banner in battle ;
 The great deep raised its voice,
 And its dark flood flow'd higher,
 And far flash'd ashore
 The foam mingled with fire.

6.

O spare sunny Scalholt,
 And chrystal Tingalla !
 O spare merry Oddo,
 And pleasant old Hola !
 The bard said no more,
 For the deep sea came dashing ;
 The green hill was cleft,
 And its fires came flashing.
 But matron and maiden
 Shall long look, in sorrow,
 To dread Hecla, and sing thus
 The sad song of Snorro.

“ The maiden, concluding her song, laid aside her harp, and retired to her devotions. A chill rough wind came over the Greenland sea ; the snow flakes fell thick and fast, and a mantle of frozen snow, deep and dazzling, and equal to the weight of an active hunter, covered mountain and vale, and the habitations of men, in the first forty-eight hours of darkness. All that was visible, for months, was the radiance of the moon, and stars, and streamers ; and the currents of dark smoke from the house tops, curling on the wind, or staining the white and trackless waste. All that was heard was the din of the dancer's heel, the sound of the minstrel's song, and the hymn, prolonged and holy, ascending from the domestic circle round the glowing hearth. A ruder sound sometimes greeted our ears—the moan of the storm, the chafing of the sea waves on cliff and headland, the sharp and melancholy cry of the polar bear, as he roamed hungering for food over the desert waste, and smelled in the wind the abodes of men—and not unfrequently his groans in the death-pang under the huntsman's spear. At last, the wind waxed softer and milder, the stars and streamers became dimmer, the sea-fowls began

to move their wings, conscious of coming day, and the wild animals of the waste turned to a faint gleam of livelier light, which, ascending from the ocean, tinged half a quarter of heaven. At length the light gathered strength—a brighter and broader beam shot into the sky, and glowed along the waters,—the red edge of the returning sun fairly rose above the wave, and a sharp and level beam glimmered on cliff and promontory, and glowed redder still midway down the steep and shaggy mountain of Snaefjels, with its head stooped over the ocean, and its top sparkling with icicles, and white with eternal and untrodden snow. Man, and bird, and beast, welcomed the sun with a shout and a hail—the poet's song—the song of the bird, and the scarcely less melodious cry of the household dog, softened into music by delight and joy, gave greeting to a luminary, which, without a profane or idolatrous feeling, obtains the reverence, and something like adoration, of the people of Iceland. Peace be with them :—a bark from my native land wasted me away, half unwillingly, from a land which I was fortunèd never to behold again.”

NALLA.

THE MANIAC.

1.

To see the human mind o'erturn'd,—
 Its loftiest heights in ruin laid ;
 And Reason's lamp, which brightly burn'd,
 Obscured, or quench'd in frenzy's shade ;
 A sight like this may well awake
 Our grief, our fear,—for Nature's sake.

2.

It is a painful, humbling thought—
 To know the empire of the mind,
 With wit endow'd, with science fraught,
 Is fleeting as the passing wind ;
 And that the richest boon of Heaven
 To man—is rather LENT, than GIVEN.

3.

To-day he sits on Reason's throne,
 And bids his subject powers obey ;
 Thought, Memory, Will,—all seem his own,
 Come at his bidding, list his sway ;—
 To-morrow—from dominion hurl'd,
 Madness pervades the mental world !

4.

Yet think not, though forlorn and drear
 The Maniac's doom,—his lot the worst ;
 There is a suffering more severe
 Than these sad records have rehears'd :
 'Tis his—whose virtue struggles still
 In hopeless conflict with his will.

5.

There are—before whose mental eye
 Truth has her chastest charms display'd ;
 But gaudier phantoms, flutt'ring by,
 The erring mind have still betray'd ;
 'Till gathering clouds—in awful night
 Have quench'd each beam of heavenly light.

6.

There are—whose mental ear has heard
 The "*still small voice* !" yet, prone to wrong,
 Have proudly, foolishly preferr'd
 The sophist's creed, the syren's song ;—
 And staked, upon a desperate throw,
 Their hopes above,—their peace below.

7.

There are, in short, whose days present
 One constant scene of painful strife ;
 Who hourly for themselves invent
 Fresh conflicts ;—'till this dream of Life
 Has made their throbbing bosoms ache,
 And yet, alas ! they fear to wake.

8.

With their's compared, the Maniac's doom,
 Though abject, must be counted blest ;
 His mind, though often veil'd in gloom,
 At times may know a vacant rest :—
 Not so while thought and conscience prey
 Upon the heart which slights their sway.

9.

O THOU ! whose cause they both espouse,
 In mercy bid such conflict cease ;
 Strengthen the wakening sinner's vows,
 And grant him penitence and peace :—
 Or else, in pity, o'er the soul
 The dark'ning clouds of madness roll.

BERNARD BARTON.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I had the pleasure of meeting you at Ch——, for the second time in my life, I was much concerned to remark the general dejection of your manner. I may now add, that I was also much surprised; your cousin's visit to me, having made it no longer a point of delicacy to suppress that feeling. General report had represented you as in possession of all which enters into the worldly estimate of happiness—great opulence, unclouded reputation, and freedom from unhappy connexions. That you had the priceless blessing of unfluctuating health, I know upon your own authority. And the concurring opinions of your friends, together with my own opportunities for observation, left me no room to doubt that you wanted not the last and weightiest among the sources of happiness—a fortunate constitution of mind, both for moral and intellectual ends. So many blessings as these, meeting in the person of one man, and yet all in some mysterious way defeated and poisoned, presented a problem too interesting both to the selfish and the generous curiosity of men—to make it at all wonderful, that at that time and place you should have been the subject of much discussion. Now and then some solutions of the mystery were hazarded: in particular, I remember one from a young lady of seventeen, who said with a positive air, “That Mr. M——’s dejection was well known to arise from an unfortunate attachment in early life:” which assurance appeared to have great weight with some other young ladies of sixteen. *But upon the whole, I think that no*

account of the matter was proposed at that time which satisfied myself, or was likely to satisfy any reflecting person.

At length, the visit of your cousin L—— in his road to Th—— has cleared up the mystery in a way more agreeable to myself than I could have ventured to anticipate from any communication short of that which should acquaint me with the entire dispersion of the dejection under which you laboured. I allow myself to call such a disclosure agreeable, partly upon this ground—that where the grief or dejection of our friends admits of no important alleviation, it is yet satisfactory to know, that it may be traced to causes of adequate dignity: and, in this particular case, I have not only that assurance, but the prospect of contributing some assistance to your emancipation from these depressing recollections by co-operating with your own efforts in the way you have pointed out for supplying the defects of your early education. L—— explained to me all that your own letter had left imperfect; in particular how it was that you came to be defrauded of the education to which even your earliest and humblest prospects had entitled you: by what heroic efforts, but how vainly, you laboured to repair that greatest of losses: what remarkable events concurred to raise you to your present state of prosperity; and all other circumstances which appeared necessary to put me fully in possession of your present wishes and intentions. The two questions, which you addressed to me through him, I have answered below: these were questions which I

could answer easily and without meditation: but for the main subject of our future correspondence, it is so weighty, and demands such close attention (as even *I* find, who have revolved the principal points almost daily for many years), that I would willingly keep it wholly distinct from the hasty letter which I am now obliged to write; on which account it is that I shall forbear to enter at present upon the Series of Letters which I have promised, even if I should find that my time were not exhausted by the answers to your *two questions below*.

To your first question,—whether to you, with your purposes and at your age of thirty-two, a residence at either of our English universities—or at any foreign university, can be of much service?—my answer is firmly and unhesitatingly—no. The majority of the under-graduates of your own standing in an academic sense will be your juniors by twelve or fourteen years; a disparity of age which could not but make your society mutually burthensome. What then is it, that you would seek in a university? Lectures? These, whether public or private, are surely the very worst modes of acquiring any sort of accurate knowledge; and are just as much inferior to a good book on the same subject, as that book hastily read aloud, and then immediately withdrawn, would be inferior to the same book left in your possession, and open at any hour to be consulted, retraced, collated, and in the fullest sense studied. But, besides this, university lectures are naturally adapted not so much to the general purpose of communicating knowledge, as to the specific purpose of meeting a particular form of examination for degrees, and a particular profession to which the whole course of the education is known to be directed. The two single advantages which lectures can ever acquire to balance those which they forego—are either 1. the obvious one of a better apparatus for displaying illustrative experiments than most students can command; and the cases, where this becomes of importance it cannot be necessary to mention: 2. the advantage of a rhetorical delivery, when *that* is of any use (as in lectures on poetry,

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&c.) These, however, are advantages more easily commanded in a great capital than in the most splendid university. What then remains to a university, except its libraries? And with regard to those the answer is short: to the greatest of them under-graduates have not free access: to the inferior ones (of their own college, &c.) the libraries of the great capitals are often equal or superior: and for mere purposes of study your own private library is far preferable to the Bodleian or the Vatican.

To you, therefore, a university can offer no attractions except on the assumption that you see cause to adopt a profession: and, as a degree from some university would in that case be useful (and indispensable, except for the bar), your determination on this first question must still be dependent on that which you form upon the second.

In this second question you call for my opinion upon the eleventh chapter of Mr. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, as applied to the circumstances in which you yourself are placed. This chapter, to express its substance in the most general terms, is a dissuasion from what Herder, in a passage there quoted, calls *Die Autherschaft*; or, as Mr. Coleridge expresses it, "the trade of authorship:" and the amount of the advice is—that, for the sake of his own happiness and respectability, every man should adopt some trade or profession—and should make literature a subordinate pursuit. On this advice, I understand you to ask, 1. whether it is naturally to be interpreted, as extending to cases such as yours: and 2. if so, what is my judgment on such advice so extended? As to my judgment upon this advice, supposing it addressed to men of your age and situation, you will easily collect from all which I shall say—that I think it as bad as can well be given. Waiving this, however, and to consider your other question—in what sense, and with what restrictions the whole chapter is to be interpreted; that is a point which I find it no easy matter to settle. Mr. Coleridge, who does not usually offend by laxity and indecision of purpose, has in this instance

G

allowed the very objects of his advice to shift and fluctuate before him; and from the beginning to the end, nothing is firmly constructed for the apprehension to grasp, nor are the grounds of judgment steadily maintained. From the title of the chapter (*an affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors*), and from the express words of Herder, in the passage cited from him as the final words of the chapter, which words discountenance "authorship" only as "*zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht*" (practised too early, or with too little temperance), it would have been a natural presumption that Mr. Coleridge's counsels regarded chiefly or altogether the case of very youthful authors, and the unfortunate thirst for premature distinction. And if this had been the purpose of the chapter, excepting that the evil involved in such a case is not very great, and is generally intercepted by the difficulties which prevent, and over-punished by the mortifications which attend, any such juvenile acts of presumption, there could have been no room for differing with Mr. Coleridge, except upon the propriety of occupying his great powers with topics of such trivial interest. But this, though from the title it naturally should have been, is *not* the evil, or any part of it, which Mr. Coleridge is contemplating. What Mr. Coleridge really has in his view are two most different objections to literature, as the principal pursuit of life; which, as I have said, continually alternate with each other as the objects of his arguments, and sometimes become perplexed together, though incapable of blending into any real coalition. The objections urged are:

1. To literature considered as a means of livelihood;—as any part of the resources which a man should allow himself to rely on for his current income, or worldly credit, and respectability: here the evils anticipated by Mr. Coleridge are of a high and positive character, and such as tend directly to degrade the character, and indirectly to aggravate some heavy domestic evils.

2. To literature considered as the means of sufficiently occupying and

exercising the intellect. Here the evil apprehended is an evil of defect: it is alleged that literature is not adequate to the main end of giving due and *regular* excitement to the mind and the spirits, unless combined with some other summons to mental exercise of periodic recurrence—determined by an overruling cause acting from without—and not dependent therefore on the accidents of individual will, or the caprices of momentary feeling springing out of temper or bodily health.

Upon the last objection, as by far the most important in any case; and the only one at all applicable to yours, I would wish to say a word; because my thoughts on that matter are from the abundance of my heart, and drawn up from the very depths of my own experience. If there has ever lived a man who might claim the privilege of speaking with emphasis and authority on this great question—By what means shall a man best support the activity of his own mind in solitude? I probably am that man; and upon this ground—that I have passed more of my life in absolute and unmitigated solitude, voluntarily, and for intellectual purposes, than any person of my age whom I have ever either met with—heard of—or read of. With such pretensions, what is it that I offer as the result of my experience? and how far does it coincide with the doctrine of Mr. Coleridge? Briefly this: I wholly agree with him that literature, in the proper acceptation of the term, as denoting what is otherwise called the *Belles Lettres*, &c. i. e. the most eminent of the fine arts, and so understood therefore as to exclude all *science* whatsoever,—is not, to use a Greek word, *αὐτάρκης*—not self-sufficing: no, not even when the mind is so far advanced that it can bring what have hitherto passed for merely literary or *æsthetic* questions, under the light of philosophic principles: when problems of "taste" have expanded to problems of human nature. And why? Simply for this reason—that our power to exercise the faculties on such subjects is not, as it is on others, in defiance of our own spirits: the difficulties and resistances to our progress in these investigations is not susceptible of

minute and equable partition (as in mathematics); and therefore the movements of the mind cannot be continuous, but are either of necessity tumultuary and *per saltum*, or none at all. When, on the contrary, the difficulty is pretty equally dispersed and broken up into a series of steps, no one of which demands any exertion sensibly more intense than the rest, nothing is required of the student beyond that sort of application and coherent attention which in a sincere student of any standing may be presumed as a habit already and inveterately established. The dilemma therefore to which a student of pure literature is continually reduced,—such a student suppose as the Schlegels, or any other man who has cultivated no acquaintance with the severer sciences,—is this: either he studies literature as a mere man of taste, and perhaps also as a philologist; and in that case his understanding must find a daily want of some masculine exercise to call it out and give it play; or (which is the rarest thing in the world) having begun to study literature as a philosopher, he seeks to renew that elevated walk of study at all opportunities: but this is often as hopeless an effort as to a great poet it would be to sit down upon any predetermination to compose in his character of poet. Hence, therefore,—if (as too often it happens) he has not cultivated those studies (mathematics, e. g.) which present such difficulties as will bend to a resolute effort of the mind, and which have the additional recommendation that they are apt to stimulate and irritate the mind to make that effort; he is often thrown by the very cravings of an unsatisfied intellect, and not by passion or inclination, upon some vulgar excitement of business or pleasure, which becomes constantly more necessary to him. I should do injustice to myself, if I were to say—that I owed this view of the case solely to my experience: the truth is—I easily foresaw, upon the suggestion almost of an instinct, that literature would not suffice for my mind with my purposes. I foresaw this; and I provided for it from the very first: but how? *Not* in the way recommended by Mr. Coleridge, but ac-

cording to a plan which you will collect from the letters I am to write; and which therefore I need not here anticipate. What, however, you will say (for *that* is the main inquiry), what has been the success? has it warranted me to look back upon my past life, and to pronounce it upon the whole a happy one? I answer in calmness and with sincerity of heart—Yes. To you with your knowledge of life I need not say that it is a vain thing for any man to hope that he can arrive at my age without many troubles—every man has his own; and more especially he who has not insulated himself in this world, but has formed attachments and connexions, and has thus multiplied the avenues through which his peace is assailable. But setting aside these inevitable deductions, I assure you, that the great account of my days, if summed, would present a great overbalance of happiness; and of happiness, during those years which I lived in solitude, of necessity derived exclusively from intellectual sources: such an evil indeed as time hanging heavy on my hands, I never experienced for a moment. On the other hand, to illustrate the benefits of my plan by a picture of the very opposite plan, though pursued under the most splendid advantages, I would direct your eyes to the case of an eminent living Englishman, with talents of the first order, and, yet upon the evidence of all his works, ill-satisfied at any time either with himself or those of his own age. This Englishman set out in life, as I conjecture, with a plan of study modelled upon that of Leibnitz: that is to say, he designed to make himself (as Leibnitz most truly was) a *Polyhistor*, or Catholic student. For this reason, and because at a very early age I had become familiar with the writings of Leibnitz, I have been often tempted to draw a parallel between that eminent German, and the no less eminent Englishman of whom I speak. In many things they agreed: these I shall notice at some other opportunity: only in general I will say that as both had minds not merely powerful, but distinguished for variety and compass of power, so in both were these fine endowments com-

pleted and accomplished for work of Herculean endurance and continuity, by the alliance of a bodily constitution resembling that of horses. They were Centaurs: heroic intellects, with brutal capacities of body. What partiality in nature! In general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the great lottery of this life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach: but that any man should draw both, is truly astonishing; and I suppose happens only once a century. Thus far (as indeed much farther) they agreed: the points of difference were many, and not less remarkable: two I shall allege as pertinent to the matter before me.—First, I remarked that Leibnitz, however anxious to throw out his mind upon the whole encyclopædia of human research, yet did not forget to pay the price at which only any *right* to be thus discursive can be earned: he sacrificed to the austere muses: knowing that God geometrizes eternally, he rightly supposed that in the universal temple Mathesis must furnish the master key which would open most shrines. The Englishman, on the contrary, I remarked to have been too self-indulgent, and almost a voluptuary in his studies; sparing himself all toil, and thinking apparently to evade the necessity of artificial power by an extraordinary exertion of his own native power. Neither as a boy, nor as a man, had he submitted to any regular study or discipline of thought: his choice of subjects had lain too much amongst those dependent upon politics or other fleeting interests; and when this had not happened, yet never amongst

those which admitted of *continuous* thinking and study, and which support the spirits by perpetual influxes of pleasure, from the constant sense of success and difficulty overcome. As to the use of books, the German had been a discursive reader: the Englishman a desultory reader. Secondly, I remarked that Leibnitz was always cheerful and obliging; most courteous and communicative to his fellow-labourers in literature or science; with a single exception (which rests, I think, as the sole stain upon his memory) just, and even generously just to the claims of others: uncensorious, and yet patient of censure; willing to teach, and most willing to be taught. Our English contemporary was not, I think, naturally less amiable than Leibnitz: and therefore I ascribe it to his unfortunate plan of study, leaving him of necessity too often with no subjects for intellectual exertion, but such as cannot be pursued successfully, unless in a state of genial spirits,—that we find him continually in ill humour, distempered and untuned with uncharitable feelings; directing too harsh and acrimonious a spirit of criticism always against the age in which he lives, sometimes even against individuals; querulous* under criticism, almost to the extent of believing himself the object of conspiracies and organized persecution: finally (which to me is far the gloomiest part of the picture) he neither will consent to believe that any man of his own age (at least of his own country) can teach *him* any thing—professing all his obligations to those *who are dead*, or else to some rusty old German; nor finally will he consent to teach others, with the

* That this appears on the very face of his writings, may be inferred from a German work, published about two years ago, by a Hamburg barrister (I think)—Mr. Jacobs. The subject of the book is—the Modern Literature of England, with the Lives, &c. of the most popular authors. It is made up in a great measure from English literary journals; but not always: and in the particular case of the author now alluded to, Mr. Jacobs imputes to him not merely too lively a sensitiveness to censure, but absolutely a “*wasserscheue*” (hydrophobia) with regard to reviewers and critics. How Mr. Jacobs came to use so strong an expression, or this particular expression, I cannot guess; unless it were that he had happened to see (which however does not appear) in a work of this eloquent Englishman, the following picturesque sentence:—“by an unconscionable extension of the old adage—*Noscitur a socio*, my friends are never under the waterfall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray.”—*Spray*, indeed! I wish some of us knew no more of these angry cataracts than their spray.

simple-minded magnanimity of a scholar, who should not seek to mystify and perplex his pupil; or to illuminate only with half-lights: nor put himself on his guard against his reader, as against a person seeking to grow as knowing as himself. On the contrary, who should rejoice to believe (if he could believe it) that all the world knew as much as himself; and should adopt as his motto (which I make it my pride to have done, from my earliest days) the simple grandeur of that line in Chaucer's description of *his* scholar—

That gladly would he learn,—and gladly teach.

Such were the two features of difference which I had occasion perpetually to remark—between two great scholars, in many other features so closely resembling each other. In general these two features would be thought to exist independently; but, with my previous theory of the necessity in all cases that, with studies of so uncertain and even morbid an effect upon the spirits as literature, should be combined some analytic exercise of *inevitable* healthy action in this respect, it was natural that I should connect them in my mind as cause and effect; and, in that view, they give a double attestation to Mr. Coleridge's advice where it agrees with mine—and to mine where it differs from his.

Thus far I have considered Mr. Coleridge's advice simply as it respects the student. But the *object* of his studies is also entitled to some consideration: if it were better for the literary body, that all should pursue a profession as their *ἔργον*, (or business) and literature as a *παρεργον* (an accessory or mere bye-business),—how far is literature itself likely to benefit by such an arrangement? Mr. Coleridge insists upon it that it will: and at page 225 he alleges seven names, to which at page 233 he adds an eighth, of celebrated men who have shown “the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature, with full and independent employment:” on various grounds it would be easy, I think, to cut down the list, as a list any way favourable for Mr. Coleridge's purpose, to one name—viz. that of Lord Bacon. But

waiving his examples, let us consider his arguments. The main business, the *ἔργον*, after exhausting a man's powers during the day, is supposed to leave three hours at night for the *παρεργον*. Now we are to consider that our bright ideal of a literatus—may chance to be married: in fact, Mr. Coleridge agrees to allow him a wife: let us suppose a wife therefore; and the more so, because else he will perhaps take one without our permission. I ask then what portion of these three hours is our student to give up to the pleasure of his wife's society? For, if a man finds pleasure in his wife's company at any time, I take it for granted that he would wish to spend the evening with her. Well, if you think so, (says Mr. Coleridge, in effect, who had at first supposed the learned man “to retire into his study,”) in fact, he need *not* retire. How then? Why, he is to study, not in his study—but in his drawing-room, whilst “the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere.” Silence, by the way, is a strange mode of social pleasure. I know not what Mr. Coleridge does when he sits with a young woman: for my part, I do “*mon possible*” to entertain her both with my wit and my wisdom; and am happy to hear *her* talk, even though she should chance to be my own wife; and never think of tolerating silence for one instant. But, not to quarrel about tastes, what is this “sister” that so pleasantly intrudes herself into the party? The wife, I understand: but, in the North of England, or any place where I have lived, wives do not commonly present men with sisters, but with children. Suppose then our student's wife should give him a son; or, what is noisier, a daughter; or, what is noisier than either,—both? What's to be done then? Here's a worshipful audience for a philosopher; here's a promising company for “undisturbing voices,” and “social silence.” I admire Mr. Coleridge's way of blinking this question, of masking this youthful battery with “a sister.” Children, however, are incidents that do and will occur in this life; and must not be blinked. I have seen the case again and again;

and I say it, and say it with pain, that there is no more respect for philosophy amongst that lively part of society than Mr. Coleridge and I have for French philosophy. They may, however, be banished to their nursery: true; but, if they are ever admitted to the drawing-room, in houses where not much company is kept, I observe that this visit is most interesting to all parties in the evening; and, if they would otherwise be admitted, no good-natured student would wish to have their expulsion charged upon his books. After all, however, it is clear that Mr. Coleridge's voice is for the "retiring" system: and he gives us pretty plainly to understand (p. 230) that it is far better for men to be separated from their wives throughout the day. But in saying this, he forgets that in the case under consideration, the question is not so properly whether they are ever to be separated—as whether they are ever to meet. Indeed, taking what Mr. Coleridge says on this subject, as addressed to literary men especially, I know not why they should be supposed likely to make unhappy marriages more than other men. They are not called upon to pass more of their time with their wives than country gentlemen, or men generally without a profession. On the other hand, if we are to understand the words of Mr. Coleridge as of universal application, I hope that he gives us a very unfair view of the average tenour of life in this important particular. Yet, if it be settled that men will quarrel, and must quarrel with their wives, or their wives with them, unless separated,—would not a large screen meet the emergency? Or might not the learned man, as soon as breakfast is ended, bow to his wife—and withdraw to his library; where he might study or be sulky, according to his taste; leaving her for the rest of the day to amuse or to employ herself in the way most agreeable to her sex, rank, and previous education?

But, in whatever way this difficulty may be disposed of, one point is most clear to my judgment: that literature must decay, unless we

have a class *wholly* dedicated to that service, not pursuing it as an amusement only with wearied and pre-occupied minds. The reproach of being a "*nation boutiquière*," now so eminently inapplicable to the English, would become indeed just, and in the most unfortunate sense just, if from all our overstocked trades and professions we could not spare men enough to compose a garrison on permanent duty for the service of the highest purposes which grace and dignify our nature.

You will not infer from all this any abatement in my old respect for Mr. Coleridge's great and various powers: no man admires them more. But there is no treason, I hope, in starting a little game now and then from the thickets of *The Friend*, the *Biographia Literaria*, or even from Mr. Coleridge's *Sermons*, considering that they are *Lay* ones. Young men must have some exercise this frosty weather. Hereafter I shall have occasion to break a lance with Mr. Coleridge on more difficult questions: and very happy I shall be, if the amusement which I shall make it my business to strike out, by my hammering, from the flinty rock of his metaphysics, should either tempt any one to look into his valuable writings—or should tempt Mr. Coleridge to sally out of his hiding-place in a philosophic passion, and to attack me with the same freedom. Such an exhibition must be amusing to the public. I conceive that two transcendentalists, who are also two——s, can hardly ever before have stripped in any ring. But, by the way, I wish he would leave transcendentalism to me and other young men: for, to say the truth, it does not prosper in his hands. I will take charge of the public principles in that point: and he will thus be more at leisure to give us another *Ancient Mariner*; which, I will answer for it, the whole literary body would receive with gratitude and a fervent "plaudite."

Yours, most faithfully,

Dec. 24, 1822.

X. Y. Z.

GRIMM'S GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.*

THIS little book is well timed—for with the wood-fires and long evenings of merry Christmas-tide, what helps on old drowsy Time so kindly with those whose imaginations are just flowering, and whose hopes and joys are in the bud, as the marvel-Tale, which an old servant narrates just before bed-time, or over a social cup of tea around the huge and well-logged kitchen fire? When we were young—and despite our grey hairs and tottering feet, we feel young still over a fairy-tale,—we used to sit, per favour, of a winter evening sometimes, and take a story and a sweet dish of brown sugared tea in the kitchen. Those evenings are in our memory as vivid as ever—and we can, in one particular dead fire light, still call them up with all their dark glory and mystery, to make us tremble like children in our old age. There was the square large cell of a fire-place,—and there the long dull grate—with the dull depressing coals—and there the low rush-bottomed chairs—the round deal table, and the single sickly candle, smothering its own light with unmolested wick. And there—there, in that very spot—is our old nurse, with the same gossip voice, telling the story of Bloody Jack, with an earnestness utterly terrific. We see the whole like a *Teniers* of the mind.—We hear the thin countrified voice of the nurse sounding still—and *Bloody Jack* is awful yet.

This book, we say, is well timed. It is a collection of traditional stories, translated and purified from the original German, and yet not robbed of the rich improbability which makes them golden. They are simple in their manner of recital—potent in mystery and innocent extravagance. It is the vice of parents now-a-days to load their children's minds with useful books—books of travels, geography, botany, and history only, and to torture young thought with a weight beyond its strength. Why should little children have grown-up minds?—Why should the dawning imagination be clouded and destroyed

in its first trembling light? Is the imagination a thing given to be destroyed?—Oh no!—Let the man and the woman have the dry book—the hard useful leaves—for their food; but give to childhood the tender green and flowers for its yearning imagination. Casuists in go-carts are not for our affections. We love to see the earnest child on a low stool, lost in the wonders of *Goody Two Shoes*;—not straining the thin fibre of its little intellect over villanous abridgments. The tiny springs of an infantine mind are not strong enough to sustain the weight of *reasonable* books;—but piled up with airy tales, and driven by the fairies, they pass on and strengthen for better things.

Many of these stories are well known to old children—and some are new even to *us*!—We shall give one,—a pretty one,—to show how pleasantly the work is translated—and how much may be done with light materials, when the fancy goes kindly and cheerfully to work. The following is sweetly told, and as sweetly conceived. What delightful food for a child's imagination!

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.

There was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again. When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free: but when any pretty maiden came within that distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her into a cage and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda: she was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen; and a shepherd, whose name was Jorindel, was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone: and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near to the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long

* German Popular Stories, translated from *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, C. Baldwyn, 1823.

stems of the trees upon the green under-wood beneath, and the turtledoves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of his circle had disappeared behind the hill: Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle, he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was singing,

“The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate
Of his lovely mate,
Well-a-day!”

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed, *Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu!* Jorindel could not move: he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met one another.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but what could he do? He could not speak, he could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sung with a hoarse voice,

“Till the prisoner's fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!”

On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda: but she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. “Alas!” he said, “what will become of me?”

He could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near

to the hated castle as he dared go. At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that every thing he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his dear Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day early in the morning he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew drop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out and travelled day and night till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go close up to the door.

Jorindel was very glad to see this: he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him; for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he observed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran or flew to her, touched the cage with the flower,—and his Jorinda stood before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever, as beautiful as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and took his dear Jorinda home, where they lived happily together many years.

We only wish we had room for more, but already we have gossiped, like old nurses, late into the night. We must to our more serious avocations! But in closing the book, we cannot help complimenting the publishers on the prettiness of their volume. Cruikshank has given a dozen little sketches, which have more of the spirit of Fairy Tales in them than any others we ever looked at. The book too is published at a reasonable price:—the etchings are worth the money.

THE MISCELLANY.

We present our readers with a second number of our Miscellany. We are glad that they (*i. e.* that many of them) approve the plan. It is something like an *imperium in imperio*, perhaps, at first sight; only its policy does not jar with the general interests of our wider kingdom of learning. On the contrary, it will enable us to give a variety to our Magazine, by relieving the long essays and more profound disquisitions, by brief, rare, sparkling facts and fancies. We shall thus do a service to ourselves, and afford our more indolent wits an opportunity of sending to us their short compositions (sudden thoughts, or single conceits), which are too diminutive for regular essays, and yet are too good to be lost. Our wish is to offer to our friends (in the apothecary's phrase) an agreeable *mixture*—where the salt of wit, the acid of satire, the volatile of the imagination, the graceful, the sweet, the liquid flow of melodious rhyme (the true *aurum potabile*) may meet without neutralizing each other. This seems all very ambitious, at first sight; but we nevertheless hope to accomplish our end.

Our first paper this month is a letter from Professor Hill, who has kindly enabled us to give the Public the name and a few particulars of the author of a very clever poem called the *Connubia Florum*. This poem was probably the origin of Darwin's celebrated Botanic Garden, and, *par consequence*, of the Loves of the Triangles, and of Miss Porden's mineral amours.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Sir—The intent of this address to you being to do justice to departed merit; to give to the public the true name of the writer of an ingenious Latin poem, the *Connubia Florum*, which has hitherto appeared under the disguised signature of *Demetrius de la Croix*; and to verify a fact, before the evidence of it, which now solely of all that live on earth rests with me, shall become extinct; this motive I hope may gain it a place among your valuable collections.

When I was formerly Professor of Botany in the University of Dublin, I had prepared matter for a re-publication of this poem; but desisted when I found my lucubrations superseded by the edition published by Sir Richard Clayton in the year 1791.

I was led to this intention by its intrinsic merit (which I think might probably have attracted the notice of Dr. Darwin, and suggested the design of his *Botanic Garden*), by its relation to the science which I then taught, and because it was the work of an *Irishman*. This latter is a circumstance of which the public have never been informed; for who could

discover DERMUID M'ENCROE in the Hellenic-Gallic disguise of *Demetrius de la Croix*? My knowledge on this point is not received from rumour, but from the personal testimony of Dr. Lionel Jenkins, a learned and judicious physician, who resided for many years in this city, and died about 35 years ago, at a very advanced period of life. With him, a man of the purest integrity, I was well acquainted. He and M'Encroe studied physic together at Paris; and Dr. Jenkins has shown me several letters of his subscribed with his name D. M'Encroe; and containing philosophical and botanical inquiries, and critical remarks on some topics of polite literature. The life of a man engaged in philosophical pursuits cannot be marked by many conspicuous events: but, from the irrefragable testimony of Dr. Jenkins, and of many passages in those letters, it appears, above all doubt, that Dr. M'Encroe was a native of the South of Ireland; that he acquired his school education in the county of Clare or Kerry, where the Latin is almost a vernacular language; and

that he passed many years in France, whence I am not informed of his having ever returned to his native home. His friend Jenkins always spoke of him with affectionate remembrance, and represented him as a man of fine talents and amiable moral character. The poem was printed at Paris in 1793. A copy was given to me by Dr. Jenkins, to whom the author sent it, with a letter, which I have read, requesting his opinion of it. There is not, most probably, any person now living, besides myself, who can with equal certitude and

truth attest these anecdotes concerning M'Encroe.

The attention with which this poem has been regarded, is the strongest evidence of its worth. I would fain, therefore, indulge a hope, that Sir Richard Clayton may be influenced by this disclosure to reiterate his edition, and to vindicate his country's right to the author of so ingenious a performance. His *manes* claim that justice from his editor.

E. HILL,

Reg. Prof. of Physic. Trin. Col. Dublin.
Dublin, Dec. 5, 1822.

THE FÊTE-DIEU.

1.

By six o'clock all Paris was awake,
By seven her population all in motion,
Messieurs and *Dames* all hurrying for the sake—
Some few, perhaps, it may be—of devotion;
But all the rest, to reach that grand *pinacle*
Of earthly bliss to Frenchmen—a *spectacle*.

2.

And really 'tis a pretty sight to see
Parisian *belles* tripping on holiday;
Be they of gentle blood, or low degree,
It matters not, for all alike display
Each on her head so pretty a *chapeau*—
You're half in love before you peep below.

3.

Perhaps you'd better not; but that's all taste;
Some think but lightly of a face; more stress
Is laid by others on a taper waist;
And some lay most upon the air or dress;
Hands, arms, or feet, claim others' approbation;
But as for me, I like a combination.

4.

But this is a digression: eight o'clock
Proclaim'd aloud from every tower and steeple,
That *Notre Dame*, *St. Sulpice*, and *St. Roch*,
Were sending forth their priests among the people,
Loaded with blessings, ready to bestow them
On all to whom the morning air might blow them.

5.

First, floating banners, moving onward, told
The holy cavalcade was now in motion;
Then scores of virgins, rather plain and old
To be themselves the objects of devotion,
A pretty substitute in rose-leaves found,
Which they, from holy vessels, scatter'd round.

6.

Then cavaliers, dress'd out in all their orders,
Looking less humble than perhaps they might;
And priests, with crimson robes and golden borders,
Their precious charge supported, left and right;
And in the rear, which would the most engross you,
Devoutly walk'd the *Duchesses* * and *Monsieur*.

* *Berri* and *Angoulême*.

7.

Alas ! alas ! there came a sad mishap ;
 Who could have guess'd,—the sky so clear at seven ?—
 A flash of lightning, and a thunder clap,
 Raised all the eyes of devotees to heaven ;
 But two or three drops of rain might well excuse
 Their quick transition to their robes and shoes.

8.

The rain in torrents pour'd, the flowing street
 By *Dames* and *Messieurs* was deserted quite ;
 Thus to neglect a spiritual treat
 For straw and silks was surely far from right ;
 The most devout expected no *miracle* ;
 But all were vexed at losing the *spectacle*.

9.

The frankincense and blessings were bestowed
 Upon some groups of ragamuffin boys,—
 Who by their grinning undevoutly show'd
 How wickedly the human mind enjoys
 Such ills, as sometimes even have permission
 To visit princes on a holy mission.

H. H.

THE CHOICE OF A GRAVE.

In Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead, Mary Stuart meets Rizzio, and by way of reconciling him to the violence he had suffered, says to him, " I have honoured thy memory so far as to place thee in the tomb of the Kings of Scotland." " How," says the musician, " my body entombed among the Scottish Kings ? " " Nothing more true," replies the queen. " And I," says Rizzio, " I have been so little sensible of that good fortune, that, believe me, this is the first notice I ever had of it."

I have no sympathy with that feeling, which is now-a-days so much in fashion, for picking out snug spots to be buried in. What is the meaning of such fancies ? No man thinks

or says, that it will be agreeable to his dead body to be resolved into dust under a willow, or with flowers above it. No—it is, that while alive he has pleasure in such anticipations for his coxcomical clay. I do not understand it—there is no *quid pro quo* in the business to my apprehension. It will not do to reason upon of course ; but I can't feel about it. I am to blame, I dare say—but I can only laugh at such under-ground whims. " A good place " in the church-yard!—the boxes!—a front row ! but why ? No, I cannot understand it : I cannot feel *particular* on such a subject : any part for me, as a plain man says of a partridge.

ON DEDICATIONS.

It is not an easy thing to write a good dedication. An inscription seems to me preferable to an address ; and the shorter it is the better. The latter mode almost necessarily implies a flattery ; or it speaks a humbling of the spirit which nothing can justify but *surpassing* merit in the person addressed. It is, " Oh ! king, live for ever, in these my lines. Let us go hand in hand to immortality, and cheat the bitter malice of the grave." Now this to an unknown patron would amount to the ludicrous ; but to Milton, or Shakspeare, or Apollo, such dedication were good : —it is like a votive offering of the first

fruits of genius,—like laurels laid upon the altar of a god.

And yet I would not deprive men either of their privileges. If they wish to consecrate a poem to their mistress, or to perpetuate a friendship, let them do it ; but be it done modestly, discreetly, wisely. A dedication to a lady is graceful ; or it may be apt, as to a friend—if he be worthy of it ; or to the public—if the author have reason to be grateful ; or to a parent—if he owe him respect ; or to an enemy—if he owe him an ill turn ; or to a creditor—for obvious reasons ; or it may even be to the " reader " (that something

tween a friend and the public); or to any body, in short, whom circumstances shall point out, by which a man can either give or receive pleasure, profit, or distinction.

Methinks my good-nature here has almost hurt my argument. I have allowed so many exceptions, that the rule or order which I set up is in a manner repealed. The "*exceptio probat regulam*," will scarcely help me. What I mean to say, however, is—that inscriptions are better than addresses, and that short dedications are better than long ones. I do not object to the usual tokens of friendship or love; but I war with those gratuitous pieces of flattery which disgraced the pages of the last century. How much better is Keats's—(poor Keats! ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις). How much better is his dedication of Endymion. It is

Inscribed to the memory of Thomas Chatterton.

I own I like this. It is simple and unaffected. It is fine to compliment the dead thus. No one can accuse us of flattery, or fear, or base self-love. We have nothing to gain or lose. There is no rivalry between us and the grave: there is nothing to be wrung from it,—no applause, no requital. We have only (but that is enough) the honest approbation of our own spirit.

Dryden, who was one of the bitterest of satirists, was fulsome in his dedications. One can scarcely help thinking that he often purposely overcharged his battery of praise. Swift's dedication to "Prince Posterity" is good; and one would not moreover quarrel with an author who thus speculates on contingencies.—Paley's dedication of his Natural Theology appears to me to be written simply and to the purpose: and Mr. Shelley's dedication of The Cenci is graceful and full of pathos. But the most striking thing of the sort, which I remember at present, is the opening of Machiavelli's dedication (of his 'Prince') to Lorenzo, the son of Pietro de Medicis. He says:—"They that desire to ingratiate themselves with a prince, commonly use to offer themselves to his view with things that he takes most pleasure and delight in. Whereupon, we see that they are many times presented with horses and arms, cloth of gold, precious stones, and such like ornaments, worthy of their greatness. Having then a mind to offer myself to your Magnificence, with some testimonies of my service to you, I found nothing in my whole inventory that I think better of, or more worthy esteem, than the knowledge of great men's actions." And these he accordingly offers to his patron.

DICATUS.

FAIR INES.

1.

O saw ye not fair Ines?—
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.
She took our day-light with her,
The smiles that we love best;
With morning blushes on her cheek
And pearls upon her breast.

2.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright:
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

3.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;

Jan. Hood

And gentle youths, and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore ;—
 It would have been a beauteous dream—
 If it had been no more !

4.

Alas, alas, fair Ines !
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng ;
 But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sung, farewell—farewell,
 To her you've loved so long !

5.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines ;
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before ;—
 Alas ! for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore,—
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more. H.

WILKS.

It is very pleasing to discover redeeming points in characters that have been held up to our detestation. The merest trifles are enough, if they taste but of common humanity. I have never thought very ill of Wilks since I discovered that he was ex-

ceedingly fond of South-Down mutton. But better than this: "My cherries," he says, "are the prey of the blackbirds—and they are most welcome." This is a little trait of character, which, in my mind, covers a multitude of sins.

OBITUARY.

Lately died at Strasburgh, in the 31st year of his age, the celebrated Italian philosopher POPOLINO. He had been employed on certain poisonous and other pungent experiments, for the benefit of the red Indians and the civilized inhabitants of Antiqua Scotia. His preparations were generally in the shape of a powder (for the sake of its bearing land-carriage), and on applying some of what he conceived to be No. 37 to his nostrils, he fell down and expired in a moment. The world will long have cause to lament the premature decease of this great philosopher and sage. A few particulars of his early life have escaped ; and as we believe that they are not generally known in England, we shall lay them before our readers.

Pietro Pinto Popolino was born in the neighbourhood of Peschiera, in the north of Italy, in the midst of the cold weather of 1791. His father claimed (and he insisted) on being descended in a right line from the famous *Gasco Mendez*, formerly one of the self-elected *Dukes of Trieste*.

When very young, scarcely exceeding the tender age of eleven years, young *Popolino*, it is said, used to sing the verses of Catullus in an extraordinary way, and to accompany them with his violin. It was confidently expected that he would become a shining ornament in the musical circles. One day, however, he became acquainted with two travellers from North Britain, who were regaling themselves with a 'haggis,' or rather an olla podrida, (the landlord was a Spaniard,) and some pickled herrings, in the "public" at Peschiera. These gentlemen took great quantities of snuff, which seemed to enable them to argue with infinite vivacity. Young *Popolino* begged a pinch, and sneezed. He begged another, and sneezed again. This seemed to him very extraordinary. Begging a third pinch, he put it carefully in a small piece of whity-brown paper, and took it home, with a determination to ascertain what its peculiar virtues were. This trifling incident it was which turned this genius into the road of practical philosophy. A few years afterwards

he came over to England, and entered himself as a pupil of the celebrated Fribourg. He became the inventor of "*Canaster*," of No. 37, of *The floral mixture*, and even made some improvements in "high-dried." He was a great advocate for the system of driving out one disease by another; and invented a poison (made of the *Lamas* and the *Ticunas*—Indian specifics) which, had it been adopted, would have completely put the measles to flight, and expatriated the hydrophobia. He was the only person acquainted with the virtues of Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and Dr. Brodum's nervous cordial. He was the inventor of Day and Martin's blacking, and the Congreve rockets (he sold the patents to the present proprietors). He was the first man who perceived the connexion between the Aurora Borealis and the French

Revolution. He constructed the automaton chess player and the invisible girl, and gave the first hint of lighting London with gas. He was an excellent arithmetician, a sound theologian, a good poet and whist-player, a tender father of a family, and a virtuous man. He has left a wife and 17 small children to lament his death, which will be long felt, not only by them, but by the whole scientific and literary world. He is buried in the Protestant church at Strashurg, and a tomb, with an elegant inscription, by Messrs. *Mokriffchusky and Price*, (proprietors of the Russia oil,) has been erected to his memory.

GUST. VOSTERMANN.

* * By the bye, *Gasco Mendez*, mentioned in that very clever scene, "*The Voyage, a Dramaticle*," (in your last number,) may be related perhaps to Popolino's ancestor. G.V.

GERMAN HONESTY AND SIMPLICITY.

"An inhabitant of Leipsic," says Madame de Staël, "having planted an apple-tree on the borders of a public walk, affixed a notice to it, requesting that people would not gather the fruit." How the wise-aces and "knowing-ones" laugh at the trusting simpleton! But hark! "not an apple was stolen during ten years." So much for a people, all of whom read and think. In Eng-

land there are not a few who have resisted the instruction of the poor, lest it should corrupt them; but, with the protection of ignorance, what would have been the fate of the apple-tree in the neighbourhood of London? What a contrast between this respected tree with its harmless defence, and the steel-traps and spring-guns of our British Pomona!

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GHOST.

It has been much questioned amongst the learned, whether there be such things (or nothings) as ghosts; but whether or not, and leaving this argument to the curious, the following may be relied upon as an instance of extraordinary presence of mind in an apparition.

In the year 1421, the widow of Ralph Cranbourne, of Dipmore End, in the parish of Sandhurst, Berks, was one midnight alarmed by a noise in her bed-chamber, and, looking up, she saw at her bed foot the appearance of a Skeleton (which she verily believed was her Husband), nodding and talking to her upon its fingers, or finger-bones, after the manner of a dumb person. Whereupon she was so terrified, that after striving to scream aloud, which she could not, for her tongue clave to her mouth, she fell backward as in a swoon;

yet not so insensible withal but she could see that at this the Figure became greatly agitated and distressed, and would have clasped her, but upon her appearance, of loathing it desisted, only moving its jaw upward and downward, as if it would cry for help but could not for want of its parts of speech. At length, she growing more and more faint, and likely to die of fear, the Spectre suddenly, and as if at a thought, began to swing round its hand, which was loose at the wrist, with a brisk motion, and the finger bones being long and hard, and striking sharply against each other, made a loud noise, like to the springing of a watchman's rattle. At which alarm, the neighbours running in, stoutly armed, as against thieves or murderers, the spectre suddenly departed.

Hist. Berks, vol. xiv. p. 276.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Kean and Mr. Young.

When we expressed our anxiety to see Mr. Kean and Mr. Young perform together in the same play, we must honestly own, we had not the smallest expectation of witnessing a well-contested struggle on both sides, or of seeing in the two actors alternate success and alternate failure:—we looked for the exaltation of the natural style over the artificial. We longed to see Mr. Kean spirited up by the presence of Mr. Young (the self-elected chief tragedian of the day) to do such deeds as Genius can ever do when it is bearded by its imitator. Those who saw Mr. Kean annihilate Mr. Junius Brutus Booth on the memorable night of their Othello meeting, will know how the former can be irritated into greatness, on great occasions. We have heard from pretty good authority that Mr. Booth protested in the Green-room, that he was terrified at Mr. Kean's earnestness and fury—and that he would not continue the tragedy with him: by great persuasion only, was he induced to go through with his part. It had been given out that Booth closely resembled Kean. They met,—and Kean wrung the neck of his rival's glory for ever! When it was arranged by Mr. Elliston that Young and Kean were to appear together, the daily papers vaunted much of "the union of talent" being brought about by *their* means—amused the idle curiosity of the town with alternate praises of the one and the other—eulogized Young's classic attainments and correct deportment—said handsome things of "the little Jupiter Tonans;"—in short, gave out that there would be a sort of grand dramatic prize-fight on a certain day, at which the Randall and Martin of the drama were to show which "was the best man." The battle was well got up. On the great night, "vehicles were in motion at an early hour," as the Reporters have it. The scene of action was crowded almost to suffocation—the bell—no—the *ring* was whipped out at a little before seven—and in a few minutes after that hour, Mr.

Young, with Penley for his second, and 'Talent' for his bottle-holder, threw his hat (with his head in it) into the ring! He was loudly cheered, and certainly looked confident and well. In due time, Kean, with Elliston for his bottle-holder (unrivalled in this department), and Genius for his second, followed. The pit waved hats and handkerchiefs—the galleries whistled through their shrill and expressive knuckles—the boxes applauded with an orderly enthusiasm—and the fight commenced. We must not, we fear, continue this style of criticism, although it is really the most fitted for the occasion—but if our readers will dip into Boxiana, and read the account of Randall and Martin's first contest—they will have a tolerably correct notion of the manner in which the struggle was carried on. Young was *long*,—cautious,—measured—and collected:—Kean was quick,—muscular,—compact,—and graceful,—we dare say no more "after this fashion." Let us remember where we are, and of whom we are speaking.

It may be remembered by our readers that we promised to be present on the night of Othello, when Kean and Young should perform together,—and we kept our words like true men and critics, by engaging seats a week, at least, before the eventful play, and by occupying them at an early hour on the night. We were delighted to see a handsome house filled to the very throat, with people of respectability and intellect—all anxious to behold two several great ones of the city meet in mental struggle and in the warfare of passion. The critics were all there. The great lovers of the Drama were plentifully scattered over the house. The resolute play-goers were on their appointed benches near the orchestra—wiping their red glowing faces in the misty pit, and looking in a sort of wonder at the cold formal people who came quietly into the house and the boxes, in treason, as it were to the true spirit of the night. Some bald noble heads, of acknowledged taste, were sprinkled in the private boxes. And the aspect of the night was generally

one of deep intellectual interest. Why was all this? What could it be, but the fond expectation of seeing the triumph of genius;—the general belief that Kean would tower with gigantic superiority over all his former efforts. Time wore tediously away to the tune of clapping benches and doors, and the hubbub of a full pit. The musicians dropped in with their usual indifference to the interest of the scene. The lights arose, gilding the green of the curtain. The very scent of the theatre became more fragrant,—“that mixture of orange peel and oil,” as Mathews so well describes it.

The overture finished—the lights drooped as *per order*; and the curtain ascended, baring the Venetian house of old Signor Brabantio to the gaping multitude. The several entrances of Young and Kean were the signals to the separate partizans of the two rivals to shout the very roof off the new house, and make the gilt pillars tremble in their shoes. Young was dressed like a cavalier in the time of Charles, and looked extremely well as a cavalier—but he looked nothing Venetian; Kean was habited as usual, and, rich as the dress is, we think it very ill-suited to his figure. The Iago of Mr. Young failed in points which we should have considered him safe in; the character wanted ease, gaiety, and keeping. In the scenes with Roderigo there was a vulgarity about his manner, and a broad brawling craftiness which not even such a fool as Roderigo ought to be duped with. The customary mouthing and word-measurement of Mr. Young made dead havoc with the acute villany of Iago: and those who are deep-learned in the drawling lisping cadences of Mr. Young’s voice will conceive how tediously and miserably the fine third act dragged over his tongue. In the scene where he first stings the Moor’s mind, he looked all kinds of tragic things, and clung to the hints he uttered as though he never would part with them. It is not by the studied mystery of Iago—by dark looks and fearful starts, that Othello is seduced to jealousy:—The careless half-shaped hints—light and apparently unmeaning questions—casual and momentary surprise—by these the noble nature of the Moor is abused.

Not until Othello’s passions have lashed themselves to madness does Iago venture to unhood his suspicions, and to pamper jealousy with circumstance. We always have thought the scene in the third act, commencing with Iago’s question of “Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed your lady, know of your love?” as being the most terrific and intense piece of dramatic writing ever accomplished. There is in it no bombast of language or of thought. It is peculiarly colloquial and simple in its commencement—and never rises into poetry until the passion of the Moor is stirred. Young, in representing this fine scene, anticipated the horrors he was breeding, too much in his looks,—too much in his voice and manners. He carried his purpose in his face. The truth is, that Mr. Young, with all his classical attainments, has not the wit to understand the finely drawn character of Iago; and instead therefore of giving it with a high spirit of intellect and gaiety, he touches it off in the old established tragic fashion—and brings all the villany out into the foreground. Kean was great, as we expected—surpassingly great.—And in the third act, he let himself loose on the ocean of his passion, and drove on in darkness and in tempest, like an abandoned bark! The agony of heart was the fiery Moorish agony! not cramped in within an actor’s or a schoolman’s confine, but fierce, ungovernable, dangerous. You knew not what he would do next, in the madness of his spirit:—he knew not himself what he should do! Mr. Young wisely kept to his preconcerted plan, and acted by rule steadily. One of the finest instantaneous actions of Kean was his clutching his black hand slowly round his head, as though his brain were turning; and then writhing round and standing in dull agony, with his back to the audience:—what other performer would so have *forgotten* himself? We think Mr. Kean played more intensely on Mr. Booth’s *benefit*, but then he had a motive and a cue for passion, which with Mr. Young was wanting. He had to show that Mr. Booth was not of his quality. No one accuses Mr. Young of approaching him.

The play in its other characters

was poorly filled. Where was Mr. Elliston for Cassio? Is the part beneath his notice—or does Mr. Young stipulate for his exclusion? Elliston has the round merry face and handsome laughing eye which are suited for the part—he is of smooth dispose. Poor Terry, with his wise face and iron tones, was sentenced to hard labour in the character for the night. And, to be sure, with Mr. Young to suggest jealousy, and Mr. Terry to be the object suspected, Mr. Kean's monster must have been peculiarly green-eyed. Mr. Terry is a sensible man, and therefore he *played under*, as the phrase is,—but do what he would, he could not look or speak like the gallant Cassio, “framed to make women false.” Mrs. W. West bravadoed rather in Desdemona: and Penley, in Roderigo, carried on a minor rivalry of power with Mr. Powell, in Brabantio.

Old and Young.—Miss C. Fisher.—An ingenious piece under this title has been produced, for the purpose of exhibiting the surprising talents of Miss C. Fisher in various and opposite characters. This little girl is, in herself, worth a bushel of grown-up actresses whose names we could mention; but whatever pleasure her cleverness occasions, it is damped by the consciousness which we feel, that this cleverness must and will *out-grow* itself. We look upon the vast dome of Drury Lane as the hothouse glass that forces her beauty and her talent to early maturity and premature decay. No present salary can be a compensation to her for the ruin which is being brought upon her mind!

COVENT GARDEN.

Maid Marian.

Robin Hood—and his gallant men of Sherwood—hunters of the deer under the green shades of the forest—feasters at the wild-wood table—bold men and true at the quarter-staff—your only “Constitutional Association” for the preservation of liberty—are like eagles caged—or as chained lions, when penned within the petty limits of a theatre. “Grieve and assistants” are great men, as all lovers of a romantic scene can attest; but “Grieve and assistants” may paint away, till their brushes have not a hair left upon their heads,

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and still not succeed in giving the mind even a distant idea of Sherwood Forest, with its soft verdant turf—pleasant waters—and wilderness of broad trunks. Robin Hood's oaks are of the open air—they must look freedom and serenity.

A new Opera, with Robin Hood for its hero, has been produced at Covent Garden, with all the accustomed splendour of dress, scenery, and appointments, for which that theatre is so deservedly celebrated. But although the dialogue was taken chiefly from the most spirited passages of the great novelist (as the author of *Ivanhoe* is called, to distinguish him from Fielding and Smollett), and although the songs were agreeable modern versions of the fine wild ballads of the olden time—still the characters came poorly off—and the interest continually flagged almost to the Opera's destruction. Robin Hood had his vest of Lincoln Green, his bugle slung over his forest-coat, his cap and buskins fitted for the dewy wood. But he had no space to wander in, and trod his poor allowance of stage and mimic wilderness with confined and spiritless tread—mocking at liberty. The white bear at Exeter Change seemed not more limited in his movements. What indeed is Robin Hood without his free range of hill and brake? What is he, unless the true trees are over him, and the forest airs in his face? What, without the bounding hart fleeing before his whistling arrow, and his foot ready for the track? When a curtain can be drawn over Sherwood Forest, and the summer wind can play overture to the songs of Maid Marian and her serving men,—then we shall have hope of Robin Hood becoming a fit hero for an Opera; but until the Forest itself shall be the stage, the notes of Robin must be as the notes of the caged lark—a song to lost liberty!

Having thus spoken of the hopeless task of any one attempting a successful Drama on this subject, from the impossibility of mastering the spirit of outlawry—we shall proceed to speak of the present opera of *Maid Marian*, as it is acted. If a play *could* be attractive in which Robin Hood, William Gamwell, and Little John are imprisoned—the pre-

sent production would stand no ill chance of success? There is a mass of famous men and women. Richard the First is splendidly introduced. Robert, Earl of Locksley, has his merry men all fitly appareled—Maid Marian sings, so that you would think the green boughs were woven over her head—and that the forest echoes might awaken at such sweet breath. All that *could* be done, is done.

Mr. Abbott, in the Earl of Locksley, is, perhaps, a falling off; for it requires something more than *respectability* to fill the part of the brave outlaw; and, unfortunately, no living performer so often calls this fatal word of negative praise into use as Mr. Abbott. We are not at all aware of any reasonable obstacle standing between the character and Mr. Macready—for whom indeed we think it eminently fitted. We remember this gentleman's spirited sketch of Rob Roy and cannot help thinking that he makes a mistaken husbandry of his talents when he refuses lending himself to the performance of romantic characters, of this description, although they do not exactly come within the circle of the legitimate drama. Mr. Macready's Rob Roy was the Freebooter himself—rudely and strongly dashed off, and proudly showing the hand of a master. If he had played Robin Hood,—which, for his own sake, and that of the public, we think he ought to have done—we should then have seen an outlaw worthy of Sherwood. The elastic foot, and manly mellow voice of Macready, are such as our fancy gives to Robin. Mr. Abbott, respectable as he is, is not the light, free, fearless man we dream of. He is not of the trees!—The summer light is not in his eye—the summer airs are not in his face. His limbs are not springy—as though they were ever forest-free! Robin Hood should show to the eye as the man who could hit the flying hart—or run him down on the merry hills!—We fear Mr. Macready is giving in to the hateful vices of the stage—and that he is for standing aloof from particular characters, and in particular dramas. He is certainly a gentleman of great and undoubted talent, and should not be above playing any

part which would show that talent to advantage; he should remember that he gained much of his present popularity by his powerful delineations of romantic characters,—and that now to whistle them off, is betraying a want of prudence and good sense, which we should not expect to find in him. Garrick was not above playing Abel Drugger.

Mr. Charles Kemble made an excellent, jolly, tipsy, taking Abbot, (of course not the respectable Abbot). His bald head seemed mocked by his handsome merry visage—and the long grey cloak and holy insignia were admirably unformalized by the loose eye, swinging arms, hands flask-filled, and staggering feet, of the young confessor. His voice pitched and tossed about like a vessel in distress—and he himself never stood still, but appeared to be riding at anchor. He really drank, hallooed, and sang, like a true monk—and the soul of good fellowship reigned in his reeling eye!—We never saw Charles Kemble so happy, wild, and spirited. Rubygill Abbey, with six such fellows as he, would make no bad palace for merry Christmas!

Baron Fitzwater, a tetchy old Baron, built rather upon the Anthony Absolute scale, was given to Mr. Farren, and was not badly played by that gentleman. But Mr. Farren is too rigid a performer for any character out of the old school of stiff genteel comedy! A Mr. Hunt Gog'd the part of Little John to admiration.

The music is extremely pretty, though it has the freebooter's mark a little too strongly upon it in certain parts. We have heard some of the notes somewhere before. But let that pass!

We must not conclude without expressing our delight at Miss M. Tree's performance—her name seemed to be her nature. She was Maid Marian to the life. When she sang, and when she spake, the forest of Sherwood spread its green boughs in the air, the herd went trooping by, and the ear seemed to feel the noise of the foresters, and the rustling of the forest leaves come swooning upon the air as in the very days of the merry merry Outlaw—Bold Robin Hood!

The Huguenot.—This extravagant play, from the extravagant pen

of the author of *Adelaide* (an old dead German horror), was advertised as a tragedy ; but so great an impostor has seldom suffered the pains and penalties of exposure. It is, however, gathered to its fathers—or rather, to its mother—old Mrs. *Adelaide*!—and we shall therefore dismiss it with few words. It was an agonizing version of the *Two Galley Slaves*—dragged through five acts of unaccountable horrors, and ending in a happy joining of hands at the scaffold's foot, and at the instant of a parent's death. Macready played with great vigour and effect ; but no acting could excuse the monstrous exaggerations which broke out in every scene. A slave and a supposed murderer are sad company through five long acts. Mr. Abbott was the only good person, for he forgot his part, which we rather think mainly contributed to the temporary success of the Drama. Every incident was carried to the verge of reality, and then as suddenly broken off. A marriage is all but solemnized—the hands are joined—the altar is near—the

priest has begun the ceremony—when the murderer with his red cross rushes in—demands to speak with the bride, and converses desperately for ten minutes, while the husband respectfully stands aloof!—An execution is all but executed ! The axe is ready, the scaffold, black as the sweeper at the Obelisk, is ascended,—the neck is bared!—when a messenger arrives to say, that the intended victim's father has just died, and acknowledged himself the murderer. Of course, the axe is arrested, and the prisoner set at large ;—he rushes into his mistress's arms, and they live very happy ever after. The language is bad blank verse—heavily laden with nonsense and horror. One other sin this tragedy has to answer for—it has shaken our faith in the powers of Miss F. M. Kelly !—We did say that we felt sure of her—but her acting in this new Tragedy has alarmed us—and until we have seen other evidence of her talents we shall suspend our great opinion of her. How is it, that she plays no other part but Juliet?

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE most important novelty in the musical circles is the establishment of THE BRITISH CONCERTS. We alluded in our last report to the probability that a plan for the encouragement of British talent would be tried, and, since we wrote, the proposals have been issued. The increasing influence of foreign musicians, and the substitution of foreign compositions for those of English masters in all our concerts, have for ages been matter of continual complaint among the professors of our own country ; but nothing has hitherto been done towards combating the adversary. Every circumstance has, on the contrary, been favourable to this introduction and exaltation. Italy has ever been considered as the parent of vocal art. The Italian opera exhibits the richest specimens. Hence, as from a central light, rays are darted in every direction. The *prima donna* of the King's Theatre is sure to be found at

every superior concert, private or public ; we have too from thence a succession of superiority. Catalani, Fodor, Bellocchi, and Camporese, to say nothing of the Buffa ladies, have all appeared, while the English stage has presented no other eminent vocalist than Miss Stephens, (Miss Tree can hardly yet be said to have risen to this distinction). Variety, therefore, lends its powerful aid, and the effect is such as it must ever be while opera continues in its present low state in England. From the King's Theatre, the most beautiful compositions are transmitted to the Orchestras of the Concert rooms, and of late they have even been suffered to usurp the most prominent places in the Lent Oratorios. The same circumstances attend almost all the other branches of public music. The importation of male singers is in a like comparative profusion ; Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Knyvett, are standing dishes ; and

they are admirable fare beyond all question; but all of them have been before the public these five-and-twenty years at least, while the Tramezzanis, the Naldis, and the Crivellis, the Ambrogettis, the Garcias, Curionis, Zuchellis, De Begnis, and a hundred others, afford a never ending train of diversity both in quality and manner. The country must be most prolific where there are so many nurseries for talent. There are not only the conservatories, but there are great theatres in almost every city. The captivation of Mozart and Rossini has completed the triumph. They are now omnipresent. The melodies and the comic concerted pieces of the latter fix themselves in every fancy. It is in vain that our musical philosophers, or philosophical musicians, appeal to sense and sentiment. Melody, catching melody, wafts away all their solid theories at a breath. Voluptuous sensations, or lively pleasures, are preferred to the lofty affections. It ought not to be so, say our wise men. Granted; replies the public—but nevertheless so it is.

But though we adore Mozart, and are certainly animated and affected by Rossini; though Catalani has entranced us; though we have been raised by Tramezzani, have admired the whim of Naldi, and even wept for their miserable fate;* though we have been melted by Crivelli, are still enthralled by Camporese, and are more than half in love with De Begnis (Madame, gentle reader, for we are not a Lady, though boasting ourselves the fairest of critics); in spite of all these *thoughts*, we are rejoiced to see our countrymen come hardily forward to vindicate their claims and to assert their powers, for in truth, they have never been able to obtain an impartial hearing. The history of the British Concerts is plainly this. About twenty-five years ago, a society of the then eminent writers of vocal English music, Webbe, Robert Cooke, Callcott, Horsley, Pring, and some others, associated for mutual correction and improvement, under the name of the Concenteros. They met monthly at each other's

houses, and brought some new composition every night; but jealousies crept in, and death and calamity made serious inroads amongst them, and the society was dissolved. But after a time, some of the most zealous of the survivors reunited the existing members of the body; they attracted new companions, and persevered in a cause which has been found to be privately and publicly useful. These same individuals now stand forward for the almost abandoned honour of British art; and, disavowing all personal interests, they offer to the English composer of talent an orchestra from whence his works may be heard to advantage, and to the public, the power of patronizing and warming into life and excellence the native genius of the country. At the outset they begin warily and prudently. They limit the subscription to two guineas; the admission for this sum to four persons for three Concerts. Their band will be principally vocal, with perhaps half a dozen accompanying instruments. But they declare their intention to extend their views according to the means which patronage may furnish. The Concerts are to be held on the 10th and 24th of February, and the 10th of March; the names of the members of this praise-worthy institution are as follow:

Messrs. Atwood, Bishop, Elliot, Goss, Hawes, Horsley, Jolly, Linley, Sir G. Smart, and Mr. Walmsley.

The associates of the society are

Messrs. King, Leete, Terrail, and J. B. Sale.

Messrs. Atwood, Hawes, and Horsley, are appointed directors for the present year. Here is certainly great talent, the flower indeed of English talent; and it will be the greatest dishonour the art has yet suffered in this country, if the scheme be not joined by all who are interested in the exaltation of the profession, and patronized by those who hold England in estimation.

The City Amateur Concerts are abandoned; but wherefore is not known. The subscription last year

* Tramezzani went mad; and Naldi was killed by the explosion of a cooking apparatus.

was full, and the subscribers, to all appearance, perfectly satisfied. Such a termination, however, accords with general experience. It very rarely happens that Concerts established by Amateurs, and depending either upon their direction or performance, survive for any considerable time. It is not difficult to understand that the management of such a Concert demands from mere amateurs even more time and attention, than from the practical and professional conductor. They soon get weary of what they find amounts to a positive restriction, both upon their time and pursuits, of far greater amount than they calculated upon: if successful, they are soon satiated with praise; if, on the contrary, things do not go on as well as they should do, they are disgusted with the envy and jealousies, and such other motives, to which alone they attribute the disregard to which they are exposed; thus they are equally spoiled by victory or defeat, and it is well if they do not fall together by the ears.

At Cambridge there were three evening Concerts, but no morning performances; but, either from the election, which happened at the time, or from some other cause, though the first since his appointment, under the conduct of the new professor of music, Dr. Clarke Whitfield, the worthy professor suffered a loss. Miss Paton was the *prima donna*, and, with Miss Travis and Mr. Vaughan, made up the vocal orchestra. But the great strength was given to the instrumental band, which was complete throughout.

Dr. Smith has had his annual Concert at Richmond. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Witham, and Mr. Rovedino, assisted. Miss Witham is a pupil of Mr. Rovedino, but, though possessed of fair abilities, gives no promise of far excelling eminence.

It should seem somewhat extraordinary that Bath, a place of fashionable resort, that promises, after London, the most ample patronage, should be found unequal to the support of a public Concert. Such, however, appears of late to have been the fact. The performances have generally commenced in December (on Christmas Eve very frequently); and in January, last year, Mr. Ashe

the conductor, since the death of Rauzzini, stated by advertisement, that through the losses he had experienced during the three previous seasons, together with the failure of the series then in progress, he was compelled to give up the undertaking. He announced his last benefit, and related that himself and Mrs. Ashe had relinquished permanent engagements in London, in the hope of succeeding in this enterprise, which, after a trial of twelve years, he was thus at length obliged to abandon. He subsequently even returned a part of the subscriptions, so hopeless did he consider the concern. But Sir George Smart and Mr. Loder have ventured to take them up. They advertise nine concerts, and have either engaged, or are in treaty with, the whole circle of musical talent. There is scarcely a name of eminence, either vocal or instrumental, which their list does not include; while, with a liberality which does them credit, Sir George and Mr. Loder yield both the leading and the conduct in turn to other eminent professors. The plan of the concerts, if not novel, embraces a principle which ought to be better understood, and more generally practised. This principle is to make good music *cheap*, and, by such means, accessible to the many. A Concert should be viewed in some such light as the following. Its expences should be estimated, and a fair compensation set apart for the risk and the trouble of management. The conductors, having made this computation, should endeavour to obtain the sum by a liberal concession to subscribers, and rather seek to gain by numbers than by a high price of admission. Nothing, we are persuaded, would so certainly tend to the diffusion of art, and to make Concerts frequent and profitable, as such a plan. And provided the room be sufficiently spacious, what does it matter to the *entrepreneur*, whether he derives his gains from one hundred or from two hundreds of auditors? Thus the directors of the Bath Concerts, apparently keeping this public end in view, have arranged a scale of prices, ascending in proportion to the number of tickets subscribed for. The subscriber for twenty-seven tickets (for the nine

Concerts, and all transferable to ladies) pays about 4s. each; he who takes eighteen, about 5s.; he who takes nine, 6s. 6d.; and the purchaser of a single ticket is charged 8s. This scheme enables families to unite, and thus opens the door as wide as is consistently possible. In such an adaptation to circumstances, very often lies all the secret of raising the power to support a Concert. There is many a town which, by dividing the rate of admission in a similar manner, might enjoy the finest talents; whereas, by insisting upon fixing the tickets at eight shillings or half a guinea, the possibility of success is precluded.

A series of Concerts is also commenced at Bristol, under the direction of Sir George Smart.

The Royal Academy has taken a house in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, and the Committee of Management are proceeding to carry their project into practical execution. At present the subscription amounts to about 6000l. and the annual donations to about 600l. sums totally inadequate to the completion of their extensive design. One of the most remarkable circumstances is, the almost total absence of professional names from the list of subscribers, which sufficiently speaks the opinion artists entertain of its merits. At present its prospects are certainly not promising; but if the institution fails, it will be from the total want of deference to public feeling, from the absence, we may say, of all tact in the proceedings of the self-elected managers. The list of professors has undergone some material alterations. Mr. Clementi has declined the honour intended him; and Mr. John Cramer's name does not appear. It is said his terms were fixed at 200l. per annum, which were considered inadmissible!! If the time such a man as Mr. Cramer must give up be not worth such a sum, the Royal Academy must not go to the mart of *eminent* talent for its professors.

The following are the new compositions:—

Introduction and Rondo for the pianoforte, by Moscheles. Op. 54. This piece, though somewhat below some of Mr. Moscheles' former compositions, in difficulty

and contrivance, is equally distinguished for gracefulness and expression. The Introduction is very beautiful: we particularly admire the passage for the left hand beginning at stave 4, bar 1, page 2; it is rich and impressive. The effect of the chromatic passages, in page 3, is very good; and here we may point out to the observation of the young composer the admirable application of set forms; for though general and common phrases, they are here so introduced as to have the effect of new combinations, and conduce in no small degree to the expression. It is at this time of day so difficult to invent passages, that genius and fine taste are, perhaps, most displayed in a judicious and powerful application of those which are most striking. The Rondo is full of sweet and graceful melody, heightened and contrasted by the peculiar strength of Mr. Moscheles' style.

Paisiello's favourite air, *Quant è più Bella*, with variations for the organ or pianoforte, by Thomas Adams; a composition best adapted to the former instrument; and although it partakes of the lighter qualities of pianoforte music, it will be found an interesting and advantageous study to the amateur organist.

My lodging is on the cold ground, with variations and alterations for the pianoforte and flute, by John Purkis. The variations contain nothing particularly new; but the union of the instruments gives them animation and spirit. This description also applies to the Coronation March, by the same composer.

Mr. Purkis's fourth *Fantasia* merely consists of an arrangement of several of Mozart's favorite airs in Figaro, with an introduction and flute accompaniment. The intrinsic merit of the airs will sufficiently recommend the piece.

Mr. Rimbault's *Variations to Partant pour la Syrie* are very easy, and will be admired by beginners.

Mr. Rimbault has arranged Mozart's grand *Symphony*, No. 4, *Jupiter*, for the pianoforte, with ad. lib. accompaniments for the flute, violin, and violoncello. He has also printed Rossini's lively overture to *Il Turco in Italia* in the same form.

Mr. Sola has adapted Rossini's *Per Piacer alla Signora*; *Di Piacer*; and *Orchi miei*, for the pianoforte and flute. They make very pretty duets; the part for the latter instrument is rather difficult.

A series of moral songs, the words by Mr. W. Collard, and the music (with the exception of one melody) by Mr. Clifton, are light, pretty, and easy vocal exercises. In this case it happens, as we often see, that the amateur (Mr. Collard) equals, if he does not exceed, the professor in melody.

Dec. 26.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

SINCE the departure of Napoleon from the scene, the whole political world seems lost in speculation and uncertainty. During the entire of the last year, our lucubrations were directed almost every month to the apparently impending rupture between Russia and the Porte, an event still in suspense, and with as little prospect of any ultimate decision as ever: this year, we commence with the equally important and equally doubtful negotiations between France and Spain; what the result may be, we believe even the heads of the respective Cabinets are almost as unable to conceive as ourselves; but if, as appearances indicate, it should terminate in war, difficult indeed is it to foresee the consequences. The Congress of Verona has, however, terminated its sittings, and the different crowned heads, together with their diplomatic suites, have either returned or are on their way to their respective countries. The Duke of Wellington has already arrived in England, having made rather an abrupt departure from the French capital. The result of the negotiations has been kept a profound secret, but it is said that the ground taken by the British representative was decidedly pacific, and that his remonstrances and great local knowledge of the Spanish territory, and the natural difficulties which it presents to an invading army, were not without their weight. Indeed domestic reports, and reports are all which at present we have to guide us, go still farther, and assert that our new foreign secretary is not inclined to look even with an eye of neutrality on any French interference with the internal policy of Spain. Upon this subject, it is said that Mr. Canning transmitted to Congress, through the Duke of Wellington, a state paper, which made a deep impression, and which, for its enlightened views and eloquent exposition of them, has seldom been surpassed. This, of course, will be laid before Parliament, which has at last been summoned for the 4th of February, for the dispatch of business. In France, however, the voice of the majority of the Cabinet is known to

be "for war," against the understood desire of M. de Villele and the King. Accordingly we find by the Paris papers, that dispatches were transmitted definitively to Madrid, declaring the ultimatum of the French Government, in which the allied powers (with the exception of England) are thought to have concurred, and upon the answer to which depends the decision of war or peace. Unless we have mistaken much the character and energy of the Spanish constitutionalists, there can be but little doubt as to the nature of the reply. The requisitions on the part of France, as handed about in the political circles, are stated to be as follow:—

1st. The restoration of the King to his personal freedom, without delay, as it is now distinctly understood that he is in a state of confinement in his palace of the Retiro.

2d. The restoration of the King to his sovereign rights.

3d. Such a change in the constitution of Spain as shall give to the nobles a great share of the power which they possessed under the old regime.

4th. The exclusion of the present ministers from office, or, at least, most of the heads of the different departments.

5th. An amnesty for all persons, of whatever rank, engaged in the cause of the Regency.

6th. A more strict regulation of the laws relating to the press.

7th. The possession of certain strong places on the frontiers of France, as a guarantee for the performance of any undertaking into which the Spanish Government may enter.

Such are the requisitions circulated in France as having been made a *requête*, by the ultra administration of that country, with the Spanish Government. They certainly appear to us as in every point of view likely to excite the anger, rather than the assent, of those to whom they are addressed; containing as they do a direct assertion of their implied right to interfere in the internal arrangement of the affairs of the peninsula; and, as if that were not enough, even with the choice of their political ministers. To this is added, lest any thing should be wanting, an expressed doubt of the veracity of Spain herself by the

claimed surrender of her frontier towns as a guarantee! This is certainly going very far; even Mr. Burke himself, in all the fury of his zeal against the revolutionists of 1792, never affected to justify any interference with France except upon the ground of her own insane declaration of war against the established principles of every other country. Spain as yet has, at all events, confined herself exclusively to the reorganization of her own internal economy, without even hinting at any hostility against the regulations of her neighbours. If the accounts from Bayonne are to be credited, however, the ultras of France seem actively preparing to enforce their requisitions. That town has assumed quite the appearance of a camp—every day waggon loads of lint and dressings for the wounded are arriving; a park of artillery is prepared, consisting of 300 tumbrils and 36 field-pieces, which is in readiness to move at a moment's notice; and the army first designated the sanitary cordon, and then the army of observation, is very likely soon to change its name for that of the army of invasion. One of the French papers also adds, that a royal ordonnance has been issued calling out 40,000 conscripts of the class of 1822, without, however, specifying their particular destination; and in a week, it says, the Duke D'Angoulême is to set out for the frontier. This has indeed every "note of preparation," and even M. de Villele himself, the pacific minister, is reported to have answered a body of merchants, who waited on him in consultation, that "he would by no means advise any extensive speculations in the present political state of Europe. In the mean time, the constitutionalists of Spain are preparing themselves for the worst by the expulsion in the first place of all the remaining partizans of the Army of the Faith, and in this they are represented as being eminently successful. Mina has dispersed almost all their troops, and compelled their leaders, for the most part, to betake themselves across the Pyrenees; amongst the latter are the celebrated Trappist and Baron D'Erolles, who they say lost an ear in his flight, from the excessive cold.

The Trappist has for a time taken refuge in a convent in France, and, with his military belt flung over the habit of his order, reminds us of Friar Tuck in the new opera—"the church militant of Sherwood." His extraordinary character attracts many visitors to the convent. Some of the ultra French journals deny, of course, the alleged successes of the Constitutional army; but, if their statements be true, it is difficult to account for the admitted flight of both these celebrated leaders. There is, however, a single circumstance, which of itself would prove that these successes were not merely visionary, and that is, that on the 22d of November there was no trace of the Regency in the district of Puycerda, the members having quitted even Llivia and retired into France. They had seven mules laden with panniers, which the French humorously said contained "*the archives of the Regency*." Mina had advanced to Real on the 17th, a small town within about two days' march of the frontier. He had under his immediate command there a force of 16,000 men, and his disposable troops in Catalonia alone are estimated at 30,000 men. In Navarre, another constitutional leader named Torrijos commanded 4000, with which force he had defeated Jaunito, a Regency General. Of O'Donnell we hear nothing except that he was encamped on the banks of the De Lombies, and was in daily expectation of an attack from Torrijos. O'Donnell, our readers will recollect, issued a very *promising* proclamation on his joining the army. In Andalusia a temporary insurrection took place under the auspices of a chief named Zaldívar, which, however, was soon terminated by his death; the soldiery dragged the dead body to a scaffold, and exhibited it there as that of a malefactor. This speaks more even than a determined spirit in the Constitutionalists; and that their cause is considered popular may be inferred from Mina's proclamations, who, on entering any place, calls upon the people to take arms; a call very unlikely to be made by him unless he thought they sympathised in his cause. There is an anecdote told of this enterprising officer, in private letters from Paris, which, if true,

would induce us to think that the French ministers may yet pause before they scale the Pyrenees. They say that, after he had chased the Army of the Faith across the fordable river which divides France from Spain, some of the fugitives fired upon their pursuers, and thus violated the neutrality of the French territory. Mina instantly sent a *parlementaire* to General Curial, whose division of French troops were by no means unconcerned spectators; Curial respected the remonstrance, caused the soldiers of the Faith to ground their arms instantly, and had them broken to pieces by his own troops on the spot. When Mina observed this, he ordered his men to pile their arms, and they were left to themselves, upon which they spontaneously advanced to the river, and shouted "Liberty and the Constitution for ever," an exclamation loudly echoed by the French division. An official notice had been printed in Spain, which had been sent in to Government by the different corporations, and which stated that on the 28th November no less than 10,800 of the insurgents had returned to their homes. So completely reformed was the spirit of these men, that they were now forming into three battalions, ready to take arms against their former associates! The popular enthusiasm at Madrid is represented as extreme; there were constitutional songs, constitutional ribbands, even constitutional plays; in short nothing is tolerated which is not sanctified by the name of constitutional. The King and Royal Family, who had lived in retirement for some time past, had again appeared in public, and were received respectfully; a gala, given on her Majesty's birth-day, was well and numerously attended; and notwithstanding all that has passed, it certainly does appear as if a very little trouble upon their part would even still render the Royal Family popular at Madrid. Although, naturally enough, in the frenzy of the moment, the Landaburian, and other popular clubs, are extremely violent, and anxious enough to run into extremes, still the Cortes appear to be influenced by a much more temperate spirit. On the memorable 7th of July 400 of the rebel guards laid down

their arms to two constitutional officers, who gave them, though unauthorised to do so, a pledge that their lives should be spared. This pledge the Cortes not only confirmed, but they decreed that even the rebel guards taken *without capitulation*, and now in process of trial, should be exempted from their legal liability to the punishment of death. Even when a commercial courier had arrived on the 17th from Paris, whose intelligence depressed the funds, and appeared to all as the herald of immediate war, the question was calmly and deliberately discussed, Riego himself declaring that "Spain ought by no means to provoke a war, but that, if forced on her, she should receive it as a benefit, if hostilities should be the means of annihilating those perfidious intrigues which involve a nation in anarchy." Riego seems to be a kind of idol in Madrid, and the chaunting of a hymn which bears his name generally marks the termination of each popular paroxysm. The feeling that a war was inevitable had, however, become pretty general in the capital; and the last accounts state that orders had been sent to Galicia, Andalusia, La Mancha, and Valencia, instantly to dispatch all disposable troops and levies to Mina with the greatest expedition. A decree had also been published for raising a fresh loan of 40,000,000 reals. Such is the state of the question between France and Spain, according to all which we can glean from a very minute inspection of every published account. A few weeks, however, will in all probability preclude all doubt upon the subject, as things cannot certainly remain long as they are. The Pope has already evinced his disposition by refusing to receive the Spanish constitutional ambassador; a step induced, they say, by the influence of the Court of Vienna, and not likely certainly to conciliate the anti-Trappists of the councils of Madrid.

In Brazil the revolution appears to be complete. An edict has been promulgated at Rio Janeiro, which may be considered as the final separation between the South Americans and Portuguese. It states, that as people may still remain in Brazil, who are inimical to the independence

proclaimed and ratified by Prince and people, it becomes an imperious duty to separate them from the sound part of the community by their expulsion from the country. A general amnesty is therefore given to all persons for past political opinions down to the date of the decree, excluding only those who are now in the course of trial. Every European or Brazilian Portuguese, who has embraced the present system, and is ready to defend it, is, by way of distinction, to wear on the left arm a green flower, with the inscription, "Independence or Death." Those who choose to depart from the country have a certain reasonable time allowed them to settle their affairs, and are strictly enjoined in the interval from either writing or acting against the present system, under a denunciation of the penalties attached to high treason. The same penalties are of course denounced against all persons who may choose to remain in Brazil and commit the like offence. Soon after the promulgation of this decree, the Senate proceeded to the inauguration of the Prince Regent in his new title of Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil. The day selected for the solemnization was the 12th of October, the Prince's birth-day, he having then attained the age of twenty-four years. The Prince, upon the wishes of the Senate and people having been made known to him, declared his consent in the following terms—"I accept the title of Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil, because, having heard my council of state and procurator-general, and examined the representations of the corporations of the several provinces, I am fully convinced, that such is the general will of all the others, and that it is only from want of time that they have not yet arrived." This answer made by his Majesty to the President of the Senate having been announced to the people, from the balcony of the palace, was received by all ranks with the most enthusiastic demonstrations. The President of the Senate then proclaimed the following *Vivas*, which were loudly re-echoed by the multitude—"Our holy religion"—"Long live Senor Don Pe-

dro I. Constitutional Emperor of Brazil, and the House of Braganza, reigning in Brazil."—"The Independence of Brazil."—"The Constituent and Legislative Assembly of Brazil."—"The Constitutional People of Brazil."—This having been concluded, it was proclaimed to the surrounding country by a salute of 100 pieces of artillery and three volleys of musketry, at the end of which the people, approaching the barriers of the troops, repeated the above mentioned *Vivas*. Soon after this the Empress proceeded to the Imperial chapel, with her infant daughters, whither she was soon followed by the Emperor, amid the acclamations of the army and the people. A solemn *Te Deum* was then performed in the presence of the municipality and all the corporate bodies, and thus ended the solemn and impressive ceremony, which has, we trust, consummated the establishment of a rational and constitutional monarchy in the Brazils. It does not appear that the new Emperor has inherited his constitutional sentiments, at least, from his mother, the Queen of Portugal, as that Royal personage has declared she cannot conscientiously subscribe to the Constitution at Lisbon, to which her husband has acceded and sworn! Her Majesty demands the fortune which she brought the King, and liberty to retire and spend it wherever she chooses, as a kind of compensation for rejecting the unanimous requisition of the people who raised her husband to the throne.

With respect to the state of the Greek cause we have not much to say, but we are happy in adding, that our short notice is favourable. The very latest accounts bring intelligence of a victory, and a signal one, obtained over Omer Vroni, at Missolonghi, the consequence of which, it is said, will be the liberation of all Western Greece from any hostile attack till the expiration of the winter. An equally important, and, in some degree romantic, incident has occurred in the destruction of the grand Turkish fleet at Tenedos, by two light Espariot vessels, accompanied by a fire-ship. They entered the port by night, and steered directly to the Admiral's ship, which was set on fire and blew up; the whole fleet

was either totally destroyed, or so much damaged as to become useless. The Greeks on board the fire-ship saved themselves on board the other ships; one of these gallant men, who seems born to redeem and consecrate the name of incendiary, observing that the inflammable matter did not catch fire, seized in his hand the red hot burning coals, and ignited it. The Capitan Pacha was blown up in his flag-ship; it is a remarkable circumstance, that this is the third Capitan Pacha which the Ottoman power has lost within the year: the last was a man of great skill and gallantry, and so highly esteemed by his nation, that letters from Trieste say, that when the news of his death reached Smyrna, the Turks there cast themselves on their knees, and invoked the assistance of the All Powerful and his Prophet. All the accounts which have arrived lately from the East concur in stating an increasing harmony between the Greeks and the British. It is said, in the accounts from Italy and Germany, that at the Congress certain conditions were resolved upon as an ultimatum to be presented to the Divan by Lord Strangford, and supported by the Austrian, French, and Russian Ministers; their nature, however, has not transpired. In the mean time the Sultan seems to have been occupied with something of considerable personal interest nearer home. He had received several very significant hints, that all was not exactly as it should be among the Janissaries; and as their hints are generally the prelude to rather serious activity, he determined, in person, to ascertain how matters stood. For this purpose he paraded Constantinople by night, incognito, and learned sufficient to induce him, on the very next morning, to strike off the head of his especial favourite, Haleb Effendi, and also of another confidential Minister, Barber Bachi; the rest of the Cabinet were instantly dismissed, so that Lord Strangford will have the pleasure of an entirely new official acquaintance on his return. Such is the tenure, not merely of power, but of human life, in these anti-human governments.

The foreign newspapers announce, during the last month, the death of

an extraordinary personage. Her last words were singular; and as it is not impossible that they may one day turn out prophetic, we give them a place in our record for more purposes than that of mere amusement. The evening preceding her death she called together all her household; she was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was superbly decorated and illuminated. She called her servants, one after another, to her bedside, who knelt and kissed her hand, which was one blaze of gems! To her chief director of finances, Juan Berosa, she said,—“Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine.” To Maria Belgrade, her waiting-maid, she said, “Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee. *When my grandson is Emperor of France, he will make thee a great woman.*” She then called Colonel Darley to her bedside; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and in Napoleon’s will was assigned to have a donation of 14,000*l.* “You,” said she, “have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy. *Never forget my grandson—and what he and you may arrive at is beyond my discerning—but you will both be great.*” She then called in her junior servants, and as their names were mentioned, marked down with a pencil, on a sheet of paper, the pecuniary donation which she intended for each. When they were dismissed, she then declared, that she had done with this world, and demanded some water, in which she washed her hands. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer-book on her breast. “Thus,” says the account, “perished the mother of one who has been a meteor upon earth, and a blazing star to direct others.” Madame Mere, as she was called, died immensely rich; the bulk of her fortune goes to young Napoleon. She was latterly a very religious woman, and much under the influence of her brother, Cardinal Fesch.

We have devoted such a portion of our space for this month to our foreign digest, that we have but little

to spare for our domestic occurrences. They are, however, very few, and of no interest whatever, except so far as relate to Ireland. Circumstances have, however, taken place there, which are likely to put Lord Wellesley's firmness to the test, and call forth some of the Indian energy of his youth. It has, indeed, now literally become a question, whether he is to be Viceroy, or whether a despicable and detestable faction is to be "Viceroy over him." In the beginning of the month we observed with pleasure, that he had at length commenced that truly Herculean task, the purification of the Augean magistracy of Ireland; this he set about with firmness and impartiality; and, indeed, our readers may form some idea of his design when we announce, that in seven counties no less than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, without distinction of party, have had writs of supersedeas directed to them. This was quite necessary—it was long called for by the wishes and the grievances of the country. Proceeding in the same spirit of general good, and indeed only acting in strict conformity with the injunction contained in his Majesty's parting admonition, he determined also, as far as in him lay, to repress on all sides every party demonstration. He, of course, forbade the annual insulting decoration of the Orange idol in College Green. This gave mortal offence to a body of men, who have long monopolized the places under government, and, therefore, laid claim also to a monopoly of the loyalty of the country, which, by the bye, seldom manifested itself, except in annual insult and civic hostility towards their Catholic brethren. The consequence was, that when Lord Wellesley, for the first time, last week visited the Dublin theatre, he was assailed by the most miscreant outcry which ever disgraced the metropolis of a *soi disant* civilized country. It is not our intention to go through the nauseous details of the outrage furnished by those criminal calendars, the Irish journals. Our readers may have some idea of the fact when we inform them, that not only was the Viceroy's life attempted, by flinging at him a quart bottle, but that such was

the apathy shown by the precious municipal police of Dublin, that even out of decency eight of them have been since dismissed! One fact more, and we have done—a respectable citizen of Dublin has *deposed on oath*, that after this horrid attempt at assassination had been made, he actually heard one of the *Sheriffs* of the City declare, "that all things considered, he thought the evening had gone off very well!!!" Need we add a word more?

Next month, perhaps, we shall go a little more at length into this subject, and show, that if this spirit is sought really to be repressed, writs of supersedeas must be directed to even higher persons than the local magistrates of the country. The Cabinet of Ireland, at this moment, reminds one strongly of *Burke's* "teselated" Ministry.

COMMERCE.

The markets, during the course of the last four weeks, have not on the whole offered any considerable variation; and the only interest excited has been by the varying reports respecting the probability of war between France and Spain, and between Russia and Turkey. The news at the very beginning of this month being quite of a warlike tendency, naturally caused much sensation among the merchants, as long as hostilities were supposed nearly certain. It was evident, if there should be such a war, and especially without England being implicated, a great and very beneficial change in the trade of the United Kingdom must ensue. The effect would be an immediate advance in warlike stores of every description; and, indeed, of all exports to the Continent: and as almost every article of East and West India produce, and the staple commodities of the country, have fallen below any reasonable medium price, even below the price at which they can be brought to market, every article of trade might be expected to advance, which would of course give an extraordinary impulse to our commerce. Saltpetre, rice, rum, corn, &c., would probably be immediately affected. It is, therefore, no wonder that every report favouring the opinion of an immediate war has been eagerly caught up; but the

subsequent accounts having on the whole tended to render the permanence of peace more certain, the momentary ebullition caused by the contrary opinion has subsided, and the markets have, in general, relapsed into the same languid state as they were in before. As the shipping season is now at its close, no great alteration can be expected for the present, unless, indeed, in case of war between France and Spain, which would have an immediate influence on our commerce.

AGRICULTURE.

The wheats are every where looking thrivingly and well, and the almost total absence of frost contributes to a healthy and early growth. Perhaps the seed never lay so short a time in the ground. But little la-

bour has been used that could be avoided, consequently improvements are rare. The price of wheat remains nearly stationary. Barley looks upwards. The sales of stock are slightly improving in almost all the country fairs and markets, and beef in Smithfield (in some degree owing to the Christmas demand) advanced considerably on Monday the 16th. Prime Herefords and Scots fetched 4s. 4d. and even higher prices per stone. Mutton, if any thing, rather lower, except choice pens of the best Downs, which obtained the prices of the season. Wool remains nearly stationary, and dull in sale. The turnips are improved by the open weather, and there is now no fear of scarcity of feed.

Dec. 21.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

France.—Though few works remarkable for their importance or literary merit have lately appeared, the Parisian presses were seldom more occupied than at present. The greater part of the books now publishing consists in new editions of standard authors, in translations from foreign languages, and in compilations which, if they have little originality to boast, are, in many instances, highly useful and meritorious undertakings. In mentioning the original works first, we shall give precedence to the tragedies of Clytemnestra and Saul, both by M. Soumet, brought out in the same week, and both successful, especially Clytemnestra. The admirable manner in which this play was performed, especially the wonderful acting of Talma, certainly contributed, in a high degree, to its success; but it reads well also, and will probably long be a favourite. The tragedy of Saul, though containing some fine passages, and striking situations, has not proved quite so successful as Clytemnestra. The idea of this tragedy appears to have been taken from Alfieri, but the plan, the situations, &c. differ entirely; there is much more of the author's invention; and, first of all, the idea of the part of the Pythoness (the witch of Eudor) is entirely his own.

The *Corrupteur*, a comedy, by M.

Lemercier, author of *Agamemnon*, has met with mixed success; the principal character, Noirville, has something of Richardson's *Lovelace*, of Valmont in the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, and of the *Séducteur* of M. Bievre; yet the character, as a whole, is original and spirited.

Among the most important works lately published are four new volumes of the *Précis des évènements militaires*, by Count Mat. Dumas. This work excited very considerable attention at its first appearance (about 1800 or 1801) by the precision and simplicity of the style, and especially by its great impartiality. The volumes now published are the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, and treat of the campaigns of 1805; with a folio atlas. The work being on so extensive a scale, is not suited to the generality of readers, but it will be invaluable to the historian, and to all who wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of the wars of the revolution.

M. Llorente, whose history of the Inquisition has acquired him well merited reputation, has published a *Political Portrait of the Popes, considered as Temporal Princes and as Heads of the Church, from the establishment of the Holy See at Rome to 1822.* 2 vols. 8vo. He has likewise published a new edition of the works of Las Casas. M. Llorente successfully refutes the accusation, first

brought forward by Herrera, against Las Casas, of having been the author of the African slave trade. He observes, that the Spaniards purchased negroes long before the discovery of America; that they brought some with them at their very first settlement in St. Domingo, and that the African slave trade was authorised at least eight years before the time when Las Casas is stated to have advised it.

Among the latest novels are *Gabriela*, by the Duchess D'A., author of the *Two Friends*; and the *Countess of Fargy*, by Madame de Souza, forming part of a new edition of her works. The *Travels of Anthony and Bartholomew Bacheville*, relating their incredible misfortunes and adventures in various parts of the world, have all the interest of fiction.

Madame le Genlis' *Diners du Baron D'Holbach* introduces by name many courtiers and literati of the eighteenth century, such as Diderot, Voltaire, the Abbé Morellet, &c. She of course does not spare the philosophers.

Two biographical dictionaries are in the course of publication, one under the title of *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*, by Messrs. Arnault Jouy, Jay, &c., is written in opposition to a similar work printed in Belgium, which did not do justice to the heroes of the revolution; the 8th volume (GA—GV) is published. The other is a new edition of the *Belgium Dictionary*, considerably augmented; it will form 10 volumes, and will probably be the better work of the two.

M. Barbier has published the 1st vol. of his useful *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Works*, composed, translated, or published in French and Latin, with the names of the authors, translators, and editors, accompanied with historical and critical notes. This edition will consist of four volumes: the second will be published in January, 1823.

The splendid edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in 24 Nos. is completed. The translation is new by M. G. T. Villenave, printed by P. Didot, and ornamented with 144 engravings from the designs of Moreau, jun. and others. The price of the 24 Nos. is from 192 francs to 960. Two copies only, on vellum, cost each 4800 francs; and one copy, with the original drawings, is offered at 24,000 francs.

The 35th No. of the *Musée des Antiques*, designed by Mr. P. Bouillon, is published. Mr. Bouillon engages that it shall not exceed 45 Nos., and expects to complete it in two years more. It will contain not only every thing in the King's collection, but all the masterpieces which the French possessed for a time, but have since restored to their right owners.

The new edition of the great work on Egypt, by the French Savans, proceeds with rapidity.

Of Gau's Nubia, which is printed as a supplement to the *Description of Egypt*, six Nos. are published, of the twelve of which it is intended to consist. It is a most splendid and interesting performance.

The new *Florence Gallery*, which is conducted on a grand scale, must not be confounded with any preceding work bearing the same title. The prints are from the drawings of Wicar, who resided 15 years at Florence, where he employed himself in making admirable drawings on a reduced scale of the masterpieces of the great painters; among which the portraits of the masters, painted by themselves, are a distinguished ornament of the Gallery. They have been beautifully copied. The statues and antique bronzes are rendered with consummate skill. The gems have been magnified. The explanations are all by M. Mongez, member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. The whole will consist of 50 Nos. at 18 francs each. The splendid collection of original drawings in 10 folio volumes, magnificently bound, and enclosed in a mahogany case, richly ornamented with bronze, gilt, are in the possession of M. Pancoucke, who offers them for sale in one lot.

A taste for oriental literature is becoming more and more general in France, and the study of it will be greatly promoted by the institution of the Paris Asiatic Society, which counts amongst its members, Messrs. Silvestre de Sary, Klaproth, Remusat, Chezy, Martin, &c. They have commenced the publication of a monthly journal, and intend to publish, as soon as possible, many important works, such as a Sanscrit grammar and dictionary, and various Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit works.

Russia.—Of the works lately published in Russia, the most important is the concluding part of the great Russian dictionary, compiled by the Imperial Society, which is now complete in six volumes. Another important enterprise is the Grand Atlas of the Russian Empire, the Kingdom of Poland, and the Grand Duchy of Finland, finely engraved on 70 sheets in folio. The spirit of naval enterprise which has prevailed since Krusenstern's voyage round the world, has caused several voyages of discovery to be undertaken, with the results of some of which the public are already acquainted; for instance, Golownin's Account of Japan, and Kotzebue's Voyage. In the course of the last year, no less than three expeditions have returned to Cronstadt, the accounts of which are preparing for publication; one is Captain Bellinghausen's Voyage to the South Seas, where he is said to have made some interesting discoveries; another that of the Discovery and Good Intent to the North-west coast of America, where they proceeded to a higher latitude than Captain Cook, and discovered a pretty considerable island; the third is that of the Golownin and Baranow, two vessels belonging to the Russian North American Company, which have just returned, after making a more accurate survey of the North-west coast of America. They also discovered a pretty large island called Numirack, in 59 deg. 54 min. 57 sec. N. latitude, and 193 deg. 17 min. 2 sec. E. longitude. Besides these expeditions, others have been undertaken in the North of Siberia and the interior of Asia, some particulars of which have transpired, and cause the detailed accounts to be looked for with interest; but it is uncertain how far the policy of the Government may interfere to withhold any part of the particulars. Since the annexation of the Crimea to the Russian Empire, the foundation of Odessa, and the rapid increase of population in the Russian provinces on the Euxine, a multitude of interesting discoveries have been made. Unknown medals, beautiful Greek inscriptions, daily disclose interesting facts, which we might seek in vain in ancient authors: we may expect to become better acquainted with the numerous Greek colonies which for-

merly occupied all the coasts of the Black Sea, and we shall learn the yet unknown revolutions of the Greco-Scythian Kingdom of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, which maintained itself for nearly eight centuries amid the barbarous tribes of Europe and Asia. Among the works already published may be mentioned, 1. A Notice of the Medals of Rhadameadis, an unknown King of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, by M. Stempouski. 2. A Selection of the Medals of the ancient Greek City of Olbiopolis, by M. de Blaremborg, 8vo. with 22 plates. The discoveries of these gentlemen have furnished M. Raoul Rochelle, of the Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, with means to compose a learned work on the Greek Antiquities of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, 1 vol. 8vo. The extension of the Russian dominion in Asia has likewise been the means of adding immense collections of Oriental MSS. medals, &c. to the museum of St. Petersburg. The cabinet of Mahometan medals in particular is of the highest importance, and is expected, when duly arranged, to furnish most interesting materials for the elucidation of the history of Asia. The learned M. Frœhri is actively engaged in preparing a work on the subject of these medals in the form, we understand, of a *Catalogue raisonné*, respecting which he published a preliminary report above a year ago.

Germany.—In the catalogue of the Leipzig Michaelmas fair, we observe a great number of works of various dimensions on the affairs of Greece and Turkey; a pretty considerable list of voyages and travels; translations of almost every work of the least importance published in England and France; the usual host of almanacks or pocket-books, a branch of literature (for so it must be called in Germany) in which the Germans are unrivalled; and no inconsiderable number of books of devotion, besides a great collection of works for youth.

D. Scholz, of Bonn, well known both in England and France by his oriental studies, has published his Journey in the Environs of Alexandria, the Libyan Desert, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, in the years 1820 and 21. Neither Buckingham, nor any other modern traveller, and, least of all, Chateaubriand, have

given us so faithful an account of the most recent situation of the various Christian sects, together with the physical and political state of the Holy Land, as this traveller, who is so profoundly versed in the manners and languages of the East. He commenced his journey in Egypt, in company with the Prussian General, Baron Minutoli, who however parted from him at the very outset of the expedition. A great deal has been said in the public papers of the discoveries made by the Baron in Egypt, and the unhappy loss of the greater part of his highly valuable collections by the wreck of the ship, on board which he sent them to Hamburg. Fortunately, however, his journal, and part of his drawings and collections were sent from Trieste by land to Berlin. From them will be published in the course of the year 1823, *A Journey to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the Libyan Desert, and to Upper Egypt, in 1820 and 1821, with the opening of the great pyramid of Saccara, from the Journals of Baron Minutoli, with an Appendix, by Dr. Toelken, Professor in the University of Berlin, with a map of the Desert, and thirty lithographical plates (many of them coloured) in imperial folio.* Two other German literati who were with the Baron have proceeded to Nubia; and though their researches are chiefly directed to Natural History, they cannot fail to add important particulars to our information respecting that country. In the west, also, German travellers have distinguished themselves, and we had almost said seem to have fixed on Brazil as their own. *The Travels of the Prince of Nieuwied in that country (of which only the first volume has been translated into English,)* in two vols. 4to. with numerous fine plates, has been so well received, nearly 1000 copies having been sold, that the publisher has now printed an 8vo. edition of it, and has commenced the publication of a great and expensive work on the Natural History of Brazil, from the drawings and collections made by the Prince in that country. Another far more important work on

Brazil, is the account of the Journey of Drs. Spix and Martius, of Munich, now preparing for publication, under the immediate patronage of His Majesty, the King of Bavaria, by whom they were sent to that country. —Other important works are announced, among which we will mention Mr. Baader's new System of the Mechanism of Wheel Carriages, Iron Rail Roads, &c. and a History of the House of Hohenstaufen and their Times, in 4 vols. large 4to. by Frederick Von Raumer. This work is expected to be highly important towards the history of the middle ages. The author obtained most valuable materials in various public libraries in Germany and Italy, particularly among the MSS. of the Vatican library; he was even permitted to examine the archives of the Vatican, which have been inaccessible to almost every writer, except Baronius and Ravnaldus. At the conclusion of the work, will be added some essays, tending to throw great light upon it, some of which have already been printed separately in periodical publications, and fully prove the author's qualifications for the important and laborious task which he has undertaken. The history will extend from the latter years of the reign of the Emperor Henry IV. to the end of the Crusades. Twelve copper-plates, chiefly portraits, will be added.

With respect to the translations of foreign works, those of the Scotch Novels, and of all the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, take the first place. Translations of these novels are advertised as soon as there is even an intimation that one is preparing for the press; generally, two or three different translations are published, and sometimes almost simultaneously with the original. Nay, it seems certain, that Peverel of the Peak, though not yet published here, has been already for some weeks before the German public. We are inclined to think it probable, that the German translator has published the first or perhaps the second volumes, without waiting for the remainder, for it seems impossible that he should have the whole.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The author of the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, announces the speedy appearance of his *Prolegomena* to all future Systems of Political Economy, the publication of which has been so long delayed by his illness.

The new novel of the *Great Unknown* is not to appear we understand till the middle of January. The author has found it necessary to add a fourth volume to the work.

The Rev. Mr. Cary, the translator of *Dante*, is engaged on an English version of the *Odes of Pindar*.

A new Historical Novel, the scene of which is laid in England in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell, is about to be published, under the title of *Marston Moor, or the Queen's page*. It is the production of a celebrated literary character.

Mr. Cunningham's collection of *Scottish Songs, ancient and modern*, will be put to press immediately.

It is reported, that three more Cantos of *Don Juan* are in town, but we believe it is not decided who is to have the honour of publishing them. The poem of *Heaven and Earth*, which Mr. Murray is said to have refused to publish, will appear in the *Liberal*.

The new Poem from the pen of Mr. Barry Cornwall, will appear very early this season.

The Letters of Edward Herbert, Esq. to the family of the Powells, will be collected and published in one volume.

Proposals have been issued for the publication of an uniform edition of the Works of the Rev. John Owen, DD. edited by Thomas Cloutt, MA.

A Spanish Quarterly Magazine is about to be published, under the title of *Variedades, o Mensagero de Londres*. Each number will contain about 100 pages in royal 8vo. and 12 coloured engravings.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, the Portraits of the late Rev. John Owen, Dr. Steinkopff, and the Rev. Joseph Hughes, Secretaries to the Bible Society.

The Works of Shakspeare are about to be printed in Miniature volumes, uniformly with the Spenser Classics.

Mr. T. E. Evans is engaged in translating a Collection of the Constitutions, Charters, and Laws, of the various nations of Europe, and of North and South America, with historical sketches of the origin of their liberties and political institutions. From the French of Messrs. P. A. Dufau, J. B. Duvergier, and J. Gundet. The first volume, containing the rise and progress of the governments of France and the Netherlands, will appear very shortly.

The Fortieth volume of *Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce*, with an Analytical Index for Vols. XXVI. to XL, will be ready for delivery early in January.

JAN. 1823.

The following works are in the press:—

Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the years 1821 and 1822, by a Field Officer of Cavalry, illustrated with maps, &c.

The Cabinet of Portraits, Part I, containing Burns, Corneille, Shaw, Sherlock, and President West, with Biographical Notices, by Robert Scott, to be continued.

Don Carlos, a Tragedy, translated and rendered into verse, from the German of Schiller, and adapted to the English stage.

Pulpit Orations, Lectures, and Sermons, delivered in the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, in one Volume, 8vo. By the Rev. Edward Irving, AM.

Sequel to an Unpublished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White's; designed to illustrate the Contrast afforded by Christians and Infidels, at the Close of Life. By the Author of the *Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed*, &c.

The Antiquities of Free-masonry. Comprising Illustrations of the Five Grand Periods of Masonry, from the Creation of the World, to the Dedication of King Solomon's Temple. By George Oliver, Vicar of Clee, in the county of Lincoln.

History and Topography of London and its Environs, to correspond with Pinnock's County Histories. With a Map of twenty-five Miles round the Metropolis.

Rassela, Principe D'Abissinia, opera del Signor Dottor Johnson, 12mo.

An Introduction to the Hebrew Language, by W. Heinemann, Professor of the Hebrew and German Languages.

Relics of Literature, by Stephen Collet, AM. in 8vo. with a Frontispiece of Autographs of eminent characters.

The Lives of Scottish Poets, complete in 3 Vols. with 30 Portraits.

Liberalism Examined, 1 Vol. 8vo. by the Author of *Italy and the Italians in the 19th Century*.

Highways and By-ways; or, Tales of the Roadside, gathered in the French Provinces. By a walking Gentleman, 8vo.

Proseings, by a Veteran; or, the Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin, Esq. late Major in the " " Regiment of Infantry, 8vo.

The Theory and Practice of Music, professionally analysed for the Use of the Instructor, the Amateur, and the Student, with a brief History of the Science, &c. together with a Practical Essay on the Capabilities and Application of the Human Voice. By J. Nathan, Author of the *Hebrew Melodies*. Royal 4to.

Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's-inn, collected by the Young Mr. Jefferson, of Lyon's-inn.—Series I. *Mandeville*, or the Voyage; the Welch Cottage, or the Woodman's Fire-side; the Creole, or the Negro's Suicide.

December Tales, in one neat volume.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities.

A Series of Views of the most Interesting Remains of the Ancient Castles of England and Wales; engraved by Messrs. Woolnoth and Tombleson, from Drawings by Blore, Arnald, Fielding, Gastineaux, &c. With Historical Descriptions. By E. W. Brayley, Jun. Part I. To be continued Monthly.

History and Biography.

Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots. By Miss Benger. 2 Vols. 8vo. 11. 4s.

Sir Robert Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia, or Court of Queen Elizabeth; a new Edition; corrected by the Original MSS. With Notes, and a Life of Naunton; Eight Portraits. Small 8vo. 12s. 6d. Demy, 21s.

The History of Tuscany, interspersed with Essays. By Lorenzo Pignotti. Translated from the Italian, with the Life of the Author. By John Browning. 4 Vols. 8vo. 21. 8s. boards.

The Life of Sir Thomas More, by his Son-in-law, William Roper, Esq. A new Edition, Revised. By S. W. Singer, foolscap, 8s.

Dodsley's Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1821. 16s.

Rivington's Annual Register for 1821. 18s.

Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the Count de Las Cases. 2 Vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.

Memoirs of the History of France, during the Reign of Napoleon; written at St. Helena by the Generals who partook in his Captivity; and published from the Original Manuscripts, corrected by Napoleon. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 11. 8s.

Medicine.

Treatise on Puerperal Fever. By John Mackintosh, MD. 8s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Epidemic Puerperal Fever. By W. Campbell, MD. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Practical Rules for the Restoration and Preservation of Health. By the late George Cheyne, MD. FRS. A new Edition, 12mo. 4s.

Dr. Faithhorn, on Diseases of the Liver and Biliary System; comprehending those various, extensive, and often complicated Disorders of the Digestive, Internal Organs, and Nervous System, originating from these Sources. The Fifth Edition, with an Appendix of Cases, illustrative of the Principles of Treatment. 8vo. 9s. boards.

Practical Observations on the Treatment and Cure of several Varieties of Palmo-

nary Consumption. By Sir Alexander Crichton, MD. FRS. 8vo. 8s.

Miscellaneous.

Elia; Essays which have Appeared under that Signature in the London Magazine. In One Volume, post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

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An Accurate Table of the Population of the British Empire in 1821; specifying all the Cities and Boroughs in Great Britain, with every other Parish or Place, containing Two Thousand Inhabitants, or upwards, price 5s. or on large Paper, 7s.

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Enfield, Middlesex, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Porter, BD.—The Rev. H. Palmer, to the perpetual Curacy of Broadway.—The Rev. H. Davies, to the Vicarage of Dixton, Monmouthshire.—The Rev. G. H. Screvel, MA. Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge, to the perpetual Curacy of Oxford, Kent, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.—The Rev. G. Turner, Vicar of Wragby, to a Prebendal stall in Lincoln Cathedral.

OXFORD.—The Rev. W. T. Phillips, MA. Fellow of Magdalen College, appointed Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, on the resignation of T. Dunbar, MA. of Brasenose College.

BIRTHS.

- Nov. 24.—At Albury-park, Lady Harriet Drummond, a son.
25. In Saville-row, Newcastle, the lady of A. Compton, Esq. of Carham-hall, near Coldstream, a daughter.
26. The lady of Cyril J. Monkhouse, Esq. of Craven-street, Strand, a son.
Dec. 4.—At Hobland-hall, Suffolk, the lady of John Penrice, Esq. a daughter.
— In Queen-street, May-fair, the lady of Henry Boldero, Esq. a daughter.
5. At Underwood-cottage, near Exeter, the lady of John Tyrell, Esq. a daughter.
8. The lady of Thomas John Phillips, Esq. of Landoe, Cornwall, a daughter.
— At Gorbamby, the Countess of Verulam, a son.
9. The lady of J. B. Heath, Esq. of Bloomsbury-place, a daughter.
11. Mrs. Haydon, wife of Mr. Haydon, historical painter, a son.
12. At Sir Archibald Macdonald's, East Shesh, Mrs. Randolph, a daughter.
— At his Excellency's house, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of Count d'Agila, the Sardinian Ambassador, a son and heir.
13. At Norfolk-house, St. James's-square, the Countess of Surrey, a daughter.
14. At Clifton, the lady of C. A. Elton, Esq. a daughter.
— The Right Honourable Lady Frances Hotham, a son.
— At Harpole, near Northampton, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. T. L. Dundas, a daughter.
19. In Gloucester-place, the lady of Capt. Brougham, a daughter.
20. At Bromley Common, Kent, the lady of H. Meux, Esq. a daughter.
21. In Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Eleanor Lowther, a daughter.
Late, at Riguent-house, Bedfordshire, the lady of Thomas Potter Macqueen, Esq. a son and heir.
— At Hurst-h *a*, West Monks, Lady Berkeley, a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, the lady of Major James Hervey, of Castle Semple, a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

At Cork, the lady of Major Edward Webdman, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, a daughter.
At Dublin, the lady of the Dean of Clonsilla, a daughter.

ABROAD.

At Naples, the lady of George Darling, Esq. a son.
At St. Ann's, Jamaica, the lady of W. G. Mac-knight, MD. a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

- Nov. 21.—At Bowden, Edward J. Lloyd, Esq. of Manchester, Barrister-at-law, to Eliza, youngest daughter of William Rigby, Esq. of Oldfield-hall, in the county of Cheshire.
23. At Hull, the Rev. G. Browne, of St. Alban's, Herts, to Grace, second daughter of the late T. Hiddle, Esq. of Hull.
Dec. 2. At Broxburn, Hants, Henry Browne, Esq. eldest son of Colonel Browne, of Amwell Bury, Hants, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of John Walmsley, Esq. of Castlemeir, in the county of Lancaster.
2. At Flaxley, Gloucestershire, by the Rev. Chas. Crawley, Rear Admiral Ballard, to Catherine Crawley, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir T. B. Coover, Bart. of Flaxley Abbey.
2. At Cheltenham, by the Bishop of Norwich, Major Hill Dickson, 64th Regiment, son of the late Archdeacon of Down, to Caroline Emma, second daughter of Thomas Stoughton, Esq. of the county of Kerry.
— At Southampton, W. Baker, Esq. MD. to Miss Bernard, only daughter of Peter Bernard, Esq. of Southampton.
5. Henry Pringle Bruyeres, Esq. of the Royal Engineers, to Anne Judith Laurie, eldest daughter of the late John Mordaunt, Esq. of Dover, in Kent, and of Kearney Abbey.

8. At Holkham, the Hon. Spencer Stanhope, to Miss (late daughter of T. W. Coke, Esq. M.P.
9. By special licence, at St James's church, the Earl of Belfast, eldest son of the Marquis of Downe, to Lady Harriet Butler, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale.
10. At Wragby, Lincolnshire, Sir T. C. Sheppard, Bart. of Craven park hall, Staffordshire, and Threton-hall, Bucks, to Mary Ann, only child of the Rev. Dr. Turner, Prebendary of Lincoln, and niece of Sir J. Stanger Bart.
11. At the Friends' Meeting house, Kingston-on-Thames, W. M. Prosser, son of Walter Prosser, Esq. of Kingsbridge, Devon, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. Foster Reynolds, Esq. of Ashall's house, Surrey.
12. At Mary's bone church, James Henry Mitchell, of Maryland, in the island of Jamaica, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late David Mitchell, Esq.
- At Lyndhurst House, Donnell's way, Esq. of North Runcton, Norfolk, to Lady Harriet Hay, sister to the Earl of Kintore.
- At St Martin's, Donald M'Duffie, Esq. late of the 14th Hussars, to Frances Holroyd, only daughter of Sir David Rice, Esq.
- Thomas Baker, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Maria, eldest daughter of Henry Edmunds, Esq. of Ashiam, Kent.
17. At Mary's bone church, by the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Wellesley, D.D. Robert Lambert, Esq. Rear Admiral of the White to Louisa Ann, sister of the Rev. T. Cobb, of Igtham, in the county of Kent.
- At Clapham, the Rev. Francis Kilvert, of Bath, to Miss De Chivres, of Acton lane, Clapham.
18. The Rev. W. Longlands, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and of Aston, Here, to Judith Campbell, eldest daughter of John Penrill, Esq. Bath.
19. At Clapham, Philip Latham, Esq. Banker, of Pontefract, in the county of York, youngest son of John Latham, Esq. of Ropetate-house, Pontefract, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Peter Blackburn, Esq. of Clapham-house, Surrey.
- At Bath, H. Jenkins, Esq. of Richmond, Devonshire, to Miss Nicholson, daughter of the late T. Nicholson, Esq. of Bishop Wearmouth, Durham.
- Charles Adam Over, Esq. of Little Hford, to Sarah, youngest daughter of W. Greenhill, Esq. of East Ham, Essex.
- IN SCOTLAND.**
- In Aberdeenshire, Major G. Turner, Roy. Artillery, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Ramsay, Esq. of Barra.
- IN IRELAND.**
- At Douglas church, near Cork, Charles Wedderburn Webster, Esq. of the Carablanera, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Chatterton, Bart. of Castlemaiden, Cork.
- ABROAD.**
- At Trinidad, Henry Fuller, Esq. his Majesty's Attorney-General, to Miss C. Carter.
- DEATHS.**
- Nov. 10.—At Reno, in her 74th year, Mrs. Catherine Middleton, relict of J. Middleton, Esq. brother of the late Sir Wm. Middleton, Bart. of Buteau Castle, in Northumberland.
- Lately, Lady Cholmeley, wife of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart. of Easton and Norton-place, Lincolnshire.
24. At Bishop's Cleeve, Wilts, in her 10th year, Maria Dorothea Francis, third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Haines.
- Lately, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, aged 73, Samuel Gordon, M.D.
25. The Rev. Joseph Moss, Vicar of Rothley, Leicestershire.
- At Bath, Don Antonio Francisco Zen, minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Columbia: his health had been in a declining state for some time.
26. At Hadley, in her 60th year, Martha, the wife of the Hon. G. A. Chetwynd Molyneux.
- Dec. 1. At Brighton, aged 26, Francis Posen, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law, and Fellow of New College, Oxford.
- At Bury St. Edmund's, in his 80th year, the Rev. John Adams, Rector of Langham, Suffolk, and Chaplain to the Duke of Gloucester.
7. At Stoke Newington, in his 65th year, John Alkin, M.D. author of a great number of popular and useful works.
8. Hester Salisbury, the lady of Sir Corbet Corbet, Bart.
9. At his residence, at Walton, the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Tankerville, Baron Osmington, &c. His Lordship was born Nov. 16, 1743; succeeded his father, Charles, the late Earl, Oct. 27, 1767, and married Emma, daughter and co-heiress of Sir James Colborne, Bart. Oct. 7, 1771, by whom he had eight children. He was succeeded by his eldest son, the Right Hon. Charles Augustus Lord Osmington, M.P. for Berwick-upon-Tweed.
10. Mrs. Jones, wife of W. T. Jones, Esq. of Aberystwith.
11. At Highbury Grove, aged 27, Sarah, wife of D. Kalsier, Esq.
- In Montagu place, Jane, the wife of R. V. Richards, Esq.
- At Ivy bridge, Devonshire, of a sudden pleuritic inflammation, in his 40th year, Geo. Gilbert Curry, M.D. senior Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital.
- At Lynn, Norfolk, aged 72, Mr. Birbeck, relict of John Birbeck, Esq. Farmer of that place.
14. Mary, wife of Agaley Pellatt, Esq. of Amberwell, and only daughter of Stephen Masbury, Esq. of Reading, Berks.
15. Lillibeth, relict of Bryan Mason, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service.
- At Clifton, the Rev. James Olive, Rector of St. Paul's, Bristol.
16. Col Wm. H. Boyd, of the Chatham division of the Royal Marines.
17. At Northampton, aged 28, Charles Young, Esq. fourth son of John Young, Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow.
18. At Hackney, Marnham, youngest daughter of Thomas Wilson, Esq. M.P.
19. At Brighton, in his 2nd year, Joseph Alcock, Esq. of Rochester, Surrey.
22. In Newton-street, the Countess D'Agila, the lady of the Sardinian Ambassador.
- ABROAD.**
- At Paris, his Excellency Fernandez Nunez, late Ambassador from Spain to the Court of France. He had lately been employed as Envoy of the Duchess of Lucca, sister of Ferdinand of Spain. The Rt. Rev. Thomas Fanehaue Middleton, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, on July 8th. His Lordship was educated in the Grammar school of Christ's Hospital, whence he removed to Jesus College, Cambridge: his first literary work was the *Constitution and history of periodical essays*. Besides several theological works, he is well known to scholars by his volume, *On the Doctrine of the Greek Verb*, applied to the illustration of the New Testament, &c. 1804.
- In Jamaica, Dr. Samuel Lushington, for many years a physician at London, where he was one of the contributors of the *London Medical and Physical Journal*, and who latterly practised with great success in Jamaica, whither he was induced to go for the sake of a change of climate.
- At Paris, in his 74th year, Count Bartholet, a native of Tallahas, in Saxony, who was originally of the Medical profession, and who distinguished himself by highly valuable studies and labours in chemistry, in which science he was one of the founders of a new sect.
- On his passage to Lisbon, near the mouth of the Tagus, Baron von Fugel, late Secretary to the Netherlands Embassy in London.
- Suddenly, at Vienna, while on his way to the Congress at Verona, Charles Augustus Prince Hildburghausen, eldest son of the late Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who was born at Hanover, and distinguished his talents as a diplomatist and politician very advantageously during the recent events of Europe.
- At his seat, Haderdorf, near Vienna, General and Field Marshal Alex. Baron Lunden.
- At Paris, Miss Elizabeth Hume, niece of Arthur Hume, Esq. Teller of the Irish Exchequer, and grand niece of the late Marquis of Waterford.
- At Calais, in his 44th year, Wm. Wythe, Esq. late of London.
- At Paris, M. Andrieu, the celebrated Medallist; his Napoleon arrived of medals placed him at the head of this work of art in modern times.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

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THE LION'S HEAD.

THE following Letter is from the pen of the Author of the first article in this Number:—and, as it seems (although addressed to ourselves directly), intended for the eyes of others, we beg leave to read it confidentially to our readers. The public, of course, though standing near, will be too polite to listen.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—Having travelled and resided during some years in countries but little visited by Europeans (namely, Siberia and Persia), I imagined that some description of these travels might be interesting at home. I had confined my observations to some branches of Natural History, and the manners, customs, and domestic life of the people with whom I daily associated and thus had an opportunity of observing accurately: in short, I followed my own studies, and was willing to communicate to my gentle reader what I had seen in the pursuit of them; leaving the precise boundaries, with the course of the rivers, to the geographers, from whom I learnt them; the sites of ancient cities and temples, which have and have not existed, to antiquarians; and the laws, religion, government, politics, commerce foreign and internal, &c. &c. &c. to the next fortnight tourist, or six weeks resident!!

On my return to England I produced my materials, the technical phrase, I believe, among book-makers for compilations, abridgements, sketches, and notes. Alas! these materials proved deplorably light in the balance of modern quarto voyages and travels; scarcely would the whole have occupied the space of the heads of chapters: these heads and chapters, however, I was rather scandalised to observe, frequently reminded me of the pompous bills of fare in certain poor taverns on the continent, where every delicacy of the larder and cellar is ostentatiously announced; the cloth is spread, the table covered, you fall too with appetite, but soon discover that all the superior dishes are served up half hot from a neighbouring cook's shop, while the only genuine produce of the house is washy soup, stale bread, and small wine.

Fallen from my high estate of quarto-ly importance, I am reduced humbly to entreat you, Mr. Editor, now and then to receive a tale founded on personal adventure, or illustrative of the manners, and domestic (if you will, *savage*) life of the countries which I have visited.

Dec. 17, 1822.

J. W. W.

The Author of the Essays of Elia has promised A SERIES OF CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, the first of which will appear in our next Number.

This intelligence will raise the spirit of Leila, who, since the death of Elia, has written a most feeling letter to his "Shade," from the shades below.

The continuation of the Visit to the Franciscan Monastery of Sorrento shall certainly enliven our next Number.

J. P. of Wisbeach, complains of our omission "of several useful Tables, such as Weather, Markets, Average Price of Corn, &c." and intreats us to rush back to our tallow, and hides, and bushels, as fast as the feet of Lion's Head can carry it. "Ah, who can tell how hard it is to"—suit all readers of a Periodical Publication. We can honestly say, we were induced to the omission by the frequent letters of readers, who craved for a Magazine less Mercantile and more Literary. Until we are satisfied that the world cannot go on without our telling it monthly, how much butter is per pound,—we must still persevere in making J. P. unhappy.—His little reflection, tacked to his complaint, like a bit out of the Night Thoughts,—does not suit our purpose.

A. R.'s poem has been burnt, as requested, with a multitude of others. "It looked indifferent well," as Sir Andrew Aguecheek has it, "in a flame-coloured stock!"

An impertinent *brute* (irreverently be it said) who signs himself *Jack 'All*, and who no doubt, seeks by such means to precede *Lion's Head*—has addressed a naughty note to us, and "in the little kiver of his nonsense," as worthy Mrs. Jenkins says,—has wrapped up a bit of meat for the Lion. At page 567 of our December number, a Correspondent gave us an Epitaph on the Duke of Montebello, in a prose shape:—*Jack 'All*, to suit his own purpose, calls it "a bald literal translation," and sends the thing *cooked* into verse. *Lion's Head bolts* the morsel, without a word.

In this tomb lies buried the Duke of Montebello,
The rival of Mars, and a much finer fellow.
Our Cæsar (that's Napoleon) to him was very partial,
And blubbered at the loss of his favourite Marshal.
He and Victory were playfellows: his foes, he made them pay for it:
Of all the sons of Mother France, he was, alas! the favourite.
By order of the Emperor this graveee his dust receives.
Thus Valour honours valour—there's honour among thieves.

The Authors of Lines to Maid Marian;—Sonnet, by E. B.;—the Beetle, a fragment;—on Winter;—Thoughts on the Day;—the Return;—and of several other communications, not requiring special replies, will understand our answer from their non-insertion.

THE
London Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1823.

A DAY OF A PERSIAN JEW.

IN the city of Tabreez dwelt the Jew Jouad, active and intriguing in traffic, with all the attributes of his race, despised of men, and abhorred even of women, as it was said; though an accurate observer might perceive, in his quarter of the town, that one or two of the little urchins dabbling in the broken water-pipe before the doors, or, on cooler days, basking on the arched roof, or reveling on the ash-heap of the bath at the corner, had the interval between the nose and mouth remarkably short, with a peculiar expression about the eye, belonging neither to Persian, Courde, nor Turkoman. Be it as it may, many husbands in the neighbourhood winked, looked wise, and blessed the mouths and eyes of their own swarthy likenesses. His various avocations of wine-seller and brandy-maker in private, and dealer in odds and ends publicly, had so completely and profitably occupied the day, that a cup or two of wine extraordinary with Arratoon, an Armenian neighbour, seemed to Jouad an allowable recreation at night.

Arratoon was a merry hand, welcome every where, protected by Mirza Abdoul, and consequently taking his glass, and cracking his joke without fear. It was generally whispered, that his cellar (as a Christian, he was entitled to have one,) was more frequently replenished and emptied than any other in Tabreez; and it was remarked, that during the ebb tide of the cellar, the Hadji's wits were more than usually brilliant, scattering snatches of Hafiz on all that approached him, where the rose and the nightingale shone less con-

spicuous than the sparkling wine of Shiraz.

At night the two friends met, and were seated on the same carpet together. The usual inquiries after, and wishes for each other's health and welfare being finished, Jouad clapped his hands two or three times, and immediately the head of Anna his wife (for he was a family man) appeared from behind the purdah, or door curtain, of the inner room, but so closely veiled, that only one eye was visible to the guest. "Anna," cried Jouad, "knowest thou the great damjan, standing in the corner behind the rice bag and the tent poles?" "I do," answered Anna, "by the token that thou hast so often warned me to take care of it, and forbidden me to touch it." "I forbid thee no longer then," rejoined Jouad, "go thy way, look into the Russian box, which I brought on my last journey from Tefflis; there thou wilt find two bottles; take one of the bottles, fill it carefully from the damjan, and bring it hither, with three glasses, for thou also shalt taste." "'Tis ever so;" muttered Anna; "men may sit to smoke, and think the very stooping forward to eat is a trouble, when the meat is set on the ground before them; but women, alas!"—A look from Jouad dispersed the gathering storm, caused the purdah to drop, and the head of Anna to disappear. She shortly after, however, entered with the bottle and glasses, one of which happening to slip as she placed them on the carpet, again disturbed her bile. "The devil or the gins are in our house to day," she cried, "every thing has miscarried." "There is often a bone in

thy dog's throat, Anna, but what has befallen thee to-day?" demanded her husband. "Much to vex me, but I must bear all (whimpered Anna), all falls on me, for thou, Jouad, regardest not." "Silence!" cried Jouad, "thou hast talked enough—woman, know thy duty. Silence! I say." "I have talked," retorted Anna, "I am a woman, and I will talk." "Then will I give thee fit subject for noisy declamation," replied Jouad, half serious and half in jest, "by thrusting a stout cat into thy trowsers, and tying her therein, as Abdullah the Tartar says they treat refractory wives in Turkey; and they are a wise people in many things, and worthy of imitation, though our Persians do curse Omar, and scoff at them for blind misled Soonites. But come, Anna, forget thy troubles. If I meddle not much in the affairs of the house, thou hast more of thy own will; and when thou hast maid servants, as perchance one day thou wilt have, they will lessen thy toil, and keep things in order." "Let the maids but keep them as well as Anna now does," (continued Arratoon, taking up the discourse) "and thou wilt have a well ordered house. No two women in the town do so much; and now I can believe what I have often heard, that the notable housewife is assisted by the kindly gins." This well-timed compliment, with a glass of cordial from the Russian bottle, completely soothed Anna's wrath, which in general was but transient, as she really loved her husband, and was vain of his success; often boasting that they had little to buy for the house, as the presents her husband received for his cures supplied them with the best that the country afforded. This was not literally true, as supplies sometimes arrived in a mysterious manner, without any positive explanation where they came from, and, perhaps, the least explanation was best. The only subject of discontent to her was, the indifference of Jouad to their household cares. The clarified butter might fall half a batman short of the expected weight after boiling. The youourt might mould instead of drying, and twenty similar accidents occur, to her great annoyance, but no sympathy or consolation could ever be expected from her

husband. A mishap in the store-room had, in fact, caused the little display of temper which she had just exhibited in the Anderoon. A band of rats had gained admission, and committed fearful ravages upon her tallow cakes; and, perhaps assisted by her darling son little Nathan, had nearly demolished one of her finest honey-combs. She now, however, re-appeared with a smiling countenance, bearing before her what might justly be termed the pride of her heart, a large round copper tray, covered with dishes of the same metal, all well tinned, containing her choicest specimens of culinary science. Kabobs of wild kid, covered with youourt, dolmas of mutton, and a delicate fowl stuffed with raisins of the sun and pistachio nuts, partly surrounded the pillau placed in the centre, concealed from view under the high tapering cover of Hamadann workmanship. The China bowl of sherbet, with its slender curiously wrought spoon lightly floating on the surface, occupied the other side, leaving only room to set in two little plates, one containing powdered ewe-milk cheese, and the other small cucumbers, preserved with vinegar and honey.

When she had deposited her burden on the ground, the two friends drew nearer, gathered their legs closer under them, then bringing their noses within six inches of the dishes, commenced the attack with their fingers, having previously poured a little water over their right hands, from the ewer which Jouad reached from a niche in the wall. As soon as Anna saw their hands fairly in the gravies, she proudly raised the centre cover, and displayed the fair pyramid of snow-white rice, encircled with a saffron ring, and crowned with a sprinkling of dried barberries. She then retreated, and sat down at a little distance to regale on the praises that her ragouts elicited from the two friends, who enjoyed the more substantial satisfaction of swallowing them. From time to time she arose to bring a bottle of choice wine from the inner room, place the glasses, or to trim the pee soo (or tallow lamp): occasionally she pressed her guest to eat, drank a few glasses of wine with him and her husband, and became rather more loquacious after she had removed the

tray, poured water again on their hands, served coffee, lighted their pipes, and sipped a bumper from her own favourite cup, till she saw the Arabic verse of the Koran engraved at the bottom, cursing unbelievers, and exhorting the faithful to exterminate the race, which she believed to be a charm against poison and the evil eye, and delighted to look upon. The Jew and the Christian, forgetting for the moment the cruel oppressions and humiliating insults hourly endured by their degraded and despised sects, talked of enjoyments, boasted of family, and hazarded wit, that might have cost them their lives, had the lowest Mussulman overheard it; flinging wine in the beard of Mahomet, and roundly asserting that Cadija and Fatima were no better than they should be. The festivity continued much to the satisfaction of all parties till Arratoon, heated by the wine that he had drunk, begged a draught of cold water; Anna immediately arose, filled a cupful, and after having carefully looked into it by the light of the pee soo presented it to him; at the same time expressing her fears that it was not so cool as it might be. "Hasten, hasten, good Anna," cried Arratoon, "to the kitchen of thy neighbour the Vizir, nothing is found therein but water, and it is the coolest place in all the city: a consumptive mouse, and three hectic little ones, were found famishing in the hearth corner but the other morning by Ibrahim, when he went to seek a few ashes to wash with." This sally was received with infinite applause by the husband and wife, which continued till Arratoon had finished his draught. He then returned the cup to Anna, who once more carefully inspected the interior of it. "Woman," exclaimed Jouad, "art thou mad; why lookest thou in the cup when the guest has drunk?" "Chide not, good husband," replied Anna, "I looked but to see if the two beetles were yet therein which swam so lustily in the water when I presented it to our neighbour." Long and loud bursts of laughter followed this brilliant display of Anna's wit, which, like the nimblest whirls of the Gipsy dancing boys, concluded the entertainment. Shortly after Arratoon arose, lighted his pocket paper

lantern, pulled his cap straighter on his head than it had lately been, thrust his feet into his walking slippers at the threshold, traversed the court yard, and, with a farewell to his hosts, disappeared through its narrow low door into the street.

Jouad yet slept soundly on his bed when the rapping of the Christian bedel's rattle, to collect his congregation before day, half awoke him to conscious existence. The last sounds of Arratoon's hearty laugh again indistinctly vibrated on his ear, and excited a corresponding smile on his own countenance. Then a cross, a rosary, and a cup, dimly floated before his eyes, and seemed to occupy the Tabernacle, whilst the seven-branched Candlestick lay prostrate before them. His features again contracted, a frown replaced the late smile, and a half articulated curse passed his lips; he suddenly turned his head aside as if to avoid the hateful sight, and again sunk in forgetfulness. The notes of the horn sounding before dawn from the roof of the neighbouring bath, to notify that the hour of ablution for the Faithful was arrived, next resumed the connexion between external impressions and the dormant faculties. He was on the road to the bath, bearing with him the jewel which he had purchased the day preceding, an easy bargain, from Kara Hussein, the Courde: he entered; his clothes were in the alcove; he was in the bath, no longer the poor dark mud building that he remembered, but shining with painting and the veined alabaster of Tabreez. His loins were girded with shawl and embroidery, instead of his own poor checked cotton wrapper; but he was alone; none came with hot water as was usual to rub and knead him, and apply the dyeing materials to his beard or shave his head: he fled to the outer hall, for the silence appalled him. No longer alone, he was surrounded with the fairest of the King's Harem; every arm extended towards him in welcome; joy spread over every countenance and penetrated to his heart. Suddenly a voice was heard denouncing vengeance on the degenerate daughters of Islam, and destruction to the insolent intruding Jew. The fountain in the middle gushed forth in streams of

blood, and the rippling of the late crystal water rolled over the edges of the tank in crimson waves. The two-edged sword of Ali, guided by an invisible hand, and flashing fire at every blow, commenced the dreadful execution: the tremendous voice still roared its fearful denunciations, whilst some irresistible power restrained the efforts of Jouad to regain his beloved jewel, which floated before him on the purple tide. The struggle at length became more than imaginary, and he awoke as the last long note from the bathman's horn died away in the silence of early morn. Hastily thrusting one hand into his bosom to ascertain the safety of his jewel, and seizing with the other the basin of water that stood by his bedside, he gulped down a few mouthfuls, and once more endeavoured to regain his tranquillity, and recompose his nerves, still a little shaken by the potations of last night, and the fearful recollection of Ali's flaming sword. Scarcely had he turned his thoughts from the dreams of the past night, to the profits of the coming day, when the deep full tones of the muzzim from the next mosque were heard solemnly chaunting, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." "'Tis false," pettishly growled Jouad, "false as the heart that imagined or the tongue that utters it:" and he angrily pulled the thick quilted coverlet over his ears, to avoid hearing the conclusion and repetition of the odious sentence.

He lay for some time in that happy state, between sleep and waking, confusedly turning over in his mind medical herbs, old iron crooks and stirrups, the working of his wine jars, ferusas or Turquoise stones, a goat-skin pair of bellows, and a packet of emeralds, all bought cheap, and each, in his dozing speculations, returning ample profit according to its value. From these pleasing reveries he was roused by the voice of Anna, who rushed hastily into the room, exclaiming as she hasped the door, "God of my fathers! sleepest thou when the hyena growls without, and the accursed boar whets his tusk to gore thee? Up, man! Up, for know that the Ferashes of Mirza Mahmoud, are even now in the wine-vault of Arratoon; and where will

their next visit be?" It required no further explanation to dissipate the gentle visions of Jouad, and cause him to leap from his bed. "Blessings on thee, Anna, for thy timely notice; but despised among women be the mothers of them, that cause thee to bring such evil tidings," he uttered as he tightened his girdle, and rushed into the inner chamber, followed by Anna. This chamber, which served as a kitchen, storehouse, and retirement for Anna when strangers occupied the outward room, they hastily traversed, Jouad snatching up a few parcels enveloped in skins, whilst Anna, having replaced the bottles and glasses in the Russian box, followed her husband with it down some irregular steps into the cellar. In a few seconds she returned, lighted a lamp, and rapidly re-descended the steps, bearing with her the above-mentioned damjan, and one or two other little articles of luxury unfit for the inspection which she expected shortly to commence. In the cellar, she found Jouad dragging with all his force a buffalo skin full of wine towards the rugged entrance of a still further descent, where three other similar skins were already deposited. "Haste, haste, Anna," he cried, disappearing into the dark abyss with his burthen; "the lamp!" he continued, almost breathless with exertion, "spare not thy strength good Anna; it is well; I have it:" as the second buffalo, assisted by the powerful efforts of Anna, followed its companion. All the four skins of wine, together with the two goat-skins of brandy, nearly the whole stock of the house, were thus safely deposited below, together with the damjan, the Russian box, and a few silver saucers for coffee cups. Jouad, first handing up the lamp, nimbly leaped forth, and then pushing the unwieldy trap door of boards, covered with cemented marl, over the aperture, completely concealed the entrance of this secret repository. They had only just concluded their operations by raking with their hands the loose earth of the cellar floor into the crevice surrounding the trap door, and had smoothed the whole to a uniform surface, when voices were heard in the court-yard without. In an instant, Jouad was in the outward room adjusting a buckle to the belt of an old

musket which lay by the window, where a hole torn in the oiled paper permitted observation of what passed without. Anna extinguished her lamp, and was apparently busied in heating the stones for baking her dough, which, already neglected beyond its time, lay heaving and swelling before the fire in an earthen pan. A slight jingle, as the door chain unhooked and fell, and the salutation from Jouad of "Ye are welcome!" announced to her the inauspicious arrival of her unbidden guests. The murmuring sounds of indistinct voices succeeded, gradually increasing in force till Jouad was heard loudly declaring his innocence of drunkenness, his ignorance where to find, and his own utter inability to produce, a single goatskin of wine. All this, asserted with the utmost vehemence of declamation, and supported by frequent appeals to the head of his father and the beard of the king, in confirmation of his veracity, failed to convince the Ferash Bashee, who, for reasons of his own, wished to confer a few minutes in private with Jouad apart from his companions; he, therefore, insisted upon searching the house, but in consideration of his friendship for the master of it, he ordered Jouad to precede him alone into the inner room, and his attendants to remain at the door. Jouad raised the purdah and they entered alone.

A few broad hints not producing any offer on the part of Jouad, the Ferash Bashee proceeded without more circumlocution to explain his purpose. His master, the Governor, was in great necessity for money, having lost considerable sums lately at gaming, and now was causing all the Christian and Jewish houses to be visited in order to suppress drunkenness and the selling of wine to Mussulmans. Some from fear, some from conscious guilt, and some to purchase favour, presented the expected peace-offering, and imprudently betrayed an abundance most alluring to the future rapacity of their oppressors. The fifteen toman present at first demanded had dwindled down to five, but Jouad remained inexorable, and obstinately pleaded poverty, which all around seemed sufficiently to attest. The Ferash, finding that no harvest could be

reaped for his master, turned his attention towards his own small gleanings with as little success. Nothing more could be obtained from Jouad than the repetition of inability, the numerous extortions which he had lately suffered, and the loss of Ala Bash, his longest eared mule, with an entire load of wine, in his last journey—lamenting almost with tears the loss of the poor creature;—and then, for confirmation of his assertions, appealing to Anna, who, on the entrance of the Ferash Bashee, had crouched down in a corner of the room, with her face to the wall, and now, closely concealed in her veil, might have been mistaken for an inanimate bundle, had not an impatient start, or angry snarl, of disapprobation from time to time escaped her. Delighted that the restraint was now removed from her lips by the sanction of her husband, she broke forth in absolute despair for her dear Ala Bash, and bewailed his untimely end with such unfeigned sorrow, that the Ferash, although unwilling to believe, was at last convinced of the reality of the accident. The truth is, that the wine had been sold in the tents of a Courdish Chief, and Ala Bash, the mule, purchased at an exorbitant price by an Armenian merchant, who had had the misfortune to lose one of his own in descending a difficult pass in the mountains. Finding that nothing could be gained by expostulation, the Ferash commanded Jouad to light the lamp and show the way to the cellar; in doing which, he contrived to drop a small purse, containing the Courde's jewel and several gold coins, into the high narrow water jar standing in the corner. It was well that he took this precaution, for on returning to the outward room, after a fruitless search in the cellar, Jouad's person underwent so minute a scrutiny, that a few pieces of silver and copper were detected, and, for want of richer plunder, detained by his visitors. Each then swallowed a large cup of execrable wine, and quitted the house, loudly exhorting him to sobriety, and denouncing the wrath of the king's son on his head (loud enough to be heard by the neighbourhood) if he permitted a Mussulman to taste of the forbidden liquor under his roof. "Deceiving, deceived slaves!" muttered Jouad as he

fished up his jewel out of the water jar; then throwing on his walking coat, or cloak, and thrusting his pen-case into his girdle, he set out on his way to the bazaar.

The winter had commenced: the sun no longer glowed in a cloudless sky, or scorched the earth with his fiery rays. The red hills were already covered with snow, and large flakes were now fast falling in the town; the ministers and mirzas going to the Defa Khonar hastened their horses, and their attendants half running, half walking, dropped a hasty salutation to their friends. A party of peasants buying hot beet root, at the door of a cook's shop, pointed to the wretchedly lean carcasses of sheep which hung before a butcher's at a little distance, and pronounced the frost to have been some time severe in the mountains, the sheep having been already killed to prevent their dying by starvation. The pomegranate and the withering kishmish occupied the place of the autumn fruits; here and there a little pan of charcoal burned upon the board, where sat the tailor, or the public writer; a few Courdes with their long spears in their hands, and completely armed, strolled indolently along, nor seemed now impatient of a town. Snow and icicles whitened the caps and stiffened the beards of travellers arriving from the country. Every thing announced the first winter storm, as Jouad pulled down the few shattered planks from before the aperture of his little shop, and disclosed its miserable interior; indeed, it bore more the appearance of a receptacle for the refuse and sweepings of other shops, than of actually laying claim to the title of one itself. Jouad set about displaying to the best advantage his curious stores, the whole value of which might amount to a very few rupees. This collection of non-descripts being at last arranged to his satisfaction, he sat down to wait for customers, sometimes smoking his own pipe, or accepting a whiff or two from a neighbour's sarghila; sometimes watching a decoction of dried herbs, which he asserted to be infallible for healing bruises and green wounds,—patching holes, darning rents, polishing old rusty swords and daggers: *in short, endeavouring to render a-*

gain useful, or at least saleable, that which had long been thrown aside as useless and worthless, occupied the remainder of his time. An unusual bustle at length induced him to put his head forward to learn the cause. Fools part with their money rather than suffer a little vexation or pain, he thought to himself; but he speedily withdrew from public observation, on perceiving the Ferashes of the Kaimakaum, who haughtily received some pieces of silver which a Greek humbly offered to them. His retreat was too late, for immediately one of the satellites advanced towards him, exclaiming: "The snow lies on the roof of the Kaimakaum; where is thy shovel, and wherefore loiterest thou here when thou mayest serve my Lord?" This was accompanied by so fearful a flourish of the djereed which he carried in his hand, that Jouad's head most probably would have suffered, had he not adroitly bent it to the earth, and presented a more enduring part to the shock. He was quit for the fear; the djereed was again poised on the ground, whilst a few indistinct words, and a knowing grin from its bearer explained, that the master's service might be compromised for a small gratification to the servant. This Jouad perfectly understood, but firm to his principle of not parting with money, he only whined out that he hoped some recompense would be made him for the loss of his time; or at least that he might be permitted to shut up his shop, and secure his property, before he had the honour of mounting on the roof of my Lord the Kaimakaum. An angry sneering laugh was his only answer; another imposing flourish of the djereed enforced immediate obedience, and indicated the direction in which he had to move. He resignedly stepped forth into the covered way of the bazaar, and joined three or four of his brethren already assembled there. They all proceeded to the house of the Kaimakaum, and commenced their work of throwing the snow from the flat mud-terraced roof. They had only just cleared the yard of the snow which they had previously thrown there, when another party of Ferashes laid hands on them, and led them to perform the same operation on the house and

yard of the Topchee Bashee. They then had the good fortune to escape, and returned home.

Jouad returned to his den, and found all safe as he had left it; indeed he was always careful to leave nothing worth losing. As he sat refreshing himself after his fatigue with a little youourt (curdled milk) and bread, he saw, passing one of the entrances of the bazaar, a number of women on horseback, conducted by an old man on foot. From their number and the whiteness of their veils he supposed them the women of some man of rank, and his wrath kindled against them on the bare supposition.

"Accursed race," he grumbled, as he sought the little bottle of brandy, which he usually kept concealed in the stuffing of an old ass saddle; "did heaven but give you your merited reward, your bones would be ground to powder, fine as the flour from between the mill-stones." After this toast to their welfare, he crouched down in a corner, as if seeking something, and gulped a reviving draught from his bottle; then cautiously looking round, to be sure that he was not observed, he replaced his comforter in the old saddle, and began striking a light for his pipe. He was interrupted in this pleasing occupation by a violent screaming and commotion, every one running towards the gate by which the women on horseback had passed. "Were I sure that they had broken their limbs, or fractured their skulls, I might be tempted to move and enjoy the sight," he continued; "but rest is now acceptable;" and he drew the first comfortable whiff from his pipe, replacing the flint and steel in the little bag with the touch-wood. This was not to be a day of rest for Jouad, his name resounded on all sides. "Haste, Jouad, good Jouad," sobbed the old guide of the ladies, panting in breathless speed, "Kind Jouad, prince of learned physicians, come to the lady Nabottee, the beloved wife of Asker Khan; she has fallen from her horse on one of the black stones, and much I fear that she is killed." "Then there is no need of a physician," quietly observed Jouad, pouring out a volume of balmy smoke, and unwilling to interfere in such a critical case. "O! Jouad, friend Jouad," cried the half-distracted old

man, "come, O! come, I will reward thee, my brindled greyhound is thine." No reply.—"My horse's silver nose chain that thou lovest, I will give thee, if thou wilt come; holy Allah, my head answers for her safety." "Then thou wilt lose it if she is killed as thou sayest;" Jouad maliciously answered; "and the loss will not be great, friend Ishmael, for thou art old, and worth little, save carrying the pitcher and bath clothes of the women to the bath on a Thursday." A most powerful pull by the ear from Sali Beg silenced Jouad, and sent him on his way to the house of Asker Khan, where the wounded lady had already arrived. Upon enquiry, he found that her hip was dislocated, and he gave directions to take off her veil and part of her garments, in order to attempt setting it immediately. He was advancing towards her, when the voice of Asker Khan himself, half choaked with fear and rage, thundered out as he entered the chamber, "Wretch, slave, dog, dare but defile the hem of her robe by thy impure touch, and I will cleave thy head in two!" "How would my Lord the Khan that I set a bone, without touching the patient?" demanded Jouad. "I care not, I know not," screamed the infuriated Khan, stamping and gnashing his teeth, "cured she shall be or thou diest: were she of thy own accursed tribe she would now be well, I believe." "I trust most submissively," Jouad replied, "that I can cure the daughter of Jaffir Khan, but I must touch her." "Then thy head rolls on the carpet before thee, dog; commence thy work quick, ere two hours she is well, or thou art not alive to mock her sufferings." "God of Abraham!" groaned Jouad, pacing the chamber in an agony of despair, "when wilt thou cease to chastise thy people? where seek help if thou desertest me! are my hours then numbered? Hah! By the tombs of my ancestors I will attempt it! I can but die.—Instantly lead me a buffalo before the window; one of them that now feed on clover in the outer court." Strange as the order appeared, it was immediately obeyed. Jouad then directed the attending women to place their mistress astride on the back of the animal, and tie her feet with a silken shawl together under its belly.

then ordered water to be set before the buffalo, who drank plentifully. In a short time, the clover and water produced the usual effects of distending the body of the animal which has been unlucky enough to feed on them. Nabottee rent the air with her piercing shrieks: her women consoled and howled in sympathetic chorus, the Khan blasphemed, prayed, and menaced all around, whilst the poor suffering beast uttered low deep moans. The operation, with all its accompaniments, continued to advance, till Jouad, believing the limb sufficiently extended for his purpose by the increased circumference of the buffalo's body, with a sharp dagger suddenly cut the shawl which restrained the legs of Nabottee. A loud snap, or report, announced that the bone had sunk into its socket, and that the cure was effected. The con-

fusion which ensued cannot be described; congratulations and condolences on every side. Jouad was dog or deity alternately, as Nabottee decried his experiment or praised his skill. At length she was safely deposited upon her bed, and, after swallowing a composing draught of his prescribing, she seemed inclined to sleep. Jouad was then permitted to retire, receiving from the hands of the overjoyed Khan ten pieces of gold; a scanty recompence for all that he had effected and endured.

The sun had already set when he quitted the house, and the short twilight barely enabled him to reach the bazaar, shut up his shop, and again enter his own door to recount the adventures of the day, and partake of the savoury pillau of Anna, as the last streak of golden light disappeared in the west. J. W. W.

CORPORAL COLVILLE.

Soon after the battle of Waterloo, when the maimed, the widow, and the fatherless, crowded our roads, I happened to be a passenger in that long winding lane in Westminster where Milton lived, and known to all lovers of poesie by the name of York-street. While I stood gazing on the ancient house—making the present meet the past, and thinking on the state from which it had fallen, from being the residence of our sublimest bard, to become the haunt, perhaps, of undertakers or money-lenders, a military caravan came slowly along the street. It was piled high with camp equipage, soiled and rent, with trunks and knapsacks, and with rugs and blankets; many women were there, from the ripe and experienced follower of the camp, to the dame newly carried away by the bold soldier from the counsel of aunts and the admonition of mothers. Children also were numerous in mothers' bosoms and mothers' laps; while from among the softer materials of the camp, looked out a wilderness of curly heads and merry faces. Had fortune blessed me by making me a woman, I would have followed the drum, and warmed myself in the suns of Spain and France, along with some gallant soldier.

In the hinder-end of the caravan,

I observed three soldiers seated, as gay as recruits, men who seemed never to have tasted the bitter waters of a dismal march, nor to have been exposed to have their limbs lopped and pruned by the sharp instruments of war. A murmur of sympathy ran suddenly along the street. I saw the people looking with an unusual eagerness at the three men. "God bless my limbs," said a carman, stopping his waggon as he passed, "two legs among three men—you have had hot work, my hearties, so take a suck of Seager's cordial for the sight," and he chucked a sixpence into the caravan. "I have been a soldier's wife myself," said a baker's considerate spouse, "and should know how sweet a loaf warm from the oven feels in one's mouth after a cold field ration; so take these, my lads, from one who has seen the retreat to Corunna, and the battle on the sea-shore, and who loves the colour of scarlet still:" and she placed half-a-dozen smoking rolls beside them. "And I have been a soldier's wife too," shouted a Hibernian dame, who, with the reliques of a military coat on her back, and a face well tanned by foreign suns, had that very morning commenced the shifting and lucrative profession of selling fish, "I have followed the drum, my dearies, since I was sweet

seventeen, and should know what a handsome leg is; and a handsomer leg than belongs to the lad in the middle there—the Corporal, I mean—Ah! good luck to him, and he's laughing at me now; and many's the pretty face has been pleased to see him laugh. I vow, by the calfskin fiddle and the music of the hollow wood, that he's as like my own goodman, him that's dead I mean, as one salmon is like another. Do you hear me now, Corporal? did you ever see Pat Macarthy of the Enniskilleners—a gentleman the meanest inch of him, and as bright a weaver as ever crossed thread? He was fond of riding, good soul; and so you see he listed in the Irish horse—sure you might have known him by his elegant leg, and the handsome fall of his shoulders. But taste a drop of the pure comfort, whether you knew my husband or not." So saying, she dived from her girdle to her knees, into the recesses of an immense pouch, which had been a sanctuary to many a virgin of gold and saint of pure silver, in the Spanish campaigns; and fishing up a small leathern bottle, she presented it to the three soldiers, who drained its contents, and smacked their lips in token of acknowledgment.

While this passed, I looked on the Corporal, the object of the widow's eulogium; he seemed some thirty years old—slim, but firmly made, with an oval face, and short sunny hair, and that unquenchable light in his blue eye, half amorous and half martial, which makes the hearts of all our country and city maidens dance, from Dundee to Dover. The heat of foreign skies had somewhat darkened the deep and healthy English bloom which nature had shed so largely over his face; but even this added interest to his looks, and combined, with the very handsome leg that remained, and the loss of his other limb, to tell a tale of danger and of daring for him, which I would not wish one's sister or sweetheart should hear. A woman's heart would not be worth wearing that could resist such attractions, natural and military. During the brief halt of the caravan, a flagon of ale passed rapidly from mouth to mouth; soldier, wife, widow, and child, partook largely of this ancient beverage; and

"health to Corporal Colville," was the exclamation of every dame, before the foam touched her lips. This favourite of the street, as well as of the regiment, received the homage with a smile, and a look which a foreign prince or a polished courtier might envy. "Eh! and is that Corporal Colville?" said a youthful spinster, projecting a swelling bosom from a window hung with damasked curtains, and showing a fair face, waving about the temples with handfuls of papered hair. "Eh! and is that Corporal Colville, whom poor Jess Jenkins, the innkeeper's daughter, went mad with drink for? whom Kate of Kent, the fair maiden of Middenstead, followed the regiment to Portsmouth for?—and young lady Clementina Clegg ran away with her father's footman about? Ah! it's well for us all that his best leg's gone, else he might have done some damage among the maidens of Chelsea, and perhaps mingled vulgar blood with the pure blood of the peerage?" Amid other exclamations of the like nature, expressed in a more emphatic tone, and with a broader *nuïveté*, the caravan moved on towards Chelsea. I looked after it; not without thinking on that period of strife and havoc when caravan after caravan moved into Brussels, from the field of Waterloo, bearing the wounded,

While from each anguish-laden wain
The life's-blood laid the dust like rain.

This happened towards the afternoon; for the rest of the day I thought of Corporal Colville; his looks and his form followed me to my fireside. There he was—the smile still expanding his agreeable features; he seemed to read my wishes through my eyes, and to take a seat beside me. But fancy did not stop with this outward painting; I entered into a mute converse with this aerial recruit—made long marches by his side—warred on many a field, and dug in many a trench, and chaunted Spanish ballads as long as from Salamanca to Vittoria. I imagined for him a fair story of military deeds, which wanted only the sanction of an official signature to be as authentic as a French bulletin. But this kind of colloquy between a creature of gross flesh

and bone, and a phantom on which the credulous imagination had lavished its richest colours, was to come to an end. I heard the sound of military music, not the stormy discord of the drum, nor the shrill screeching of the fife, nor the thrilling and brazen noise of the trumpet; but a sound which the associations of youth rendered a thousand times sweeter than any of those movers of military enthusiasm, even the note of the Scottish bagpipe, awakened by a cunning and a gentle hand; coming on the evening wind as soft and as mellow as when I heard it breathed from the summit of a heathery hill, when the tartans were glittering in the sun. The sound conducted me to a well-known piece of ground called the Five Fields of Pimlico. It might be about nine o'clock; the moon was high and bright; and I stood on an earthen enclosure, to see from whence the music proceeded. Before me, on the green sward, I immediately observed an encampment or bivouack of soldiers, with their whole wealth about them; their knapsacks, their wives, their children, and their loves. They seemed the reliques of several regiments, English, Irish, and Scotch; time, disease, and war, had done their duty among them, and here they sat all huddled together; their dress and their looks not more various than their dialects. It was sad to look on them, but they seemed happy, and had already grouped themselves around flagons of ale and smoking collops, supplied largely by the diligence of a blue-eyed girl, from the Crown and Anchor, in Ebury-street.

In the midst of some of the picked spirits of the three nations, I beheld Corporal Colville, his face radiant with mirth; a Highland piper seated before him, his instrument charged with common English wind, which the magic of his skill was ready to charm into delicious music; while beside him sat a girl, ripe and rosy, newly broken from the limits of a boarding school, and attracted by the mirth, the minstrelsy, and the scarlet. Some stood, some leaned, some sat, and others lay grouped around, while this military planet shed the wayward light of his looks and his fancy on all alike. The plates

clattered, and the flagons rang, and the hearty meal was dispatched with soldier-like vigilance. Here a soldier of merry old England growled out an oath or two against the tax on beer, as he wiped the foam from his lips; a veteran from the Leap of Coleraine swore by the holy distillation-pipe of Saint Patrick's still, that a thimbleful of the right dew of the Newry mountains was worth a whole Lough Neagh of the best beer that ever foamed; while a cannie Scotchman, with stripes on his arm, denoting subaltern rank, held his bonnet before his face, and muttered a brief acknowledgment for these hurried but welcome mercies. Had my friend David Wilkie looked with me on this scene, two or three dashes of his hand would have saved me the shame of this hasty and imperfect sketch, and given to Corporal Colville and all his companions the life that is most likely to last.

The conversation now commenced; wayward indeed, and desultory—the recognitions between comrades long parted—a few glances at the deserted and the dead,—on what field an arm was lost, and at what siege a leg—the pinch of famine, and the miseries of a winter march, were thrown rapidly in. Corporal Colville appeared not to care about listening to these dry regimental returns of casualties; he addressed himself to the girl who still kept her seat by his side. “My blessings on your English face—the British bloom, say I—the bright merry eye, and the right native white and red. Commend me to old mother England for buxom maidens yet. I like them a thousand times better than the long mantilla'd madonnas of Spain, with their look of grave and considerate sinfulness—better than the flounced, and skipping, and painted madams of France, and better than those cold and stagnant dames of the lakes and marshes, with the seven tires of Brussels' lace round their seven petticoats—the gutter-dub darlings of dull old Holland. The English lass for me, all the world over; she wears her bloom well; and the Yorkshire bloom lasts the longest, unless it be the bloom of bonnie Cumberland. Ah! that reminds me of Violet Forrest, of Cockermouth; she carried summer on her cheeks

through seven campaigns." "As for me, Corporal Colville," said a slow and deliberate Scotchman, the same who said the blessing in his bonnet, "I say nought against the English lasses—bating that they are fond of gauds and gallantries, and apt, in their love for lying soft, to forget who they are married to; I see nought to hinder their being good wives, or bearing the bloom on their cheeks through seven campaigns; but if ye had had the good luck, man, to have married a kindly Scotch lass, they're the queans for a campaign—they can forage, and they can fight—and it will be a cold day and a well-cleaned country, if they fail to have something cozie and warm to the poor sodger lad who fights all day for their sake."

"A kindly Scotch lass!" shouted Corporal Colville; "think ye, lad, that I have not proved the faith and love of one of the bonnie maids of Caledonia? Ah! man, there was

one I loved well—Mallie Faurles by name; from the old proud borough of Dumfries; a baillie's, or some gentle body's daughter. I hate long descents, and so I always cut her short when she began the tale of her pedigree. But may a bullet never fly more to the mark, if she was not the kindest and the liveliest lass that ever bore a knapsack; and many an hour she carried mine. Here's her health in ale; often have I drunk it in wine; and I will sing a song in her praise, too. I gave lame Corporal—what's his name—from the Banks of Ken, Colin Corson, a bowl of punch, that would have filled a serjeant's command drunk, for making it, and a gallant good song it is too. I was singing it in the wood of Soignies, at the moment my best leg was struck by that unsonsie shot, as my bonnie Mallie would have said; for she never had a hard word to say of any thing.

MALLIE FAURLES.

Now have ye been by green Grasmere,
Mang Carlisle's cannie carles,
Or have ye pass'd through fair Dumfries,
And seen my Mallie Faurlee?
She's sweeter than the ripening rose,
Shower'd bright with morning pearls:
Her step is joy, her looks delight,
My charming Mallie Faurles.

The dames sing out, when through the town
Our gallant regiment passes,
Success to Corporal Colville's corps,
A devil amang the lasses.
I've fought in sunny France and Spain,
And gain'd me gold and laurels:
Of fame and gold need man be vain,
Who has sweet Mallie Faurles?

O! when we're weary on a march,
And man's proud spirits leave us,
She smiles up sweetly in my face,
And lilts like any mavis.
I hired her for life's long campaign,
A kiss was all her erles:
She kilted her coats, and came wi' me,
My sweet wee Mallie Faurles.

The smallest bird aye sweetest sings,
The smallest gem shines clearest,
And my wee lass that won my love
Of all sweet things is dearest.
O! she is little, and were she less,
Like diamond drops or pearls,
The rarest things are least, I guess,
And so is Mallie Faurles.

"Wow! man," said the piper, "but ye sing blythely: sore work had I, lad, to subdue my own spirit—thrice I laid my hands on my chanter, and thrice I touched my wallet full of night-wind, soon, soon to be sanctified in music; I longed to give ye a gentle accompaniment. And an' I were you—and loved Mallie, what d'ye call her—Faurles, sae weel, I would add something by way of gratuity to every verse—a kind of chorus, man—so that I might cast in a couple of pipe notes, for ye cannot imagine how much the music of a pipe exalts verse."

"Confound your wood and leather music," said the remains of an English soldier—"a wooden leg and an empty coat sleeve, and fourteen poor pennies a-day, are all that I have got by allowing myself to be seduced by the cursed din of a Scotchman's bagpipe. I was once a good yeoman, in Kent, and in an evil hour went to the fair at Maidstone. The drum ruffed, and the pipe screamed in the market-place, and away I went to see what was to happen. I soon got in between the devil and the deep sea—there stood an Irish sergeant—flourishing with a bushel of ribbons at his ear, and making the gold fly like chaff. 'Come all with me,' said he, 'my hearts of boys, my souls of boys, where the gravel is all gold—the water is all brandy—where there are no common soldiers—but all are officers and scarlet gentlemen—where there is no silver nor mean coin, but where the good coined gold is as plenty as hops in Kent, and to be had for picking.' 'Come all with me,' said a Scottish serjeant, slow and sure of speech—'come with me, where there's gold for the winning, lasses for the loving, wine for the drinking—and for those who may be desirous of some small degree of honourable danger, there are Frenchmen to be found who will be glad of gratifying an honest man's wish—either with bayonet or bullet. So ye see, lads, there's no lack of sport where I wish to lead you; and for your farther encouragement, you must know, that my regiment is the most blackguard corps in the world, and an honest man has a sure chance of preferment.' And the music of the pipe came in to the aid of the *Scotchman's counsel*, and I fairly

forgot myself, and scarcely ever knew where I was or what I was doing, till I found myself on board a ship, and saw the olive hills and vineyards of Spain, rising like the green and gladsome hills of Kent before me. A plague on all pipes, say I."

"Dinna curse the bonnie wind instrument," said the piper, "for by my faith, man, and that's not small where music's concerned, if ye lost a leg and an arm, marching bravely against breastworks, and batteries, and what not, following the pleasant martial music of old Scotland; what would ye have lost, man, following the doleful rub-a-dub of the calfskin fiddle? yere head, hinnie, yere head,—ye could nae have lost less for preferring a drum to a pipe." "Come, come," said Corporal Colville—"there's music in every thing—in the whizzing of bullets—in the huzzas at the charging of the squadrons—in the rushing of horses—though it's sad to see them dashing over the battle-field, where many a gallant fellow's face is turned up to their sharp hoofs. Never mind that—there's music in every thing—but in a woman's scolding and in the drone of a bagpipe—and there's melody in them too—for the chanter in the one, and the kindness of the other, when she speaks below her breath, make music fit to be heard at the gate of Saint Peter. Success to the lads of the thistle, say I—I love them, bagpipes, bannocks, and brose and all—and the lasses too—though winter comes on a Scotch lass's cheek before summer has done with the cheek of an Englishwoman. I love the queans for their affection and their truth. Is there a man here, who can sing me a song in praise of old Scotland? I have Scottish blood—and bold blood too in my veins—my ancestor was a marchman, and left me in an inroad, a hasty piece of workmanship to be sure. Here's to the lads of the thistle—up with all your flagons—and he that wo'nt drink it, may he have a Frenchman for his friend and a Scotchman for his enemy, and worse luck I cannot wish him."

"Now, Corporal Colville," said a northern soldier of similar subaltern rank with himself, extending his hand at the same time, and grasping the hand of the Corporal with a grasp like steel, "Now, Corporal

Colville, I never could find out my reason for liking ye before. Od, man, and are ye sure ye're correct in your claim of lineage? Is it written in black and white? If you could find such an item in the register book, man, it would establish the respectability of your descent. There was a family of Colvilles at Cumagain on the marches, but they were Cameronians, and two of them hill-preachers—they could not be of the same stock, think ye? Your gifts and theirs are something dissimilar, but ye have the same cast of face. Mind ye, man, when ye were wounded at the storming of Badajoz, how I bore ye from the breach when the balls flew like hail? Even then, I could not help thinking, what would my father say, if he saw me peril body and soul for a southron. But nature's nature, Corporal Colville—and the kindly Scottish blood—bastard blood though it was, and cooled no doubt in its sundry generations of descent, cried aloud, and I listened to its voice. And I will say, Scottish blood or English blood—setting countries out of the question,

which is hard to do, I never knew a lad that had a better right to a man's protection than yourself, Corporal. I jalouse," concluded the man of the north, in a scarce audible whisper, "that this boast of Scottish blood is but a blank shot, and invented to grace ye with a reputable descent."

"May I be doomed to fire blank when the French fire ball," said Corporal Colville, "if what I say be not as authentic as Fergus the first. What, man, d'ye think a descent can be invented like a Congreve rocket? But let us have your song, my old kind comrade—sing the Bannocks o'Barley; we have heard it where the bullets whistled, and the shells burst. A gallant song it is, and boasts an honest boast—much less cannot be said, when the truth comes to be told. D'ye mind, man, when ye vowed to claymore Dick Bolton, of Warrington—long Dick, of the Devil's Own—ye know what I mean—for chaunting by way of response at the close of every verse a stave of the delicate Yorkshire ditty—here it is, rude and rough:—

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Fare thee well, beggarly Scotland,
 Poor and pennyless cold countree;
 If ever I go back again,
 The muckle deil shall carry me:
 There grows but one tree in the land,
 And it's the dainty gallows tree;
 The very nowte look to the south
 And wish they had but wings to flee.

Fare thee well, beggarly Scotland,
 Brose and brimstone, kilts and kale;
 Welcome, welcome, merry old England,
 Laughing lasses and foaming ale:
 It's when I came to cannie Carlisle—
 I turn'd and laugh'd loud laughters three;
 Oh, when I cross the Sark again,
 The muckle deil shall carry me.

Fare thee well, beggarly Scotland,
 Kilted kimmers with carrotty hair;
 Pipers who beg your honours wad buy
 A bawbee's worth of their famish'd air:
 I'd rather keep Cadwallader's goats,
 And feast on roasted cheese and leeks,
 Ere I were doom'd to the barren north,
 To live 'mang loons wi' bottomless brecks.

"May the fiend seethe me, saul and body, into regimental soup," exclaimed the Scottish Corporal, when his companion was about to indulge

him with a fourth verse—"but an I hear another word on't I shall forget ye're Scottish blood—bastard blood, I mean, for I main speak

truth and auld friendship also—and do with you as I did with the Devil's Dick of Warrington, prune a lug or some such piece of extra leather." And the Caledonian started to his feet, and seemed inclined to address himself to the task—he passed a hand, large and sinewy, and as hard as iron, over a brow burning with anger, and shaded with some handfuls of carrotty locks—but he grew quickly calm. "For God's sake, Colville, man," he continued, "sing aught ye like but that—I cannot command my temper during the last verse, and I have no wish to command it either. Shall I quarrel with a Frenchman about fiend kens what—a fisherman's creel or a queen's muff—and yet let my blood keep cauld, when I hear the bonnie green hills of old Scotland turned by the vulgar malice of verse into pasture for swine? May I be made a public mendicant sooner, and be fed out of a parish spoon with parochial gruel prepared by act of parliament, and ladies' subscription soup, whenever I can sit quiet and listen to the end of such a rascally ditty as that."

Loud laughed Corporal Colville at the wrath of his comrade; but he had no wish to come to an open rupture with the desperate Scot—he remembered the fate of the Devil's Dick of Warrington—he thought on the times when they had fought, side by side, in foreign lands, and done each other acts of kindness at moments when none but the firm and the brave can think of friendship. Something of this kind passed through Colville's mind—he seized forcibly on his old comrade's hand—shook, or rather wrung it heartily, and said, "You know, Sandie, that I meant no offence—I love your land, man, and I love you—but a frank free Englishman never spares a joke when it comes in his way—he would impugn his mother's purity for the sake of a pun. And after all, what the devil is it that you are hot about? Must a man wed his affection to a green kale yard, with a crazy old house of turf and faggots, fit only to be set on fire to let a Scotchman see to run to England by the light. I was born on a pretty enough spot on a brook bank, and had lands to plough, and a house as high as Holyrood; but by the might of a thirteen inch shell, *the bairns* might kittle on my father's

hearthstone for all that his son cares." "Ye have said enough," said the Scotchman, extricating his hand from the Corporal's gripe—"enough, if ye are in jest, and far too much if ye are in earnest. Ye have some good points in your character, Colville—frank are ye, and brave—and I believe honest. But is the place where your mother endured the birth-time pang for your sake—where your father first nursed ye on his knee—where your sisters loved you—where you planted flowers, and found out bird-nests, and walked at twilight with one ye loved—not dearer to you than all meaner places? It is enough, Colville—your faith is not my faith—and the drop of a Scotchman's blood is not within you. In a wild glen, by a wilder hill, was I born and educated—all that stands of my father's house now is one memorial stone, and all that remains of his garden is one stunted tree with a shovelful of earth; for the folly of man has driven a road through the spot where my mother bore me. But I vow, that place, barren and broken down as it is, is dearer than all other places; and to that lonely spot, and to my father's grave, shall I go with the wish to die; for hill, and tree, and stream, and stone, will each recal something that blest my youth. You cannot feel these things—I blame you not, though I love you the less." "You shall not love me the less though," said Corporal Colville, "or may the commissioner of turnpikes drive a road through me too, as well as your father's house. Why, man, I will turn my face to the Tweed with you, and we will sit on the last stone of your cottage wall, and crush a canteen of Nantz together. We will go to the old one's churchyard dwelling too—nay, never look brown about it, man—am I not striving to make your faith my faith? And may I be drummed through Hull, Hell, and Halifax, and all other towns in Yorkshire, for getting drunk like Dan Conolly with butter-milk, if I would strive to please any other man breathing." So saying, he elevated a flagon of ale, and presently made the polished bottom of the vessel shine in the evening light.

During this conversation I observed, removed a little apart from their fellows, some score and a half

of soldiers of a demurer frame of mind, who had formed a kind of circular fence or rampart with trunks and knapsacks, and spreading blankets and cloaks within the area, seated themselves beside their wives and children, secure against all, save the dew, which descended thick and fast. In the middle of this redoubt sat a woman, of sweet and regular features—her face somewhat tanned by exposure to the sun, a military cloak thrown loosely over her shoulders, with one child fondling in her bosom, and another lying sleeping on the ground at her feet. The moon shed a full and distinct light upon this curious bivouack; and

while I stood imagining to what land a face so fair belonged, I observed her shed back the ringlets from her brow, smile on the child in her bosom, and then I heard her warbling, in a sweet mild voice, something which sounded like a northern song. "Now, Corporal Colville," said his Scottish comrade, "wipe the foam from your lips, and listen, for ye shall hear a creditable ballad." The voice of the woman waxed stronger and stronger—soldier after soldier hastened near and hearkened; and the following verses owed whatever charm they wrought to the time and place, and the mild impressive voice of the singer.

THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

Full white the Bourbon lily bows,
And fairer haughty England's rose,
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower;
His crest, when high the soldier bears,
And spurs his courser on the spears,
O there it blossoms—there it blows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

Bright like a stedfast star it smiles
Aboon the battle's burning files;
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous light;
And the best blood that warms my vein
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.
Far has it shone on fields of fame,
From matchless Bruce till dauntless Graeme,
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

What conquer'd aye, what nobly spared,
What firm endured, and greatly dared?
What redden'd Egypt's burning sand?
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand?
What pipe on green Malda blew shrill?
What dyed in blood Barrosa hill?
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue
Dark Solignies and dread Waterloo?
That spirit which no terror knows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

I vow—and let men mete the grass
For his red grave who dares say less—
Men kinder at the festive board,
Men braver with the spear and sword,
Men higher famed for truth—more strong
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,
Or maids more fair, or wives more true,
Than Scotland's ne'er trode down the dew.
Round flies the song—the flagon flows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

"I vow," said Corporal Colville, "it is a gallant song, and sweetly was it sung. I have heard that voice singing on a shore far from this—on a wild stream bank, where the groves of citron scent the walls of Buenos Ayres." "Buenos Ayres!" said the woman; "who speaks of that unhappy place, where the bravest of our youth were slain, and the remainder made captive?" And she held her hand before her eyes to shade the light of the moon, as she gazed on his person. "It is one," said Colville, "who speaks of that fatal shore, who tasted there the sorrows of long captivity—who helped to storm one of the gates—to drive the Spaniards before him, and to seize, with his gallant comrades, on the church, with the hope of defending it till succours came from without." "I remember the church well," said the soldier's wife—its images of gold, and its vessels of pure gold, and its altars of silver. The walls were shining with the richest offerings, and covered with paintings representing the legends of the Spanish saints." "Ah," said Colville, "even in the haste and dread of the time, I could not help smiling while I looked on the altar-piece—a legendary lady sat on a painted cloud—rays of light streamed round her head, while from her open bosom she shed rainbows of religious milk into the upturned mouths of the gaping multitude below. It was no pleasant interruption, when a cannon ball came crash over our heads, and a Spanish trumpet summoned us to surrender." "I mind it well," said the soldier's wife; "and after the trumpet a voice came crying—'Heretics, you are betrayed, but spare our saints, and we will spare your lives.' Ah, my heart died within me, when you were all marched out into the square and disarmed, while a renegade Irishman called out to you 'When the big bell tolls be all ready to die, my sweet countrymen, and the devil shall have the picking of your heretical ribs.'" "I shall never forget," interrupted Colville, "the loud shriek of agony which one of our soldiers set up when the bell tolled, and a Spanish regiment

marched into the square. Fear is contagious, and I sought more courageous company, but they came to plunder, not to slaughter us; and they made wicked speed among our pockets, which were lined with gold. A Frenchman in the Spanish pay laid hold of me—I looked in his face and laughed—he laughed also—"Spare," I said, in his native tongue, 'a poor miserable devil with a few dirty ducats;' he had something in his look which I liked—he gave a nod—passed his hands over my pockets in all the outward appearance of strict duty—pushed me from him, and said, 'Be-gone, thou pennyless Frank,' and so I saved my riches." "You saved your gold, Colville," said the soldier's wife, "but you escaped not so—I think fiends, not women, bore the dames and damsels of Buenos Ayres—they came trooping from hall and convent to load you with reproaches as you passed. I have seen much of woman's hate, but I never saw her hate a handsome fellow before." "And so you saw," said Colville, "the shame put upon me—let me tell the story myself. As we marched into the market-place, I saw a lady tall and beautiful—and so richly dressed, that she seemed more an idol robed in the offerings of kings than a woman. I could not help gazing on her as I passed—and I think a piece of good healthy ruddy English flesh and blood may look on the proudest of all the tawny dames of New Spain. She fixed her eyes, large and dark, and swimming in liquid lustre, on me, and motioned me out of the ranks. When I approached, she spit in my face and said, 'I scorn thee, heretic! It is a shame that your face should be so fair, and your form so beautiful.' And she turned from me with a look of immeasurable scorn, and made her jewelled robes rustle in disdain as she retired."

At this moment the loud summons of a drum was heard, and Corporal Colville and his companions snatched up their knapsacks, and vanished from my sight among the maimed and military populace of Chelsea.

NALLA.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A HOMILY FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

WHERE is the village to which Valentines are unknown?

What *terra incognita* is there—what *Ultima Thule* (barren of love) to which the sun that rises on this day brings no joy—where the postman's double knock was never heard?

The air may no more be free from birds or summer-sporting flies, than the earth from its gay and gaudy mis-sives (its butterflies), the February-haunting Valentines.

When letters shall cease to be written (but not till then), when love shall be no more,—then shall this amorous holiday darken and grow common: then shall it be a mere vulgar root (now, how full of rare and sweet flowers!) in the wilderness of days—a grain in the deserts of time.—Valentines pervade all space, like light.

There is N——, the smallest village of Wiltshire. It is far away from the high road. You leave C—— (the market town) on your left, and have to walk some three miles, at first over a small heath, and finally upon a flat road of fine gravel, between green hedges and greener pastures, before you reach it. The spire of its little church (you see it through the avenue of elms), scarcely peers over the trees which cluster round it, seeming to guard it from profaner eyes. The village itself is small and straggling. You come upon a few cottages, as many alms-houses; then a farmyard opens its gate by the way side, and a cow paces stately forth, turning her head backwards, perhaps, looking to her companions left behind. You then pass more cottages (some half-dozen or so), then the small public-house, over whose porch hangs a cloud of flowering *clematis*; and finally, Mr. D——'s (the merchant's) old-fashioned brick house, before which stand the sun-flower and pyramidal holly-hock, closing the scene.

Yet even here Valentines were accustomed to come. The post-mistress of C—— knows this; the

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post-man knew it, by his quadruple load; every body thereabouts knew it: for with country people intelligence of this sort travelleth briskly, despite of the ruggedness of roads, the inconveniences of distance.

* * *

Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!

Thus singeth the mad daughter of the wise Polonius. That a wise man should have a mad daughter! 'Tis odd, and smacks of human infirmity. Not the madness, though, that savoureth of the infirm, but the madness coming from the wisdom, the tainted current from a clear source. What say the rills to this, the springlets, the founts, the ever-noisy ever-talking brooks? Is it not contrary to good descent, to effect and cause, to the *lex naturæ*, and so forth?—But hear her, the pining and mad-melancholy maid:—

Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

And thou shalt be mine, Ophelia; and I will gather pale snowdrops and the sweet-smelling violet for thee. Thou shalt have a fair nose-gay of winter flowers, thou rose of the northern desert; and, if they can be had, daisies (but not the rue), fennel and columbines, as of old; and, if thou wilt,—the willow.

Yet this day was meant for merrier things, perhaps. It is a red-letter day, half-holy; no feast, no fast; but held free of care by a gentle charter, invested with a rich prerogative,—the power of giving pleasure to the young. If the tradition be true, that on this day each bird chooseth his mate, what work hath the carrier pigeon! What rustling of leaves; what chattering and singing in the woods; what billing by the clear waters!—Methinks, on this day should Romeo have first seen the gentle Capulet. On this day should Orlando have first glanced at Rosalind; Troilus at the fickle Cressid; Slender (oh! smile not, gentle,

L

at Anne Page. The jealous Moor should have told his first war-story to-day; and to-day Prospero should have broken his spell, and made holiday in his enchanted isle, and crowned the time by giving to the son of Naples his innocent and fair Miranda. Fain would I have Valentine's Day the origin of love, or the completion, an epoch writ in bright letters in Cupid's calendar, a date whence to reckon our passion, a period to which to refer our happiness.

As to its own history, what matters it, whether a day so brave rise in the east or in the west? What care we if it had its birth in Roman superstition or Pagan gallantry! HERE IT IS. Let us not waste the morning in barren speculation, but enjoy the day. It is wiser, surely, to partake of the branching shelter of the summer elms, than to perplex our pleasures by for ever tracing the course of their roots. That is for the moles, the etymologists. Green leaves and azure skies for us!

Once, it is said, our "vulgar ancestors" used to draw names on Valentine's eve, and such drawings were considered ominous: as thus—if Jacob Stiles drew the name of Sally Gates, or *vice versa*, Jacob and Sally were henceforward considered "as good as" man and wife.—(Our present lottery, where we are tolerably sure of our blank, is bad enough, but this is the d——L.)—I can well fancy how the country couple would look, flying at first in the face of the augury: Sally mantling and blushing, half proud and half 'shamed, turning to her neighbour Blossom, and exclaiming, "nonsense!"—Jacob, on the other hand, at something between a grin and a blush, leering on his shouting companions, or expanding a mouth huge enough to swallow every written Valentine in the village. I see him look (for help) from clown to clown; upwards and downwards; he whistles, he twirls his smock frock, he stands cross-legged, like the nephew of Mr. Robert Shallow, when the maiden Page invited him house-wards. 'Tis all in vain. The prophecy is upon them; and 'tis odds, but the name of Gates will sink and be merged in some three or six months into the cognomen of Jacob.

The diffusion of learning, and the "schools for all," have done a great deal of good. We are not, I thank my stars, reduced now to these manual or verbal Valentines. We shut up our blushes (with our verses) in a sheet of foolscap, and trust them to the protection of the twopenny post. At C—— (where I spent some years) good *Mrs. Baily* used to go to "the box" at stated periods of the preceding evening, and relieve it from time to time of its too great burthen of love. You might see, towards dusk, girls (in pairs) or straggling youths, dropping their indiscretions into the yawning chasm; sometimes this was boldly done, but oftener timorously, and the quickened step of the amorist retreating from the letter-box, or passing, with an air of indifference, onwards, betrayed all he (or she) wished to conceal. Then, the next morning! There was an additional postman employed—the ordinary man, grey-headed, and sure, *but slow*, was deemed insufficient. The "London letters" were not delivered at the accustomed time: and on asking the maid-servant, she would reply, with a tinge on her cheek, that "she *believed* it was Valentine's Day." Oh! well believed. She was never mistaken. But the postman comes. "Three for Miss Lewis, four for Miss Carter, *seventeen* for Mr. ——" Hush! it will never be believed. It cannot be: it is a jest—a fable—a monstrous, impossible—It is *the truth*—or near it. Oh! those were careless days. *They were*,—but they are gone. No Valentines come now, as Crockery would say. I must bid farewell to all those pleasant periodicals—the pierced hearts, and the quaint rhymes, which showed my twopence well spent—

———O! farewell!

Farewell the billing doves and the bent bow,
The gilded arrows, the aye-fuming torch,
The crooked lines, and letters huge and wrong.

And oh! you painted jokes (of man or maid)

Who humblest love's bad-spelling counterfeit,

Farewell! *Omega's* occupation's gone.

The first Valentine I ever opened was at C——. I had but lately left school, and was then a fair, young-

looking, active boy of seventeen. I had read all the poets, but the style of this love-letter puzzled me. It compared *me* to the rose, and the violet, and the curling hyacinth (I had always been anxious that my hair should curl)—my eyes, I was informed, were like a diamond, and my teeth like pearl or ivory. It certainly seemed odd,—odd, but agreeable. I was like the bishop who doubted the authenticity of Gulliver's Travels. To say the truth, I thought the writer must be somewhat partial. That she was generous was quite clear, from the expense of which she had been guilty. The Valentine was radiant,—all gold and gay colours, red and yellow, and blue, and embossed, and glittering with devices, all of love. It was like a dream,—so fine. I had never seen any thing like it, except the last scene of a pantomime. I was like Belinda, when

——if report say true,
Her eyes first open'd on a billet doux.

In short, I was satisfied,—delighted—what is the word? *enchanted!*

As I received the first Valentine at C——, so also I wrote there my first Valentine, my first verse. The writing was disguised, the wax was dotted with a fork, the paper crumpled; and, so misused, the soft sheet of “Bath post” was committed to the letter-box. The next day how I laboured to arrive at a look of indifference. How I hoped and feared, and was perpetually hovering on a blush when the subject was mentioned. At last, I heard that “Miss —— had received a very pretty Valentine.” Indeed?—“Yes, and by no means a common one.” Oh! heart, what rich and delicious palpitations were thine. I trod on air; I bounded like a fawn: I was wild with joy. I had sent my love-verse to my fair neighbour, (at the next door) and about seven o'clock, I laid my “*evening ear*” to the thin partition wall, and actually heard part of the verses recited on the other side. That evening I sate and meditated high things, in the parlour which was afterwards tenanted by a man of great renown,—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*.—I wonder whether he ever wrote Valentines there!

The advantage of Valentine-writing is, that it pleases giver and receiver, while it becomes both. It is not like a letter of business,—nor that which passeth between a dun and his debtor, or between master and servant, or Editor and Contributor—nor even between lovers on ordinary occasions, for sometimes there is a fretfulness even in those, a dispute to be made up. This, on the contrary, is a prize, a pleasure without alloy.

Who would not have a Valentine? Is there any one so unprofitably wise as to decline it? Let him stay at home and be thankless. Let him rail at the quick-jarring knocker and the frequent bell. They can have no delights for him. Yet the chiming of the brass is musical to *my* ear, and the twanging of the wire harmonious. Oh! lads and lasses, and holiday-loving sages, is not this a delightful day,—this day of Bishop Valentine? His diocese is the air; and he, so saith good Dr. Donne (mark, reader, what a fine line I reveal to thee)

——Marries every year
The lyric lark, and the grave-whispering dove,

and fills the winds with melody, and life with hope and satisfied love that never cloy. Bright *Love!* Methinks I could splinter a lance in his behalf, or mark out a measure of verse—

LOVE!—he is a God
Walking the divine earth,
And where he hath trod
Fine things have their birth.

Fancies, passions, fears,
Subtle and sublime,
Things of *pale love years*,
Flowers of all time;

Hope, that springs and falls,
Doubts which pass away,
And insatiate fire
Beyond all decay:—

And so on:—One might proceed in this style for ever.

I own that I am somewhat of a devotee. I love to keep all festivals, to taste all feast-offerings, from fermy (or frumety—*frumentum*) at Christmas to the pancakes of Shrove-tide. These things always seem better on those days; as the bread “in the holidays,” is ever better than the bread at school, though it come

from the same oven. Then it must be the same? By no means—to us. Freedom and home plant a different relish upon the tongue, and the viands are transmuted, sublimed.

What is the ~~+~~ on a Good-friday's bun,—is that nothing? What is the goose at Michaelmas? What is the regale at a harvest home,—is that nothing? Are the cups, the kissing, the boisterous jollity, the tumbling on the fragrant hay, the dancing, the shouting, the singing out of tune—nothing?

Why then, the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing.

It is *We* who make the world. No sky is blue, no leaf is verdant. It is our vision which hath the azure and the green. It is that which expands, or causes to diminish, things which are in themselves ever the same. It is our imagination which lifts earth to heaven, and robes our women in the garb of angels. And is this not better and wiser than if we were to measure with the square and the rule, and to fashion our enjoyments by the scanty materials (the clay) before us, instead of subliming them to the uttermost stretch of our own immortal capacity?

So it is, that Valentine's Day, which with the Laplander and the Siberian is clad in a cold grey habit, is with us rose-coloured and bright. We array it beforehand with hues gayer than the Iris. Our fancies, our hopes, are active. Custom has decided that it shall be a day of love; and though Custom is but too often a tyrant and spurned at, in this case he has always willing subjects. A Valentine—who would not have a Valentine? I ask the question again.

Hark! the postman is sounding at the door. How smart is his knock, how restless his tread upon the pavement. He comes burthened with gay tidings, and he knows it. Door after door is opened before he knocks.

The passages are filled with listeners, and the windows thronged with anxious faces. How busy, how expectant are the girls. Observe, the copper is parted from the silver, and ready for immediate payment—or the solitary sixpence is brought forth, with a doubt (between hope and fear) as to its being required. The carrier of letters is pitied, “because he has *such* a load;” the neighbours are noted,—those who receive Valentines, and particularly *those who have none*. If you look from an upper window, you will see the parlour crowded. You may hear the loud laugh, and see the snatch, the retreat, the struggle to get a sight of the Valentine. In general the address is in a feigned hand; sometimes it is very neat, and written with a crow quill; but oftener the letters are so staring and gaunt, that the serious postman forgets his post and almost smiles. The giver, the receiver, the messenger, are all happy for once. Can a victory by land or by sea do as much? Can a struggle (though it succeeds) on a first-night's play? a dinner—a dance—a coronation? No; some of these are sensual, and all have their drawbacks. It is only on Valentine's Day that enjoyment is pure and unalloyed. Never let us permit the splenetic to rail at it without defence. Above all, never let us allow its pleasant privileges to fall into disuse or decay.—

—Having gossipped thus much, I will e'en conclude my “say,” with a Valentine of my own. And I will address it to *Miss M. Tree*, the pretty Sylvia, the shipwreck'd Viola. Why I do this is of no importance. Perhaps it is because she is (is she *not* the fair Sylvia?) beloved by Valentine. Perhaps it may be because I like her rich under tones, beyond all that Miss — or Miss — can utter. I am a little out of the habit now of writing Valentines (thirty years in a warm climate make a difference in a man now-a-days), so the reader will excuse imperfections.

TO THAT FAIR SIREN, MISS M. TREE,—A VALENTINE.

1.

Why is the rose of the East so fond
Of the bird on the near palm-tree?
'Tis because he sings like the murmurings
Of the river that runs so bright and free.

2.

And why doth the paradise creature sing
To the silent and clear blue air,
When many a sound from the woods around
Doth speak like a spell to entice him there?

3.

'Tis because the blush of his love is rich,
And richer grows in his glances gay :
'Tis because the flower which fills his hour
With beauty, would pine were he away.

4.

Yet what is the red of the rose to thine ?
And what is the nightingale's soft love-eye ?
Thy glance is as bright as the clear star-light,
And the blush of thy cheek hath a deeper dye.

5.

Therefore, and because that thy reed-rich song
May vie with the best of the Muses nine,
Do I, a poet (though none may know it),
Choose thee, fair girl, for my Valentine.

Ω.

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD'S PICTURES.

OUR intercourse with the dead is better than our intercourse with the living. There are only three pleasures in life, pure and lasting, and all derived from inanimate things--books, pictures, and the face of nature. What is the world but a heap of ruined friendships, but the grave of love ? And all other pleasures are as false and hollow, vanishing from our embrace like smoke, or like a feverish dream. Scarcely can we recollect that they were, or recal without an effort the turbulent and hurried interest we took in them. But thou, oh ! divine *Bath of Diuna*, with deep azure dies, with roseate hues, spread by the hand of Titian, art still there upon the wall, another, yet the same that thou wert five-and-twenty years ago, nor wantest

— Forked mountain or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air !

And lo ! over the clear lone brow
of Tudorley and Norman Court, knit
into the web and fibres of our heart,
the same grove waves in the autumnal
air, deserted by Love, by Hope, but
for ever haunted by Memory ! And there
the passage stands in Antony and Cleopatra
as we read it long ago with exulting eyes in

Paris, after puzzling over a tragedy of Racine's, and cried aloud : " Our Shakspeare was also a poet ! " These feelings are dear to us at the time ; and they come back unimpaired, heightened, mellowed, whenever we choose to go back to them. We turn over the leaf and " volume of the brain," and there see them, face to face. Marina in *Pericles* complains that

Life is as a storm hurrying her from her friends !

Not so from the friends above-mentioned. If we bring but an eye, an understanding, and a heart to them, we find them always with us, always the same. The change, if there is one, is in us, not in them. Oh ! thou then, whoever thou art, that dost seek happiness in thyself, independent on others, not subject to caprice, not mocked by insult, not snatched away by ruffian hands, over which Time has no power, and that Death alone cancels, seek it (if thou art wise) in books, in pictures, and the face of nature, for these alone we may count upon as friends for life ! While we are true to ourselves, they will not be faithless to us. While we remember any thing, we cannot forget them. As long as

we have a wish for pleasure, we may find it here; for it depends only on our love of them, and not on theirs for us. The enjoyment is purely *ideal*, and is refined, unembittered, unailing, for that reason!

A complaint has been made of the short-lived duration of works of art, and particularly of pictures: and poets more especially are apt to lament and to indulge in an elegiac strain over the fragile beauties of the sister-art. The complaint is inconsiderate, if not invidious. *They will last our time.* Nay, they have lasted centuries before us, and will last centuries after us; and even when they are no more, will leave a shadow and a cloud of glory behind them, through all time. Lord Bacon exclaims triumphantly, "Have not the poems of Homer lasted five-and-twenty hundred years, and not a syllable of them is lost?" But it might be asked in return, "Have not many of the Greek statues now lasted almost as long, without losing a particle of their splendour or their meaning, while the Iliad (except to a very few) has become almost a dead letter?" Has not the Venus of Medicis had almost as many partisans and admirers as the Helen of the old blind bard? Besides, what has Phidias gained even by the discovery of the Elgin Marbles? Or is not Michael Angelo's the greatest name in modern art, whose works we have scarcely seen, except in description and by report? Surely, there is something in a name, in wide-spread reputation, in lasting renown, to satisfy the ambition of the mind of man. Who in his works would vie immortality with nature? An epitaph, an everlasting monument in the dim remembrance of ages, is enough below the skies. Moreover, the sense of final inevitable decay *humanises*, and gives an affecting character to the triumphs of human art. Imperishable works executed by perishable hands are a sort of insult to our nature, and almost a contradiction in terms. They are ungrateful children, and mock the makers. Neither is the noble idea of antiquity legibly made out without the marks of the progress and lapse of time. That which is as good now as ever it *was*, seems a thing of yesterday. *Nothing is old to the imagination*

that does not appear to grow old. Ruins are grander and more venerable than any modern structure can be, or than if they had been kept in the most entire preservation. They convey the perspective of time. So the Elgin Marbles are more impressive from their mouldering, imperfect state. They transport us to the Parthenon, and old Greece. The Theseus is of the age of Theseus. The Apollo Belvidere is a modern fine gentleman; and we think of this figure only as an ornament to the room where it happens to be placed.—We conceive that those are persons of narrow minds who cannot relish an author's style that smacks of time, that has a crust of antiquity over it, like that which gathers upon old wine. These sprinklings of *archaisms* and obsolete turns of expression (so abhorrent to the fashionable reader) are intellectual links that connect the generations together, and enlarge our knowledge of language and of nature. Of the two, we prefer *black-letter* to hot-pressed paper! Does not every language change and wear out? Do not the most popular writers become quaint and old-fashioned every fifty or a hundred years? Is there not a constant conflict of taste and opinion between those who adhere to the established and triter modes of expression, and those who affect glossy innovations, in advance of the age? It is pride enough for the best authors, *to have been read.* This applies to their own country; and to all others, they are "a book sealed." But Rubens is as good in Holland as he is in Flanders, where he was born, in Italy or Spain, in England, or in Scotland—no, there alone he is not understood. The Scotch understand nothing but what is Scotch. Unless an idea comes to them wrapped up in a Scotch plaid, or they scent it in a *haggis*, or catch it through the nose of a bagpipe, or their own, which is as sweet, they can make nothing of it. Nay, though the King and Sir William, when they went there, put on the Highland dress, they could make nothing of the "chiefs," any more than of "twa strange dogs." What has the dry, husky, economic eye of Scotland to do with the florid hues and luxuriant extravagance of Ru-

bens? Nothing. They like Wilkie's *pauper* style better. Out upon it that there should be such a people! No, if there is a single Scotchman that understands Rubens, we will agree to eat him, and that would be no savoury morsell.—It may be said that translations remedy the want of universality in language: but prints give (at least) as good an idea of pictures as translations do of poems, or of any productions of the press that employ the colouring of style and imagination. Gil Blas is translatable; Racine and Rousseau are not. The mere English student knows more of the character and spirit of Raphael's pictures in the Vatican, than he does of Ariosto or Tasso from Hoole's Version. There is, however, one exception to the catholic language of painting, which is in French pictures. They are national fixtures, and ought never to be removed from the soil in which they grow. They will not answer any where else, nor are they worth Custom-House Duties. Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, are all good and intelligible in their several ways—we know what they mean—they require no interpreter: but the French painters see nature with organs and with minds peculiarly their own. One must be born in France to understand their painting, or their poetry. Their productions in art are either literal, or extravagant—dry, frigid *fac-similes*, in which they seem to take up nature by pin-points, or else vapid distorted caricatures, out of all rule and compass. They are, in fact, at home only in the light and elegant; and whenever they attempt to add force or solidity (as they must do in the severer productions of the pencil) they are compelled to substitute an excess of minute industry for a comprehension of the whole, or make a desperate mechanical effort at extreme expression, instead of giving the true, natural, and powerful workings of passion. Their representations of nature are meagre skeletons, that bear the same relation to the originals that botanical specimens, enclosed in a portfolio, flat, dry, hard, and pithless, do to flourishing plants and shrubs. Their historical figures are painful outlines, or graduated elevations of the common statues, spiritless, co-

lourless, motionless, which have the form, but none of the power of the antique. What an abortive attempt is the Coronation of Napoleon, by the celebrated David, lately exhibited in this country! It looks like a finished sign-post painting—a sea of frozen outlines. Could the artist make nothing of “the foremost man in all this world,” but a stiff, upright figure? The figure and attitude of the Empress are, however, pretty and graceful; and we recollect one face in profile, of an ecclesiastic, to the right, with a sanguine look of health in the complexion, and a large benevolence of soul. It is not Monsieur Talleyrand, whom the late Lord Castlereagh characterised as a worthy man, and his friend. His Lordship was not a physiognomist! The whole of the shadowed part of the picture seems to be enveloped in a shower of blue powder. But to make amends for all that there is or that there is not in the work, David has introduced his wife and his two daughters; and in the Catalogue has given us the places of abode, and the names of the husbands of the latter. This is a little out of place: yet these are the people who laugh at our blunders. We do not mean to extend the above sweeping censure to Claude, or Poussin: of course they are excepted: but even in them the national character lurked amidst unrivalled excellence. If Claude has a fault, it is that he is finical; and Poussin's figures might be said by a satirist to be antique puppets. To proceed to our task.—

The first picture that struck us on entering the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery (a little bewildered as we were with old recollections, and present objects) was the Meeting of Christ and St. John, one of Raphael's master-pieces. The eager “child-worship” of the young St. John, the modest retirement and dignified sweetness of the Christ, and the graceful, matron-like air of the Virgin bending over them, full and noble, yet feminine and elegant, cannot be surpassed. No words can describe them to those who have not seen the picture:—the attempt is still vainer to those who have. There is, however, a very fine engraving of this picture, which may be had for a

trifling sum. No glory is around the head of the Mother, nor is it needed: but the soul of the painter sheds its influence over it like a dove, and the spirit of love, sanctity, beauty, breathes from the divine group. There are four Raphaels (Holy Families) in this collection, two others by the side of this in his early more precise and affected manner, somewhat faded, and a small one of the Virgin, Sleeping Jesus, and St. John, in his finest manner. There is, or there was, a duplicate of this picture (of which the engraving is also common) in the Louvre, which was certainly superior to the one at the Marquis of Stafford's. The colouring of the drapery in that too was cold, and the face of the Virgin thin and poor; but never was infancy laid asleep more calmly, more sweetly, more soundly, than in the figure of Our Saviour—the little pouting mouth seemed to drink balmy, innocent sleep—and the rude expression of wonder and delight in the more robust, sun-burnt, fur-clad figure of St. John was as spirited in itself as it was striking, when contrasted with the meeker beauties of the figure opposed to it.—From these we turn to the *Four Ages*, by Titian, or Giorgione, as some say. Strange that there should have lived two men in the same age, on the same spot of earth, with respect to whom it should bear a question—which of them painted such a picture! Barry, we remember, and Collins, the miniature-painter, thought it a Giorgione, and they were considered two of the best judges *going*, at the time this picture was exhibited, among others, in the Orleans Gallery. We cannot pretend to decide on such nice matters *ex cathedra*; but no painter need be ashamed to own it. The gradations of human life are marked with characteristic felicity, and the landscape, which is thrown in, adds a pastoral charm and *naïveté* to the whole. To live or to die in such a chosen, still retreat must be happy! Certainly, this composition suggests a beautiful moral lesson; and as to the painting of the group of children in the corner, we suppose, for careless freedom of pencil, and a certain milky softness of the flesh, it can scarcely be *paralleled*.—Over the three Raphaels is a *Descent*, by Annibal Caracci,

which we used to adore where it was hung on high in the Orleans Gallery. The face is fine, up-turned, expectant; and the figure no less fine, desirable, ample, worthy of a God. The golden shower is just seen descending; the landscape at a distance has (so fancy might interpret) a cold, shuddering aspect. There is another very fine picture of the same hand close by, *St. Gregory with Angels*. It is difficult to know which to admire most, the resigned and yet earnest expression of the Saint, or the elegant forms, the graceful attitudes, and bland, cordial, benignant faces of the attendant angels. The artist in these last has evidently had an eye to Correggio, both in the waving outline, and in the charm of the expression; and he has succeeded admirably, but not entirely. Something of the extreme unction of Correggio is wanting. The drawing of Annibal's Angels is, perhaps, too firm, too sinewy, too masculine. In Correggio, the Angel's spirit seemed to be united to a human body, to imbue, mould, penetrate every part with its sweetness and softness: in Caracci, you would say that a heavenly spirit inhabited, looked out of, moved a goodly human frame,

And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

The composition of this picture is rather forced (it was one of those *made to order* for the monks) and the colour is somewhat metallic; but it has, notwithstanding, on the whole, a striking and tolerably harmonious effect. There is still another picture by Caracci (also an old favourite with us, for it was in the Orleans set) *Diana and Nymphs bathing*, with the story of Calisto. It is one of his very best, with something of the drawing of the antique and the landscape-colouring of Titian. The figures are all heroic, handsome, such as might belong to huntresses, or Goddesses: and the coolness and seclusion of the scene, under grey overhanging cliffs, and brown o'ershadowing trees, with all the richness and truth of nature, have the effect of an enchanting reality. The story and figures are more classical and better managed than those of the *Diana and Calisto* by Titian; but there is a charm in that picture and the fellow to it, the *Diana and Actæon*, (there is no other.

fellow to it in the world!) which no words can convey. It is the charm thrown over each by the greatest genius for colouring that the world ever saw. It is hard, nay, impossible to say which is the finest in this respect: but either one or the other (whichever we turn to, and we can never be satisfied with looking at either—so rich a scene do they unfold, so serene a harmony do they infuse into the soul) is like a divine piece of music, or rises “like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes.” In the figures, in the landscape, in the water, in the sky, there are tones, colours, scattered with a profuse and unerring hand, gorgeous, but most true, dazzling with their force, but blended, softened, woven together into a woof like that of Iris—tints of flesh colour, as if you saw the blood circling beneath the pearly skin; clouds empurpled with setting suns; hills steeped in azure skies; trees turning to a mellow brown; the cold grey rocks, and the water so translucent, that you see the shadows and the snowy feet of the naked nymphs in it. With all this prodigality of genius, there is the greatest severity and discipline of art. The figures seem grouped for the effect of colour—the most startling contrasts are struck out, and then a third object, a piece of drapery, an uplifted arm, a bow and arrows, a straggling weed, is introduced to make an intermediate tint, or carry on the harmony. Every colour is melted, *impasted* into every other, with fine keeping and bold diversity. Look at that indignant, queen-like figure of Diana (more perhaps like an offended mortal princess, than an immortal Goddess, though the immortals could frown and give themselves strange airs), and see the snowy, ermine-like skin; the pale clear shadows of the delicately formed back; then the brown colour of the slender trees behind to set off the shaded flesh: and last, the dark figure of the Ethiopian girl behind, completing the gradation. Then the bright scarf suspended in the air connects itself with the glowing clouds, and deepens the solemn azure of the sky: Actæon’s bow

and arrows fallen on the ground are also red; and there is a little scarlet flower on the brink of the Bath which catches and pleases the eye, saturated with this colour. The yellowish grey of the earth also relieves the low tone of the figures, where they are in half-shadow; and this again is enlivened by the leaden fountain of the Bath, which is set off or kept down in its proper place by the blue vestments strown near it. The figure of Actæon is spirited and natural; it is that of a bold rough hunter in the early ages, struck with surprise, abashed with beauty. The forms of some of the female figures are elegant enough, particularly that of Diana in the story of Calisto; and there is a very pretty faced girl mischievously dragging the culprit forward; but it is the texture of the flesh that is throughout delicious, unrivalled, surpassingly fair. The landscape canopies the scene, with a sort of proud, unmindful consciousness. The trees nod to it, and the hills roll in a sea of colour. Every where colour, not form, predominates—there is not a line in the picture—but a gusto, a rich taste of colour is left upon the eye, as if it were the palate, and the diapason of picturesque harmony is full to overflowing. “Oh Titian and Nature! which of you copied the other?”

We are ashamed of this description now we have made it, and heartily wish somebody would make a better. There is another Titian here (which was also in the Orleans Gallery),* *Venus rising from the Sea*. The figure and face are elegantly designed and sweetly expressed:—whether it is the picture of the Goddess of Love, may admit of a question; that it is the picture of a lovely woman in a lovely attitude, admits of none. The half-shadow in which most of it is painted, is a kind of veil through which the delicate skin shows more transparent and aerial. There is nothing in the picture but this single exquisitely turned figure, and if it were continued downward to a whole-length, it would seem like a copy of a statue of the Goddess carved in ivory or marble; but being only a half-length, it has not this

* Two thirds of the principal pictures in the Orleans Collection are at present at Cleveland House, one third purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, and another third left by the Duke of Bridgewater, another of the purchasers; Mr. Brian had the remaining third.

effect at all, but looks like an enchanting study, or a part of a larger composition, selected *à l'envie*. The hair, and the arm holding it up, are nearly the same as in the well-known picture of *Titian's Mistress*, and are delicious. The back-ground is beautifully painted. We said before, that there was no object in the picture but the Venus. Nay, there is the sea, and a sea-shell, but these might be given in sculpture. Under the Venus, is a portrait by Vandyke, of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, a most gentleman-like performance, mild, clear, intelligent, unassuming; and on the right of the spectator, a Madonna, by Guido, with the icy glow of sanctity upon it; and to the left, the fable of Salmacis, by Albano (saving the ambiguity of the subject), an exquisite picture. Four finer specimens of the art can scarcely be found again in so small a compass. There is in another room a portrait, said to be by Moroni, and called *TITIAN'S SCHOOL-MASTER*, from a vague tradition, that he was in the habit of frequently visiting, in order to study and learn from it. If so, he must have profited by his assiduity; for it looks as if he had painted it. Not knowing any thing of this Moroni, if we had been asked who had done it, we should have replied, "*Either Titian or the Devil.*"* It is, indeed, more laboured and minute than Titian; but the only objection at all staggering is, that it has less of the devil in it than is ordinarily to be found in his pictures. Look at the portrait above it, for instance—Clement VII. by the great Venetian; and you find the eye looking at you again, as if it had been observing you all the time: but the eye in *Titian's Schoolmaster* is an eye to look at, not to look with,† or if it looks at you, it does not look through you, which may be almost made a test of Titian's heads. There is not the spirit, the intelligence within, moulding the expression, and giving it intensity of purpose and decision of character. In every other respect but this (and perhaps a certain want of breadth) it is as good as Titian. There is (we understand) a half-length of Clement

VII. by Julio Romano, in the Papal Palace at Rome, in which he is represented as seated above the spectator, with the head elevated and the eye looking down like a camel's, with an amazing dignity of aspect. The picture (Mr. Northcote says) is hard and ill-coloured, but, in strength of character and conception, superior to the Titian at the Marquis of Stafford's. Titian, undoubtedly, put a good deal of his own character into his portraits. He was not himself filled with the "milk of human kindness." He got his brother, who promised to rival him in his own art, and of whom he was jealous, sent on a foreign embassy; and he so frightened Pordenone while he was painting an altar-piece for a church, that he worked with his colours in one hand, and a sword by his side.

We meet with one or two admirable portraits, by Tintoretto, particularly No. 112, which is of a fine fleshy tone, and *A Doge of Venice*, by Palma Vecchio, stamped with an expressive look of official or assumed dignity. There is a *Bassan*, No. 95, *The Circumcision*, the colours of which are somewhat dingy, and sunk into the canvas; but as the sun shone upon it while we were looking at it, it glittered all green and gold. *Bassan's* execution is as fine as possible, and his colouring has a most harmonious monotony. We must not forget the *Muleteers*, supposed to be by Correggio, in which the figure of the mule seems actually passing across the picture (you hear his bells); nor the little copy of his *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by L. Caracci, which is all over grace, delicacy, and sweetness. Any one may judge of his progress in a taste for the refinements of art, by his liking for this picture. Indeed, Correggio is the very essence of refinement. Among other pictures in the Italian division of the gallery, we would point out the Claudes (particularly Nos. 43 and 50, which, though inferior to Mr. Angerstein's as compositions, preserve more of the delicacy of execution, or what Barry used to call "*the fine oleaginous touches of Claude*"), two small Gaspar

* "Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus." Sir Thomas More's exclamation on meeting with the philosopher of Rotterdam.

† The late Mr. Curran described John Kemble's eye in these words.

Poussins, in which the landscape seems to have been just washed by a shower, and the storm blown over—the *Death of Adonis*, by Luca Cambiasi, an Orleans picture, lovely in sorrow, and in speechless agony, and fading like the life that is just expiring—a *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*, by Alessandro Veronese, a very clever, and sensible, but rigidly painted picture*—an Albert Durer, the *Death of the Virgin*, a *Female head*, by Leonardo da Vinci—and the *Woman taken in Adultery*, by Pordenone, which last the reader may admire or not, as he pleases. We cannot close this list without referring to the *Christ bearing his cross*, by Domenichino, a picture full of interest and skill; and the little touching allegory of the *Infant Christ sleeping on a cross*, by Guido.

The Dutch School contains a number of excellent specimens of the best masters. There are two Tenierses, a *Fair*, and *Boors merry-making*, unrivalled for a look of the open air, of lively awkward gesture, and variety and grotesqueness of grouping and rustic character. There is a little picture, by Le Nain, called the *Village Minstrel*, with a set of youthful auditors, the most undisguised little mischievous blackguards we ever saw, but with admirable execution and expression. The Metzus are curious and fine—the Ostades admirable. Gerard Dow's own portrait is certainly a gem. We noticed a Ruysdael in one corner of the room (No. 221), a dark, flat, wooded country, but delectable in tone and pencilling. Vandevelde's Sea pieces are capital—the water is smooth as glass, and the boats and vessels have the buoyancy of butterflies on

it. The *Sea-port*, by A. Cuyp, is miraculous for truth, brilliancy, and clearness, almost beyond actual water. These cannot be passed over; but there is a little picture which we beg to commend to the gentle reader, the Vangoyen, at the end of the room, No. 156, which has that yellow-tawney colour in the meads, and that grey crumbling look in the old convent, that give one the precise feeling of the first open day towards the end of winter, in a humid marshy country. We many years ago copied a Vangoyen, a picture of a Canal "with yellow tufted banks and gliding sail," modestly pencilled, truly felt—and have had an affection for him ever since. There is a small inner room with some most respectable modern pictures. Wilkie's *Breakfast-table* is among them.

The *Sacraments*, by N. Poussin, occupy a separate room by themselves, and have a grand and solemn effect; but we could hardly see them the other day; and indeed, we prefer his treatment of light and classical subjects to those of sacred history. He wanted *weight* for the last; or, if that word is objected to, we will change it, and say *power*.

On the whole, the Stafford Gallery is probably the most magnificent collection this country can boast. The specimens of the different schools are as numerous as they are select; and they are equally calculated to delight the student by the degree, or to inform the uninitiated by the variety of excellence. Yet even this collection is not complete. It is deficient in Rembrandts, Vandykes, and Rubenses; except one splendid allegory and fruit-piece by the last.

W. H.

* It is said in the Catalogue to be painted on touch-stone.

ON HONESTY.

I LOOK upon moral honesty, as consisting of a pure and unconditional respect for the distinctions of *meum et tuum* for their own sake, to be the rarest quality in human nature. Indeed, if it might not appear too bold for a prefatory remark, I should go so far as to deny the existence of any such quality altogether, setting

it down as a chimera of the schools, or at best as a fanciful possibility—the philosopher's stone of ethics. I am not learned in the Spurzheim topography of the skull, and therefore cannot lay a demonstrative finger on the spot; but if there be truth in the science, I venture to affirm that his "secretiveness" has an ~~anatomical~~

bump on every head among us that is out of its first cap. Observe the dispositions and habits of children and savages, or of any people in whom inclination has not been adulterated by the artifices of law. How unaffected, how guileless is their knavery! It sits upon them not as an acquired sin, but as a piece of natural freedom,—a fine generous error of the original heart. The South Sea islanders, with their pretty primitive tricks, have been shockingly used by their various visitors. They have always been reported to be thieves, in our European sense of that opprobrious title, and treated accordingly. Poor honest rogues not of their own making, I pity them heartily! It is true, they would become proprietors of a hatchet, or a ten-penny nail, let it belong to whom it might; and what then? The true thieves, it has always appeared to me, were those who had the heart to make them restore what it so suited them to call their own. I could as soon have reclaimed an apple that a baby had stolen from my pocket, as have defrauded one of these simple creatures of any thing that it had pleased him in his liberality to take from me. *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*—in other words, my brethren of Owhyhee should have picked my pockets, and welcome.

How nearly allied are covetousness and dishonesty!—and are we not all covetous? We are alive, at least, to the great directing impulse of the robber, however we may have learned, on prudential considerations, to moderate its action. We refrain, I grant; but our mouths water,—and that is not to be innocent. The *mala mens*—the desire—the diagnostic bump, are not to be removed.—Thieving is a hard word, a low phrase for general application; let us call it the disposition to humour our wants, the longing to appropriate whatever presents itself to our tastes and fancies as agreeable or convenient. We are not all thieves, in the vulgar sense of the term—far from it. A thief is not a man who has a love of taking to himself whatsoever pleases him, but one who will take, in contempt of all consequences. He is insensible to infamy, and therein differs from us all,—not in that he is dishonest. But how should there be

infamy connected with offences to which we have all an eager, if not an equal, proclivity? There is a sort of conventional shame that protects our possessions, not the shame of dishonesty, but the shame of the gallows. In the absence of any provision in our moral sense, it was necessary, for the security of property, to set up a prejudice against being hanged. The desire of keeping, co-eval and conspiring with the desire of getting, made it suitable, upon the whole, that laws should be appointed for restraining the licentiousness of the general hand. Avarice, with whatever pain, has politic reasons for checking the ardour of its great provider, Covetousness.—Such artificial checks, however, can be regarded only in the light of commercial regulations, of effectual service to the morality of the shops, but without much influence upon that of our minds. We have no instinctive horror of dishonesty in our nature, as we have of many other crimes. We have no sense of naked and intrinsic deformity in it, and therefore dress it up in frightful clothing—black its face, and then call it a monster. It is no true fiend, but “a painted devil,” which we permit, by a species of collusion, to call the blushes to our cheeks, and make our hearts quake within us. The judge—the bar—the rope—these are the dread supplements which constitute its sin and shame. A man would bear to hear any thing of an ancestor but that he had been hanged. Were a nobleman to be convicted of “stealing to the amount of forty shillings,” we should despise him, not for the enormity of his crime, but for the stigma of its punishment. That he should no longer be an honest man we could bear; but he is no longer a gentleman—and we close our hearts against him for ever. We give ourselves airs, because we feel that we could not have exposed ourselves to such a penalty, and so call ourselves honest. We are respecters of the law, not honest. A rogue (if such names must be) who secures a good prize from the pocket of another, is a “lucky dog;” we hear of his success, and wink, and look sly and sympathetic at one another: take the wretch to Bow-street, and you make

him a thief, whom we may not countenance.

——— In the crowd,
May it please your Excellency, your thief
looks

Exactly like the rest, or rather better :
'Tis only at the bar, and in the dungeon,
That wise men know your felon by his
features.

If there is no sacrifice of gentility and public character ; if a man is low enough in the world to be hanged without discredit, mere thieving, even in its compound iniquity of crime and penalty, is not regarded with any very serious displeasure. The thief is hanged, to be sure, in deference to our anti-social interests in our watches, snuff-boxes, and pocket-handkerchiefs ; but, morally speaking, how are we affected ? One of the sprightliest articles I remember in a celebrated Review was on the subject of *Botany Bay*—and who wonders ? See our police reports, with their regular formulary of wit and banter ; the jokes on the bench ; the facetiousness of counsel, and the general waggy that sparkles on the face of the whole court, where nothing more heinous is in question than a little sleight of hand by which property has changed its owner. One wonders sometimes how the comedy should be wound up into “ guilty,”—whips, chains, or death. What hearty glee and laughter are always called forth by the representation of the Beggar’s Opera—a whole theatre, boxes—pit—galleries, betrayed into one expression of chuckling consciousness, not by the touches of general satire, or innocent playfulness, with which the piece abounds, but by the villainy of the business—the irresistible *Filch*. This spectacle is too much for our caution ; it breaks through all our assumptions of affectation and disguise, and discovers our true kind and class, in the manner that a handful of nuts brought out, in a moment, the inalienable apehood of the monkey-players. The neatness, and suitable drollery, with which poor little Simmons used to whisk away a neighbour’s handkerchief was acknowledged—felt, by the whole house. Could not people sit for ever, let me ask, to witness the ravenous thievery of Grimaldi ?—Could we ever tire, as long as he would be stealing sausages

for our entertainment ? It is wonderful, indeed, as the song says, that “ we have not better company—at Tyburn Tree.”

The law, in setting up its fences and land-marks, mercifully left us some open ground—a patch of *common* here and there, on which we may indulge our free natures without fear or responsibility. In these “ liberties,” there is no security for our fair conduct but our in-born honesty ; and how does it acquit itself in its office ? Tell a winning gamester that he has taken the whole worldly support from some poor wretch, and given him over, with a wife and children, to famine or a jail ; appeal to his honesty, you have potent claims ; tell him that the man whom he has ruined had no exclusive title to the money which he risked ; that, if callous on his own account, he had no right to play away the interests of his wife and children in his property ; in short, that he was dishonest in his losses, and that the winner must be equally so in his gains, differing only, as the receiver differs from the thief. “ Very afflicting,” the gamester will allow, or, more characteristically, “ very unlucky”—but will he restore the money ?—not a stiver.

A gentleman cannot be a horse-stealer, for obvious reasons ; but may he not sell a horse to an acquaintance, and conceal, or not proclaim, his blemishes ? We are very willing at all events to take a *warranty*, even from “ the best nobleman in the land.” Stealing books in a friendly familiar way ; pocketing carelessly a light pamphlet, or portable poem, is not felony ; and what is the consequence ? Every man who has a library gives out with angry determination, that he never lends a book : he does not wish to be personal ; but press him, and he will inform you, that he never in his life lent one that was returned. I have myself lost (lost indeed !) the fifteenth number of the Edinburgh Review, and, with all I can say, I have not a friend who has the candour to come forward and confess the robbery. Stealing other people’s thoughts out of books, I just mention, as decidedly of kin to the great family-failing that I am treating of. There is vindictive law, however, for this description of pilfering—the critics !—not over-bountiful.

themselves, as witness—their *ex-tracts*.

Law, if it confines our hands, cannot controul our hearts: it may not allow us to be thieves, but it cannot make us honest. Look at the old lady (we all know whom) at the whist-table. What is it that keeps her from sweeping into her own lap every six-pence on the board? Watch her unholy eagerness; her daring equivocations; her “two by honours”—always; her flushed and hurrying agitations on the very borders of petty larceny, and say if she is honest:—sincerely, does she despise the thought of six-pences that do not belong to her? The good lady has a horror of Sir Robert Birnie that may not be acknowledged by Bill Soames, but is she more honest? The familiar caution of “Hold up your cards, Sir,” is really very little removed in the spirit of its signification from the well-known cry of “Mind your pockets, ladies and gentlemen.” A round game, if the truth may be told, is no other, as concerns the minds of the parties, than a general scramble—a “snatch” at the pool—a “go it” for the sweepstakes. People may talk as they please about playing fair, and the rules of the game, but the essence of the sport is precisely *fingering*. There is no sight more unpleasant than a party of young women at a round game, striving with reddened and fierce faces to make beggars of one another. I have seen a beautiful girl of eighteen rendered positively offensive to look at, by the bravo-like manner with which she would turn up *vingt-un*. I could have yielded up what money I ever carry, or have to carry, to a regular “stand and deliver,” on Finchley Common, with far less reluctance, than to this Macheath of the card-table. The mistaken creature robbed herself of so much, while she was robbing me, that I could in no way pardon her. For my part, I would sooner see women drinking brandy, than winning half-crowns. If they will play at cards, let it be only “for love,” or some such lady-like stake. They *should* know the interests of their own attractions; yet surely a pretty woman is guilty of a grievous miscalculation, when she wastes her *smiles and frowns* on a pool at loo.

How can an angel with any face be asking a gentleman, one dying for her perhaps, for change for a pound note, or three six-pences for eighteen-pence? The whole business has a detestable taint of meanness, vulgarity, and hard-heartedness, about it. Wax lights and rose-wood tables cannot sanctify such exhibitions:—with the Countess behind her cards, and the purple-nosed hag at the fait behind her round-about, “one down—two down,”—the little, dirty, narrow, degrading passion is the same. But I am wandering.—

I have stated the desire of gratifying our wants to be the soul of dishonesty; and it will be found, I believe, that people are honest in proportion to the fewness of their wants. Who is honest? He who has no want that he cannot supply, and no wish that he cannot satisfy. Savages, who want, or procure with difficulty and imperfectly, the first necessities of life, are thieves by fatality. To tell them to be honest is like telling them not to be hungry. A civilized people then, in a land of abundance, are alone “all honourable men?” By no means—for if among them the more imperative necessities of our condition are fully and readily provided for, they have an infinity of superadded wants, the growth of luxury and refinement, that are quite sufficient to preserve our original *secretiveness* in full life and activity. A man who wants food and clothing, and one who wants a carriage and an opera-box, are equally in the broad way of dishonesty. I speak of dishonesty in relation to pure moral principle: that we keep our fingers in order is nothing; the poor savages will not be behind our politeness in this point of decorum, when it shall please them, on “some fair future day,” to set up lawyers, judges, and gibbets. The inequalities that prevail, and must prevail, in civilized society, will not allow our minds to be at rest: there is always something to envy and to want, even for those who have more than they want. A gentleman who can feed fifty mouths, besides his own, at dinner time, might be said to have enough, were it not notorious, that Lord C—— frequently sits down to a meal with two hundred guests at his table. The baronet is always in a

state of temptation till he is a lord ; and the lord is any body's man but his own, as long as there is a ribbon or a garter which he does not possess. There is no "highest" amongst men—no pre-eminent resting-place for any one, from whence he can see nothing that is not beneath him. Kings have their competitors, and are as full of wants as paupers. Dishonesty in such high personages is called ambition ; but call it what you please, it is the same restless and rapacious greediness, acting according to its station and its opportunities, as influences the meanest amongst us. Kings would be sacking territories and pilfering prerogative, in the same spirit with which beggars would be robbing hen-roosts. It has been justly observed that, as respects manners and moral character, there are many striking points of resemblance between the extreme conditions of human life—between kings and the lowest of their subjects. The parties are alike free from responsibility, the one being too high, and the other too low, to be reached by the checks of custom and public opinion. It proves so, I think, very unequivocally, in the affair of honesty. The whole world, I sincerely believe, is a knave at bottom ; but a man distinguished only by a good coat on his back must keep his nature down, and, whatever may be his dreams, must wake and walk as the law directs. Kings and the man of rags alone do as they please : there is no "pining in thought" for them ; they leave dreaming to those beneath or above them, and dash gallantly into the field of action, your only fearless depredators. Were I a king—but I forbear ;—my modesty faints before so strange an hypothesis.

There are wants which seem to be craving and impetuous, in proportion as they are far-fetched and irrelevant, or removed from common feeling and participation. Collectors—those who number among their wants rare prints and pictures, an *unique* gem, or solitary coin—are thieves to a man. The hankering of the collector is complex, being founded on his regret for what he has not, and for what others have. He would glory in acquiring a Queen Anne's farthing, but would be still sleepless,

if he could not take it from Mr. Davies. Bury it—let it not be at all, and he might be content ; but that it should be, and for another, is intolerable. Rarities in a national museum create no envy ; they belong to nobody : it is in the house of a friend that they become provoking, and drive a man to sin. That it is possible for a virtuoso of common pretensions, so beset and excited, to be strictly honest, I quite deny. Mr. Longfoot has not stolen, I know, and will not, and would not steal, I believe, a Hogarth print in my possession, which is just *wanting* to make his set complete ; but, between friends, let me ask him, if he has not in his heart purloined it a hundred times over. If, as he stood with his eyes fixed upon it last Tuesday, for instance, in a state of abstraction, he was not rioting in the luxury of an hypothetical felony, I am a greater dunce at interpreting a reverie than I should be willing to consider myself. I have myself some *virtu* about me, and have of course my "confessions" on the subject, if I choose to make them. My collection, as yet, is fairly come by, I believe ; but I should be much obliged to Mr. H. if he would not show me that *Otho* of his any more. *Verbum sat.*

A great city is a perilous school for dishonesty, not only from the relief that it exposes to the naked and hungry, but from the ostentatious enticements to enjoyment with which it meets every whimsical wish and want that can enter the imagination of luxurious man. The gorgeous shops of London, which invent for us half the wants that they supply, are enough to make the best of us tremble for the possible consequences. Where is the person, gentle or simple, that can walk through Oxford-street, and be sensible, within his own bosom, that he is an honest man ? The things are all for sale, we know ; but what is to become of "poor human nature," with no money in her pocket. Look at those youngsters who, with slabbering mouths and vindictive eyes, beset the windows of the pastry-cooks ; observe that shabby oldish gentleman with the green spectacles, dreaming and sighing away half the morning at the outside (he dares not go in) of the curiosity-shop ; mark

that lean thoughtful person (he has not sixpence in the world) *handling* that precious turbot; and the gaily-dressed spark, a door or two farther on, pondering over those enthralling cases of rings, seals, and shirt-pins; see how the smart jockey in top-boots there stares at, till he almost owns, every *Dennett* and *Tilbury* at the coach-makers; and with what a kingly smile that poor-author-like-looking man surveys the phenomena of the cook's shop—he is eating that ham with the glass between them; and then note the women, the crowds, well-dressed and ill-dressed, old and young, who haunt the shops as under a spell; not those who bargain or buy—let them pass—but the far greater multitudes who flutter about the windows and doors, who look, and think, and fancy, and guess, and wonder, and like, and wish, and try, and touch, and—all but take;—these various persons, innocent as they seem, and as they are in the judgment of the law, what are they before their consciences?—Such indulgences are so habitual to us, and pass through our minds in such easy and rapid succession, that we pay no deep attention to them in their particulars, and suffer ourselves night after night (so graceless do we become) to sleep and forget them. It would be curious, and not uninteresting, were a person, in mercantile phrase, to open a regular account against himself touching such proceedings, so that all his contraband imaginations before shop-windows might be occasionally served up to him in a full and formal bill of lading. A day-book like this, *honestly* kept (there's the rub again) would be as a looking-glass, in which a man might see his true face, though one which he and his friends might scarcely be willing to own. Any lady thinking herself honest, would be startled, I dare say, at a diary of but a single morning's fraudulence set forth in full amount;—four dozen Cashmere shawls—twelve gross of straw bonnets—one hundred lace caps, and so on, a multitudinous litter of ill-gotten property turned out before her conscience, which might remind her with advantage of those veritable heaps of plunder, that are frequently brought to light in the

hands of some practical rogue, and strewed, to the amazement of the world, before the eyes of some inquisitor of the police. The lady, perhaps, sees no ghosts of skeleton-keys, pick-locks, and iron crows, amidst her fancy-pillage,—but there the goods are—I stick to that;—and how came they there? Shopping and shop-lifting, I fear, are but too frequently, in a moral sense, convertible terms: the latter has a very bad name, and certainly deserves it, while her hypocrite-sister, who professes “to pay for every thing,” looks the world in the face, and meets with reverence. Pay for every thing!—I have seen a lady, after poring for two hours over unfurled roods of cambrics, prints, and muslins, till the whole counter was a pile of ruin and disorder before her, finally come to a conclusion for three yards of penny bobbin, and take her leave. If this lady had not more for her money than was honest, I give up the question.

Upon the whole, I am clearly of opinion, that a man who has it at heart to be wholly honest, who, while he would scorn to be a thief, would keep his inclinations also “from picking and stealing,” must avoid the haunts of fashionable wants and necessities, fly from cities and all large assemblages of his fellows, and not rest with confidence, till he reaches the mountains of Switzerland or Wales. In these simple regions, where enough to eat is pretty nearly the limit of civilization, he will find the only home of pure, uncoveting honesty. The savage is a craver—*meum* or *tuum*—he eats any thing that he can get; but in the condition next above his, where every one is sure of his lawful dinner, and no one has learned any other want,—there, people are by necessity content; there, no one covets what another has *not* got. Perfect plenty and perfect equality leave no motive for stealing or wishing: every stomach is full—and for the rest—rocks and waterfalls move no envy, they are yours and mine; the sky has no partialities, it covers us all. This is to be honest on very hard terms, to be sure: it is better, perhaps, to be a bit of a rogue in good company.

R. A.

THE LITERARY POLICE OFFICE, BOW-STREET.

EDWARD HERBERT'S LETTERS TO THE FAMILY OF THE POWELLS.

No. VIII.

To Russell Powell, Esq.

Dogberry. One word, Sir : our Watch, Sir, have, indeed, comprehended some suspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your Worship.

Leonato. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogberry. It shall be suffigance.

• • • • •

Dogberry. Go, good partner, go ; get you to Francis Seacoal : bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol. We are now to examination these men.

Verges. And we must do it wisely.

Dogberry. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act III.

DEAR RUSSELL !—I am much gratified that the Morning Herald, which I now intend to send you daily, gives you so much amusement ; the Police Reports are, as you correctly observe, written in a masterly style of humour and truth. Since you have urged me to ascertain the writer, I have left no stone unturned to fulfil your wishes, and I am happy to say, that I now rank that ingenious gentleman among my warmest friends. His name is not Vickery, as you surmise,—I would communicate it to you, but as yet he has not confided it to my keeping.

The other day this good gentleman consented to my proposal of accompanying him to one of the Police Offices. Bow-street was our chosen spot. I had told him of my anxious desire to be initiated into all the curious scenes of London ; and he assured me that much whimsical work was to be inspected at a metropolitan Police Office. The day we chose for our visit was one of great interest and singularity—and my friend obtained for me a seat at the very foot of Sir Richard Birnie, and under the immediate nose, as I

may say, of Mr. Minshull himself. I stayed the whole day, from the opening of the office, even unto the shutting up of the same. And at my particular request, my friend, the Reporter, adjourned in the evening to my chambers in the Albany, and there wrote his report for the Herald, permitting me at the same time to copy it, page by page, as he proceeded ; I beg to inclose it to you for your immediate perusal, as the Herald, owing to the debates at the present *close* of parliament, will not be able to print it for some time. Oh ! Russell, read it aloud to the friends of my heart !—You, with your acute remarks and pungent tones, will give the paper all its force and effect. I can vouch for the truth of the statement,—but indeed no one can doubt for a moment that the sketch is one from the very life.

My sheet of paper is large, but the report is extensive. I therefore copy it at once, that I may get all into one sheet, and save you that *double charge*, which is as serious in letters as in guns. Here is the Report.

Literary Police, Bow-street.

Yesterday the magistrates, Sir Richard Birnie, and Mr. Minshull, were employed the whole of the day in hearing charges preferred against literary offenders. Some of them were pregnant with great public interest ; some were unworthy of notice.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, a pedlar by trade, that hawks about shoe-laces and philosophy, was put to the bar, charged with stealing a poney, value 40s. from a Mrs. Foy, of Westmoreland ; but as no one was near him at the

Feb. 1833.

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courage to carry his declaration into effect. The prisoner, seeing one of Messrs. Longman's firm near him, protested, if they published his *pal* Tom Moore's Loves of the Angels to the world, he would make that deed and Heaven and Earth come together! The Bench shuddered at the thought, and Jeffrey was ordered to look to him. On retiring from the bar, the prisoner was very ferocious, and the officers were compelled to put his crooked spirit into a straight waistcoat. He was scarcely nineteen when he committed the offence for which *he* was committed.

The Rev. Mr. CRABBE, an old man of very venerable appearance, was examined on a charge of having burglariously entered the parish poor-house, and stolen therefrom a joint stool—a deal table—a wooden spoon—a smoke jack, and sundry kitchen and washhouse utensils. The case was clearly made out, and the parish was bound over to prosecute. It appeared on examination that this offender had been very hard upon the paupers in the house; and, indeed, while before the magistrates, he made several irreverent jokes upon the occasion.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, alias THE GREAT UNKNOWN, alias BILL BEACON, alias CUNNING WALTER, underwent a long private examination, on a sort of *novel* fraud, which was whispered to be one of a very extensive nature; nothing transpired after the examination, and the prisoner was ordered up for a further hearing. Sir W. S. being a Baronet, and one of the Bench being a Scotchman, the prisoner was allowed to be out on his own recognizance. He is a tall farmer-looking man—something of a Northern Cobbett. He is said to be the same person that was connected with the Longman gang in the great poetical robbery—and that obtained the King's pardon, by turning King's evidence against his companions.

SARAH SIDDONS, a person well known about the theatres, was placed at the bar under suspicion of having disinterred the body of John Milton, a respectable scrivener, from the church-yard of Cripplegate. Some of the limbs were found in her possession. She told a very plausible story, and much affected the Bench. But her powers this way were well known—and the magistrates wiped their eyes, and ordered her to find bail.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was informed against for sending out his poetical coals to Newcastle, without having the *metre's* ticket. He offered to take an oath, that he had a right to do as he thought best—but the magistrates would not listen to him. His *sack*, however, was found to be *full measure*—which was much in his favour. The officers knew Rob well, and stated that he had often been at that bar before. He is the same person that knocked down Wesley in Paternoster-row, and that took away Lord Nelson's life in Albemarle-street. On being called upon to account for his mode of living—he declared that he lived upon the lives of others—that he was the only man of unimpeachable morals in the world—that he knew and revered the King, Mr. Croker, and the constitution; and that he would, if the magistrates pleased, write an Ode on the Police-office, which might be stuck up in some conspicuous place, to keep respectable people away. He was fined in the mitigated penalty of 1*l.* and was ordered to be confined until the same was paid. He sold some waste paper, which his publishers held, and got out without a rag being left.

CHARLES LAMB was brought up, charged with the barbarous murder of the late Mr. Elia. He was taken late in the evening, at a house of resort for characters of his description, in Fleet-street—and he had with him at the time of his caption a crape mask—a phosphorus (or hock) bottle—a dark lanthorn—a *skeleton* key—a centre bit (out of the haunch)—and a large clasp knife (and fork). The evidence was indisputable—and Mr. Lamb was committed. There appears to have been no apparent motive for this horrible murder, unless the prisoner had an eye to poor Mr. Elia's situation in the LONDON MAGAZINE. The prisoner is a large gaunt-looking fellow, with a queer eye, and a broad overhanging brow. If no witnesses had come forward—his looks would *have appeared against him!*

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a dwarf, was brought up, under Tom Cribb's care (this is the second act of kindness of the champion), charged with a fraud upon a Mr. Cromek. Being young and little, he was handed over to the Philanthropic, as a fit place for such a heart as his.

BARRY CORNWALL was brought up—charged by the officers with having created a crowd, and occasioned a disturbance, at Covent-Garden theatre. On expressing his contrition, and promising to offend again, he was reprimanded and discharged. He seemed to be a young man of very violent habits, and was near flooring the officer that stood by him.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, a man well known about town; was charged with keeping a Little-go—for unlawful insurances in the lottery of Fame. It was proved that he had taken in several poor authors to his concern—and he not being able to account for himself, was ordered to a year's hard labour, and to stand in the pillory in Conduit-street the first day of every month.

The Hon. Mr. SPENCER—Lord JOHN RUSSELL—Lord and Lady BLESSINGTON—the Duke of RUTLAND—Lord THURLOW, and several others, all persons of no literary repute, were placed at the bar from the St. James's watch-house, charged with frequenting a masquerade at unlicensed rooms. They were brought up in their several motley dresses, and made the Literary Police Officers grin at the ridiculous figures they cut. Mr. Spencer was an Apollo—the wreath round his head was of artificial flowers, and he sang complimentary odes to ladies of fashion, which he accompanied on his lyre! Lord J. Russell was dressed up as Carlos in the Duenna: he supported the part pretty well, but he was obliged to do so, for the part would not support him.—Lord Blessington appeared as Lord Colambre, out of Miss Edgeworth's novel of the Absentee, and did not look well—his lady attempted the character of an authoress, and got some *credit* by writing on the *ready Rhine-o*.—The Duke of Rutland made a very indifferent Mungo Park; and Lord Thurlow was a middling Sir Philip Sidney dismounted!—They all pleaded ignorance as an excuse for their bad works, and were fined a shilling each and discharged.

Just as the Bench had got through all these charges, and as the magistrates were rising, GEORGE COLMAN was brought in, charged with having attempted to destroy himself with poison. He talked a great deal of skimble skamble stuff—about the Law of Java—and the Upas-tree—but no one could understand him. It appearing, however, that he had formerly been in his senses, and had lived in repute, he was given over to his friends, with strict injunctions, that pen, ink, and paper, and all such dangerous weapons should strictly be kept out of his reach. This was not the first attempt at suicide made by this unfortunate man.

There were some other cases of no public interest heard—and the magistrates rose and left the office. Nothing yet has transpired respecting the D'Israeli burglary:—but Mrs. Opie is suspected of knowing something of poor Mrs. Donatty's death!

I have scarcely an inch of *lappel* left to say another word, and indeed my hand is already cramped with copying the report. I sincerely hope, my Dear Russell, that you will relish it, as it is intended;—nought is done in malice, but all in humour—and, I trust, in good humour. Your kind mother will think it a pity to expose the names of the parties—but they are all too sensible to be affected by a trifle, which is merrily

meant, and must pass away in a moment. Reason with her, Russell!—and as she knows Mr. Wordsworth, get her to intercede with him—for he is the only gentleman I fear. Farewell. With love to your sisters,

I am, ever and a day,

Your friend,

EDW. HERBERT.

Albany, Jan. 1823.

PS. A happy new year to you—and to those who see this letter.

The Early French Poets.

ROBERT GARNIER.

(Continued from our last Number.)

HIPPOLYTE, LA TROADE, ET ANTIGONE.

The subject of these three tragedies being taken chiefly from Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, I shall willingly decline the task of being as particular in my account of them as of the rest. In the first, the ghost of Ægeus speaks the prologue. Then comes in Hippolytus, who, in a

speech of about one hundred and fifty lines, declares his foreboding of some approaching evil. Had Mr. Charles Lamb met with a similar passage in one of our old dramatists, I do not think he would have passed it unnoticed.

Jà l'Aurore se leve, et Phœbus qui la suit
Vermeil fait flamboyer les flambeaux de la nuit,
Jà ses beaux limonniers commencent à respandre
Le jour aux animaux qui ne font que l'attendre,
Jà les monts sourcilleux commencent à jaunir
Sous le char de ce Dieu qu'ils regardent venir.
O beau soleil luisant, belle et claire planette,
Qui pousse tes rayons dedans la nuit brunette :
O grand Dieu perruquier, qui lumineux estains
Me decharmant les yeux, l'erreur des songes vains,
Qui ores travailloient durant cette nuit sombre
Mon esprit combattu d'un larmoyable encombre ;
Je te salue, O Pere, et resalue encor,
Toy, ton char, tes chevaux, et tes beaux rayons d'or.

Il me sembloit dormant, que j'erroy solitaire
Au creux d'une forest mon esbat ordinaire :
Descendre dans un val, que mille arbres autour
Le ceinturant espois, privent de nostre jour.
Il y faisoit obscur, mais non pas du tout comme
En une pleine nuict, qu'accompagne le somme ;
Mais comme il fait au soir, apres que le soleil
A retiré de nous son visage vermeil,
Et qu'il relaisse encor une lueur qui semble
Estre ni jour ni nuict, mais tous les deux ensemble.

Dedans un val ombreux, estoit à droite main
Un antre plein de mousse, et de lambrunche plein
Où quatre de mes chiens entrerent d'avanture,
Quatre Molossiens de guerriere nature.
A grande peine ils estoient à la gueule du creux
Qu'il se vient presenter un grand lion affreux,
Le plus fort et massif, le plus espouvantable,
Qui jamais hebergeant au Taure inhospitable.
Ses yeux estoient de feu, qui flamboient tout ainsi
Que deux larges tisons dans un air obscurci.
Son col gros et charnu, sa poitrine nerveuse,
S'enfloient herissonnez d'une hure crineuse :
Sa gueule estoit horrible, et horrible ses dens,
Qui comme gros piquets apparoissoient dedans.

Mes chiens, bien que hardis, si tost ne l'aviserent,
Que saisis des frayeurs dehors ils s'élancerent :
Accoururent vers moy tremblant et pantelant,
Criant d'une voix foible, et comme s'adeulant.
Si tost que je les voy si esperdus, je tasche
De les rencourager : mais leur courage lasche
Ne les rassure point, et tant plus que je veux
Les en faire approcher, ils reculent peureux,
Com'e un grand chef guerrier qui voit ses gens en fuite,
Et plusieurs gros scadrons d'ennemi à leur suite,
A beau les exhorter, les prier, supplier,
De retourner visage, et de se rallier,
A beau faire promesse, a beau donner menace,
C'est en vain ce qu'il fait, ils ont perdu l'audace.

Ils sont sourds et muets, et n'ont plus autre soin,
 Que de haster le pas, et s'enfuir bien loin.
 J'empoigne mon espieu, dont le fer qui flamboie
 Devant mon estomach, me découvre la voye ;
 Je descens jusqu'au bord, où soudain j'appercoy
 Le grand lion patu, qui décoche vers moy,
 Dégorgeant un tel cri de sa gorge beante
 Que toute la forest en resonance tremblante,
 Qu' Hymette en retentist, et que les rocs, qui sont
 Au bord Thriasien, en sourcillent le front.
 Ferme je me roidis, adossé d'une souche,
 Avancé d'une jambe, et à deux bras je couche
 Droît à luy mon espieu, prest de luy traverser
 La gorge où l'estomach, s'il se cuide avancer.
 Mais las peu me servit cette brave assurance !
 Car luy sans faire cas du fer que je luy lance,
 Non plus que d'un festu que j'eusse eu dans la main,
 Me l'arrache de force, et le rompt tout soudain ;
 Me renverse sous luy, me traine et me coule,
 Aussi facilement qu'il eust fait d'une boule.

Jà ses griffes fondoient dans mon estomac nu,
 L'escartelant sous luy comme un poulet menu
 Qu'un milan a ravi sous l'aile de sa mere,
 Et le va déchirant de sa griffe meurtriere ;
 Quand, vaincu du tourment, je jette un cri si haut,
 Que j'en laisse mon songe, et m'éveille en sursaut,
 Si froid et si tremblant, si glacé par la face,
 Par les bras, par le corps, que je n'estoy que glace.

Je fu long temps ainsi dans mon liet estendu,
 Regardant çà et là comme un homme esperdu,
 Que l'esprit, la memoire, et le sens abandonne,
 Qui ne sçait ce qu'il est, ne cognoist plus personne,
 Immobile, insensible, etourdé, qui n'a plus
 De pensement en luy qui ne soit tout confus.

Mais las ! ce n'est encor tout ce qui m'espouvante,
 Tout ce qui me chagrine, et mon ame tourmente ;
 Ce n'est pas cela seul qui me fait tellement
 Craindre je ne sçay quoy de triste evenement !
 J'ay le coeur trop hardy pour estre fait la proye
 D'un songe deceveur ; cela seul ne m'effroye ;
 Le songe ne doit pas estre cause d'ennuy,
 Tant foible est son pouvoir quand il n'y a que luy :
 Ce n'est qu'un vain semblant, qu'un fantosme, une image,
 Qui nous trompe en dormant, et non pas un presage.
 Depuis quatre ou cinq nuicts le hibou n'a jamais
 Cessé de lamenter au haut de ce palais,
 Et mes chiens aussitost qu'ils sont en leurs estables
 Comme loups par les bois heurlent espouvantables ;
 Les tours de ce chasteau noircissent de corbeaux ;
 Jour et nuict aperchez sepulcraliers oiseaux,
 Et n'en veulent partir, ores qu'on les dechasse,
 Si ce n'est quand je sors pour aller à la chasse ;
 Car alors tous ensemble ils decampent des tours,
 Et croassant sur moy m'accompagnent tousiours,
 Bavelant çà et là, comme une espee nue
 Qui vogue parmi l'air, du Soleil soustenue. (P. 247.)

Already doth the goddess of the dawn
 Peer forth, and ruddy Phœbus following
 Makes the night torches flare ; his pawing coursers
 Scatter down light on all earth's animals
 That do but wait them, and the beetling cliffs
 Grow amber with the chariot of the God
 Whom they spy coming. O fair beaming Sun !
 Bright Planet, that dost push thy subtle beams
 Through the dun night ! great golden-tressed God,
 Who with thy luminous wand mine eyes uncharming,

Extinguishest the error of vain dreams,
That all this troublous night have haunted me ;
Hail to thee, Father ! and again all hail
To thee, thy car and steeds, and beams of gold.

Methought in sleep I wander'd all alone
Through a deep forest, where I oft resort,
Into a valley, which a thousand trees,
With their tall antlers girdling, shut from day.
I stood in darkness, yet not darkness such
As in full night by slumber companied ;
But as when late at evening, after Sol
Has quite withdrawn his visage, and yet leaves
A light, that seemeth neither night nor day,
But both conjoin'd. And in that shadowy vale,
Upon my right methought there was a cave,
Moss-lined, and mantled with a shaggy vine.
Four of my dogs at random enter'd it,
Four stout Molossians of right warlike breed ;
But scarcely had they dived into its jaws,
When a fierce lion met them. Such a beast,
So large, so massive, and so full of dread,
Amid the wilds of Taurus never stabled.
His eyes of fire glared like two beacon torches
In a dim sky. His big and fleshy neck,
And his wide brawny chest, were swoln and bristled
With a rough matted fell : his throat was horrible,
And horrible his teeth, within the maw
Ranged like to monstrous spikes. My dogs, alert
And hardy as they were, no sooner spy'd him,
Than they sprang out in terrour, and did run
Up to me, quaking, out of breath, and yelping
With a shrill feeble wail. Soon as I see them
Thus cow'd, I strive to hearten them again ;
But their slack courage rallies not a jot ;
And by how much the more I tarre them on,
They, more afraid, recoil. As a brave leader,
That sees his people routed, and the enemy
Dogging their heels, cries out, exhorts, persuades,
Entreats them to return and face the foe :
But bootless all ; in vain he promises,
In vain he threatens ; they have lost their daring,
Are deaf, and mute, and dream but of their flight.
I grasp my pike, whose iron tip advanced
Glistens before me, and informs my path.
Then, on the brink arriving, I perceive
The mighty lion, that with out-stretch'd paws
Darts on me, uttering from open throat
So dread a roar, that all the forest shook,
And from Hymettus the redoubled cry
Echoed, and on Thriasian shores the rocks
Arch'd their steep brows in wonder. Firm I stand,
Stiffen each nerve, against a trunk my back
Prop, and, one leg outstretch'd, on either arm
Right towards him couch my pike, ready to pierce
His gorge or entrails, if he dared advance.
But he no more account had of my spear
Than if I had been armed with a straw ;
Seized it and snapp'd in twain ; then suddenly
Upset me under him, drags on, and rolls me
As easily as he had done a ball.

Already were his clutches in my breast,
Ripping me up like to a tiny bird,

That from its mother's wing a kite hath ravish'd,
 And rends in pieces with his murderous claws;
 When by the torment vanquish'd, I so loud
 Shriek'd out, that I broke off my dream, and waking,
 Leap'd up, so chill, so trembling, and so frozen,
 My face, and arms, and body, were but ice.

Thus on my bed long time I lay extended
 Gazing around me like a man distract,
 Who, rest of thought, and memory, and sense,
 Wots neither what he is, nor better knows
 Other beside himself; a motionless clod,
 And heap of mere confusedness within.

Nor this, alas! the whole of what I fear,
 Or that doth fill my spirit with strange boding
 Of some unknown event. I have a heart
 Too stout to be the prey of a false dream.
 This is not all that frays me; for a dream
 Should not itself be cause of our annoy;
 Since 'tis no more than a vain empty shadow,
 And no presagement of the thing to come.
 These four or five nights past, the owlet ne'er
 Hath ceased lamenting on our palace roof;
 And, soon as in their kennel stall'd, my hounds
 Howl like to forest wolves. Our castle towers
 Are black with ravens, perched night and day;
 Sepulchral birds, that will not quit their seat,
 Though driven, save when I go forth to hunt;
 And then it seems as all took wing at once
 From the steep battlements, and, croaking round me,
 Accompanied my steps this way and that,
 Flapping their dismal pennons in mid air,
 Self-balanced, like a thick and low-hung cloud.

The lively song of the attendant sportsmen tends to dispel these horrors. It must be owned, that there is something in all this more to our English taste; in short, that it has more of character and of picturesque effect, than the opening of Racine's *Phedre*, in which the tutor of Hippolytus is trying to extort from his pupil a confession of his being enamoured of Aricia, which a little prudery alone restrains him from avowing.

Il n'en faut point douter, vous aimez, vous brûlez,

Vous périssez d'un mal que vous dissimulez.
 La charmante Aricie a-t-elle su vous plaire?

Hippolyte. Théramene, je pars, et vais chercher mon pere.

The young prince, though a votary of Diana herself, if he had not had a mistress would have appeared more savage than any of the wild beasts he hunted, in the eyes of that court, where, as Voltaire tells us, the prime minister himself could not be without one. In the next scene the judgment of Racine led him to follow Euripides, though he has done it

most timidly, and with a sacred horror of the bold and passionate imagery of the Greek. In his preface, acknowledging his obligations to that writer for the conception of *Phædra's* character, he tells us, that he believes he had never exhibited anything so *reasonable* on the stage. "Quand je ne lui devois que la seule idée du caractère de Phedre, je pourrois dire que je lui dois ce que j'ai peut-être mis de plus raisonnable sur le théâtre." And to her reason indeed it must be allowed he has brought her in the strait-waistcoat of his alexandrines; for the poor queen raves no more, as she had formerly done in her palace at Athens, about dewy fountains, pure waters, poplars, tufted meadows, pine-trees, beast-slaughtering hounds, spotted stags, and Thessalian spears; about Diana mistress of the sea-lake, and Venetian horses; but talks as a lady might be supposed to talk, who had lived the greater part of her life at Paris, and was subject to be at times a little flighty.

Dieux, que ne suis-je assise à l'ombre des
forêts ?
Quand pourrai-je, au travers d'une noble
poussière,
Suivre de l'œil un char fuyant dans la car-
rière ?

Garnier would assuredly have made more of this; but he has unfortunately struck off into the route of Seneca, who makes the queen speak of her love for Hippolytus in the presence of the Nurse as if the latter were already acquainted with it, and so loses one of the finest occasions ever offered to a dramatic poet, to show his art in the casual and unconscious discovery of an illicit passion. The "Ah, Dieux!" of Racine's Phædra, on the mention of the name of Hippolytus, is not equal to the *οἶμοι* of Euripides. It does not sound so much like a moan drawn from the bottom of a heart ready to burst with a sense of its sufferings. In the rest of the play, Garnier has not departed far from Seneca's model. Euripides alone introduces Hippolytus still alive at the conclusion, and has a short but moving scene between him and Theseus.

In the preface to the Troade, Garnier owns that he has taken it partly from the Hecuba and Troades of Euripides, and partly from the Troas of Seneca. It is by expansion that he is most apt to spoil the effect of what he borrows. In Seneca, Andromache, when she is begging of Ulysses to spare the child Astyanax, says,

An has ruinas urbis in cinerem datas
Hic excitabit ?

And then holding up his little hands,
adds,

Hæ manus Trojam erigent ?

than which scarcely anything can be imagined more pathetic.* But when Garnier makes four words into as many lines, it is dilated almost to nothing.

Quoy ? ces fiolettes mains, ces deux mains
enfantines,

Pourront bien restaurer les Troyennes
ruines ?

Pourront bien redresser les murs audacieux
Du candreux Ilion, que battirent les Dieux ?

(P. 352.)

An Italian poet, Bongianni Gratarolo, who has treated the same subject in his Astianatte, manages it much better.

Son queste mani da redrizzar Troja ?

(Act 4.)

And are these hands to build up Troy
again ?

In like manner, when Talthybius relates to Hecuba the sacrifice of Polyxena, Garnier has enlarged on the narration in Euripides, which, beautiful as it is, is yet sufficiently long.

Into his Antigone, he has crowded much of the Septem Contra Thebas of Æschylus, the Phœnissæ of Euripides, and the Thebais of Seneca; nor is it till the fourth act, that he takes up the subject as it is treated in the Antigone of Sophocles. The farewell of the heroine, when she is about to enter her living sepulchre, will be well remembered by all readers of that master of the drama. It is thus imitated by Garnier:—

O fontaine Dirce ! ô fleuve Ismene ! ô prez !
O forests ! ô costaux ! ô bords de sang pourprez !
O soleil jaunissant lumière de ce monde !
O Thebes, mon pays, d'hommes guerriers feconde,
Et maintenant fertile en dure cruauté,
Contrainte je vous laisse et votre royauté !

.....

Hà, je sçay que bientôt sortant de ma caverne,
Je vous verray, mon pere, au profond de l'Averne !

.....

Je vous verray, ma mere, esclandreuse Iocaste,
Je verray Eteocle, et le gendre d'Adraste,
N'agueres devalez sur le noir Acheron,
Et ne passez encor par le nocher Charon.

* "The master-piece of Seneca," says Dryden, in his treatise on Dramatic Poesy, "I hold to be that scene in the Troades, where Ulysses is seeking for Astyanax to kill him. There you see the tenderness of a mother represented in Andromache."

Adieu, brigade armée; adieu, chères compagnes,
 Je m'en vay lamenter sous les sombres campagnes :
 J'entre vive en ma tombe, où languira mon corps
 Mort et vif, esloigné des vivans et des morts. (P. 478.)

Instead of a translation of these lines, I will add an attempt which I once made to compress the original into a few Latin elegiacs.

Hos viva Antigone, jamjam subitura sepulchrum,
 Thebas respiciens, fudit ab ore sonos.
 Sancta vale sedes, comitesque valetæ puellæ,
 Et tu Dircei fluminis unda vale.
 Nunc licet extremum patrias insistere terras;
 Nunc licet extremo munere luce frui.
 Intereo misera, amplexus ignara mariti:
 Turbavit pompas mors, Hymenæe, tuas.
 At nec pœniteat vitales luminis oras
 Linquere, et inferni visere regna Dei;
 Sic cari potero vultus agnoscere fratris,
 Sic umbræ occurrent ora paterna meæ.
 Adsum, clamabo; generisque miserrima nostri,
 Fato Labdacidæ stirpe creata probor.

The subject of the next tragedy, entitled, *Les Juiffes*, the Jewish women, is taken from the Bible (II Kings, xxiv. xxv.) Act 1. The prophet deploras the defeat of the Jews. The chorus sing a hymn on the fall of man and on the deluge. Act 2. Nebuchadnezzar, after an arrogant speech, equalling himself to the Almighty, declares to Nebuzara-

dan, captain of the guard, his intention to punish with death the rebellion of the king of the Jews, from which that officer in vain endeavours to dissuade him. A chorus on the mischiefs resulting from the Jewish connection with Egypt. Hamutal, mother of Zedekiah, bewailing her desolate condition, with the Jewish women.

Ne viendra point le jour que mes lancements je noye
 Dans un sombre tombeau, faite des vers la proie ?
 Hélas ! je croy que non, il y a trop long temps
 Qu'en vain je le reclame, et qu'en vain je l'attens.
 Non, il ne viendra point, ma peine est perdurable,
 La mort prompte au secours ne m'est point secourable:
 Elle me fuit peureuse, et n'ose m'approcher,
 Son dard, qui ne craint rien, a peur de me toucher.
 Elle craint les malheurs où je languis confite,
 Ou pense qu'immortelle en ce monde j'habite,
 Que j'y erre à jamais, m'ayant l'ire de Dieu,
 Comme dans un enfer, confinée en ce lieu. (P. 517.)

Will there not come a day, when I may whelm
 In the dark tomb my sorrows, made the prey
 For worms? Alas! I think, 'twill never come
 Long time it is since I call for't in vain,
 In vain expect it. Oh! my pains are lasting.
 E'en death, the general helper, helps not me.
 Trembling he flees away, nor ventures near me:
 His dart, that knows no terror, dares not touch me.
 He fears the evils that enclose me round;
 Or thinks I dwell immortal in this world,
 Sent by God's wrath to wander up and down
 Within this place of torment, as my hell.

The Assyrian Queen commiserates her misfortunes, and tries with much delicacy and tenderness to comfort her. The chorus sing a farewell to their native country.—Act 3. While the Queen is interceding with Nebuchadnezzar for the Jews, Ha-

mutal and the wives of Zedekiah enter; and at their supplications, the Assyrian king at length makes a treacherous promise of mercy. The chorus sing a hymn from the psalm "By the Waters of Babylon, &c."—Act 4. Seraiah, the chief priest, re-

presents to the king of the Jews, when he is bewailing the sins and calamities of himself and his people, that nothing is left him but to submit with tranquillity and fortitude to the divine dispensations. Nebuchadnezzar now enters, and reproaches them with their rebellion. At first, Zedekiah acknowledges his offence, but is afterwards irritated into defiance by the brutality of his conqueror. The chorus in a hymn remember with anguish their former happiness, and contrast it with their present sufferings. The master of the household to the Assyrian king comes to demand the royal children from Hamutal and the wives of Zedekiah. The chorus sing the perpetual instability of fortune.—Act 5. The Prophet announces to Hamutal and the Queen the cruel murder of the children, whom they had given up as hostages to Nebuchadnezzar. Zedekiah then enters with his eyes put out; and the Prophet concludes the tragedy by foretelling the deliverance of the Jews by Cyrus, the rebuilding of the temple, and the coming of Christ.

BRADAMANTE,

The last of Garnier's plays, which is entitled a tragi-comedy, and has no choruses, was suggested, as the author says in his preface, by the latter part of the Orlando Furioso. In this he has conducted the plot much more artfully than in any of the rest.—Act 1. Sc. 1. Charlemagne is introduced exulting over the delivery of his kingdom from the forces of Agramant.—Sc. 2. Nymes, Duke of Bavaria, advises him to be content with his victory, and not to pursue further the remains of his routed enemies. The king expresses his design to reward his faithful soldiers, and especially Roger, by uniting him in marriage with Bradamante, whom her parents, Aymon and Beatrix, designed for Leon, son and heir to Constantine, the Grecian emperor; but in order to secure her for her lover, and at the same time not to contradict openly the will of her parents, Charlemagne intends that she shall be the prize of the knight who shall vanquish her in single combat.—Act 2. Sc. 1. Aymon and Beatrix hold a conversation on the intended marriage of their daughter. There is something comic in the pleasure with which *they express their hopes of getting*

her off their hands without a marriage portion to the Emperor's son.—Sc. 2. Renaud expostulates with his father on his resolution to force a husband on his sister Bradamante. The old man falls into a rage, threatens to fight all who oppose his will, and calls to his servant, La Roque, for his arms, at the same time that he can scarce stand for feebleness.—Sc. 3. Beatrix strives to wheedle her daughter Bradamante into the match with the Emperor's son. One of the verses that are put into her mouth on this occasion, being a good translation of the *patria est ubicunque bene est*, has I think passed into a proverb:

Le pays est partout ou l'on se trouve bien.

Bradamante parries her mother's attempt very artfully, and alarms her so much by saying that she will turn nun, that the old lady consents to her marrying Roger.—Act 3. Scene 1. Leon, who had fallen violently in love with Bradamante from the mere report of her beauty, arrives at Paris in the company of Roger, whom, although his enemy, he had freed from prison; and whom (not knowing him to be his rival) he now engages to undertake for him the single combat which Charlemagne had proposed. Roger's gratitude does not allow him to deny the prince this request, though his granting it will lose him his mistress.—Scene 2. Bradamante, in a soliloquy, laments the absence of Roger.—Scene 3. Relying on the prowess of his friend, who is to counterfeit him, Leon speaks confidently of his own success to Charlemagne, who promises that he will be as good as his word, and give Bradamante to him if he shall conquer her.—Scene 4. Bradamante, with her attendant, Hippalque, in the presence of Charlemagne, declares her contempt of the "debile Gregois," the "jeune effeminé," who aspires to win her hand in the duel; and her resolution to have no husband but her old lover.—Scene 5. Roger enters alone, disguised in the armour of Leon; and distracted between his love on the one hand and his obligations to his friend on the other, determines at last that he will meet Bradamante in the lists, but that he will exert himself no further than to parry her weapon.—Scene 6. Bra-

damante too comes on the stage alone. She makes a fine speech on French heroism, and resolves to give her young antagonist no quarter.—Act 4. Scene 1. La Montagne, who had been present at the single combat which is supposed to have taken place since the last Act, gives a lively description of it to Aymon and Beatrix, who rejoice at the defeat of their daughter, not doubting but she will now be compelled to espouse Leon.—Scene 2. Roger, in an agony of despair, imprecates curses on his own head for having lost his mistress by conquering her for Leon.—Scene 3. In equal grief at her own defeat, Bradamante professes to her friend Hippalque that she will die rather than fulfil her engagement, and bitterly laments the supposed absence of Roger.—Scene 4. During their conversation, Marphise, the sister of Roger, comes in, and Hippalque devises a plan, which is eagerly caught at, for deferring the proposed nuptials till Roger's return. It is that Marphise shall represent to Charlemagne the wrong that is done to her brother in his absence; shall charge Bradamante with being secretly betrothed to him, and with having deserted him for her royal suitor; and shall offer to maintain the accusation by a trial at arms; that Bradamante shall pretend confusion at this challenge; and that, in the mean time, Charlemagne will no doubt be induced to suspend the proceedings.—Scene 5. The plot is put into execu-

tion, and the result is, that Roger, as soon as he makes his appearance again at Paris, is to fight Leon.—Scene 6. Leon proposes to employ Roger, whom he does not yet know to be his rival, to extricate him from this new difficulty; but is informed by Basile, Duke of Athens, that his friend is no longer to be found in Paris.—Act 5. Scene 1. Leon, who meets with Roger, now discovers who he is, enters into a contest of generosity with him, and insists on yielding Bradamante to him.—Scene 2. Meanwhile the ambassadors of Bulgaria having arrived at the court of Charlemagne, announce that their countrymen had elected Roger for their new king, in recompense of his having defended them against the Greeks.—Scene 3. Charlemagne acquaints Aymon with the honour conferred on Roger, and thus removes the principal objection to his union with Bradamante.—Scenes 4, 5, 6, and 7. The whole of the preceding events are explained to the satisfaction of all parties; the lovers are made happy; and Charlemagne satisfies Leon for the loss of his mistress, by giving him his own daughter Leonora.

Robert Garnier, born at La Ferté-Bernard, 1534, died at Mans, lieutenant-general of that town. He gained the prize at the *Jeux Floraux*; and, in addition to the plays here spoken of, was the author of several other poems which I have not seen.

THE BRIDES' TRAGEDY.*

THIS Drama is undoubtedly one of the most promising performances of this "poetical age." There are, indeed, few things which, *as mere poetry*, surpass it. It has plenty of faults, and so much the better. It has plenty of beauties too,—many delicacies, sometimes great power of expression, sometimes originality, and seldom or never common place. And this, we apprehend, is what very few first performances can pretend to. We know a friend, indeed, who may, if he pleases, give to the world a volume of poetry, which may compete with the *Brides' Tragedy*; but

as yet he has not done so. When he shall publish, it will be time enough to praise—and blame.

Mr. Beddoes is a *minor*, and an under-graduate of Pembroke College, Oxford. These colleges—Cambridge and Oxford, are fine institutions—for certain ends. One gets stored there with Greek, Latin, and Mathematics; but they are not favourable, we think, to poetry. It is true, that Mr. Milman is poetical professor there; and, what is much more to the purpose, both Mr. Wordsworth and Lord Byron were members of an University. But these two last did

* *The Brides' Tragedy.* By Thomas Lovell Beddoes, of Pembroke College, Oxford. London, Rivington, 1822.

not pick up the seeds of poetry by the Isis or the Cam. They found them on the mountains, on the seas, in forests, and by running rivers,—in Cumberland, and Italy, and Greece. They were not content with cloistral studies, nor conventional systems of rhyme: but they looked at the naked nature, and into their own hearts, and drew thence thoughts and images which will live for ever. We think that Mr. Beddoes has in a great measure done the same. But he must, we conjecture, have rambled away from his “rooms,” and from the grave presence of Pembroke Hall, before he gave himself up to the endearments of the Muse. The aspect of a Doctor or Professor, however intelligent, does not certainly generate poetical ideas. The wig, the gown, the paraphernalia of a college, may sometimes beget respect, but it is not possible for them to entice us on the Muse’s flowery ways. They are in the opposition themselves. Besides this, the upholding of old established ideas, however right in itself, operates necessarily against *thinking*. We argue in favour of what others have said, but we say nothing new ourselves. Early thinking may be bad,—or good: we do not profess to give an opinion on *that* head: but that *thinking* is necessary in poetry as well as prose, we must insist,—notwithstanding the many instances of success on the contrary side of the question.

Mr. Beddoes then is a poet. He is one of great hope and of very considerable performance. But he has faults; and we will tell him of them as frankly as we speak of his merits. In the first place, there is a want of earnestness very often in his play. He *toys* with his subject too much; and this (which is delightful in the *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, and such works) is destructive to a tale of midnight murder. The writer of a drama must *often* sacrifice poetry to passion, and fine phrase to the general purpose of his story. On the contrary, our author frequently makes his huntsmen and servants talk good courtly (or if he pleases poetical) language. We appeal to Mr. Beddoes, whether Hubert talks like a huntsman—though we admit that he talks very well. He says, that it is “a fearful time,”

And through the fiery fissures of the clouds
Glistens the warfare of arm’d elements,
Bellowing defiance in earth’s stunned ear,
And setting midnight on the throne of day.
(P. 73, 74.)

If Mr. Beddoes to our accusation replies, that Hubert (for we do not collect distinctly what he is) is superior to a huntsman, we retort with the “huntsman’s” own words,

The roar has ceased: the hush of inter-calm

Numbs with its leaden finger Echo’s lips,
And angry spirits in mid havoc pause.
(P. 74.)

although in the same page Mr. Beddoes has given as plain a picture (and it is fine from its very simplicity) as we could wish. Our friend the huntsman speaks again:

The forest has more tenants than I knew,
Look underneath this branch; see’st thou not yonder

*Among the brushwood and the briery weeds
A man at work?*
(P. 74.)

This is good, as we have said, from its simplicity and plainness: but there are passages of a higher quality; as, for instance, where Hesperus (the hero) grasping his dagger, exclaims—

Who placed this *iron asp* in my hand?
and where, to the poor Floribel’s supplications for mercy, he says;
Earth gives thee back: thy God hath sent me for thee:

Repent and die!
(P. 71.)

Again, there are passages of a different sort (and indeed, it is in them that the author excels) equally delightful. He is speaking of the time when “fantastic dreams” mix with the sleeper’s fancies,

While that *winged song*, the restless night-
ingale,

Turns her sad heart to music. (P. 3.)

This is as fine and beautiful as poetry can be. Shakspeare might have written it. Of the violet, he says, it is

———— Like Pandora’s eye,
When first it *darken’d* with immortal life.
(P. 4.)

But we are criticizing Mr. Beddoes’s play, without having informed our readers of the particulars of the story. They are as follows.

The Manciple of one of the colleges at Oxford, early in the last century, had a very beautiful daughter, who was privately married to a stu-

dent without the knowledge of the parents on either side. Shortly afterwards, he was introduced to a young lady who was at the same time proposed as his bride. Absence, his father's displeasure, and the presence of the new object, divorced him from his old regard. He grew enamoured of the second lady, and destroyed the poor girl who had privately become his wife. He decoyed her to a solitary spot in the *Divinity-walk*, murdered, and buried her. The deed was never known till he discovered it on his death-bed.

Of this play, the three first acts are decidedly the best. And the reason is this; that, after the end of the third act, we have nothing to learn except that the murderer dies. The interest runs up to the part in which Floribel (the girl) is murdered by her lover and husband, Hesperus, and then it falls. He marries again (also in the third act) but it must be owned that he is less interesting afterwards.—There is not much attempt at character in the play. Both Floribel and Olivia are gentle girls—Hesperus is a person swayed by circumstances and his own passions—Claudio is a sort of joker—and the rest have no very distinguishing traits.

We have heard it said (in reply to our strongly expressed admiration of this play) that it wants interest, and character, and unity of purpose, &c. This is true to a certain extent. But a great part of the interest of a play arises from the *mechanical* construction of it; and this Mr. Beddoes will easily acquire. Delightful passages, striking scenes, may be scattered about, but if a drama wants the appearance of a main serious purpose, it will necessarily fail with the great body of readers. We would fain impress this on Mr. Beddoes. Let him try to fix his scenes closely, one within the other,—to “*dovetail*” them, as cabinet makers would say, and he will find that the appearance of his dramas will be materially better. It is to be recollected, however, that the *first* plays of all authors have failed in the mechanism. Look at Shakespeare's first (and cruelly under-rated) play of *Pericles*:—the hero's hairs grow grey in the course of it. His second play is more regular, but there he is indebted to Plautus. His third and fourth (if they are indeed his)—the *two parts of Henry VI.* are

rambling and strange enough. And in that exquisite *Fantasia*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, we scarcely know who are the heroes and heroines. Let us pardon our author, therefore, on account of his failures in the joiner's part of tragedy (he will soon amend that), and look only to his delightful poetry.

The following soliloquy of Hesperus has a gloomy grandeur about it.

Hail, shrine of blood, in double shadows
veil'd,
Where the Tartarian blossoms shed their
poison
And load the air with wicked impulses;
Hail, leafless shade, hallow'd to sacrilege,
Altar of death. Where is thy deity?
With him I come to covenant, and thou,
Dark power, that sittest in the chair of
night,
Searching the clouds for tempests with thy
brand,
Proxy of Hades; list and be my witness,
And bid your phantoms all, (the while I
speak
What if they but repeat in sleeping ears
Will strike the hearer dead, and mad his
soul;)
Spread wide and black and thick their
cloudy wings,
Lest the appalled sky do pale to day.
Eternal people of the lower world,
Ye citizens of Hades' capitol,
That by the rivers of remorseless tears
Sit and despair for ever;
Ye negro brothers of the deadly winds,
Ye elder souls of night, ye mighty sins,
Sceptred damnations, how may man invoke
Your darkling glories? Teach my eager
soul
Fit language for your ears. Ye that have
power
O'er births and swoons and deaths, the
soul's attendants,
(Wont to convey her from her human home
Beyond existence, to the past or future,
To lead her through the starry blossom'd
meads
Where the young hours of morning by the
lark
With earthly airs are nourish'd, through
the groves
Of silent gloom, beneath whose breathless
shades
The thousand children of Calamity
Play murderously with men's hearts:) Oh
pause,
Your universal occupations leave.

—The reader may now take a lighter extract. It is from the early part of the drama, and shows how gracefully Mr. Beddoes can handle a somewhat trite subject. Hesperus and Floribel have met in a bower of eglantine and

honeysuckle. She has flowers with her, and he affects a jealousy. "So, I've a rival here?" he says:

What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?

And thus his bride replies:

Jealous so soon, my Hesperus? Look then,

It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you:
Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.

Hesperus. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers,
Have they been brushing the long grass aside

To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
With gold up-boarded on its virgin lap?

Floribel. And here's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily of the valley; low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping
As on a fairy's grave.

Hesperus. Of all the posy
Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood

Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love,
(The love he bare to Summer, who since then

Has weeping visited the world;) once found
The baby Perfume cradled in a violet;
('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child

Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
Toyed with a peabud in a lady's garland;) The felon winds, confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,

Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together

Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

(P. 4, 5.)

We close our extracts with part of the scene where Hesperus murders Floribel; though the reader must understand, that the beauties of Mr. Beddoes's writing are so scattered over his play, that we cannot very well, by extracts, unless they were very long, do him justice. He wants, as we have said, earnestness sometimes, and but too often trifles a little with his subject; but there are marks of great and undoubted talent in his play; and the whole is clothed in a more poetical dress (a rare thing—though we *do* call ours "a poetical age,") than we have for a very long time seen displayed to the public. We hope that the public will appreciate it.

Hesperus. Well, speak on; and then,
When thou hast done thy tale, I will but kill thee.

Come tell me of my vows, how they are broken,
Say that my love was feigned, and black deceit,

Pour out thy bitterest, till untamed wrath
Melt all his chains off with his fiery breath,
And rush a-hungering out.

Floribel. Oh piteous heavens!
I see it now, some wild and poisonous creature

Hath wounded him, and with contagious fang

Planted this fury in his veins. He hides
The mangled fingers, dearest, trust them to me,

I'll suck the madness out of every pore,
So as I drink it boiling from thy wound
Death will be pleasant. Let me have the hand

And I will treat it like another heart.

Hesperus. Here 'tis then—(stabs her.)
Shall I thrust deeper yet?

Floribel. Quite through my soul,
That all my senses, deadened at the blow,
May never know the giver. Oh, my love,
Some spirit in thy sleep hath stole thy body
And filled it to the brim with cruelty;

Farewell, and may no busy deathful tongue
Whisper this horror in thy waking ears,
Lest some dread desperate sorrow urge thy soul

To deeds of wickedness. Whose kiss is that?

His lips are ice. Oh my loved Hesperus,
Help! (Dies.)

Hesperus. What a shriek was that; it flew to heaven,

And hymning angels took it for their own.
Dead art thou, Floribel; fair, painted earth,

And no warm breath shall ever more disport

Between those rubious lips: no, they have quaffed

Life to the dregs, and found death at the bottom,

The sugar of the draught. All cold and still;

Her very tresses stiffen in the air.

Look, what a face: had our first mother worn

But half such beauty when the serpent came,

His heart, all malice, would have turned to love;

No hand but this, which I do think was once

Cain, the arch-murderer's, could have acted it.

And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom,

In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp;

Just so she laid her head across my bosom
When first—oh villain! which way lies the grave? (Exit.) (P. 71, 72.)

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

No. II.

IN contemplating the wide extended field of English Versification, the poet may perceive a multitude of objects for his attention, but not a single spot for experiment. What remains at the present day to be done, in this respect, is to make observations on the experiments of former poets; which they have exhibited in sufficient number.

For instance, it was an experiment long ago made, to form our verses upon a principle of alliteration, without rhyme, or stated measures, like these lines in the Vision of Piers Plowman:

In a Summer Season when hot was the Sun,
I Shope me into Shrubs as I a Sheep were;
In Habit as a Hermit unHoly of works.

This experiment was afterwards renewed with a variation, which was to put the lines in rhyme; as thus,

In December, when the Days Draw to be
short,
And November, when the Nights wax
Notsome and long,
As I Past by a Place Privily at a Port,
I Saw one Sit by himself making a Song.

*Percy's Relicks of Antient
Poetry, V. 2. B. 2. 3.*

The structure of verse upon this principle of alliteration is not originally English: neither is the manner of using alliteration the same with that which is so called in modern poetry: not such as Pope condemns and exemplifies, *by apt alliteration's artful aid*, as will be shown hereafter.

It was another celebrated experiment to frame our modern verse according to the ancient Greek and Latin measures; so that we had English hexameters and pentameters, together with Alcaic and Sapphic odes. In this experiment were concerned some of high name in literature; Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and his friend Gabriel Harvey, were among them; but it did not succeed, and was soon dropt: nor is there any reason to think that it will ever obtain a footing among us, though it has been revived in our age by more than one writer.

FEB. 1823.

Again, other experiments were made in an early period, as to the length of lines which English poetry would bear, and poems were written in verses of fourteen syllables each. This species of verse still exists in our poetry under a different form. Other entire poems were composed in twelve-syllable verses; a practice which never extended far; yet the line of twelve syllables (the Alexandrine) is still used singly with good effect, and often with great beauty. Spenser wrote one of his Eclogues (the second) in lines of nine syllables, after this measure:

Ah, for pity! will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never 'gin to assuage?
which Webbe (Discourse of Poetry, p. 58), calls, "a rough and clownish manner of verse." It does not appear to have been ever adopted, except by some few writers when they were to put words to music.

More promising and more successful were some of those experiments which have been made to combine our English verses in different ways; from whence arises that boundless variety of stanzas, regular and irregular, which constitute the heterogeneous body of our lyric poetry, odes, madrigals, sonnets, &c.

But the most successful experiment was that which set our principal species of verse, viz. the heroic of ten syllables, free from rhyme. This has been followed by similar attempts on other kinds of verse, but not with a similar result; except in the heroic verse, rhyme is most agreeable to the national taste.

Many likewise are the experiments which our poets have made in the matter of rhimes; in the composition of rhimes themselves as well as in their arrangement. They tried the effect of identical rhimes, which are allowed in French and Italian poetry, and were formerly admitted into ours. They changed the true pronunciation of a syllable, and warped it from its proper sound, to make a rhyme. They made polysyllables

N

rhyme to each other, as, charity, misery; disfigured, established, &c. In the arrangement of their rhimes, they sometimes set them close together, and sometimes at the distance of many lines asunder: sometimes they accumulated three lines, or more, together, having the same rhyme, and sometimes they distributed the same rhyme through the greatest part of a long stanza.

In the whole compass, therefore, of English versification, there does not appear to be any room left for discovery. Former poets have explored every source of novelty, and have diversified our language by every contrivance which inventive genius could suggest. The result of their experiments is for the poet of the present day. All their store lies before him, where he may choose and reject according to his judgment; and his only care, in this part of his work, will be to polish and improve what he may think fit to adopt.

As the province of criticism is humbler than that of poetry, so likewise the critic descends to minuter objects of inquiry than are usually deemed necessary for the poet to regard. For the poet it may be thought sufficient to know that certain modes of versification are agreeable to the taste, and others disgusting; that such and such rhimes and measures are approved of, and such again not allowed; but it is the business of the critic to examine more nearly, and unfold the causes why these things are some of them pleasing and others not. For this purpose he must analyze his subject, and observe the smallest parts which enter into the composition of a verse. This is a labour which, though the writer of verses may be unwilling to engage in himself, yet he may not be averse to attend to the investigation, when it is made by another for his service; because he may by those means acquire some information, which will be useful to him in the pursuit of his art, and which will neither be difficult to comprehend, nor burdensome to remember.

SECTION I.

Of the Elementary Parts of Verse.

The simplest elements of verse are letters—of letters are formed syllables—of syllables feet—of feet a verse.

As verses are made for pronunciation, their effect on the ear is not to be neglected: and to produce a good effect, the smallest parts which enter into their composition must be considered, viz. the letters, as whether they be rough or smooth to the sense, and of easy or difficult combination for the utterance. And here we come to a part of the subject, to which our English alphabet bears so close a relation, that some of its defects and strange anomalies require to be noticed.

The account given of the first letter is, that it has three distinct sounds, which are heard in Hal (a nickname), Hale (healthy), and Hall (a large room).*

Now a certain and determinate vowel sound is formed by the organs of speech, when in a determinate position; and a change of that position changes the vowel as well as the sound; there being no difference between one vowel and another, but what is made by such a change. To pronounce the letter *a* in the different words given above, three different positions of the organs of speech are necessary; and therefore, though it is written by the same character, and called by the same name, it is in reality three different vowels.

But vowel sounds admit of a difference, without changing the vowel, in respect of what is termed quantity; that is, the time taken up in their pronunciation; and as this time may be more or less, they are all, except one, divisible into long and short, after the manner which will presently be shown.

And in this another great defect of our alphabet will appear. The difference of quantity in our vowels is not marked, in writing, uniformly, nor by any rule or set of rules; it is entirely irregular.

The difference between our short

* In this point the Latin written alphabet was more defective than our own, if we give credit to Priscian; for he says, in his first book, that every Latin vowel character had many different sounds.

and long vowels may be heard in the pronunciation of these words.

Short. Long.

1st. a { sam psalm

2d. a { holly hall

e pen pane

i sin seen

o jo- cose *

1st. u { full fool

2d. u { cub no long sound.

And here it may be seen that the long vowel is represented by a different character from the short one, for the most part: so the long vowel of *e* is *a*, pane; of *i*, *ee*, seen; of *u*, *oo*, fool; and that the short vowel of *a*, in hall, is *o*, as in holly, oracle, &c.

Other anomalies of the alphabet are not less remarkable: such are these among the consonants. 1. A single written character stands for more than one elementary sound, as, *j*, in judge, &c. 2. A single elementary sound is represented by a double character, as in the words sing, shall, this; where *ng*, *sh*, and *th*, stand each for simple sounds. There are consonants, again, and among them *s* and *th*, which do not always stand for the same sound; for example, hiss, his; thin, thine.

These observations are introduced to remind the writer of verse, that

the rules of English prosody and rhyme are not applicable to the language as it appears in writing, but as it is heard in pronunciation. Our language, so considered, is not inferior to the best. Its elementary sounds, both in variety and number, are adequate to all our occasions.

The consonants, according to some grammarians, are nineteen; according to others, twenty-one. To the vowels already mentioned are to be added five diphthongs, as uttered in these words, vine, tune, aye,† joy, cow. And beside these, that great variety of vowel-sounds produced by the elements *w* or *y*, when prefixed to a vowel or a diphthong, as, ell, yell; ire, wire; all, wall, yawl; which are computed to be nineteen at least.‡

All these elements have their distinguishing qualities, of smooth, rough, soft, strong, close, open, clear, obscure, and others; by which they give a corresponding character to the sound of a verse. There is also, in many cases, a great agreement between them and the thing signified; as is shown by Dr. Wallis, in his grammar, at much length; though indeed he has extended his principle too far, and some of his examples are merely fanciful.§

* It is not easy to give an evident instance of the short *o*, without having the same letter long in the same word, as, notorious. "The short sound of this vowel (says Mitford, *Harmony in Language*, p. 28, 2d ed.) never occurs in a syllable strongly offered to the ear."

† Grammarians have remarked, that the diphthong *ai* is not used, except only in the word aye. The reason is, that our tongue has been much corrupted by polite and courtly speakers, who have debased the original and true pronunciation of many terms, which were too broad, or too clownish, in their opinion. The words, maintain, road, and door (from the Greek *ῥοα*), are examples of this sort. A similar corruption has happened in other languages, as the French *l'eau* (water) is pronounced by the provincials as two syllables, *l'e-au*; for which they are ridiculed by the polite, who pronounce it like our vowel *a*.

‡ The comparison between the English tongue and others, in the note subjoined, will, perhaps, entertain the reader. It is taken from Steel's *Prosodia Rationalis*, p. 168; but the information would have been more satisfactory, if some authority for the assertions had been given. "In English the proportion of monosyllables to polysyllables is more than as five to two: in French, something less than as three to two; but in Italian, which, having more vowels, has less occasion for monosyllables, their proportion to polysyllables is not quite three to four, or one and a half to two. The superior melody of one language over another will be nearly in proportion as one exceeds the other in the number of (vowels or) vocal sounds. The number of vocal and consonantal sounds in Italian are nearly equal, or fifty-four consonants to fifty-three vowels; in Latin, five consonants to four vowels; in French, supposing the orthography not as written, but as sounded in pronunciation, the consonantal to the vocal sounds are as four to three; and in English, in the like manner, the proportions are as three to two. Therefore, in this view, the French has an advantage over the English in proportion of nine to eight; but this is overbalanced by the English advantage in its monosyllables, which it has more than the French, in the proportion of five to three, or ten to six."

§ See extracts from Wallis in Dr. Johnson's grammar;—see also Sheridan, *Art of Reading*, p. 76, 77.

No single element, in a man's native tongue, is of difficult pronunciation to him whose organs of speech are naturally perfect: in a foreign language there may be such, as the Welsh gutturals, and the French *u*, to an Englishman. But there are various combinations, either difficult to utter, or unpleasant to hear;* and others again of an opposite character; with all of which it is useful for every writer to be acquainted: and therefore, some of the ancients, Dionysius of Halicarnassus in particular, have entered into this subject very minutely, as will be shown when we treat of syllables in the next section.

Let it not be thought degrading to any composer of English verse to attend to the power and effect of these elementary sounds, since Bacon has recommended an inquiry into the nature of language, for purposes of the same kind: nor accounted it beneath him to record in his works, that we cannot pronounce the letter *t* after *m*, without inserting *p*, as a circumstance worthy of notice. Ex. empty, Hampton.†

SECTION II.

Of Syllables.

By a syllable, is usually meant as much of a word as is uttered by the help of one vowel, or one articulation; and in this sense it is employed throughout the present work.

Syllables, in respect to roughness, smoothness, and the like, have the same qualities as the letters that

compose them, of which an account was given in the last section; there are likewise other qualities of syllables to be regarded; which are, tone, accent, and quantity.

By tone (to speak of it in this place) is meant the sound of a syllable, considered as high or low; not as long or short, for that belongs to quantity. It is not the same with accent, but wholly distinct from it: nor is a high tone always joined with the accented syllable: in Scottish pronunciation it is just the contrary. In English speech, also, the last syllable of a question, though unaccented, will have the higher tone: for example, "he is going to London.—To London? aye, to-morrow. To-morrow?" In each of these questions the English custom of speaking will admit the last syllable to be raised above the preceding accented one, as much as the difference of the fourth from the key-note in the scale of music. But it is unnecessary to pursue this topic farther; for tone is no constituent part of a verse.

By accent, is to be understood the force of the voice used in uttering a syllable; not a higher or lower sound (the acute and grave of the Greeks and Romans). "It is more usual with us (says Mitford) to speak of syllables merely as accented, or unaccented; that is, as being marked by a peculiar stress of the voice, or not being so marked." (Harmony of Language, p. 30, 1st edition.) This is a just and accurate account.‡

* The maker of verse, who has command of his language, will not feel himself much cramped by these combinations; some few there may be which are unmanageable: such is that made by the second person singular of the past time, in verbs, ending with a double consonant: as, touch, touchedst. This was the incompressible throng of consonants which Pope once found in his way, and which he could no better avoid than by trespassing with unwarrantable licence upon grammar,—

O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's, &c.—Pope's *Messiah*.

† A similar case of insertion is remarked by Tucker on Vocal Sounds, p. 17, viz. the short *u* between some of the vowels (and particularly the diphthong *i*) and *r*, as fire, dire, pronounced *fiur*, *diur*.

‡ The reader may like to know what other authors say of the accent.

"The English accent is a difference between loud and soft."—*Montoddo's Origin and Progress of Language*, vol. ii. p. 299.

Steele, the author of *Prosodia Rationalis*, corresponded with Lord Monboddo upon the subject of his Lordship's book; and he says, "He very justly explained the true sense of the term *accent*, and yet, from too much complaisance to a vulgar error, uses it in a sense contrary to his own definition."—*Prosodia Rationalis*, p. 19.

"By accent, is meant a certain stress of the voice upon a particular letter of a syllable, which distinguishes it from the rest, and at the same time distinguishes the syllable itself to which it belongs, from the others which compose the word."—*Sheridan's Art of Reading*, p. 104.

But Dr. Johnson considers accent and quantity to be all one; for he says (treating of

The accent may be placed on short or long syllables indifferently; for instance, on the short, as, *begin*, *teller*: on the long, as, *between*, *tailor*.

Sometimes it is used on the short syllable, and the long syllable is left unaccented, as, *désert*, *discúss*.

With accent, as it has been here described, emphasis has a near connection. Emphasis has been defined thus: "a certain grandeur, whereby some letter, syllable, word, or sentence, is rendered more remarkable than the rest, by a more vigorous pronunciation, and a longer stay upon it." (Holder's *Elements of Speech*.)

From this account it appears, that what emphasis imparts to any syllable is either accent or quantity, but has no concern with prosody, or the structure of a verse, otherwise than as possessing those qualities.

By the term quantity, when applied to syllables, is signified the time requisite to pronounce them; as was said before of the vowels: which time being more or less, from that circumstance syllables are denominated long or short. This division into two classes has been deemed sufficient for all the purposes of prosody; though it is certain, that in neither class are the syllables all equal among themselves, as will appear when we have stated what is allowed to constitute a short or a long syllable.

1st. A short vowel when alone, or when no consonant follows it, is taken for a short syllable, as the articles, *a*, *the*.

2d. A short vowel, when followed by a single consonant, is a short syllable, as, *man*, *pen*: or by the same consonant doubled, as, *manner*, *penny*.

3d. A short vowel, in some cases, when followed by two consonants, makes a short syllable, as, *decline*, *reprove*, *at last*. For this we have the example of the ancients both in Greek and Latin, who permitted a short vowel to stand for a short syl-

lable, though followed by two consonants, if the first was a mute, and the second a liquid. The cause is founded in nature; and therefore holds with us: it is that such a combination of consonants is more readily pronounced than others are.

A syllable is long, 1st, when it contains a long vowel, or a diphthong, as, *see*, *go*, *loud*, *joy*.

2d. When it consists of a short vowel followed by two different consonants, if they be not a mute and a liquid; as, *into*, *number*. Such a syllable is called long by position.

The ancients, by whose authority we are guided in this arrangement of syllables, allowed a short vowel, before a mute and liquid, to make the syllable either short or long: in that point therefore they fixed the boundary between them. The reason why such a syllable might be accounted short, was because the mute and liquid could be pronounced more readily than two other consonants in their place. It follows then that the same vowel before two other consonants would make a syllable that took more time in the utterance; which, of course, must be ranked together with the long. When it is recollected, that every letter is formed by a particular position of the organs of speech, and each different letter by a different position, it is certain that some time is employed in passing from one to another.*

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has shown this at more length, in his *Treatise on Composition*, (i. e. on the choice and order of words in a sentence). He has taken some lines from Pindar, for examples of a harsh composition, produced by the meeting of certain consonants; as *n* before *p*, *th*, *l*, and others, where he observes that these letters, being sounded by different organs of speech, and in different parts of the mouth, there must be such a change in passing from the first to the second, as necessarily occupies some portion of time, greater than other combinations require.†

prosody), "Pronunciation is just, when each letter has its proper sound, and when every syllable has its proper accent, or, which in English versification is the same, its proper quantity."—*Grammar of the English Tongue*.

* On the quantity of syllables Mitford has written at length, and very satisfactorily, in his *Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language*, sect. 3, second edition.

† See Dion. Hal. *περί συνθ.* or. sect. 22.

The same author, Dionysius,* as well as Quintilian, has thought proper to note, that neither the long nor the short syllables have all the same proportions between themselves; but that some long, are longer, and some short, are shorter than others. This may seem to be an unnecessary piece of information; for having been taught what makes a long syllable, for instance, a diphthong, as in the word *by*, we know that the syllable *bind* is longer, because of the time taken to utter the two consonants that follow the diphthong. So in this passage of Virgil,

——— *exire locosque*
Explorare novos.—Æn. 1.

The first syllable in *explorare* is longer than the first in *exire*, by as many consonants as would of themselves suffice to make a syllable long. Of so obvious a conclusion as this the ancients could not have been ignorant; yet, when their prosody made but one general distinction, it might be fit to remind them that there were subordinate differences of syllables, by which they might give considerable effect to the flow of a period, or the structure of a verse.

There are some who will think these observations on quantity might have been spared, because they maintain that quantity has no concern whatever with English versification, but that it depends entirely upon accent. We trust that such an opinion will be sufficiently disproved in the following pages; where it will be shown that quantity cannot be altogether neglected without manifest and great injury to the verse. But if the question be put, whether verse cannot be composed without any regard to the quantity of syllables, so that the accents be set in their due places; it is to be acknowledged that it may. Still the verse would have juster measure, would sound better to the ear, and be much nearer to perfect, if the accented syllables were long, and others short; so that the quantity and accent should coincide. Take an example:

The busy world and what you see,
It is a silly vanity.

Of this couplet the first line has its accents regular in place and number, together with three long syllables. The second line is accented regularly as to place, but it contains only two accented syllables, and not one long. It cannot be denied that these verses are in true and exact measure; and, if accent alone be requisite, they are in nothing defective. But now, let them be altered, so as to observe quantity as well as accent, in this manner.

The gaudy world, whate'er you see,
Is all an empty show to me.

It does not require a nice ear to perceive the difference of these lines from the former, nor any great skill to form a right judgment between them, in respect of their structure; which is the only point, at this time, under consideration.

Regard to quantity is not indeed essential to English verse; neither is symmetry or proportion essential to a dwelling-house: but to a good dwelling-house they are essential, and so is regard to quantity to good English verse.

This, however, was a matter to which Pope, at least, in his early life, appears to have been insensible, or inattentive, if the following anecdote be true. The second line of his first pastoral stood originally thus:—

Nor blush to sport on Windsor's peaceful
 plains.

He would have altered it to *happy*; but Walsh objected to that correction, saying the quantity would not then be the same; for the first syllable of *happy* was short: Pope therefore put *blissful*.†

SECTION III.

Of the Feet employed in English Verse.

Syllables being classed into accented and unaccented, as well as into long and short, a certain number of them, put together, make that combination which is denominated a foot. We have taken the names of our poetical feet from the ancients; which has not escaped the severe animadversion of some critics. And indeed, to call the number of syl-

* Dion. Hal. πρὸς τὴν οὐκ. sect. 15.

† Boswell on Shakspeare's Metre, p. 560. Note.

bles, which compose English verse, by the names of feet, and to apply to them the denominations of Iambic, Spondee, Dactyle, and the like, would deserve much censure, if they were used to signify the same things precisely which they stand for in Greek and Latin poetry; because that would tend to confuse and mislead a reader. But as the sense in which these terms are used here will first be defined, they may as well be

taken for the purpose as any other unauthorised terms whatever. In the prosody of the ancients we have feet of four and five syllables each; such feet have never been adopted by us; nor was there any occasion for it; because every foot of four syllables or more is divisible into shorter. We have in use those only of two and three syllables, nor yet all the varieties of them.

SECTION IV.

Of Feet of two Syllables.

These are four in number, distinguished by the names of Iambic, Trochee, Spondee, and Pyrrhic. In the learned languages, these and the other names of feet denote the quantity, in English the accent of their syllables. By the

Iambic,	} is meant a foot having	{	one accented syllable, viz the last, as, begin, aloft.
Trochee,			one accented syllable, viz. the first, as, pious, lofty,
Spondee,			two accented syllables, as maintáin; hárk, hárk.
Pyrrhic,			no accented syllable, as..... [va]nity, (ea)gerly.*

* An example of the Pyrrhic foot cannot be given in a word of two syllables; because every such word has one syllable accented. It does not often happen that a dissyllable is pronounced as a Spondee; i. e. with two accents, as it may properly be in this instance, maintáin.

SECTION V.

Of Feet of three Syllables.

There are eight varieties of these feet; but they need not all be enumerated; since only two of them (or at most three) are considered as belonging to our prosody, or forming any part of an English verse. Those used by our poets are,

1. The Dactyle, } which has an accent { first syllable only, as, hándily, réverence,
2. The Anapest, } on the { last syllable only, as, magazine, to demánd.

The anapest is a foot not often made by a single word, except those derived from the French, as, debonáir, dishabille.

To these feet may be added, another of three syllables, called the Amphibrachys, which is accented on the middle syllable only, as, delight-ed. We might have omitted all mention of this foot, but for the mistake of certain critics, who, finding such a foot at the end of a verse, asserted that the same kind of foot properly constituted the whole verse, and was the legitimate measure by which it was to be scanned.

The following line from Swift's Poems is an example of the measure in question.

Because he has never a hand that is idle.

Here, it is true, the three last syllables make the foot termed Amphibrachys, and the whole line may be

divided into such feet. It is nevertheless certain, that the line belongs to verses of another class, and is measurable by anapests, only taking such a licence as is always allowed to anapestic verses, viz. that the first foot may be curtailed of its first syllable. The next line in the poem, to describe it accurately, is an anapestic verse of four feet, with a redundant syllable.

For the right holds the sword and the left
holds the bridle.

So likewise is the former, notwithstanding the difference in the first foot. If the Amphibrachys had been a foot by which any English verse ought to be measured, there would have been entire poems in that measure, or, at least, poems wherein verses of that measure predominated; but there are none such, nor does a line, measureable by that foot, ever

occur, except accidentally among a much greater number of anapestic ones.

Dismissing, therefore, this foot, the Amphibrachys, as intrusive and useless, we have in our prosody these six; the Iambic, the Trochee, the Spondee, the Pyrrhic, the Dactyle, and the Anapest. But as no verse, nor even language, can wholly con-

sist of syllables, which are all accented, or which have not any, the Spondee, and the Pyrrhic, are to be reckoned as feet, that occasionally, and by licence, enter into verse; and not, like the remaining four, as being essentially necessary, and giving a character to the lines which they respectively constitute.

C.

SONNETS

ADDRESSED TO R. S. JAMESON.

I.

WHEN we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was Nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and slept upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doating, ask'd not why it doated;
And ours the unknown joy, that knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That, man is more than half of Nature's treasure,—
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,—
Of that still music which no ear can measure;
But now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

II.

In the great city we are met again,
Where many souls there are that breathe and die,
Scarce knowing more of Nature's potency
Than what they learn from heat, or cold, or rain;
The sad vicissitude of weary pain:—
For busy man is Lord of Ear and Eye.
And what hath Nature but the vast void sky,
And the throng'd river sweeping to the main?
Ah! say not so, for she shall have her part
In every smile, in every tear that falls,
And she shall hide her in the secret heart
Where Love persuades, and sterner duty calls.
But worse it were than death, or sorrow's smart,
To live without a friend within these walls.

III.

We parted on the mountains, as two streams
From one clear spring pursue their sever'd ways;
And thy fleet course hath been through many a maze
In foreign lands, where silvery Padus gleams
To that delicious sky, whose glowing beams
Brighten'd the tresses that old poets praise;
Where Petrarch's patient love and artful lays,
And Ariosto's song of many themes
Moved the soft air. But I, a lazy brook,
As close pent up within my native dell,
Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
Where flow'rets blow, and whispering Naiads dwell.
Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,
O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side.

IV.

How long I sail'd, and never took a thought
 To what port I was bound ; secure as sleep,
 I dwelt upon the bosom of the deep
 And perilous sea ;—and though my ship was fraught
 With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought
 From faery land—no course I cared to keep :
 Nor changeful wind, nor tide, I heeded ought ;
 But joy'd to feel the merry billows leap,
 And watch the sun-beams dallying with the waves ;
 Or haply dream what realms beneath may lie,
 Where the clear ocean is an emerald sky,
 And mermaids warble in their coral caves,
 Yet vainly woo me to their secret home :—
 And sweet it were for ever so to roam.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE RUELE, A DRAMATICLE.

SCENE.—A Saloon.

LADY ANGELINE, SYLVIA, CHLOE, CAMILLA, BELINDA, PENELOPE,
 and MARIAN.

Lady Angeline. Most sage and meditative ladies ! honour me with your thoughts. I beseech you, fair gentlewomen, be not so chary of your conversation.—How ?—not a word ?—What perverse miracle is here,—the abstraction of tongues ? Why girls, I say ! have you forsworn the vocabulary ?—Dumb, dumb, all dumb as garden-goddesses. Juno Lucina ! six predetermined mothers of orators, lawyers, parsons, and pretty fellows, without as much eloquence among them as would still a wawling baby ! O ! babes of the next generation, who will teach you your alphabets ?

Chloe. Dear Lady Angeline !

Sylvia. Sweet Lady Angeline !

Lady A. Dear, and, sweet Lady Angeline ! quaint and deftly-worded invocations ; go on.—Hey ? no more ?—Wit is brief, they say.

Belinda. Mine is concealed in this apothegm,—mum's a safe motto.

Penelope. I expect the company will believe I have more wit than words.

Camilla. For my part, the world has already heard more of my good sayings than it cares to remember, so I've determined to spend no more breath in a thankless office.

Lady A. Well Marian, have you neither song nor sore-throat ?

Marian. What an excellent piece of work is man ! how—

All. Hamlet ! Hamlet !

Marian. I have nothing better.

Lady A. Passing probable : but something newer, I hope ; something less mouthed and mumbled than Will Worn-out's tragedies. What ! are there no secrets abroad ? no whispers that might deafen the high winds, nor hints as broad as marriage-banns or proclamations ? Are there no husbands in search of strayed bed-fellows, no anticipations of matrimony that ye've heard of ?

Penelope. Heigh ! ho ! not one. O' my conscience ! I fear the world is going to be converted.

Lady A. Strange !—Neither duels, nor divorces, drownings, dangleings, nor despairings ?

Marian. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I was told a good joke about George Lovelace and the Widow Wye ; better than the last new song, I promise you : but it's a dead secret, you know.

All. Ay, ay, let's hear it.

Marian. Why, George, you must know,—no, the Widow, you must know (who, by the bye, though she's called the pretty Widow Wye, has nothing pretty about her but her weeds and her jointure),—well, as I was saying, the Widow, you must know,—but I forgot to tell you, that young Lovelace, you must know, is shrewdly suspected—

Lady A. Come, come; there is grave matter to follow, I perceive, from the solemnity of the overture. Let us draw our chairs into conclave, and investigate the affair of the Widow and the Beau with suitable formality. Hem! I take the chair of infallibility as Pope Angeline the first; no laughing, fair Cardinals, I am not the first Pope that wore petticoats, mine antecessor Joan gave crying proof of it. Here, three of your Eminences on one hand, and three on the other; very well. Now, Signior Red-cap, *caro mio Cardinale* Marian Mad-cap, thou graceless Son of the Purple, disburse thine intelligence. If thou hast heard with thine eyes, or seen with thine ears, if thou hast memory to conceive, or wit to remember, aught or naught, touching, concerning, or in anywise pertaining to, the affair of the Widow (as thou truly say'st, falsely) call'd the pretty Widow Wye, and that notorious murderer of reputations, to wit, George Lovelace, Esquire, kindle the rush of thy instruction and enlighten the night of our ignorance.

Marian. Hum!

Most sapient Beardlessnesses, and right-reverend Juvenilities!

Is it your worshipful pleasures that I should begin with a—Hey this? what's this?

Enter QUIP.

Lady A. One of the Widemouths. Well, sirrah?

Quip. *Bipes animal implume*, as Plato says (but no cock), to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady A. Simple English will suit our rusticity.

Quip. A two-legged animal, as God made it, without feathers or tail, if your ladyship would know precisely.

Lady A. Gentleman or lady, good foster-brother?

Quip. Truly, madam, he might be a gentleman if fig-leaves were in fashion; but in the present taste for broadcloth, he is not cut out for a gentleman.

Lady A. A poor gentleman, I suppose?

Quip. A jury of tailors would never allow it; if gentlemen were such gentlemen, 'twouldn't keep the trade half the year in thimbles and brocoli.

Lady A. Was ever such an impertinent knave! What man do you speak of, sirrah?

Quip. A mountain of a man; if I have any skill in geography.

Lady A. Geography! What riddle is this?

Quip. Why, madam, here lies the case: this bare gentleman (to use a phrase), *gaudet nomine* (rejoices in the name) of—let me see, as blind Peter saith,—ay—a very good name, I assure your ladyship, as one would wish to christen their horse by—*id est*, (to inform your ladyship in three words and a breath)—Helicon, as he betrays himself. Now, every goose that can spell and put together gabbles about Helicon Hill.

Sylvia. Ha! ha! ha! learning in a suit of livery.

Quip. Nay, old Jubal Quip, her ladyship's parish-clerk while his tongue was in tune, didn't leave the world without a legacy. The best singer of a plain psalm, madam Sylvia; simple common, or triple compound, 'twas all the same; it came to him as natural as snoring to a grey owl; ah! go to, go to, old Jubal, when shall we hear psalmody i' the right drone again; thy nose is cold. He died, poor man, one day, by mistake when he only meant to doze out the sermon; leaving me, his son and heir (the son of my mother, God forgive her! and heir to his learning), as a last gift to the parish. There were chattels too, such as a pair of silver shoe-buckles cunningly inlaid with brass, a bob-wig, and a bible, with some other matters of property, but I left them all to the widow to comfort her in her old age.

Lady A. I am certainly bewitched to let this fellow stay in my service.

Will you begone, sir, with your bob-wigs and your bibles, and show up the gentleman?

Quip. Lord, ma'am! he's only a poor author. He knows his place, I hope.

Lady A. O—an author! is that all? Could you not say so at first?

Quip. Truth is immutable, as the schools say; so 'tis all one, first or last.

Lady A. Are you sure he's but a poor author, sirrah?

Quip. 'Tis written in broad letter on his back.

Belinda. Some mad poet, whom the boys have chalked.

Quip. 'Twas a work of supererogation, madam; 'tis displayed in open-stitch all down the seam of his coat, as plain as A B C on a sampler. He's as threadbare as a cobweb, and as patch'd and piebald as harlequin-mountebank; his linen is a foil to the paleness of his cheek, and his cravat won't serve to hang him when he's starved to the weight of a dried alligator; his lips are as blue as an old maid's nose in December, and his nose slits the wind like the neb of a weathercock; if I was as blind as the lion on the knocker, I could tell him for a poet. Indeed he hints so much, by these rhymes.

[*Giving a pamphlet.*

Lady A. Ay, a presentation-copy of a new poem; rhymes without end, and ends without rhyme. What shall we do with this wight? Are you in the vein for ridicule, ladies? How think you of brightening your wit on this dull whetstone?

Penelope. Let us have him, for a frolic.

Chloe. I doat upon poor authors; they are such bashful, awkward, dirty creatures.

Lady A. And such excellent butts. Poor authors are generally bad authors; and their best quality is, that they are good laughing-stocks, with their oddities, their vanities, and their pretensions. We'll quiz this disciple. Show him up, sir.

Quip. I will show up the monster, with all due delay. [Exit.

Lady A. What say you, shepherdesses? Shall we make him fool in the middle, or spread into a crescent, and let him face us all,—if he can?

Camilla. A crescent, by all the rules of good generalship. One of my great-grandsires was a captain of trainbands in th' apocryphal days of King Noll, so you must defer to my tactics.

Lady A. Quickly then; fall back, right and left. Confront me with an empty chair; so,—that will do. Now, sharpen your glances and barb your tongues; strike him blind and dumb with beauty and wit; if the shield of his dullness be not quite impenetrable, a seven-fold perdition awaits his temerity.

Marian. Poor devil!

Lady A. What does he out of his garret, then?

Chloe. I will simply annihilate him, with one blow of my left eye.

Lady A. Hist! Here comes Moon-calf. Mark how he'll play the profound at his entrée.

Chloe. Chloe, thy left eye!

Enter QUIP ushering in HELICON.

Lady A. Walk in, sir; walk in; there is no hydra here, though heads are so thick. Walk in. (*Aside.*) The very garb of a genius by courtesy. The sinner is not amiss, though; his leg is well chiselled.

Helicon. Madam.....I.....Madam, a...a...a.....

Lady A. Come on, sir; your eloquence will never find its way to our hearts from so far. A little nearer;—I entreat, sir;—nearer;—nearer.—Here is a softer seat than you'll find on Parnassus.

Belinda. How he devours the carpet! (*to Camilla.*)

Lady A. Come, sir;—nearer, I pray you. Yon chair seems enamoured of the glories of your presence, and stands with open arms to receive you; be not so coy.

Chloe. He'll be on his nose before he reaches it.

Penelope. What a puzzle for precedence between his feet!

Sylvia. His hair is most poetically dishevelled.

Marian. Look how his lip trembles!

(*to each other.*)

Lady A. Sit, sir ; sit. Do you disdain this humble quadruped ? 'Tis not so volatile, I grant you, as Pegasus, that rocking-horse of Muses' children (whereby they gain capital fractures), but—ha ! seated at last. Now, young sir, will you exhibit yourself a little more categorically ? We cannot judge of the work by the frontispiece. A few words of introduction, Master Bayleaf, an you be not blank as a common-place-book. (*Aside.*) The fellow hath a fine eye of his own if he could look through it.

Helicon. Madam...Your ladyship...I...you...

Marian. This smells of the clouds ; the gentleman appears somewhat ob-nubilated.

Penelope. Nay, 'tis the phrase of his profession,—sublime incomprehensibility.

Camilla. Hear him out, ladies. For my part, I think he talks very intelligible nonsense.

Helicon. I had...Madam, I had a...a...a... (*Searching his pockets.*)

Sylvia. A prologue !

Camilla. A pasty !

Penelope. A pick-tooth !

Chloe. A plough-share !

Belinda. A pug-dog !

Marian. A printer's-devil !

Helicon. No, no, no ;—I beseech ;—no, no.—A letter, only a letter ; but... but...I...I have...not...

Lady A. What, sir ! a grandson of Mnemosyne, and forget yourself ?

Belinda. We have completely bewildered him.

Chloe. What he'd give that the sky fell ! Chloe, thy left eye hath done this. } (*to each other.*)

Penelope. He'll melt into his shoes, if we veil not our beams.

Helicon. I——

Camilla. Hush ! hush ! hush !

Marian. What ?

Camilla. He retails star-melody ; the music of the spheres ; which has all the best properties of harmony but sound. Listen ! listen !

Helicon. I—I—

Sylvia. Sweet, but exceeding small.

Belinda. Tender and pathetic as a one-string'd lyre.

Chloe. Have ye never heard a mouse squeak in a cupboard ?

Penelope. 'Troth, he's about as musical as a dumb-bell.

Camilla. And as frank of his song as an owl at sunrise.

Marian. Little less mute than a minnow.

Lady A. A cricket chirps thunder, by comparison. Hark'c, Master Faint-heart !

Helicon. Fair—lady.

Belinda. Keen, keen.

Chloe. As a bulrush.

Lady A. Ay, sir ; you are quick at a proverb ; they are the ready coin of conversation, but you'll never win me by them. I say, Master Spare-wit ; take my counsel ; make a living testament ; bequeath your silence to scolding wives, and your modesty to barmaids and innkeepers' daughters ; 'twill be a most charitable endowment ; you'll be canonized by all lovers of peace and good-breeding, and husbands and travellers will kneel to your wooden worship ever after.

Camilla. He has less magnanimity than a worm. A nettle has more spirit of valour in it.

Sylvia. Pray sir, may I crave your name ? a short task for your rhetoric.

Helicon. Helicon, lady.

Sylvia. O,—an emigrant from Bœotia, I presume ?

Helicon. Your—countryman, lady.

Lady A. Ha ?

Belinda. You are good authority for the age of the moon, Master Poet ; *is she in the full ?*

Helicon. She reigns, in the crescent.

Lady A. Ay, ay?

Camilla. Perhaps, sir, like the birds, though you can't speak you can whistle? There are few poets now-a-days but are twitterers.

Helicon. God-a-mercy, madam! you would make me think I was nearer a fool than a poet.

Lady A. What's this?

Marian. Good now, do, pray; be a good bird. Or, swan-like, have you put off your song till you die?

Helicon. Will you have me pipe of your beauty?

Marian. Ay: brown though I be, I am yet a fair subject; there are sonnets to prove it, I assure you. Come, look me straight in the charms; and when thou hast drank a crop-full of inspiration, make up thy mouth like a puny songster and whistle me the Sweet Jugg of your flattery.

Helicon. It is a task: nathless—Whu, whu—I' faith, I cannot, for laughing. Yet there is provocation in your face for a song.

Lady A. (Aside.) Ho! ho! this is not simple simplicity. We'll prove it, anon.

Chloe. I would give a thousand pound for those locks of raven. So wild and wizard-like! Well, well! Nature's a rare periwig-maker. Could you spare me a keep-sake? 'twould look well in a locket. Come, I will let you off for a posy on this ring. Nay, it will put you to your wit's end, I compute.

Helicon. A pretty ring
Is a pretty thing
For a pretty maid:—
My say is said.

Chloe. O! well done, Namby Pamby! Well said, well said, Dan Damou-and-Daphne!

Helicon. Indeed, la, no; no, indeed. You could out-do me yourself, in this way, fair mistress.

Lady A. (Aside.) Now, for my soul, can I not tell a simper from a sneer.

Penelope. Hem!—You men of genius seldom travel without your portfolios of smart sayings; compliments cut to the measure of all faces, and poetical frankincense to propitiate the nostrils of vanity. Have you ne'er an acrostic ready-penned, which would fit our entitlements? no preserved panegyric, nor extempore eulogy prepared for occasion, which would suit our deservings?

Helicon. Many, many.

Lady A. Prithee, sweet sir, make our auriculars familiar with one o'them; the best i' the bag, an it please you; we would fain have a sample of your vocation. A word to your wisdom: beat a poetical flourish on the drum of our hearing, else you'll pass for an ordinary man, notwithstanding this contemplativeness. *(Aside.)* Now for a laurel or a cock's-comb!

Helicon. Ye beautiful glitterings!—Beautiful, beam-fed things
Of light!—Ethereal shadows! who have come from
Heaven!—Ye——

Lady A. Fool! fool! this is the very cant of poetry. No more of that, sir; 'tis beyond our deserts; we disclaim all divinityship.

Helicon. O! you are mortal, then!

Lady A. Mere models for painters' goddesses. No more; in the very superfluity of compliment.

Helicon. Indeed?

Marian. Ay, sir; we're tired of immortality. Awph!

Camilla. For my part, I had rather be Joan than Juno, any day in the year.

Chloe. I always squeal when I'm pinch'd. Do the gods make faces when they weep at a tragedy?

Lady A. No, no, Master Poet, we are no more divine than the perfectibility of flesh and blood will allow of. The cream of the earth, if you will; but nothing more transcendent.

Helicon. Who would have thought it! That this silken magnificence,—this costly investiture,—this embroidered perplexity of thread and silver,—should enwrap such a homely commodity as brown clay! Was this velvet wrought to disguise earthen-ware? And are pitchers to be dressed in satin petticoats? 'Tis a matter for philosophy to rub the pate about; a phenomenon of contradiction; that creatures who hold their sighs as dear as the breath of amaranth, their glances at the price of diamonds and stone-stars, and their lips above all profitable purchase,—shall be as frail and perishable as the vases on their own mantle-pieces, shall have less of endurance in them than is to be found in so many Magdalens or Madonnas on a church pannel; and shall be subject to the commonest law of dissolution, which reduces the milk-maid and the poor peasant girl to their primitive condition of—dust. Why, I will get you a virgin from the land of old Nile, who, without either gown or stomacher, smock or petticoat, kerchief or slipper, buffeted by the winds, pelted by the rain, and bastinadoed by the sand, has stood these three thousand years.

Lady A. Ha! ha! ha! One of the irritable race, after all! What a Cynical reproof of our gaiety! True, sir, your sphinxes are admirable economists; they save, just as much as we spend; patterns for all housewives; notable old maids, as ever sat with their hands before them; what a pity they are not aware of their own virtues! Indeed, and upon mine honourable maidenhood, and by the peaked toe of my sandal, our rigid sisters of the sandbanks deserve their immortality. Would we were like them! Have you no power of petrification in your face, sir? Could you not freeze us into marble, with those Gorgon tresses and icy regards? Ha! ha! ha! 'twould save a world of ribbands and laces; we should be wonderful gainers by the metamorphosis; hey, Master Helicon?

Helicon. Why, you would escape wrinkles;—to the sex, the bitterest part of mortality.

Lady A. Ay, verily; and it might be, moreover, our good hap to couch upon the door-posts of Fame's temple, as guardian divinities to mad poets, and profane authors of all ranks and estates in the commonweath of insanity.

Helicon. Exaltation beyond the mental charter of your race. There is a statute in nature against it, a Salique Law of the mind. I have perused the rolls of Fame, and, sad as it is strange! can find no record of a daughter of the earth having ever been seen near the temple.

Lady A. Yes, yes, yes; one, if no more.

Helicon. What! the brown girl of Mitylene?

Lady A. The same; poor Sappho, Lesbian Sappho.

Helicon. She who tempted the winds; flew without wings; fathomed the depth of the Lover's Leap, but never told the reckoning; stept from the high-hung gallery of the cliff into the spacious bodiless air; and took a swoop at the ocean, never to rise; she, I say—

Lady A. Ah, yes! ah, yes! spare her sweet memory.

Helicon. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

She, whom the dim-peak'd rocks of Leucady
Held high to the clamorous winds that reft her hair,
Caught her light garment with their ravenous breath,
And whistled her into the floods! The fool, who lay
Passive as Love rose-lapt, though round her heaved
Th' Ionian's moving wilderness of waves,
And, heedless of the billows and the winds,
Still call'd on Phaon! Faithless, faithless Phaon!
Down sank she!—ay, the treacherous element
Lent her a failing pillow, and its foam
Was but a sheet to wind her; down she sank!
And wheeling sea-birds scream'd her funeral knell:—
Yet still, the fool, the witless, wilful fool,
Ev'n in the tumult of this murderous time,
Babbled of Phaon! Phaon!—Nought but this

The dissonant shrill-piped winds could prate of; nought but this,
 Swell'd by the thund'ring chorus of the floods,
 Troubled the ear of Echo; till the waves
 Choak'd these untimely murmurs, nought but Phaon!
 Phaon! Phaon! Faithless, faithless Phaon!
 Ha! is the tale not so?

Lady A. My tears, my tears.

Helicon. I have been too bold.

Lady A. No sir, but we
 Have been too undiscerning.

Enter QUIP.

How now, sirrah?

Quip. A backslider, madam. One that fell away from the grace of that gentleman's society, after 'a had picked a hole in his coat. (*Giving a letter.*)

Lady A. Silence!—Begone, sir!

Quip. Tipitywitchet! The Devil's turned fuller. Ahem!—*Varium et mutabile semper femina*, which is to say in plain mother-English,—A woman and a weathercock are hatch'd o' the same hen. Pass! (*Exit.*)

Helicon. This letter meant to have been my introduction.

Lady A. Words did better. I have seen this character. (*Reading.*)
 "With my best love and dearest regards to your ladyship, I commend the bearer of this letter to your most favourable reception. He is a man of genius and my friend. Were I to say more in his commendation, I should but impeach your Ladyship's respect for merit, and sincerity towards
 "Your much more than sister,

"LEONORE."

Ladies, I take your leave. (*Drawing Helicon apart.*) Sir, you and I must call each other friends. What shall my first good office be to deserve your estimation?

Helicon. Your guests retire, and whisper. I would not be the theme of a corner. (*Pointing to them.*)

Lady A. Window-flies, sir! window-flies! fond of buzzing in an angle; heed them not. Yet stay; they will prophesy the sound of your lips from their motion; and turn it to scandalous purposes too! A fault of their chins, sir; they have no beards to be plucked for their impertinence. Two hours hence, I shall be alone; will you give me your conversation?

Helicon. It will exchange for much more than its value; I shall wait upon your Ladyship.

Lady A. Then— (*Aloud.*) Fare you well, sir. We owe you a morning's entertainment. Fare you well, gentle Master Evergreen!

All. Fare you well, sir.

Helicon. I am honoured by the courtesy; deeply honoured. (*Exit.*)

ODE: AUTUMN.

Tom Hood

I.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
 Stand shadowless, like Silence listening
 To silence,—for no lonely bird would sing
 Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn;
 Nor lowly hedge, nor solitary thorn,—
 Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright,
 With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
 Pearling his coronet of golden corn.
 Where are the songs of day-light? In the sun,
 Oping the dusky eyelids of the South,

Till shade and silence waken up as one,
 And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth:
 Where are the merry birds? Away, away,
 On panting wings through the inclement skies,
 Lest owls should prey,
 Undazzled at noon day,
 And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

II.

Where are the blooms of Summer? In the West,
 Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
 When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest,
 Like tearful Proserpine—snatch'd among flow'rs
 To a most gloomy breast:
 Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—
 The many, many leaves wind-wanton?—Three
 On the moss'd elm—three on the naked lime
 Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree!
 Where is the Dryad's immortality?
 Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
 Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
 In the smooth holly's green eternity.

III.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard;
 The ants have brimm'd their garner with ripe grain;
 And honey bees have stored
 The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
 The swallows all have wing'd across the main;—
 But here the Autumn Melancholy dwells,
 And sighs her tearful spells
 Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
 Alone—alone—upon a mossy stone,
 Until her drowsy feet forgotten be,
 She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
 With the last leaves for a love-rosary;
 Whilst the all-wither'd world spreads drearily,
 Like a dim picture of the drowned past,
 In the hush'd mind's mysterious far-away,
 Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
 Into that distance—grey upon the grey.

IV.

Aye, go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
 Under the languid downfal of her hair;
 She wears a coronal of flowers faded
 Upon her forehead, like a constant care;—
 There is enough of wither'd every where
 To make her bower, and eternal gloom;—
 There is enough of sadness to invite,
 If only for the rose that died, whose doom
 Is Beauty's,—she that with the exquisite bloom
 Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:—
 There is enough of sorrowing—and quite
 Enough of bitter fruits this world doth bear,
 Enough of chilly droppings, for her bowl,—
 Enough of fear, and shadowy despair,
 To frame her cloudy prison for the soul.

H.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS
BEEN NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No. II.

Outline of the Work.—Notice of former Writers on the same subject.

MY DEAR M.—In this, my second and last letter of preface, I shall settle the idea and the arrangement of my papers: these will be in all about seven, of which four will exhibit the materials on which the student is to work; the other three, the tools with which the workmanship is to be conducted. First, *what* is to be done; and secondly, *how*—is the natural and obvious distribution of the work: that is to say, the business is to assign, first, the end—and, secondly, the means. And, because the end should reasonably determine the means, it would seem natural that in the arrangement of the work all which relates to *that* should have precedence. Nevertheless, I mean to invert this order; and for the following reason: all that part of the means, which are so entirely determined by the end as to presuppose its full and circumstantial developement, may be concluded specially restricted to that individual end: in proportion to this restriction they will, therefore, be of narrow application, and are best treated in direct connection and concurrently with the object to which they are thus appropriated. On the other hand, those means or instruments of thought, which are sufficiently complex and important to claim a separate attention to themselves, are usually of such large and extensive use, that they belong indifferently to all schemes of study—and may safely be premised in any plan, however novel in its principles, or peculiar in its tendencies. What are these general instruments of study? According to my view they are three; first, *Logic*; secondly, *Languages*; thirdly, *Arts of Memory*. With respect to these, it is not necessary that any special end should be previously given: be his end what it may, every student must have thoughts to arrange, knowledge to transplant, and facts to

record. Means, which are thus universally requisite, may safely have precedence of the end: and it will not be a preposterous order, if I dedicate my three first letters to the several subjects of Logic, Languages, and Arts of Memory; which will compose one half of my scheme: leaving to the other half, the task of unfolding the course of study for which these instruments will be available.

Having thus settled the arrangement, and implicitly, therefore, settled in part the idea or *ratio* of my scheme,—I shall go on to add what may be necessary to confine your expectations to the right track, and prevent them from going above or below the true character of the mark I aim at. I profess then to attempt something much higher than merely directions for a course of reading. Not that such a work might not be of eminent service; and in particular at this time, and with a constant adaptation to the case of rich men, not literary, I am of opinion, that no more useful book could be executed than a series of letters (addressed, for example, to country gentlemen, merchants, &c.) on the formation of a library. The uses of such a treatise, however, are not those which I contemplate; for either it would presume and refer to a plan of study already settled; and in that light, it is a mere complement of the plan I propose to execute: or else it would attempt to *involve* a plan of study in the course of reading suggested: and *that* would be neither more nor less than to do *in concreto*, what it is far more convenient, as well as more philosophical to do (as I am now going to do) directly and *in abstracto*. A mere course of reading, therefore, is much below what I propose: on the other hand, an organon of the human understanding is as much above it: such a work is a labour for

a life: that is to say, though it may take up but a small part of every day, yet could it in no other way accumulate its materials, than by keeping the mind everlastingly on the watch to seize upon such notices as may arise daily throughout a life under the favour of accident or occasion. Forty years are not too large a period for such a work; and my present work, however maturely meditated, must be executed with rapidity. Here, in fact, I do but sketch or trace in outline (*ὡς ἐν τυπῷ περιλαβεῖν*), what there it would become my duty to develope, to fill up in detail, to apply, and to illustrate on the most extensive scale. After having attempted in my first part to put you in possession of the best method for acquiring the *instruments* of study; and with respect to logic in particular, having directed a philosophic light upon its true meaning and purpose—with the hope of extinguishing that anarchy of errors which have possessed this ground from the time of Lord Bacon to the moment at which I write, I then, in the second division, address myself to the question of *ends*. Upon which word let me distinguish: upon ends, in an absolute sense, as ultimate ends, it is presumption in any man to offer counsel to another of mature age. Advice of that sort, given under whatever hollow pretences of kindness, is to be looked upon as arrogance in the most repulsive shape; and to be rejected with that sort of summary disdain, which any man not of servile nature would testify towards him who should attempt to influence his choice of a wife. A student of mature age must be presumed to be best acquainted with his own talents, and his own intellectual infirmities, with his “forte” and his “foible,” with his own former experience of failure or success, and with the direction in which his inclinations point. Far be it from me to violate by the spirit of my counsels a pride so reasonable, which, in truth, I hold sacred. My scheme takes a humbler ground. *Ends* indeed, in a secondary sense, the latter half professes to deal with: but such ends as, though bearing that character, in relation to what is purely and merely instrumental, yet again become *means* in relation to

ends absolutely so called. The *final* application of your powers and knowledge it is for yourself only to determine: my pretensions in regard to that election are limited to this—that I profess to place you on a vantage ground from which you may determine more wisely, by determining from a higher point of survey. My purpose is not to map the whole course of your journey, but to serve as your guide to that station, at which you may be able to lay down your future route for yourself. The former half of my work I have already described to you: the latter half endeavours to construct such a system of study as shall combine these two advantages—1. Systematic unity; i. e. such a principle of *internal* connexion, as that the several parts of the plan shall furnish assistance interchangeably: 2. The largest possible compass of *external* relations. Some empires, you know, are built for growth: others are essentially improgressive, but are built for duration, on some principle of strong internal cohesion. Systems of knowledge, however, and schemes of study, should propose both ends:—they should take their foundations broad and deep,

And lay great bases for eternity:

which is the surest key to internal and systematic connexion: and, secondly, they should provide for future growth and accretion; regarding all knowledge as a nucleus and centre of accumulation for other knowledge. It is on this latter principle, by the way, that the system of education in our public schools, however otherwise defective, is justly held superior to the specious novelties of our suburban academies; for it is more radical, and adapted to a larger superstructure. Such, I say, is the character of my scheme: and by the very act of claiming for it, as one of its benefits, that it leaves you in the *centre* of large and comprehensive relations to other parts of knowledge; it is pretty apparent that I do not presume to suggest in what direction of these manifold relations you should afterwards advance; *that*, as I have now sufficiently explained, will be left to your own self-knowledge; but to your

self-knowledge illumined at the point where I leave you by that other knowledge which my scheme of study professes to communicate.

From this general outline of my own plan, I am led by an easy transition to a question of yours, respecting the merits of the most celebrated amongst those who have trod the same ground in past times. Excepting only a little treatise of Erasmus, *de Ratione Studii*, all the essays on this subject by eminent Continental writers appeared in the 17th century; and of these, a large majority before the year 1640. They were universally written in Latin; and, the Latin of that age being good, they are so far agreeable to read: beyond this, and the praise of elegance in their composition and arrangement, I have not much to say in their behalf. About the year 1645, Lewis Elzevir published a *corpus* of these essays; amounting in all to four-and-twenty: in point of elegance and good sense, their merits are various: thus far they differ: but, in regard to the main point, they hold a lamentable equality of pretension—being all thoroughly hollow and barren of any practical use.* I cannot give you a better notion of their true place and relation to the class of works which you are in search of, than by an analogy drawn from the idea of didactic poetry, as it exists in the Roman literature and our own. So thoroughly is this

sometimes misunderstood, that I have seen it insisted on as a merit in a didactic poem—that the art, which it professed to deliver, might be learned and practised in all its technicalities, without other assistance than that which the poem supplied. But, had this been true,—so far from being a praise, it would instantly have degraded the poem from its rank as a work among the products of Fine Art: *ipso facto*, such a poem would have settled down from that high intellectual rank into the ignoble pretensions of mechanic art, in which the metre, and the style which metre introduces, would immediately have lost their justification. The true idea of didactic poetry is this: either the poet selects an art which furnishes the *occasion* for a series of picturesque exhibitions (as Virgil, Dyer, &c.): and, in that case, it is true that he derives part of his power from the art which he delivers; not, however, from what is essential to the art, but from its accidents and adjuncts. Either he does this; or else (as is the case with Lord Roscommon, Pope, &c.) so far from seeking in his subject for any part of the *power*, he seeks in *that* only for the *resistance* with which he contends by means of the power derived from the verse and the artifices of style. To one case or other of this alternative all didactic poems are reducible: and, allowing for the differences of rhetoric and poetry, the same ideal

* Not for the sake of any exception in its favour from the general censure here pronounced on this body of essays, but for its extraordinary tone of passion and frantic energy, and at times of noble sentiment, eloquently expressed, I must notice as by far the most memorable of these essays of the 17th century—that of Joachim Forz Ringelberg, *On the Method of Study* (*De Ratione Studii*). It is one of those books which have been written most evidently not merely by a madman (as many thousands have) but by a madman under a high paroxysm of his malady: and, omitting a few instances of affectation and puerility, it is highly affecting. It appears that the author, though not thirty years of age at the date of his book, was afflicted with the gravel; according to his own belief incurably; and much of the book was actually written in darkness (on waxen tablets, or on wooden tablets, with a *stylus* formed of charred bones) during the sleepless nights of pain consequent upon his disease. “*Ætas abiit,*” says he, “*reditura nunquam—Ah! nunquam reditura! Tametsi annum nunc solum trigesimum ago, spem tamen ademit calculi morbus.*” And again: “*Sic interim meditantem calculi premunt, ut gravi ipsa dolore mœreat mens, et plerumque noctes abducat insomnes angor.*” Towards the end it is that he states the remarkable circumstances under which the book was composed. “*Bonam partem libri hujus in tenebris scripsi, quando somnus me ob calculi dolorem reliquerat; idque quum sol adversa nobis figeret vestigia, nocte vagante in medio cœlo. Deerat lumen; verum tabulas habeo, quibus etiam in tenebris utor.*” It is singular that so interesting a book should no where have been noticed to my knowledge in English literature, except, indeed, in a slight and inaccurate way, by Dr. Vice-simus Knox, in his *Winter Evening Lucubrations*.

must have presided in the composition of the various essays of the 17th century, addressed to students: the subject was felt to be austere and unattractive, and almost purely scholastic: it was the ambition of the writers, therefore, to show that they could present it in a graceful shape: and that, under their treatment, the subject might become interesting to the reader, as an arena, upon which skill was exhibited, baffling or evading difficulties,—even at the price of all benefit to the anxious and earnest disciple. *Spartam naclus es*, was their motto, *hanc exorna*: and like Cicero, in his *Idea of an Orator*, with relation to the practical duties of the forum; or Lord Shaftesbury, with relation to the accurate knowledge of the academic philosophy; they must be supposed deliberately to have made a *selection* from the arts or doctrines before them, for the sake of a beautiful composition which should preserve all its parts in harmony, and only secondarily (if at all) to have regarded the interests of the student. By all of them the invitation held out was not so much *Indocti discant*, as *Ament meminisse periti*.

In our own country there have been numerous “letters,” &c. on this interesting subject; but not one that has laid any hold on the public mind, except the two works of Dr. Watts, especially that upon the “Improvement of the Mind.” Being the most imbecile of books, it must have owed its success, 1. To the sectarian zeal of his party in religion—his fellows and his followers: 2. To the fact of its having gained for its author, from two Scotch universities, the highest degree they could bestow: 3. To the distinguished honour of having been adopted as a lecture book (q. as an examination book?) by both English universities: 4. To the extravagant praise of Dr. Johnson, amongst whose infirmities it was to praise warmly, when he was flattered by the sense of his own great superiority in powers and knowledge. Dr. Johnson supposes it to have been modelled on Locke’s *Conduct of the Understanding*; but surely this is as ludicrous as to charge, upon Silence, any elaborate imitation of Mr. Justice Shallow. That Silence may have borrow-

ed from another man half of a joke, or echoed the rear of his laughter, is possible; but of any more grave or laborious attempts to rob he stands ludicrously acquitted by the exemplary imbecility of his nature. No: Dr. Watts did *not* steal from Mr. Locke: in matters of dulness a man is easily original: and I suppose that even Feeble or Shadow might have had credit for the effort necessary to the following counsels, taken at random from Dr. Watts, at the page where the book has happened to fall open.

1. Get a distinct and comprehensive knowledge of the subject which you treat of; survey it on all sides; and make yourself perfect master of it: then (then! what then?—Think of Feeble making an inference. Well, “then,”) you will have all the sentiments that relate to it in your view.

2. Be well skilled in the language which you speak.

3. Acquire a variety of words, *a copia verborum*. Let your memory be rich in synonymous terms, P. 228. edit. 1817.

Well done, most magnanimous Feeble.—Such counsels, I suppose that any man might have produced; and you will not wish to see criticised. Let me rather inquire, what common defect it is which has made the works of much more ingenious men, and in particular that of Locke, utterly useless for the end proposed.

The error in these books is the same which occurs in books of ethics, and which has made them more or less useless for any practical purpose. As it is important to put an end to all delusion in matters of such grave and general concern as the improvement of our understandings, or the moral valuation of actions; and as I repeat that the delusion here alluded to has affected both equally (so far as they can be affected by the books written professedly to assist them), it may be worth while to spend a few lines in exposing it. I believe that you are so far acquainted with the structure of a syllogism as to know how to distinguish between the major and minor proposition: there is, indeed, a technical rule which makes it impossible to err; but you will have no need of *that*, if you once apprehend the *ra-*

tionale of a syllogism in the light under which I will here place it. In every syllogism one of the two premises (the major) lays down a rule, under which rule the other (the minor) brings the subject of your argument as a particular case. The minor is, therefore, distinguished from the major by an act of the *judgment*, viz. a subsumption of a special case under a rule. Now consider how this applies to morals: here the conscience supplies the general rule, or major proposition; and about this there is no question; but to bring the special case of conduct, which is the subject of your inquiry, under this general rule—here first commences the difficulty; and just upon this point are ethical treatises for the most part silent. Accordingly no man thinks of consulting them for his direction under any moral perplexities; if he reads them at all, it is for the gratification of his understanding in surveying the order and relation amongst the several members of a system; never for the information of his moral judgment. For any practical use in that way, a *casuistry*, i. e. a subsumption of the *cases* most frequently recurring in ordinary life, should be combined * with the system of moral principles;—the latter supplying the major (or normal) proposition; the former supplying the minor proposition, which brings the special case under the rule.

With the help of this explanation, you will easily understand on what principle I venture to denounce, as unprofitable, the whole class of books written on the model of Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*. According to Locke, the student is not

to hurry, but again not to loiter; not to be too precipitate, nor yet too hesitating; not to be too confiding, but far less too suspicious; not too obstinate in his own opinions, yet again (for the love of God!) not too resigned to those of others; not too general in his divisions, but (as he regards his own soul) not too minute, &c. &c. &c. But surely no man, bent on the improvement of his faculties, was ever guilty of these errors under these names; that is, knowingly and deliberately. If he is so at all, it is either that he has not reflected on his own method; or that, having done so, he has allowed himself, in the act or habit offending these rules on a false view of its tendency and character; because, in fact, having adopted as his rule (or *major*) that very golden mean which Mr. Locke recommends, and which, without Mr. Locke's suggestion he would have adopted for himself;—it has yet been possible for him by an erroneous judgment, to take up an act or habit? under the rule—which with better advice he would have excluded; which advice is exactly what Mr. Locke has—*not* given. Over and above all this the method of the book is aphoristic; and, as might be expected from that method, without a plan; and, which is partly the cause and partly the consequence of having no plan, without a foundation.

This word *foundation* leads me to one remark suggested by your letter; and with that I shall conclude my own. When I spoke above of the student's taking his foundations broad and deep, I had my eye chiefly on the corner-stones of strong-built knowledge, viz. on logic; on a proper choice

* Accordingly, our fashionable moral practitioner for this generation, Dr. Paley, who prescribes for the consciences of both Universities, and indeed, of most respectable householders, has introduced a good deal of *casuistry* into his work, though not under that name. In England, there is an aversion to the mere name, founded partly on this, that *casuistry* has been most cultivated by Roman Catholic divines, and too much with a view to an indulgent and dispensing morality; and partly on the excessive subdivision and hair-splitting of *cases*; which tends to the infinite injury of morals, by perplexing and tampering with the conscience, and by presuming morality to be above the powers of any but the subtlest minds. All this, however, is but the abuse of *casuistry*; and without *casuistry* of some sort or other, no practical decision could be made in the accidents of daily life. Of this, on a fitter occasion, I could give a cumulative proof. Meantime, let it suffice to observe that law, which is the most practical of all things, is a perpetual *casuistry*; in which an immemorial usage, a former decision of the court, or positive statute, furnishes the major proposition; and the judgment of the jury, enlightened by the knowledge of the bench, furnishes the minor or *casuistical* proposition.

of languages; on a particular part of what is called metaphysics; and on mathematics. Now you allege (I suppose upon occasion of my references to mathematics in my last letter) that you have no "genius" for mathematics; and you speak with the usual awe (*pavor attonitorum*) of the supposed "profundity" of intellect necessary to a great progress in this direction. Be assured that you are in utter error; though it be an error all but universal. In mathematics, upon two irresistible arguments which I shall set in a clear light, when I come to explain the procedure of the mind with regard to that sort of evidence, and that sort of investigation, there can be no subtlety: all minds are levelled except as to the rapidity of the course; and, from the entire absence of all those acts of mind which do really imply profundity of intellect, it is a question whether an idiot might not be made an excellent mathematician. Listen not to the romantic notions of the world on this subject; above all, listen not to mathematicians. Mathematicians, *as* mathematicians, have no business with the question. It is one thing to understand mathematics; another and far different to understand the philosophy of mathematics. With respect to this, it is memorable, that in no one of the great *philosophical* questions which the ascent of mathematics has from time to time brought up above the horizon of our speculative view, has any mathematician who was merely such (however eminent) had

depth of intellect adequate to its solution: without insisting on the absurdities published by mathematicians, on the philosophy of the *infinite*, since that notion was introduced into mathematics; or on the fruitless attempts of all but a metaphysician to settle the strife between the conflicting modes of valuing *living forces*;—I need only ask what English or French mathematician has been able to exhibit the notion of *negative quantities*, in a theory endurable even to a popular philosophy, or which has commanded any assent? Or again, what algebra is there existing which does not contain a false and ludicrous account of the procedure in that science, as contrasted with the procedure in geometry? But, not to trouble you with more of these cases so opprobrious to mathematicians, lay this to heart, that mathematics are very easy and very important; they are, in fact, the organ of one large division of human knowledge. And, as it is of consequence that you should lose no time by waiting for my letter on that subject, let me forestal so much of it—as to advise that you would immediately commence with Euclid; reading those eight books of the *Elements* which are usually read, and the *Data*. If you should go no farther, so much geometry will be useful and delightful: and so much, by reading for two hours a-day, you will easily accomplish in about thirteen weeks, i. e. one quarter of a year.

Yours, most truly,

X. Y. Z.

TO ELIA.

Delightful Author!—unto whom I owe
 Moments and moods of fancy and of feeling
 Afresh to grateful Memory now appealing,
 Fain would I "bless thee—ere I let thee go!"
 From month to month has the exhaustless flow
 Of thy original mind, its wealth revealing,
 With quaintest humour, and deep pathos healing
 The world's rude wounds, revived Life's early glow:
 And, mixt with this, at times, to earnest thought
 Glimpses of truth, most simple and sublime,
 By thy imagination have been brought
 Over my spirit. From the olden time
 Of Authorship thy Patent should be dated,
 And thou with Marvell, Browne, and Burton, mated.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The Pantomimes.

CHRISTMAS is a right seasonable season to us poor crazy mortals, on every account. It is hallowed, thrice hallowed, beyond any other particular time, for awakening in the human heart the sense and sweetness of its happy pieties:—it is cheerful for its long fire-bright nights, and feasting hours; for its noisy revels, and dancing gallantries:—it is touching and beautiful for its rustic carolings and midnight hushing music:—it is bounteous and blessed for its deluge of turkeys, chinees, and chickens,—for its rich swarthy puddings and inestimable mince-meat pies, redolent of burnt brandy!—It is hailed for its universal holidays; the very two-penny postmen refrain from banging the chins of the poor unoffending lions' and rams' heads, abandon the copper-bag, and eat the Christmas-day dinner in unlettered ease.—But Christmas is most cheerful and glorious for its invariable Pantomimes, coming with the tide as surely as the first of the month, or a new novel from the Waverley pen. Christmas seems to wave its festival wand, and to set at once six or eight Harlequins shivering in spangled tightness and agility to merry music; six or eight Clowns tossing about their loose-hung limbs, daubed cheeks, and mischievous eyes; six or eight Columbines, fleeting in silvered gauzes through love and danger; and six or eight Pantaloons (or more correctly to say it, three or four pair of pantalons), dangling, like utter *inexpressibles*, between brutalities and impossibilities. Indeed the whole world of whim is conjured up into the most magical life of confusion. Folly dons a fairy crown, and reigns like a queen over the whole race of children, great and small; and Painting, Music, and Poetry, put on masquerade dresses, and chase away the night with most admirable fooling.

We old people are fond of pantomimes for several reasons, but chiefly because we are, at their representation, well mixed up with children, and, by sharing their joys, seem to be once more re-admitted amongst

them. How well do we remember, when we were young, the *day* and night of our going to see the pantomime. Breakfast over, nothing could restrain us from sauntering out and scampering to the first sheep's back that was coated in the bill of the day—there to read the coming wonders of the night; and then, not content with a single reading, we have wandered from sheep to sloop, until we had gone through a whole flock, and become satiated with excess of mutton learning. The morning was thus passed. Dinner was *bolted* clown-wise. Then came the washing of the face up to a red cleanly polish—the combing of the smooth hair—the white stiff cold frill cutting the two red ears—the little great coat imperfectly buttoned over a great deal of impatience—and thus prepared, we were taken to the boxes! What a luxury the sight of the dull green curtain, scarcely seen for the mist! What music in the gradual clapping of doors, and announcements of *first company*! There we sat with eyes, goggling and lidless, like ship-lights—staring inveterately! Our little two inched jacket-flaps bulged out with four-inched oranges, which it was impossible to resist occasionally drawing out, looking at, polishing, and with a happy sigh returning. Can we forget seeing George Barnwell in inexplicable dumb show and noise; and wondering what he meant. We were told, he was a wicked apprentice:—but then, what, and who, was Milwood? Our aunt could not tell us, at the same time desiring us to eat *one* of our oranges. Our uncle told us to mind the play, of which it was impossible to hear a word; and our grand-father turned deaf as a trunk-maker to our request.

With what breathless anxiety did we wait for the first bell calling up the musical men—then came the tuning, which was better than perfect music elsewhere, or at another time. Next came the livery servant suddenly from a side-door, to pick with vain industry the fast increasing orange-peel showered from the gallery. We trembled for his head,

and seemed to rejoice in his well-timed exit—accomplished amidst the final yell of hundreds! We heard Silence called in the gallery, but did not hear its answer. The second bell rang. The overture! What a row of music! The crashing bars at the commencement—the jig-movement with flageolet and triangle accompaniments, *du Capo'd* by the full band; a solo on the bugle, showing the magnitude of its incompetency; the glide into innumerable shiverings of little violins; the grand discordant scraping and scratching wind-up, in which the fiddlers, in every direction up and down the orchestra, seemed to be cutting their fiddles in half—and lastly, the thumping, monotonous, never-ending conclusion!—Our cheeks now were nearly burnt down with anxiety. The pit quarrelled itself into quiet—and the curtain rose to low mysterious music! Oh, the magic of the mystery! The fascination of the cold misty air! The grandeur of the awe-inspiring, ill-omened seer, who had entombed Harlequin and kept sweet Columbine captive. The dire indication of the magician still *dooms* in our ears:

Let lightnings flash, let thunders loudly roll,
And shake this mighty globe from pole to pole!

What lines!—uttered by a harsh voice to music, and followed by thunder and lightning, as if they had heard it! The guardian dragon, of course, kept spitting out of its green muzzle sparks of fire like a knife-grinder's wheel;—and some attendant fiend, with a pestilent face, stood drenching the horror of the scene with *ugly mugs*! Of course, he became Clown.

This is a slight sketch of what we felt and saw many scores of Christmasses ago. We are told by our grand-children, that they have much the same delights now. We have one advantage over the brats, we must say, and that is, we do not enter the doors until George Barnwell has made his last dying speech and confession, and gone off in the *ordinary* style!

There never was in our recollection a good pantomime at *Drury-Lane*; and, alas, it seems fated that *the walls of that theatre* never should

witness one. The united talents of Messrs. Elliston, Winston, and T. Dibdin, were first spent upon a miserable hotch-potch, called *Gog and Magog, or Harlequin Antiquary*:—a melancholy failure; but we will not speak ill of the dead, particularly as it is damned. Gog and Magog are good gods in the city; but west of Temple Bar they are no longer magical. Oh Tom Dibdin! Tom Dibdin! where were thy inventive powers, thy nimble-witted puns and quaint conceits? Were they all enveloped in poor Winston's fog? Oh! Folly, where were thy rich sprightly varieties? Oh! Mother Goose, where was thy golden egg?

Well! Gog and Magog were restored to Guildhall to turn down four gigantic eyes upon fuddled mayors "with three," and apoplectic aldermen:—and Mr. Elliston turned his two *ogles* towards another pantomime-builder, rightly conceiving that at Christmas time folly must reign,—and (as though perversely to contradict the old belief) children must be fed with ogresses. A *new* pantomime *written* by Mr. Barrymore, the Shakspeare of the Cobourg, was immediately announced, and the papers were coaxed into statements of its having been long in preparation though postponed for Gog's appearance: now the fact is, that this new pantomime was played a few years ago at Astley's, under its present title of *the Golden Axe*. Great pains have been taken in the five days of its rehearsal to make the plot unintelligible. The first scene, which has nothing to do with the piece, is a very pretty exterior of a woodman's cottage, where a party of ill-dressed woodcutters hack a very wooden glee all to pieces. Miss Tree (no bad name for the Woodcutter's daughter) is busily employed in spinning (we presume to lengthen the scene); and her lover, one of the usual clean-looking swains in shirt sleeves, pink jacket, and light sky-blue breeches, is suddenly ejected from the Woodman's tenement. He is poor, of course, to suit the piece.

The scene changes to the Fairy Lake by moonlight, the painter of which, a Mr. Stanfield, must be an ingenious and powerful artist. The effect is indeed beautiful. Here, however, we were treated with a

dance of protuberant fubsey fairies, and of sylphs with chilblains, accompanied by the harmonies of solid aerial creatures, fat chorus-singing gentlemen in flesh dresses, with wreaths round their heads, and, because the nights are cold, with cravats round their magical gullets. We were glad to see that the flesh-pantaloon and sandals were loose enough to go over the wearers' proper dresses—for really the weather is extremely bitter. But to the plot—when these corpulent gossamer children go off to toast their fairy ankles at the green-room fire—Colin (our readers know the man) re-enters, begins *areing* about, and hews and cuts to some tune (we do not exactly know what). In the course of cutting the tree to trumpets, he misses his *blow*,—so does the trumpeter,—and his axe goes into the water, leaving him to cast himself at full length upon the stage.

A Genius rises with a silver axe; which Colin honestly rejects. She dips again, and shows him a golden one: this he will not take! His own axe rises from the water, and he welcomes it very like an honest man, but very unlike a woodcutter. The father and brother of the lady he is in love with now appear; they learn the story, and conceiving that Colin is too much of a gentleman to throw the hatchet, they believe him, and pitch their own two axes into the lake, as a bait for the golden fish of a like kind; the precious tools again ascend, but the cupidity of the woodmen, who are detected in an endeavour to filch the axes, is punished by a transformation into Clown and Pantaloon. Colin and his spinning Jenny are turned to Harlequin and Columbine. A scaramouch (attendant on Harlequin) steps out of a chest, and by a little uncouth tumbling makes himself dirty for the evening. The bustle of the pantomime then quietly begins. The scene is changed to a “*distant view of London*,” by Nasmyth, painted at *Edinburgh* we should think—it is so very *distant*, and so very faint a resemblance. This scene is succeeded by a representation of the Channel of the Rother, in which Miss Tree dances a *pas seul*. She really ought to use *channelled pumps* at such a time. Miss Tree is, however, a sweet and elegant dancer, although

her face is profoundly melancholy, and unpromising for her profession. It seems offended at her feet. Her Quaker countenance appears to be disgusted at her dissenting feet, which are *jumpers*. She looks a minuet, while her steps are in a jig. Her feet, indeed, are not countenanced by herself, but appear to have stepped out of her good graces. Common-place scenes of bakers' shops, &c. follow (we cannot say *succeed*). But the grand effort is a panoramic representation of Vauxhall Gardens. If it be meant to give an idea of that summer retreat in the *winter season*, it is most effective! for the lamps are all out, the atmosphere nearly darkened, and the company assembled, two ladies and three gentlemen, endeavour to repeat themselves and make the most of their numbers.

The last scene, with its usual gilded columns (like the accounts in the newspapers), has the addition of a fountain of real water, which, at this time of the year, spreads a refreshing coolness throughout the house. This scene is described as *the Palace of Content*. We are glad that as she has on this occasion quitted the front of the house, she has taken up her abode behind the scenes.

The great fault of this pantomime appears to be a want of liberality,—a study of economy; to be sure, much is to be said for the proprietor, when it is remembered that he has had less than a week to prepare in. Spendthrifts should superintend the getting up of a pantomime—money should fly like gold-leaf!—Mr. Winston, with his careful hand, would strangle a second Mother Goose!

We should not forget the performers. Southby tumbled about well, and lavished much good distortion on a bad pantomime. The gentlemen who played Harlequin and Pantaloon deserved better materials to work upon.

Simpson and Co.

A Two Act piece under this *firm* has been acted with undoubted success. It is ingeniously constructed, and it is said, upon the French model; if so, the English author has given it a genuine English spirit and character. The plot is pleasant. Simpson is a steady *old school* merchant. His partner Bromley is a dashing lad of the present day. Both are married.

and dwell together. Mrs. Simpson is a little *green-eyed* in her matrimonial views. Mrs. Bromley is a dashing, handsome, unexceptionable creature. Madame La Trappe, a lace dealer (smuggled), catches the two wives at conversation, and unfortunately confesses that she is presenting a bill at Simpson and Co.'s, received from a lady in Harley-street. Mrs. Simpson's eyes immediately become the colour of peas. She pushes her interrogatories to ascertain that Madame La Trappe had often seen a gentleman (in truth Bromley)—a gentleman below—parading before the Harley-street house. Mrs. Simpson comes down like a forty-pounder on poor Mr. Simpson:—who is twitted by that rogue Bromley for his gallantries. Simpson has Bromley's pocket-book to take care of, and leaving it carelessly on the desk, Mrs. Simpson, supposing it to be her husband's, very prudently probes it, to the discovery of a miniature of the lady in Harley-street, of whom Bromley is in truth a follower, under the name of Captain Walsingham. Bromley had written innumerable letters to the lady, a Mrs. Fitzallan, all of which had been returned. At this time, Mrs. Fitzallan is announced, having been an old schoolfellow of Mrs. Bromley. Mrs. Simpson recognizes her likeness, to the vast life of a humorous scene. Bromley is discovered to be a married man, whom, however, Mrs. Fitzallan, in tenderness to his wife, does not expose. Mrs. Simpson learns her mistake, and the piece pleasantly ends, with casting the blame on Captain Walsingham.

The acting is worthy of the lively construction of the piece. Mr. Terry is mercantile, to the shake of his head, and the correct drag of his features. Mrs. Glover is portentous in her jealousy; and Mrs. Davison graceful still, in Mrs. Bromley. Mrs. Orger, as the Lace-smuggler, would make any wife jealous. We thought Mr. Cooper, perhaps, a little *harsh*, but he is getting more into our favour lately. If Mr. Elliston would give us many such pieces as this, it would, as Johnson says, be needless to praise and useless to blame. It is, without exception, the smartest production of the day. We do not know the author or *adapter*.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Pantomime.

The pantomime at this house is, in comparison with that at the other, what Mathews would call "quite the reverse." It is, perhaps, one of the most attractive pieces in point of scenery, rapidity, pantomimic-acting and trick, that ever made Christmas merry. *Harlequin and the Ogress, or the Sleeping Beauty of the Wood*, tells its own story. But even we cannot describe the magic of the scenery, the exquisite beauty of the combined genius-productions of the painter and the mechanist; we shall attempt, however, to describe the opening plot, which has, at least, the merit of being comprehensible.

The first scene is an interior of an Egyptian cavern, and the Fates are seen spinning the destiny of the Sleeping Beauty. They sing and spin pleasantly enough; and the Ogress, their mistress, comes in attended by four little winged goblins, and carries away the ball of the Beauty's life-thread, intending to have the end of it fastened to her finger, which will insure her nap for another hundred years.

The second scene is a wood, a cedar wood, full of ample foliage, and romantic to the very curl of the leaf. A hunting prince appears, attended by a whimsical follower, and expresses by the usual eloquent action that he has lost his way. Fairy voices strike up alternately on each side, much to the perplexity of poor Grimaldi, Jun. who scampers from voice to voice, till he fairly becomes confounded. Suddenly, when the prince is despairing of his way, the forest flirts into one of a tinsel-blue foliage, and the fairy Blue Bell comes forward, and offers the prince a flower, which will not only lead him out of the wood, but will awaken the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. At the motion of the fairy's wand, the back of the forest opens magically, and shows the castle in a beautiful sunlight, with a drawbridge leading to it. The prince enters it with his follower.

The third scene exhibits the portal of the Beauty's castle—and Old Grimaldi, in a kind of burlesque tiger-patterned dress, shows himself as keeper, to the vast delight of the audience. The Ogress enters, and

prevails on him to undertake the fixing of the thread on the finger. The apartment of the sleeping lady is beautiful. All are asleep—fast! The butler, cook, waiter, attendants, all! Grimaldi enters, gets amusingly fuddled over a bottle of wine, and drops down without accomplishing the task committed to his care. The prince enters,—awakens the princess—and at the very moment, the room turns from pink to blue, and the Ogress and Blue Bell confront each other. The usual changes take place, and the pantomime proceeds.

Several beautiful scenes follow, and much mirth is kept alive by the two Grimaldis. It is curious enough to see the son grinning at the grin of the father. The Harlequin is extremely good—and so is Pantaloon. Columbine is too much of a real woman; we wonder what her weight is.

There are but few tricks. The coach-building, by Grimaldi, at Brighton, is ingeniously contrived, and Joe puts together his odd materials with his old quiet humour and busy intensity. No one can *be at a loss* like Grimaldi. No one can suddenly hit upon a remedy like himself. He really seems never to have had a notion before how he was to make his carriage, but appears to build on the inspiration of the moment.

The scene of the Pyramids is fine—and it is whimsical enough to see the rapid scampering clown bolting about in the presence of those tremendous kingly monuments. Water-

loo Bridge, by lamplight, is capital; so is the scene of a village near London. But the grand display of scenery is the panoramic view of the King's progress to Edinburgh. The shores pass as they recede from you in a coach; and you really seem to *steam* away from Greenwich to the *braw* city. Night gradually comes on (as the music and the shadows plainly tell you), and morning breaks over the Calton Hill bravely. The pantomime concludes with a beautiful scene of the palace of the fairy Blue Bell.

The fault of this pantomime is a deficiency of broad humour; though, to be sure, Grimaldi's face will twist the hardest and sternest countenance, and is a whole pantomime in itself. We miss, however, the racy fun of the scenes in *Mother Goose*; the real bustle and opulent nonsense of the clown! But we must not be exorbitant.

Artaxerxes.—Miss Paton.

This lady, though evidently very unwell, has appeared in the laborious and difficult part of *Mandane*. She has execution sufficient for the skilful and exquisite songs of the opera, but her voice decidedly wants fullness and physical power. We were in pain for her during her singing of some of the most elaborate songs, and that is a pretty strong proof of her not being really competent to the task. She looked extremely interesting—but she gets thinner, we fear. The recitative of this opera, beautiful as it is, is *too much*.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SUPPLEMENTAL ILIAD OF QUINTUS CALABER.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

As QUINTUS CALABER is not in every body's hands, (for, if presented to the notice of school-masters or college tutors, he would occasion an inflation of the nostril, an elevation of the eye-brow, and a flickering curl of the upper lip, very unfavourable to the chance of his obtaining a hearing) the reader of the LONDON will, perhaps, bear with him a little longer. Be-

sides, he has not yet fully had an opportunity of vindicating his epic pretensions in the knowledge of front and back wounds, and those dexterities of martial dissection which are pointed out to the rising generation as among the most surprising merits of Homer, and are understood as conferring on the *Iliad* a distinction so vastly superior to the tame and unin-

teresting Odyssey. I use the language of orthodox critics, not my own; for I have the misfortune to be a heretic, and my perdition is classically sealed.

There might, moreover, be some slight curiosity to see how Quintus and Virgil have treated the same incidents.

VIDA.

THE STORMING OF TROY—DEATH OF PRIAM—CAPTIVITY OF ANDROMACHE
—AND ESCAPE OF ÆNEAS.

MEANTIME the Trojans feast in every street
With shrilling pipes and flutes; the dancers beat
The ground, and singers troll the song, and high
The goblet-din, and roar of revelry.
Each, grasping in his hand the brimming bowl,
Slakes in full ease the fever of his soul.
Then sinks o'erwhelm'd th' internal man: the sight
Is snatch'd away in whirls of dazzling light:
Maim'd from the tongue each word successive falls:
The hall spins circling with its garnish'd walls:
One motion seizes all: in wheeling flight
The city turns before the darkling sight:
For quench'd in floods of wine the vision reels,
And thought itself the dim confusion feels;
When through the gaping jaws the draughts o'ersway
Th' unbalanced mind, and steal the brain away:
Some youth with head o'er-heavy lipping frames
His witless speech, and valiant thus exclaims:
"Troth, but in vain the Greeks have spent their toil,
And drawn their marshall'd myriads to our soil;
Each with his work undone now flees from Troy,
Like a weak woman or a puling boy."

So spake some Trojan mazed with wine, nor knew
How near, ev'n to the doors, the slaughter drew.
For, soon as one by one had sunk to rest,
Sated with food and deep with wine opprest,
Sinon at length upheld the torch on high,
That flash'd its signal gleam against the sky:
Throbb'd every Grecian heart, lest Troy behold,
And the bright sign their hidden wile unfold.
But all now slept the sleep that was their last,
Drown'd in their cups and full with high repast.
The Greeks descried, and hasten'd to unmoor
From Tenedos, and dash'd the billows hoar.
Then Sinon with low voice approach'd the steed,
Low, that no Trojan might awaken'd heed;
But Grecian chiefs alone o'erhear; for they
Watch'd to be bold in deeds, and slumber fled away.
They caught the words within; and bent their ear
To wise Ulysses with a wholesome fear:
Silent and safe he warn'd them to descend;
They at his summons to th' encounter bend,
And from the horse are hasting to the ground,
Eager to deal the blows of battle round,
But he restrains the thronging rush: then wide,
Yet softly, opes the wooden courser's side,
His swift hands aided by Epéus' spear,
And slow emerges with a glance of fear,
And scans the city, lest some sentinel be near.

As roused by hunger from the mountain rocks
The wolf steals prowling towards the folded flocks;
He shuns the guardian dogs and watchful men,
And with hush'd step encroaches on the pen;

So slid Ulysses from the steed: the rest
 With their successive feet the ladder press'd,
 Framed by Epéus, that the chiefs might bend
 Their upward steps and easy re-descend.
 They, one by one, to bold adventure bound,
 With gradual step descended to the ground.
 As wasps, by woodman's foot disturb'd, arouse
 Their legions, clustering on the darkening boughs,
 So burst they on the town of fenced Troy,
 The heart within them panting fierce with joy;
 And ranged the streets, and slew on every side:
 The ships already breast the ocean tide:
 For Thetis sent a favouring gale, and bore
 The glad Greeks to the Hellespontine shore;
 And there they furl the sails, the galleys moor.
 Then, disembarking in their dense array,
 To Troy's doom'd walls they shape their dauntless way.
 As the throng'd sheep their forest pasture leave
 'Midst the flush'd lights of autumn's shadowy eve,
 Blithe crowding towards the fold, so march'd the train
 In trampling phalanx Troy-ward o'er the plain,
 Prepared to aid their chiefs and pile the streets with slain.
 As troops of wolves, sore-hunger'd, down the steeps
 Scour through the woods, while tired the shepherd sleeps,
 Now these, now those they rend within the fold,
 Cover'd by night, thus wide the carnage roll'd:
 Corse rose on corse, and slaughter crimson'd all,
 Though the great host was yet without the wall.

But when the mightier army enter'd Troy,
 Fierce was the rush, and keen the vengeful joy:
 Breathing the strength of Mars th' embattled throng
 Through streets with carnage glutted pour along:
 On every side the conflagration rolls,
 And dismal flames bring transport to their souls:
 Then from the crashing roofs that sink and burn,
 Grim on the men of Troy their arms they turn:
 Mars ranged among them and Enyo stood
 Dispersing groans and blackening earth with blood.
 Trojans, allies, in gore all prostrate lay,
 And others on them gasp'd their lives away.
 Some held their gushing entrails, taking flight
 From house to house in miserable plight;
 Others with amputated feet now trail'd
 Their bodies midst the dead, and piteous wail'd;
 Heads and lopp'd hands were scatter'd in the dust,
 And many a flying wretch with speary thrust
 Was through the back transfix'd unto the heart;
 Or through the loins in front emerged the dart
 Where keenest Mars's wound and bitterest is the smart.

The howl of dogs throughout the city rose,
 The groans of youths beneath the murderous blows;
 And from each house shriek'd women's shrill despair—
 As when an eagle, poised in buoyant air,
 O'erhangs the scattering cranes, they rend the sky
 With heartless screamings as he stoops from high;
 So here and there the Trojan women flew,
 So thick, so mingled, their lamentings grew.
 Some starting from their beds; some prostrate thrown
 On the bare floor, and some begirt alone
 With the slight sark, and careless of the zone,

Roved wildly forth, nor heeded, mazed with dread,
 The mantling robe or fillet for their head ;
 Bewilder'd with astounding fear they fly,
 Their bended hands supply the veil of modesty :
 While others wailing pluck their rooted hair,
 And smite their breasts, and thrill with shrieks the circling air :
 But some had dared to mingle in the fray,
 And aid the spouse or son, who bleeding lay,
 Their courage equal to the great essay.
 The general cry of consternation scared
 The children's sleep, whom sorrow yet had spared :
 Babes by each other's sides were stretch'd in death,
 And seem'd in dreams to yield their little breath.
 The Fates, in horrid rapture, held their breath,
 And gloated on the scene, and snuff'd the scent of death.
 The kill'd were laid in heaps, like swine that fall
 To feast a king's guests in the palace hall ;
 The wine that in the hollow goblets stood,
 Blush'd with new tinct and swam with mantling blood.
 No Greek, but some poor victim's breast explored,
 And e'en the stripling flesh'd his maiden sword.

As the gaunt wolves, or fleet hill-panthers, run
 Down to the vales beneath noon's parching sun,
 When home the shepherd has the milk convey'd,
 And left his cluster'd flock in woodland shade ;
 They fill their ravening maw ; the lingering hind
 Shall there a melancholy banquet find ;
 So did the Greeks range Priam's city through,
 So in that desperate strife they smote and slew.
 None of the Trojan people 'scaped a wound,
 Maim'd their lithe limbs, and black with gore around.

Nor bloodless to the Greeks the combat sped ;
 Some, tables, goblets, hurried to the dead :
 Some smit with smouldering firebrands sank to rest,
 And prongs hot hissing spear'd the quivering breast :
 Some cleft with axes gasp'd, in life-blood drown'd,
 And hilt-dissever'd fingers strew'd the ground,
 The hand yet writhing from the fateful wound :
 And oft from arm of happier vigour thrown,
 The brains came rushing to the shattering stone.
 They as wild beasts, surprized within the fold,
 Raged with their wounds, and on each other roll'd
 In darkness of that fated night ; the rest
 To Priam's palace cheer'd and cheering press'd.
 There many a Greek by spears of Trojans bled ;
 They, as they might, with spears and falchions sped,
 Caught up with hasty hand : their foes recline
 As though they stagger'd with the weight of wine.
 Meanwhile a light, by Grecian torches shed,
 Its quivering blaze o'er all the city spread,
 From many a lifted hand ; and thus they know
 Th' illumin'd face of either friend or foe.

Achilles' son, with battle-searching lance,
 Cut short Polites in his bold advance :
 From Pammon, 'Tisiphon, he reft the life,
 And smote Agenor in the closing strife :
 Round Priam's sons death's shadows hovering flew,
 He ranged the courts, and whom he cross'd he slew.
 His veins high-mounting with Achilles' blood,
 He sought the king, and found him where he stood,

Beside the altar of Thermæan Jove :
 He saw, he knew, nor deign'd his feet remove
 From that same spot ; for there he wish'd to fall,
 And join his son's untimely funeral.

Prepared to die, he cried—" Hail thou, the son
 Of stern Achilles ! be thy calling done :
 For I am weary of the garish sun.
 Slay ! nor compassionate a wretch like me,
 But lay me with my sons ; as they are, let me be.
 War's sharp disasters, agony, and woe,
 No more shall touch me, when thou lay'st me low.
 Ah ! had thy father slain me, ere the light
 Of Troy's consuming flames should blast my sight !
 Then, when I bare the ransom of the slain,
 Whose corse, my Hector's corse, he dragg'd upon the plain.
 But thus the destinies have spun my thread ;
 Then lay me, lay me, with the envied dead.
 Come—with my murder sate thy rage, and give
 Relief to one, whose torment is to live."
 " Old man !" th' impetuous chief replied, " the boon,
 Thou ask'st, assure thee, shall be granted soon.
 Amongst the living shall I leave my foe ?
 Not while life's blessing is the best below."

He spoke, and from the old man sever'd sheer
 The hoary head ; as falls a wheaten ear,
 In the wish'd summer by the sickle shorn,
 It fell, with mighty groan asunder torn,
 Far from the limbs by which the man is borne.
 Bare lay the trunk in gore, midst heaps of slain,
 Of him whose pomp, whose birth, whose sons were vain ;
 So brief the fleeting glory of mankind,
 Disgrace, a spectre, starting from behind ;
 So fate removed him from this world of woes,
 And hush'd his griefs in darkness and repose.

The warrior Greeks, in that tremendous hour,
 From the high summit of a toppling tower
 Hurl'd down the babe Astyanax, in death
 Quenching the vital warmth of infant breath.
 Yea, with hard grasp they tore him stern away,
 E'en from betwixt the breasts whereon he lay ;
 Incensed with Hector, who, when living, dealt
 Destruction round, against his child they felt
 A foster'd hate, and from the bulwark threw,
 Though innocent of war his guiltless breath he drew.

As wolves insidious, and with hunger stung,
 Rend from her swelling teat a heifer's young,
 And snatch along the howling rocks ; below
 The mother moans, sad-ranging to and fro ;
 When to herself more pressing perils rise,
 And troops of lions seize her as she flies :
 So, while she raving wept the boy she lost,
 The foes Ætion's beauteous daughter cross'd
 And forced her with the female captives on,
 Filling the air with shrieks for spouse, and sire, and son.
 Sprung as she was from kings, she wish'd to die,
 Rather than serve the base in forced captivity.
 Heart-broken thus exclaiming—sad she cried,
 " Come, cast me down where my own infant died ;
 That fatal tower—the rock—the burning flame—
 To me, weigh'd down with misery, are the same.

What though Achilles did my sire destroy?
 Nay, and my husband—him my glory and my joy—
 A little son was left me still, who play'd
 Within my house, on whom my hopes were stay'd;
 Proud was I of my son!—but how by Fate betray'd!
 Thus sinking under grief, in pity slay!—
 Dispatch, nor drag me to your homes away;
 Let me not stand beneath the spear, enroll'd
 With captive maidens, to the bidder sold:
 Since some ill genius has my guardians reft,
 I would not, midst the sons of men be left
 Bereaved of every tender earthly joy,
 And wretched in the wretchedness of Troy!"

She spoke, and long'd to hide beneath the ground;
 Abased, they loathe to live who lived renown'd;
 And shrink to bear the load of grinning scorn;
 Yet they their captive dragg'd, reluctant and forlorn.
 The men within the various mansions died,
 And piteous outcries rent the welkin wide.
 But from Antenor's house the Greeks refrain'd;
 Their minds his hospitality retain'd,
 When god-like Menelaus sought his board,
 And with Ulysses shared his friendly hoard;
 His life, his goods, the grateful Grecians gave,
 Thus honouring Themis, and the kind and brave.

And now Æneas, who for Troy had toil'd
 With heart and spear, and many a life despoil'd;
 When now he saw beneath the foeman's hand,
 Her structures smoking from the blazing brand;
 The people perish'd, all their wealth a prey,
 And matrons ravish'd with their babes away;
 The hope forsook him, that before his eyes
 His country's bulwarks should once more arise;
 And in his mind he cast to shun the weight,
 Hung o'er his head, of ruin and of fate.

As in deep ocean the skill'd helmsman guides
 The tossing ship, when 'gainst its reeling sides
 The waves rush on, and roars the driving gale,
 Till hand and heart, now tired with tempest, fail;
 He quits the helm, deserts the foaming deck,
 Trims his light skiff, nor heeds the sinking wreck:
 So did Æneas leave the town on fire,
 Bearing along his son and age-bow'd sire:
 One his strong grasp on his broad shoulders rear'd,
 One by the hand he led; who listening fear'd
 And look'd behind, as rose the clang of war,
 And sounds of dread came mingling from afar.
 The tender boy with tiptoe footsteps hung,
 That skimm'd the ground, and to his father clung;
 Tears on his delicate cheek involuntary sprung.
 Swift-footed sped Æneas, and perforce
 Trod darkling as he pass'd on many a corse:
 Venus before him marshall'd with her ray
 Son—grandson—consort—on their destined way,
 And snatch'd them from the perils of the fray.
 The fires receded where his footsteps came,
 And roll'd asunder the divided flame;
 And every tearful weapon, aim'd to wound,
 Falter'd in air, and clank'd unbloody on the ground.

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN, RELATED BY JEFFERSON, THE LATE
AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

A Call for a Division.

"Dr. Franklin and I (said Jefferson) were some time together in Paris, and we dined one day in a mixed company of distinguished French and American characters. The Abbé Raynal and Franklin had much conversation; amongst other things, the French philosopher observed, that in America all things degenerated, and he made many learned and profound observations to show this effect of the climate on the people, although so recently from an European stock. Franklin listened with his usual patience and attention, and, after the Abbé had finished, pleasantly remarked, that where a dif-

ference of opinion existed, it was the custom of deliberative assemblies to divide the house; he therefore proposed that the Europeans should go to one side of the room and the Americans to the other, that the question might be fairly taken. It was accordingly done. It so happened, that almost all the Americans present were stout men, full of life, health, and vigour, while the Europeans were small, meagre, and dwarfish. The Doctor with a smile, cast his eye along the lines, and Raynal candidly acknowledged the refutation of his theory.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, &c.

THE author of Waverley is here himself again; and it is on English ground that he has come upon his feet. Peveril of the Peak is all but equal to the best of the SCOTCH NOVELS. It is no weaving up of old odds and ends; no lazy repetition of himself at second-hand, and *the worse for the wear*. Peveril is all new, good, † full of life, spirit, character, bustle, incident, and expectation; nothing is wanting to make it quite equal to the very best of his former productions, but that it has not the same intense interest, nor the same preternatural and overpowering imagery. Fenella, a deaf and dumb dwarf, attached to the Countess of Derby, is, indeed, an exquisitely drawn character, and exerts a sort of quaint, apparently magic influence over the scene; but her connection with it is so capricious, so ambi-

guous, and at last so improbable, as to produce or to leave none of those thrilling and awe-struck impressions which were so irresistibly interwoven with some former delineations of the same kind. But as a sketch, as a picture, the little fairy attendant of the Queen of Man is one of the most beautiful and interesting the author ever struck out with his enchanting and enchanted pencil. The present Novel comes the nearest to OLD MORTALITY, both in the class of subjects of which it treats, and in the indefatigable spirit and hurried movement of the execution. It differs from that noble masterpiece in this, that Sir Walter (or whoever else, in the devil's name, it is) has not infused the same depth or loftiness of sentiment into his English Roundheads and Cavaliers, as into his Scotch Covenanters and Royalists; that the characters are left more in

* Peveril of the Peak, by the Author of Waverley, Kenilworth, &c. In Four Volumes. Edinburgh, Constable, 1822.

† This, we are sorry to say, relates only to the three first volumes. The fourth is in a very mixed style indeed. It looks as if the author was tired, and got somebody to help him.

the outlines and dead colouring; and though the incidents follow one another as rapidly, and have great variety and contrast, there is not the same accumulation of interest, the same thickening of the plot, nor the same thronging together of eager and complicated groups upon the canvas. His English imagination is not so fully peopled with character, manners, and sentiment, as his Scotch understanding is; but, by the mass, they are not "thinly scattered to make up a show." There is *cut and come again*. We say this the more willingly, because we were among those who conceived there was a falling off, a *running to seed*, in some of the later productions of the author. The *FORTUNES OF NIGEL* showed a resuscitation in his powers; that is, a disposition to take new ground, and proceed with real pains and unabated vigour; and in his *Peveril*, we think he has completed his victory over excusable idleness and an inexcusable disregard of reputation. He may now go on upon a fresh lease, and write ten more Novels, just as good or as bad as he pleases!

It has been suggested with great modesty, that the Author of *Waverley* was like Shakspeare. We beg leave with equal modesty to suggest another comparison, which we think much nearer the mark; and that is, to the writings of Mr. Cobbett. The peculiarity of Shakspeare's mind is (we humbly apprehend) that sort of power which completely levels the distinction between imagination and reality. His mind properly has wings, and it is indifferent to him whether he treads the air or walks the earth. He makes us acquainted with things we did not know before, as if we knew them familiarly. Now Sir Walter Scott only recalls to us what we already knew—he deals wholly in realities, or what are commonly received as such; and so does Mr. Cobbett. Both are down-right matter-of-fact minds, and have little, if any, of that power which throws into objects more than ordinary opinion or feeling connects with them. Naturalness is the *forte* of both these writers. They have a strong, vivid, bodily perception (so to speak), a *material intuition* of what they write about. All their ideas are concrete,

and not abstracted. Mention an old, dilapidated castle, and a thriving, substantial brick mansion to Sir Walter Scott, and he immediately has an actual image of some such objects conjured up in his mind, and describes them as he has seen them, with all their local circumstances, and so as to bring back some similar recollection to the reader's mind, as if there had been just two such buildings in the place where he was brought up. But this revived reality is all; there is no new light thrown upon the subject. It is a sort of poetic memory. Good. So set Mr. Cobbett to work upon the subject of our agricultural distress, and with quite as much poetry, as much of the picturesque, and in as good English as Sir Walter Scott writes Scotch, he will describe you to the life a turnip-field with the green sprouts glittering in the sun, the turnips frozen to a mere clod, the breath of the oxen steaming near that are biting it, and the dumb patience of the silly sheep. We should like to know whether he is not as great a hand at this sort of ocular demonstration as Sir Walter himself? He shall describe a Scotch heath, or an American wilderness against Sir Walter for a thousand pounds. Then for character; who does it with more master-strokes, with richer gusto, or a greater number of palpable hits than the Editor of the *Political Register*? Again, as to pathos, let Mr. Cobbett tell a story of a pretty servant girl or soldier's wife, left by her sweetheart, or shot dead in his arms, and see if he will not come near the *Heart of Mid Lothian*? You may say it is not this or that, it is coarse, low, the man has no feeling, but it is nature, and that's quite enough. The truth is, these two original geniuses have found out a secret; they write as they feel. It is just like school boys being able to read as they would talk. It is a very awkward difficulty to get over, but being once accomplished, the effect is prodigious. Then, there is the same strong sarcastic vein of *roystering* pot-house humour in the one as in the other; and as for giving both sides of a question, nobody has done that more effectually than Mr. Cobbett in the course of his different writings. His

style also is as good, nay, far better : and if it should be said that Mr. Cobbett sometimes turns blackguard, it cannot be affirmed that he is a cat's-paw—which is the *dernier resort* of humanity, into which Sir Walter has retreated, and shuts himself up in it impregnably as in a fortress. To conclude this parallel, we will be bold to say in illustration of our argument, that there is hardly a single page in the Scotch Novels which Mr. Cobbett could not write, if he set his mind to it ; and there is not a single page in Shakspeare, either the best or the worst, which he *could* write for his life, and let him try ever so. Such is the genius of the three men.

So much by way of preface to our account of the most magnanimous Peveril of the Peak, and now for extracts. We have not time or limits to give the story, which, however, relates to the Civil Wars of England ; but we shall furnish our readers with a specimen of the spirit with which it is written : it is the description of the meeting of Peveril with the dwarf Fenella, where she tries to prevent his going to meet Alice Bridgenorth at the Goddard Crovann-stone in the Isle of Man.

At the head of the first flight of steps which descended towards the difficult and well-defended entrance of the castle of Holm-Peel, Peveril was met and stopped by the Countess's train-bearer. This little creature, for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind, was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually wore (a green silk tunic, of a peculiar form), set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans ; and the profusion of long and silken hair, which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly wore it, fell down almost to her ankles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature ; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire, in Fenella's look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute, because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

The pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments which the Countess had caused to be taught to her in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and ingenious a draughts-woman,

that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical representation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still show the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honours of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of caligraphy.

The little maiden had, besides these accomplishments, much ready wit and acuteness of intellect. With Lady Derby, and with the two young gentlemen, she was a great favourite, and used much freedom in conversing with them, by means of a system of signs which had been gradually established amongst them, and which served all ordinary purposes of communication.

But, though happy in the indulgence and favour of her mistress, from whom indeed she was seldom separate, Fenella was by no means a favourite with the rest of the household. In fact, it seemed that her temper, exasperated, perhaps, by a sense of her misfortune, was by no means equal to her abilities. She was very haughty in her demeanour, even towards the upper domestics, who in that establishment were of a much higher rank and better birth than in the families of the nobility in general. These often complained, not only of her pride and reserve, but of her high and irascible temper and vindictive disposition. Her passionate propensity had been indeed idly encouraged by the young men, and particularly by the Earl, who sometimes amused himself with teasing her, that he might enjoy the various singular motions and murmurs by which she expressed her resentment. Towards him, these were of course only petulant and whimsical indications of pettish anger. But when she was angry with others of inferior degree—before whom she did not control herself—the expression of her passion, unable to display itself in language, had something even frightful, so singular were the tones, contortions, and gestures, to which she had recourse. The lower domestics, to whom she was liberal almost beyond her apparent means, observed her with much deference and respect, but much more from fear than from any real attachment ; for the caprices of her temper displayed themselves even in her gifts ; and those who most frequently shared her bounty, seemed by no means assured of the benevolence of the motives which dictated her liberality.

All these peculiarities led to a conclusion consonant with Manx superstition. Devout believers in all the legends of fairies

so dear to the Celtic tribes, the Manx people held it for certainty that the elves were in the habit of carrying off mortal children before baptism, and leaving in the cradle of the new-born babe one of their own brood, which was almost always imperfect in some one or other of the organs proper to humanity. Such a being they conceived Fenella to be; and the smallness of her size, her dark complexion, her long locks of silken hair, the singularity of her manners and tones, as well as the caprices of her temper, were to their thinking all attributes of the irritable, fickle, and dangerous race, from which they supposed her to be sprung. And it seemed, that although no jest appeared to offend her more than when Lord Derby called her in sport the Elfin Queen, or otherwise alluded to her supposed connexion with "the pigmy folk," yet still her perpetually affecting to wear the colour of green, proper to the fairies, as well as some other peculiarities, seemed voluntarily assumed by her, in order to countenance the superstition, perhaps because it gave her more authority among the lower orders.

Many were the tales circulated respecting the Countess's *Elf*, as Fenella was currently called in the island; and the malcontents of the stricter persuasion were convinced, that no one but a papist and a malignant would have kept near her person a creature of such doubtful origin. They conceived that Fenella's deafness and dumbness were only towards those of this world, and that she had been heard talking, and singing, and laughing, most elvishly, with the invisibles of her own race. They alledged, also, that, she had a *Double*, a sort of apparition resembling her, which slept in the Countess's anti-room, or bore her train, or wrought in her cabinet, while the real Fenella joined the song of the mermaids on the moonlight sands, or the dance of the fairies in the haunted valley of Glenmoy, or on the heights of Snawfell and Barool. The contempts, too, would have sworn they had seen the little maiden trip past them in their solitary night-walks, without their having it in their power to challenge her, any more than if they had been as mute as herself. To all this mass of absurdities the better informed paid no more attention than to the usual idle exaggerations of the vulgar, which so frequently connect that which is unusual with what is supernatural.

Such, in form and habits, was the little female, who, holding in her hand a small old-fashioned ebony rod, which might have passed for a divining wand, confronted Julian on the top of the flight of steps which led down the rock from the Castle-court. We ought to observe, that as Julian's manner to the unfortunate girl had

been always gentle, and free from those teasing jests in which his gay friend indulged, with less regard to the peculiarity of her situation and feelings; so Fenella, on her part, had usually shown much greater deference to him than to any of the household, her mistress, the Countess, always excepted.

On the present occasion, planting herself in the very midst of the narrow descent, so as to make it impossible for Peveril to pass by her, she proceeded to put him to the question by a series of gestures, which we will endeavour to describe. She commenced by extending her hand slightly, accompanied with the sharp inquisitive look which served her as a note of interrogation. This was meant as an inquiry if he was going to a distance. Julian, in reply, extended his arm more than half, to intimate that the distance was considerable. Fenella looked grave, shook her head, and pointed to the Countess's window, which was visible from the spot where they stood. Peveril smiled, and nodded, to intimate there was no danger in quitting her mistress for a short space. The little maiden next touched an eagle's feather which she wore in her hair, a sign which she usually employed to designate the Earl, and then looked inquisitively at Julian once more, as if to say, "Goes he with you?" Peveril shook his head, and, somewhat wearied by these interrogatories, smiled, and made an effort to pass. Fenella frowned, struck the end of her ebony rod perpendicularly on the ground, and again shook her head, as if opposing his departure. But finding that Julian persevered in his purpose, she suddenly assumed another and a milder mood, held him by the skirt of his cloak with one hand, and raised the other in an imploring attitude, whilst every feature of her lively countenance was composed into the like expression of supplication; and the fire of the large dark eyes, which seemed in general so keen and piercing as almost to over-animate the little sphere to which they belonged, seemed quenched, for the moment, in the large drops which hung on her long eye-lashes, but without falling.

Julian Peveril was far from being void of sympathy towards the poor girl, whose motives in opposing his departure seemed to be her affectionate apprehension for her mistress's safety. He endeavoured to reassure her by smiles, and at the same time, by such signs as he could devise, to intimate that there was no danger, and that he would return presently; and having succeeded in extricating his cloak from her grasp, and in passing her on the stair, he began to descend the steps as speedily as he could, in order to avoid further importunity.

But with activity much greater than his,

the dumb maiden hastened to intercept him, and succeeded by throwing herself, at the imminent risk of life and limb, a second time into the pass which he was descending, so as to interrupt his purpose. In order to achieve this, she was obliged to let herself drop a considerable height from the wall of a small flanking battery, where two small patereroes were placed to scour the pass, in case any enemy could have mounted so high. Julian had scarce time to shudder at her purpose, as he beheld her about to spring from the parapet, ere, like a thing of gossamer, she stood light and uninjured on the rocky platform below. He endeavoured, by the gravity of his look and gesture, to make her understand how much he blamed her rashness; but the reproof, though obviously quite intelligible, was entirely thrown away. A hasty wave of her hand intimated how she contemned the danger and the remonstrance; while, at the same time, she instantly resumed, with more eagerness than before, the earnest and impressive gestures by which she endeavoured to detain him in the fortress.

Julian was somewhat staggered by her pertinacity. "Is it possible," he thought, "that any danger can approach the Countess, of which this poor maiden has, by the extreme acuteness of her observation, obtained knowledge which has escaped others?"

He signed to Fenella hastily to give him the tablets and the pencil which she usually carried with her, and wrote on them the question, "Is there danger near to your mistress, that you thus stop me?"

"There is danger around the Countess," was the answer instantly written down; "but there is much more in your own purpose."

"How?—what?—what know you of my purpose?" said Julian, forgetting, in his surprise, that the party he addressed had neither ear to comprehend, nor voice to reply to uttered language. She had regained her book in the meantime, and sketched with a rapid pencil, on one of the leaves, a scene which she showed to Julian. To his infinite surprise he recognized Goddard Cronnan's stone, a remarkable monument, of which she had given the outline with sufficient accuracy; together with a male and female figure, which, though only indicated by a few slight touches of the pencil, bore yet, he thought, some resemblance to himself and Alice Bridgenorth.

When he had gazed on the sketch for an instant with surprise, Fenella took the book from his hand, laid her finger upon the drawing, and slowly and sternly shook her head, with a frown which seemed to prohibit the meeting which was there represented. Julian, however, though dis-

concerted, was in no shape disposed to submit to the authority of his mistress. By whatever means she, who so seldom stirred from the Countess's apartment, had become acquainted with a secret which he thought entirely his own, he esteemed it the more necessary to keep the appointed rendezvous, that he might learn from Alice, if possible, how the secret had transpired. He had also formed the intention of seeking out Bridgenorth; entertaining an idea that a person so reasonable and calm as he had shown himself in their late conference, might be persuaded, when he understood that the Countess was aware of his intrigues, to put an end to her danger and his own, by withdrawing from the island. And could he succeed in this point, he should at once, he thought, render a material benefit to the father of his beloved Alice—remove the Earl from his state of anxiety—save the Countess from a second time putting her feudal jurisdiction in opposition to that of the Crown of England—and secure quiet possession of the island to her and her family.

With this scheme of meditation in his mind, Peveril determined to rid himself of the opposition of Fenella to his departure, with less ceremony than he had hitherto observed towards her; and suddenly lifting up the damsel in his arms before she was aware of his purpose, he turned about, set her down on the steps above him, and began to descend the pass himself as speedily as possible. It was then that the dumb maiden gave full course to the vehemence of her disposition; and clapping her hands repeatedly, expressed her displeasure in a sound, or rather a shriek, so extremely dissonant, that it resembled more the cry of a wild creature, than any thing which could have been uttered by female organs. Peveril was so astounded at the scream as it rung through the living rocks, that he could not help stopping and looking back in alarm, to satisfy himself that she had not sustained some injury. He saw her, however, perfectly safe, though her face seemed inflamed and distorted with passion. She stamped at him with her foot, shook her clenched hand, and turning her back upon him, without further adieu, ran up the rude steps as lightly as a kid could have tripped up that rugged ascent, and paused for a moment at the summit of the first flight.

Julian could feel nothing but wonder and compassion for the impotent passion of a being so unfortunately circumstanced, cut off, as it were, from the rest of mankind, and incapable of receiving in childhood that moral discipline which teaches us mastery of our wayward passions, ere yet they have attained their meridian strength and violence. He waved his hand

to her in token of amicable farewell ; but she only replied by once more menacing him with her little hand clenched ; and then ascending the rocky staircase with almost preternatural speed, was soon out of sight.

Julian, on his part, gave no further consideration to her conduct or its motives, but hastening to the village on the mainland, where the stables of the Castle were situated, he again took his palfrey from the stall, and was soon mounted and on his way to the appointed place of rendezvous, much marvelling, as he ambled forwards with speed far greater than was promised by the diminutive size of animal he was mounted on, what could have happened to produce so great a change in Alice's conduct towards him, that in place of enjoining his absence as usual, or recommending his departure from the island, she should not voluntarily invite him to a meeting. Under impression of the various doubts which succeeded each other in his imagination, he sometimes pressed Fairy's sides with his legs ; sometimes laid his holly rod lightly on his neck ;

sometimes incited him by his voice, for the mettled animal needed neither whip nor spur, and achieved the distance betwixt the Castle of Holm-peel and the stone at Goddard Crovan, at the rate of twelve miles within the hour.

The monumental stone, designed to commemorate some fete of an ancient King of Man, which had been long forgotten, was erected on the side of a narrow and lonely valley, or rather glen, secluded from observation by the steepness of its banks, upon a projection of which stood the tall, shapeless, solitary rock, frowning, like a shrouded giant, over the brawling of the small rivulet which watered the ravine.

We have been led to such length by the beauty of this description that we have not room for another extract, or we would give that master-piece of wit and irony, the scene where Peveril meets with Ganlesse and Smith at a low alehouse, on his route through Derbyshire.

POESY.

1.

O ! I have been thy lover long,
Soul-soothing Poesy ;
If 'twas not thou inspired the song,
I still owe much to thee :
And still I feel the cheering balm
Thy heavenly smiles supply,
That keeps my struggling bosom calm
When life's rude storms are high.

2.

O ! in that sweet romance of life
I loved thee, when a boy,
And ever felt thy gentle strife
Awake each little joy :
To thee was urged each nameless song,
Soul-soothing Poesy ;
And as my hopes wax'd warm and strong,
My love was more for thee.

3.

'Twas thou and Nature bound, and smiled,
Rude garlands round my brow,—
Those dreams that pleased me when a child,
Those hopes that warm me now.
Each year with brighter blooms return'd,
Gay visions danced along,
And, at the sight, my bosom burn'd,
And kindled into song.

4.

Springs came not, as they yearly come
To low and vulgar eyes,
With here and there a flower in bloom,
Green trees, and brighter skies :

Thy Fancies flush'd my boyish sight,
 And gilt its earliest hours ;
 And Spring came wrapt in beauty's light,
 An angel dropping flowers.

5.

O, I have been thy lover long,
 Soul-soothing Poesy ;
 And sung to thee each simple song,
 With witching ecstasy,
 Of flowers, and things that claim'd from thee
 Of life an equal share,
 And whisper'd soft their tales to me
 Of pleasure or of care.

6.

With thee, life's errand all perform,
 And feel its joy and pain ;
 Flowers shrink, like me, from blighting storm,
 And hope for suns again :
 The bladed grass, the flower, the leaf,
 Companions seem to be,
 That tell their tales of joy and grief,
 And think and feel with me.

7.

A spirit speaks in every wind,
 And gives the storm its wings ;
 With thee all nature owns a mind,
 And stones are living things ;
 The simplest weed the Summer gives
 Smiles on her as a mother,
 And, through the little day it lives,
 Owns sister, friend, and brother.

8.

O Poesy, thou heavenly flower,
 Though mine a weed may be,
 Life feels a sympathising power,
 And wakes inspired with thee ;
 Thy glowing soul's enraptured dreams
 To all a beauty give,
 While thy impassion'd warmth esteems
 The meanest things that live.

9.

Objects of water, earth, or air,
 Are pleasing to thy sight ;
 All live thy sunny smiles to share,
 Increasing thy delight ;
 All Nature in thy presence lives
 With new creative claims,
 And life to all thy Fancy gives
 That were but shades and names.

10.

Though cheering praise and cold disdain
 My humble songs have met,
 To visit thee I can't refrain,
 Or cease to know thee yet ;
 Though simple weeds are all I bring,
 Soul-soothing Poesy,
 They share the sunny smiles of Spring
 Nor are they scorn'd by thee.

JOHN CLARE.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.*

THERE are two lines in this poem which aptly enough express the reader's thought when he closes the book :

How Love, though unto Earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing !

Whatever offences Mr. Moore's Muse may have been guilty of, against morality, in her early and acknowledged days of depravity, we are quite sure that she is but deepening her sins by her present dangerous and questionable tone of repentance. In the sly songs, *irregular* odes, and naughty epistles of her youth, love, though it was masked and degraded, still assumed no holy or virtuous character, but spoke the pure, *adulterated* language of passion. Since, however, this loose Muse has taken the veil, she is become doubly dangerous—and under the demure look, worshipful tone, and religious language, which she now affects, contrives to insinuate all her old vices into young hearts, and to make her old confusion worse confounded. Mr. Moore's Muse is now a Magdalen, or such he would have us think her. But, like many of our modern Magdalens, the dress is but changed, the expression of the face is but tamed and saddened. The heart is as lost as ever.

The *Loves of the Angels* (a title, by the way, of that mixed nature which Mr. Moore so deeply prizes) are told in about 120 expensive narrow pages of glittering poetry—which in every line will substantiate the few previous observations we have made. We do not intend to waste much room upon a work which, we will not say in its aim,—but certainly in its tendencies, is worse than worthless. But, as we should be thought by several readers to be wanting in our duty, if we silently passed over a work “from the pen of the first lyrist of the day,” we must give our opinion on the subject ; and, as it is so unfavourable, we will take care to express it as briefly as possible.

The book opens with a short preface, in which Mr. Moore takes the opportunity of realizing the old pro-

verb of “claw me, claw you :” for he writes thus of Lord Byron, who, like Puff, in the Critic, “had hit on the same thought” with the first lyrist of the day.

This poem, somewhat different in form, and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work, about which I have been, at intervals, employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend Lord Byron had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a Drama ; and, as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself the chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear.

Certainly Mr. Moore did well to arrange this *Heliacal rising* in Pater-noster Row, before the luminary rose in Old Bond Street. “Two at a time,” as Macheath well observes, “there's no mortal can bear.” Kean, it will be recollected, quenched Mr. Booth, who tried *his* hand at an *Heliacal rising*. “If two men ride upon one horse, one man must ride behind.” Two morning guns are quite out of the question.

The poem commences with a profusion of *stars*, as Mr. Moore's poetry invariably does—and in the course of about forty lines,—all hobbling on very lame, but very pious feet, we are introduced to the angel-story-tellers, setting on the side of a hill, gossiping at sunset.

One evening, in that time of bloom,

On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,

Three noble youths conversing lay ;

And, as they look'd, from time to time,

To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime

Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as still play,

Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array

Transmit each moment, night and day,

The echo of His luminous word !

The three angels agree to relate their private histories ; the first and

* *The Loves of the Angels*, a Poem. By Thomas Moore. London, Longman, 1823.

least celestial of the company begins his tale; or rather to use the poet's own words:

Sighing, as through the shadowy Past
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
O'er buried hopes, he thus began:—

The angel relates that, " 'Twas in a land, that far away into the golden orient lies"—he saw one of earth's fairest womankind, "*shrined in a brook.*" It awed him to see her, moving "in light of her own making,"—as well it should:—But she was equally astonished at seeing him.

The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore

Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.

It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

The angel states that he put his head under his wing, to hide his burning glances;—and that when he would peep again, the maid was gone! He soon found he could not live without her—and, therefore, he was ever at her side. At length he opened to her his love:—She was struck down with sorrow, that her unearthly companion should be so earthly in his desires—and this leads to a very laboured comparison:

That though but frail and human, she
Should, like the half-bird of the sea,
Try with her wing sublimer air,
While I, a creature born up there,
Should meet her, in my fall from light,
From heaven and peace, and turn her flight
Downward again, with me to drink
Of the salt tide of sin, and sink!

After this unfortunate discovery, the angel was on the point of flying, as his time was out; but he could not leave her. A feast "was on that day;" and the angel takes too much wine. This is the unvarnished truth of the passage; but the reader shall see the varnished passage itself.

Then, too, that juice of earth the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—

Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only earth, the while,
But grasping heaven, too, in their span!—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse,
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heaven's beams,
Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

In this state he seeks his lady in the accustomed bower, and finds her star-gazing. The beauty of the scene awes him for a while—but his passion and the wine predominate, and he exclaims,—the *angel* exclaims—

Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine
Without a dread, a thought of harm!
To meet but once the thrilling touch
Of lips that are too fond to fear me:—

He protests that, on a refusal, he will utter the spell that will plume the wing for heaven. The maid is frightened—but she begs eagerly to hear the spell. And upon the angel uttering it, she echoes herself out of his arms to heaven. The angel watches her ascent, and endeavours to follow—but he has lost the power of flying, and has become no better than one of the fallen. And, as he assures his companions, from that time (to copy his own words)—

I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth
Till I became—what I am now!

The story of the second spirit is longer, but no better. It opens with an account of the formation of woman in Paradise, and the call of the angels to behold her. The spirit immediately experiences the endless thirst of knowledge, and gives a very rhodomontade description of his endeavours to allay it.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by!
They were my heart's first passion—days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still liv'd blest with such,

Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe!
Often—so much I lov'd to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun,
Like webs, between them and the sun.
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly wing'd I off in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each.

*What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.*

He obtains little information from these "heirs of space," as he eloquently calls the stars. He searches Earth, and wanders amongst women; of course, he falls in love; for he would not be one of Mr. Moore's Angels, if he escaped. The description of the *she*, takes up three full pages; and if woman's beauty ever was adorned till it became ridiculous, the poet's picture exhibits it with such adornment. No wonder that the angel became confused. He recounts his love in the true figured flounces of poesy.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul,
*When Reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds—*

The following is love of the right Moorish manufacture.

One night—'twas in a holy spot,
Which she for pray'r had chos'n—a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,

Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face—
There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,

When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,

Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones and eyes,—
Thus, by the tender light, which lay
Dissolving round, as if its ray
Was breath'd from her, I heard her say:—

The angel gives us reason to believe that the woman is a fallen angel

also. At her intreaty, he opens to her all that is strange in Earth or Heaven. She grows rich in mysterious knowledge. At length, on one evening,—a fine evening, with about six and twenty lines of sunset, the spirit says, that the woman playfully laid her hand upon his head, related a dream, and begged to see him in all his glory. The angel, conceiving no danger, expands his wings, folds her to his breast, and literally burns her down! The following is the *sacred* poetry of the angel's description.

Great God! how could thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?

How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,

When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—

Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes,
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie

Black'ning within my arms to ashes!

The woman, however, before she dies of this rapid consumption, kisses him, and leaves a mark on the spirit's forehead, like that said to have burned on the brow of the wandering Jew. He and the two other angels kneel down and breathe—

— Inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear,
And which if Mercy did not hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright
And glorious universe of his,
This world of beauty, goodness, light,
And endless love proclaims He is!

The third story is a happy one,—at least happy in its incidents. It is, however, miserably feeble and confused in its execution. We have neither room nor inclination to go through it:—we just learn that an angel is married, and "lives very happy ever after."

Our readers, we should suppose, have by this time had quite enough of the Loves of the Angels. The chief materials, out of which the descriptions and the sublimities are wrought,—are, stars and wings! Stars twinkle in every page nearly;—and for the perfumery, trembling, flapping and folding of wings, let the reader turn to page 7, or 11, or 15, or 22, or 31, or 77, or almost any inter-

mediate page. At page 31, there is an odd simile :

And when he smiled,—if o'er his face
Smile ever shone,—'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows.

This likening of a thing, that most likely never existed, to something that no one can comprehend,—is whimsical enough. We met with a simile lately of the same kind in Mr. Beddoes's *Brides' Tragedy* :

Like flowers' voices,—if they could but speak.
These similes are two for a pair.

We had set down several passages for selection, as specimens of Mr. Moore's peculiar style of expression, when he wishes to be thought most earnest and intense. But three will serve as well as a hundred for our readers. The first angel in a rhapsody of passion exclaims, as a *wind-up of feeling*,—

Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the one, that small
Belov'd and consecrated spot,
Where *Lea* was—the other, all
The dull wide waste, where she was *not*.

Again the same passionate grammatical angel says,—

No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she look'd, mov'd, breath'd, about,
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than all heaven's proudest joys *without*.

This is Shenstone's "*Heu quanto minus, &c.*" done into English with a vengeance!

Angel the second says—

Nay, even with *Lilis*—had I not
Around her sleep in splendour come,—
Hung o'er each beauty, nor forgot
To print my radiant lips on *some*!

Some?—Some what?

These are not passages laboriously culled; we could, if we had room, fill several columns with such stuff,—but really, we must take to other subjects. The poem is, in truth, not only badly conceived, but wretchedly written. And we are quite sure that if poor Lord Thurlow's muse had penned anything half so gross and dull, Mr. Moore would have hung her up in the *Edinburgh Review*, as a warning to all poetical murderers.

THE MISCELLANY.

We shall not trouble our readers with a regular introduction to our third number of the Miscellany. We have brought it into life, nursed it for a couple of months, and henceforward it must shift for itself, without any paternal preface. We are not unfeeling—we are not monsters—but we know when to wean our children, as well as when to humour them.

Our Miscellany opens this month with a sonnet from a correspondent, (we thank him for it,) which is fit to shine through any Miscellany in the world. How gentle and soothing it is! How did the writer arrive at it?—We suppose that "*Silence* was took ere she was ware."

SONNET.—SILENCE.

'There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in wide desart where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hush'd,—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke—over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

Tom Hood

T.

MRS. SIDDONS'S ABRIDGEMENT OF PARADISE LOST.*

It much repenteth us that we ever opened this book, for it painfully proves that Mrs. Siddons can do little things. As an actress she towered in our recollections far above her sex, and seemed to be rather some inspired Goddess of Tragedy, than a mere woman subject to the failings of her kind. Her name ever recalled to mind her magic powers, and you thought rather of Lady Macbeth, than of any one breathing the same air with you. This precious book once opened,—down goes her grandeur,—her awful image—like a broken statue! The title page has, indeed, the wondrous name, “Mrs. Siddons,”—but that name is preceded by the title of the book, and what a title!—“The Story of our First Parents selected from Milton’s *Paradise Lost*; for the Use of Young Persons!” “Is it come to this?” Has Mrs. Siddons come to this? Could Mrs. Siddons take poor Milton, and thus “first cut the head off, and then hack the limbs?” Could she thus snip up the sublime and beautiful into what Dr. Kitchener would call “thin slices?” Could she really condescend to become an authoress on the strength of an eighteen-penny copy of *Paradise Lost*, and a pair of scissors? Is Lady Macbeth sunk into the telling of stories about our first parents? Alas! Is Mrs. Siddons, in short, destined to be only “for the use of Young Persons?”

It is clear that there is something great in the name of Siddons, or Mr. Murray would not suffer his own to follow it on the title page, or to be connected with so miserable a selection as the present. But if anything were wanting, besides “the abstract,” to tarnish the brightness of such a name, the Preface would amply complete the ruin. The Preface is truly written in a very feeble and maudlin style, and in the course of about a dozen sentences, it contrives to utter two or three foolish opinions, and two or three erring ones. It is, however, extremely short, and as it is perhaps the only production this lady’s pen will ever commit to the press, we shall insert

it entire. The reader will make what he can of it.

The following Abridgement of the *Paradise Lost* was made several years ago for the purpose of being read to my children. A taste for the sublime and beautiful is an approach to virtue; and I was naturally desirous that their minds should be inspired with an early admiration of Milton. The perfection of his immortal Poem is seldom appreciated by the young; and its perusal is, perhaps, very generally regarded rather as a duty than a pleasure. This has been attributed by Dr. Johnson to the want of human interest. In those passages, therefore, which I selected for our evening readings, my purpose was to obviate this objection, by bringing before my family, in uninterrupted connection, those parts which relate to the fate of our first parents; and by omitting every thing, however exquisite in its kind, which did not immediately bear upon their affecting and important story. Such was the origin of the present volume. Without wearying the young attention of my auditors, it was calculated to afford occupation and amusement for four evenings. Some friends lately suggested to me, that the Abstract, which had been found interesting and instructive to my own children, might not be wholly unprofitable to those of others; and, in that hope, I have been persuaded to the present publication.

SARAH SIDDONS.

Sarah Siddons! Who is Sarah Siddons? Mercy on us, is this the Christian addition to the grand name of Siddons! With such a plain everyday name, we only wonder how she ever awed the town to weep at her. Isabella we could have borne. Constance, Katharine, Volumnia, would have been endurable. Belvidera we could have worshipped. Indeed we should have guessed her to be one of these:—but hard Sarah breaks our very hearts,—and, do what we will, we cannot get rid of the unchristian Christian cognomen; which, indeed, defaces the statue of Tragedy, so long raised in our minds. We grieve at it, as we should at reading, “Buy Warren’s Blacking” on the walls of the Parthenon. The friends who caused this book to be printed have much to answer for. “Oh for a good sound sleep, and so forget it!”

* The Story of our First Parents, selected from Milton’s *Paradise Lost*: for the Use of Young Persons. By Mrs. Siddons. London, Murray, 1822.

THOUGHTS ON SCULPTURE.

There is something sublime in the pale repose of fine sculpture: colour is as noise and motion.—Harlequin is motley and active—but a statue is a thing only of light and shade; and stillness and silence are its proper attributes, and the first inspiration of its presence. On entering the repository of the Elgin Marbles, the voice is instantly subdued to a whisper, and the foot is restrained in its tread; there is no occasion for the written request of the students to preserve silence—it will keep itself, the best peace-officer of the place. We seem to be, not among imitations, but petrifications of life, and feel as if noise, or mirth, or ungentle motion, were an insult to their constrained quietness. The most impassioned, the most ruffled, are as mute as Niobe when she turned to stone: even that snorting horse, wild and fiery as he may once have been, distends only a breathless nostril to the air, and is fixed for ever. If he move not now, he will never move more, so much he has the look of fierce intent. Theseus sits too, as if he would never rise again; but in him you might fancy it merely the fault of his wills. This

repose seems the proper mood of a statue. It should be pale in act, as pale in substance—either above or beneath all violence—too rock-like to be rudely acted on, or too delicate and aerial, too sylph-like for touch—too pure even (as it seems) to be stained by the light. I remember a female figure of this nature, which might have been a personification of Silence,—a marble metaphor of Peace. Alone, and still, and hushed, it stood in the dark of a long passage, like an embodied twilight,—not dead, but with such a breathless life as we conceive in a solemn midnight apparition;—passionless, yet not incapable of passion, as if only there was no cause mighty enough in this world to disturb her divine rest. There she stood, with her blank eyes,* gazing no one knew whither—not asleep,—but as in one of those dreams which make up the life of gods, blissful, serene, and eternal—herself almost a dream, she seemed so pale, and shadowy, and unreal—as unreal as if only framed out of moonlight, or (what is quite possible) only the fanciful creation of my own theory. T.

* These blank eyes (wherein there is no indication of the pupil) are the true eyes in sculpture. They seem to hold no communion with your own, but to gaze, not on points, but on all space, like the eyes of gods, or of prophets looking into the future.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The following is an authentic letter from Gen. Washington, to Doctor Cochran, Director-General of the American military hospitals during the revolutionary war. It is a playful and humorous invitation to dinner, and is curious enough, when we

consider it as coming from the emancipator of a hemisphere. It certainly shows that the writer did not justly merit the reproach which has been sometimes cast on him of his possessing a cold and unsocial temper.

West Point, August 16, 1779.

Dear Doctor,—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? *As I hate deception even where imagination is concerned*, I will.

It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since my arrival at this happy spot, we have had an ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon to grace the head of the table—a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure (and this, I presume, he will attempt to do to-morrow), we have two beef steak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve apart. Of late, he has

had the surprising luck to discover that apples will make pies; and it's a question, if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (*not become so by the labour of scouring*), I shall be happy to see them.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient Servant,
 To Dr. John Cochran. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MILTON.

MILTON takes his rank in English literature, according to the station which has been determined on by the critics. But he is not read like Lord Byron, or Mr. Thomas Moore. He is not popular; nor perhaps will he ever be. He is known as the Author of "Paradise Lost;" but his "Paradise Regained," "severe and beautiful," is little known. Who knows his Arcades? or Samson Agonistes? or half his minor poems? We are persuaded that, however they may be spoken of with respect, few persons take the trouble to read them. Even

Comus, the child of his youth, his "florid son, young" Comus—is not well known; and for the little renown he may possess, he is indebted to the stage. The following lines (*excepting only the first four*) are not printed in the common editions of Milton; nor are they generally known to belong to that divine "Masque;" yet they are in the poet's highest style. We are happy to bring them before such of our readers as are not possessed of Mr. Todd's expensive edition of Milton.

The Spirit enters.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright ærial spirits live insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
*Amidst th' Hesperian gardens, on whose banks
 Bedew'd with nectar and celestial songs,
 Eternal roses grow, and hyacinth,
 And fruits of golden rind, on whose fair tree
 The scaly harness'd dragon ever keeps
 His unenchanted eye: around the verge
 And sacred limits of this blissful isle,
 The jealous ocean, that old river, winds
 His far-extended arms, till with steep fall
 Half his waste flood the wild Atlantic fills,
 And half the slow unfathom'd Stygian pool.
 But soft, I was not sent to court your wonder
 With distant worlds, and strange removed climes.
 Yet thence I come, and oft from thence behold, &c.*

Our readers will forgive us for having modernized the spelling. It is the only liberty that we have taken with our great author's magnificent passage.

COOKE'S EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS.

THERE are many ways, all agreeable, of spending one's money in holiday-time, as our younger readers know. There is, first,—Covent Garden, with its peerless pantomime; and Drury Lane, when Mr. Kean acts; and M. David's picture, which shows us, at once, the Emperor Napoleon, and what the French artists can (*and cannot*) do; and the Pano-

rama, where the Coronation is as good, we are told, as at Westminster, where it originally glittered. There is the Adelphi, the Olympic, Astley's, the Circus, the West London Theatre (with Miss Brunton there), &c. &c. all hanging out their persuasive labels, eliciting sixpences out of 'prentices' pockets, and beguiling the mantua-maker of her

hard-earn'd shilling; but giving in the place of a little jingling coin a whole night's innocent pleasure.

But the reader who wishes to spend his shilling profitably, as well as pleasantly, should betake himself to No. 9, Soho Square, where Mr. Cooke has a gay exhibition of drawings and engravings, by English artists. He who admires Sir Thomas Lawrence and Stothard, Turner and Wilson, and Wilkie, in their finished state at Somerset-house, may here see them in their undress,—their “studies:” And to our mind he will know more of them from these slight and sometimes careless indications, than from their more elaborate pictures. The amateur knows this; and the reader who is not an amateur may be told so, without offence.

We have not room for much detail: but we will glance at those drawings which particularly struck our fancy.

No. 10, is a *Female Head*, a study, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The delicate way in which the President handles a “fair subject,” may be seen here, in the rounding of the limbs, &c.; though we do not, for our own parts, much admire the mixture of red and black chalks, which Sir Thomas generally uses in his drawings.—No. 14, *A View in Italy*, by Cozens, is (as it purports to be) a “fine specimen of the artist;”—and No. 21, *A Rainbow*, by Turner, is a gay, rich, and alluring thing; like “a fairy vision.” He is the artist, beyond all others, who throws over the atmosphere finely imagined and poetic colours. He is not real, perhaps, always; but he is a fine idealist, like Milton. We see his landscapes through a golden haze, as the traveller looks on the Pontine marshes at sunset.—No. 26, *Dover Castle*, is also by him, and worthy of him.—No. 29, a Scene from the famous *Cloth of Gold*, by Stephanoff, is a graceful miniature, reduced from a large picture, by the artist himself.—No. 28 and 30, are *Scenes from the Decameron*, by our old favorite Stothard. When we look at his pictures, we fancy that he is one of those who flourish in “immortal youth.” It seems scarcely credible that any thing but youthful blood should prompt many of the pictures of Stothard. And yet, gen-

tle reader, he is an old man, grey and time-worn, with a mild (and not very intellectual) look, if we may believe his portrait (No. 172) in this exhibition. His No. 28, which represents *Nymphs Bathing*, reminds us of something that we have seen by Titian. When Stothard borrows (which he does, like all people of the “great race,”) he usually borrows from Raffaele, we think; but here he does not disdain the Venetian; nor is there any reason why he should. In No. 30, we see a group of gentles, (ladies and men,) who are making rich the evening hours, with music and song, and delightful stories. There they are,—Pampinea, Philomena, Emilia, Neiphile, and the rest,—and also Pamphilus, and Philostratus, and Dioneus, “the pleasantest of them all.” The admirer of Boccaccio will recognise the party who fled from the plague, to a country seat not far from Florence; and there “in a meadow of deep grass, where the sun had little power, and having the benefit of a pleasant breeze, they sate down in a circle,” and told those stories which have made them all immortal.—No. 34 is from the pencil of Turner, *A Scene on the Rhine*.—No. 75, *A Jew's Head*, and 96, *Portrait of Mrs. Haydon*, are from the powerful hand of Mr. Haydon. In this sort of *extempore* drawing (if we may so call it) there is no English artist perhaps who surpasses Mr. Haydon. His drawings of the Elgin Marbles were quite matchless. Is it from an apprehension of flattering that the artist has made Mrs. Haydon less beautiful (at least, we think so) than she really is?—No. 115, is a *View in Cumberland*, by Mr. Havell, one of the most delightful artists of the day.—No. 142, is a rich little picture, a *Copy from Giorgione*. The expression in the woman's face is intense, beyond almost any thing we know in art. There is a print from the original picture (we have always admired it much) given in Gavin Hamilton's *Schola Italica*.—No. 159, *A Female Head* (it is in “The Cut Finger”) by Wilkie, has all the minute truth of the artist.—No. 136, is an interesting “portrait” of that very clever young man, *Edwin Landseer*: the drawing is by his brother. There is something pleasant in this,—the one

brother introducing the other to us *in propria persona*. The "portrait" has a smiling but resolute look: we can fancy it just arrived from a contemplation of the pugnacious natures of "Crib and Rosa," or the venerable old age of "Street-walker" himself.

Besides these, there are others of great merit; some indeed, by Sir Joshua, Wilson, Paul Sandby, &c.

&c. but we have preferred, on the whole, particularizing a few of the living artists. We regret that our limits will not permit us to do more at present. But we may probably return to this subject again, and consider the merits of our English engravers,—on which subject something might be said to amuse (we will not say edify) our readers.

A CHECK TO HUMAN PRIDE.

It is rather an unpleasant fact, that the ugliest and awkwardest of brute animals have the greatest resemblance to man: the monkey and the bear. The monkey is ugly too, (so we think,) because he is like man—as the bear is awkward, be-

cause the cumbrous action of its huge paws seems to be a preposterous imitation of the motions of the human hands. Men and apes are the only animals that have hairs on the under eye-lid. Let kings know this.

MEIKLE SANDIE GORDON AND WEE SANDIE GORDON.

In the days of the Stuarts, the chief of the name of Gordon, a good soldier and a steady Catholic, resided chiefly abroad, leaving his Scottish lands to the care of two stewards of his own clan, distinguished among the peasantry by the names of Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon. It happened that one Ramsay rented a small farm on the Gordon's estate; and though the land was stony, and rank with broom and thistles, it was his own birth-place, and that of his ancestors, so he wished the lease renewed. The two stewards had other views; they refused to renew the lease, and the old farmer was about to emigrate, when his Grace of Gordon came unexpectedly from abroad: he asked for, and obtained, an audience. He told his story, tradition says, in a way so characteristic and graphic, that the noble landlord was highly pleased: he renewed the lease with his own hand, and invited him to dinner. The good wine added to the farmer's joy: he told pleasant stories; said many dry and humorous things; and his Grace was so much

entertained, that he took Ramsay—a stiff Presbyterian—through his house. From the picture-gallery they went into the chapel, ornamented with silver images of the saints and apostles. The old man looked on them with wonder, and said,—“Who may these gentlemen be, and what may your Grace do with them?” “These,” said his Grace, “are the saints to whom we address our prayers, when we wish God to be merciful and kind; they are our patron saints and heavenly intercessors.” “I’ll tell ye what,” said the old man, with the light of a wicked laugh in his eye, “fiend have me, if I would trust them: when I wanted my lease renewed, I went to Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon, and all I got was cannie words, till I made bold, and spake to your Grace. Sae drop Saint Andrew, my lord, and address his betters.” His Grace soon after became a Protestant; and tradition attributes his conversion to the story of Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon;—a story that for a century and more has been popular in Scotland.

ANTICIPATION BY AN HISTORIAN OF THE MOCK FIGHT IN 1814, ON THE SERPENTINE.

Smollet in his travels in Italy, speaking of the mock naval engagements of the ancient Romans in the Circus Maximus, says, “How would it sound in the ears of a British sailor,

that a mock engagement between two squadrons of men of war would be exhibited on such a day in the *Serpentine river*.”

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

It has for some time past been our intention to enrich our numbers with a Report of the Progress of Science, so as to make our readers acquainted with the recent discoveries in science, so far as is consistent with the nature of our Journal. In undertaking a work of this kind we are aware, that it is difficult to select the facts so as to make them interesting to the whole of our readers; it will, however, be our endeavour to choose those subjects which are of general interest, avoiding, as much as possible, such as are connected with the more abstruse parts of science.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

As we shall have frequent occasion to state discoveries in Electro-Magnetism, we have been induced to give a short account of what has already been done in this important subject, as it is entirely a new branch of science, and one with which, we presume, many of our readers are but little acquainted.

When a Galvanic battery is filled with a diluted acid, and a communication established between its ends, the electricity excited is discharged, and at the point where the connexion is made particular phenomena are presented. Metals in the state of fine wire, and in leaf, are easily fused, and compound substances may be decomposed. According to the nature of the body used as the medium of communication between the poles of the battery, it is more or less easily discharged. Those which conduct electricity well discharge it most easily: hence the connexion is generally made by means of a metallic wire, called the connecting wire.

Oersted, Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Secretary to the Royal Society of Copenhagen, discovered, in the year 1819, that the electricity from a Galvanic battery had peculiar effects on magnetic needles, which led him to prosecute the subject, by which he has been enabled to establish an intimate connexion between electricity and magnetism, and thus has given rise to what is now called electro-magnetism.

Oersted found, that if a magnetic needle be left to take its natural direction, and the connecting wire of a battery be placed *above* it, and parallel to it, that pole next the negative end of the trough moves to the *west*. If the connecting wire be

sunk so as to come in the same horizontal plane with the needle, the needle does not turn as before; it attempts to move vertically, but is prevented by the manner in which it is suspended. If the connecting wire be put *below* the needle, the pole next the negative end of the battery moves in a contrary direction—it is propelled towards the *east*. For recollecting these movements, Oersted has given the following formula. “The pole of the magnet *above* which the negative electricity enters, is turned to the *west*—under which to the *east*.”

These experiments show, that the electricity of the battery inclines the needle to move in a circle round the connecting wire, which it would do but for its imperfect suspension and for the earth, the magnetic force of which tends to restore it to its proper position the moment it begins to turn. If these interfering circumstances be removed, as when the needle is suspended, so as to allow free motion in all directions, and the earth's magnetism is counteracted by other needles, the motions become more distinct. If the connecting wire be brought near the centre of a needle, the needle immediately moves, and places itself at right angles to the wire, and the poles are invariably in a certain position according to that of the battery. Thus, if the positive end of a trough placed before us be on the right hand, and the negative on the left, a needle suspended *over* the connecting wire will have its north pole *from* us; if suspended *below*, the north pole will be *next* us. If the connecting wire be drawn from the centre towards either end of the needle, the latter is instantly attracted by it; so that the

wire has the power of attracting both the north and south pole. If, while the needle and wire are in this position, the former be turned, so as to bring near the latter the pole formerly opposite to it, it is immediately repelled; and this occurs whether the north or south pole be approached; so that the part of the wire which before attracted, now repels both poles. If, when the wire is near the extremity of the needle where the strongest attraction is, it be moved round the end, so as to go from one side to the other, keeping the same point towards the needle, its power of attraction increases as it approaches the end; but the moment it gets round it diminishes, ceases entirely when opposite the pole, and begins to repel as it moves along the other side, the repulsion increasing till it reach the extremity of the pole on the opposite side to where the wire was first situated.

These different experiments show, that any part of the connecting wire of a Galvanic battery may be made attractive or repulsive of either pole of a magnetic needle, merely by changing its position. It has been found that the magnetic property does not depend on the metal of which the connecting wire is made. When the ends of the trough are connected by a tube filled with mercury, the same effects are produced, and the magnetic influence extends through substances, and affects the needle just as common magnetism does; a plate of glass placed between the wire and needle does not in the least diminish the attracting or repelling power. The connecting wire does not produce any motion on needles of brass, of glass, or gum-lac.

Such are the principal facts discovered by Oersted concerning electro-magnetism, and these have been fully proved by other philosophers. In a subsequent number we intend to continue this subject, and point out the discoveries of others in this interesting branch of science.

ON THE STATE OF WATER AND AERIFORM MATTER IN CAVITIES FOUND IN CERTAIN CRYSTALS.

A very interesting paper has been lately published on this subject, by *Sir H. Davy*, in which he has shown the nature of the contents of the ca-

vities in crystals, and endeavoured, from his observations, to elucidate the changes that the materials of the surface of this globe have undergone.

The crystallisations constituting the rocks called primary, and those occurring in the rocks termed secondary, prove that a great part of the materials of the surface of the earth has been either fluid or aeriform, as these are the only states of substances from which crystals are formed, and of these the fluid is generally considered the most probable: but geologists differ with respect to the cause of the fluidity; some asserting, that it was produced by the agency of water; others, by that of heat. *Sir H. Davy*, in the course of his chemical researches, had frequently endeavoured to discover some facts which might throw light on this interesting subject, but without success till about three years ago, when it occurred to him, that the manner in which crystals were formed by nature might be ascertained by examining the state of the fluid and aeriform matter contained in them. It is well known that water, and all fluids at usual temperatures, are more expansible by heat than siliceous or earthy matter. Supposing then that crystals were formed at a temperature and pressure nearly the same as those of our atmosphere, the fluid enclosed in them ought to occupy almost the same space as when it was included, and the aeriform matter ought to be in the same state of density. On the contrary, if they were formed at a high temperature, a vacuum, to a certain extent, might be expected in the cavity, from the shrinking of the fluid as it cooled, and a consequent rarefaction of the aeriform body.

For ascertaining the state of the included substances, holes were drilled in the crystals under water, oil, and mercury. In the experiments which *Sir H. Davy* first performed, he found that the moment the opening was made, the fluid, in which the crystal was placed, rushed in, and the globule of air contracted to about a sixth, and in some cases to a tenth of its original bulk. In one instance the cavity occupied a space equal to 74.5 grains of mercury; the liquid equalled in volume 48.1 grains of mercury, and the globule of elastic fluid, after the experiment, was of the

same bulk as one of mercury, weighing 4·2 grains, so that it had contracted between six and seven times, when the opening was made in the cavity. In another case it diminished to 1-10th its original volume.

The fluid in the preceding experiments was water nearly pure, and the elastic matter appeared to be azote.

Sir H. Davy found that the substances included in the cavities of productions generally allowed to be formed by the action of heat, were in the same condition, though in these the aeriform matter was in a much more rarefied state, being from 60 to 70 times rarer than atmospheric air.

In considering these experiments, he is inclined to think that the crystals must have been formed at a temperature far above that of the surface of the globe, the water and the siliceous matter of the crystal having been in chemical union, and separated during cooling. Lime, it is well known, retains water, though heated to 250° of Fahrenheit; and baryta, even though fused at a red heat, does not part with it. It is extremely likely that a liquid compound of silica and water would exist under pressure at a high temperature, and, like all liquids exposed to the air, would probably contain a small portion of it. On such a supposition the phenomena presented by the water in crystals may be accounted for,—that they have been deposited from a substance rendered fluid by heat, aided by a high pressure.

Two experiments performed afforded results different from those already stated, but the same conclusions may, perhaps, be drawn from them. In one crystal the cavity contained about a sixth part of its bulk of an oily fluid, which had an odour similar to that of naphtha, and was inflammable; the remaining space did not, however, contain any aeriform matter; for the moment the opening was made, the liquid in which it was immersed rushed in and filled it. In the other experiment, the elastic fluid in the cavity appeared to move as if it were condensed, which was found to be the case; for when the crystal was pierced, it enlarged to about ten times its former bulk. If crystals of this nature be of igneous origin, they

must, it is supposed, have been formed under an immense pressure, sufficient to occasion a compression greater than what was capable of compensating the expansive force of the high temperature at which they were produced.

SUCCESSFUL ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

A successful attempt has been made by an Englishman, Mr. F. Clissold, to ascend Mont Blanc, which he accomplished on the 20th of August. Mr. Clissold left Chaumony on Sunday the 18th, at half past ten p. m. with six guides. They reached the summit of the mountain called De la Côté at three o'clock of the following morning. After a short halt they crossed the glacier, and at half past seven reached the rocks termed Grands Mulets, from which they immediately proceeded, ascending the ice by means of steps cut in it by hatchets, and at half past seven in the evening arrived at the Petits Mulets; but as they found it impossible to reach the summit that night, they descended to a convenient place, where they slept for four hours in a square pit dug in the snow. In this situation the cold was sufficiently intense to produce ice in a bottle of Hermitage wine, and thoroughly to freeze their lemons, but it was too dark to allow them to observe the height of the thermometer. At four in the morning they again set off, and arrived at the summit at half past five, without experiencing many difficulties. After remaining there about three hours they descended, and arrived at the priory of Chaumony at half past seven in the evening, having completed the journey in the short space of forty-five hours.

While on the top of the mountain, the sky was without clouds, and a vast number of summits were observed, some covered with ice, others with pasture. Jura bounded the horizon on the north-west. To the south-east the eye penetrated beyond the plains of Lombardy, as far as the Apennines.

Mr. Clissold has brought with him specimens of the rocks from the summit, some of which contain small globules of a black glass, supposed to be occasioned by the action of lightning on the materials of which the rock is composed. In this ascent he found that his progress across the

glaciers was much expedited by wearing the shoes recommended by Saussure. These have the soles sufficiently thick to allow steel nails, having pyramidal heads, to be screwed into them, the steel being tempered and brought back to a straw colour, which makes it hard, and not liable to break.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

In October last, Vesuvius presented one of the grandest eruptions which has occurred since that described by Sir W. Hamilton, in 1794. On Sunday evening fire issued from the top of the mountain, and a little lava was thrown out, both of which ceased till Monday, when they again broke out with redoubled fury; the flame rising to a great height, and the lava running in a broad and rapid stream down the hill towards Portici and Resina. On Tuesday morning the mountain was enveloped in smoke, which continued to be discharged during the whole of the day, assuming a variety of colours. Towards evening the lava was discharged in immense quantity, and rolled down the hill in five streams; the electricity communicated from the volcano producing flashes of brilliant lightning, playing down the cone amidst the fire and smoke. At this time the roaring of the mountain was heard at Naples. The following morning the mountain still continued enveloped in smoke, rendering the atmosphere around so obscure that the sun was scarcely visible at Naples during the whole of the day; and on Thursday nearly a similar appearance was presented, accompanied by a heavy fall of dust, so fine that it was with difficulty the eyes were protected from it. At the Torre del Annunziata it is said to have fallen to the depth of four feet, so as completely to prevent the passage of carriages. A large piece of the cone of the mountain was blown off, so that what was formerly the highest has now become the lowest point. On Friday the volumes of smoke still continued to issue, but the lava ceased to be disengaged.

The damage occasioned by this eruption was considerable, though by no means so great as was expected.

WEST GREENLAND.

At a time when the public interest

is so much excited with respect to the fate of the Northern Expedition, our readers will be glad to hear that Captain Scoresby, to whom we are already so much indebted, is about to publish an account of his investigations and adventures on the re-discovered East Coast of West Greenland. This country, it is well known, was lost to the rest of the world by the setting in of the Polar ice, about 1406; since which, it has been generally considered inaccessible. Captain Scoresby, however, again discovered it last summer, and landed on it. He has been enabled to make a survey of nearly the whole line of coast from latitude 75 to 69. He has discovered several islands and inlets, some of the latter of which he thinks form communications with Baffin's Bay. In one of these, the weather was temperate, and the air swarmed with bees, butterflies, and musquitoes. We look forward with anxiety for this work, the perusal of which will, we are assured, afford much gratification.

SOCIETY OF TRAVELLERS.

A society has been established in Liverpool, of those gentlemen who have visited distant countries, with the view of acquiring information, either in general science or natural history, from whom it is hoped much useful information will be given to the world that would otherwise have lain concealed, from the want of some means of making it public.

SOCIETY OF ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

Those who are zealous for the encouragement of mechanical genius, will be glad to hear that a Society of Arts has been established in Scotland, on the same footing as that in England; the chief object of which is to afford assistance to those who, from want of proper opportunities, have it not in their power to complete their discoveries.

STEAM ENGINE.

Mr. Perkins, the inventor of the Siderographia, has lately constructed a steam engine, founded on a new property of steam, by which more than seven-eighths of the fuel and weight of engine are saved. A small one, we understand, has been made with a cylinder *two* inches in diameter, and with a stroke of twelve inches, which has the power of seven horses.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

We are happy to understand that "The City of London Amateur Concerts" are not abandoned, but merely *suspended* for a single year, and we may, therefore, hope that, like other musical suspensions, they will terminate in a more pleasing harmony. That the citizens should be emulous of attracting the fine arts to fix, as it were, amongst them, is not only honourable but useful. Why is the City less esteemed than the West End? Because its inhabitants are *supposed* (invidiously in some degree) to lack the taste and the time required for the cultivation of those pursuits that polish ease and affluence. Estimation is, therefore, founded upon and connected with literature and the arts. And in this particular case it is essential that both be brought to the citizens; for if the citizens seek them in their most frequent abodes, a certain quantity of ridicule is sure to light upon the emigrants; whereas, by reversing the proposition, the arts are cherished, and confer, as well as receive, honor, by appearing in new and unaccustomed regions.

The Opera is opened, but with very little of that spirit which ought to recommend an establishment so extensively supported. We shall leave dirty boxes and squalid scenery, however disgraceful, to others to describe and to censure; such proofs of a pinching parsimony lie not within our province: but there is unfortunately the same want of activity and zeal to be traced in the musical department. *La Clemenza di Tito* has been given; but, with the exception of Madame Camporese, it was wretchedly sustained. *La Gazza Ladra* has followed; and Signor Porto is the first novelty worth notice that has been produced, the female, a Signora Clarini, being wholly below regard. Signor Porto is a bass, and he has a fine, mellow, and powerful voice. Indeed, as a singer, he is justly equal in his department to any other man we have had for some years. He has scarcely, perhaps, as much volume as either Angrisani (whose tone was like that from a cauldron struck by a sledge hammer), or Zucchelli; but his execution is

more free than that of either. Rossini's music, and especially in the part (*the Podesta*) which Signor Porto took, is not calculated for the round heavy *staccato* execution of a legitimate bass. The effect of such compositions is subjected to dangers almost inevitable; for if sung by a light voice, they lose the weight and dignity the author intends to bestow, as well as the agitation of the passion he purposes to convey; while, on the other hand, if by a bass of round and full tone, it is next to impossible for such a voice to articulate passages of such difficult construction: it is, however, only just to Signor Porto to say, that he succeeded far better than his predecessors. In the beautiful *Canone*, "*O nume benefico*," his tone was well-sustained; and the divisions which constitute, in a great measure, the mannerism, as well as the novelty and beauty of Rossini's style of writing, came upon the ear with a force and effectiveness we have rarely, if ever, heard. The closing passage, which lies at the very bottom of the voice, was at once distinct and rich. Signor Porto appears either to labour under a difficulty of finding breath (common to singers of a certain age), or to struggle with a want of knowledge in this essential particular, and the defect lowers his whole performance. His *sostenuto* is painfully interrupted by too frequent inspirations. Signor Porto may possibly throw it upon the climate, and the "*cattivo tempo*" he has experienced since his residence amongst us. We wish it may be found so, for, this speck removed, he is the best bass we have had for a long period.

De Begnis took the part which *Cartoni* performed last year, the father of *Nivetta*, but he is a comic singer, and nothing else. In rapid notation he is supreme; but the moment he attempts serious music, we perceive all the havoc which comic singing is almost certain to produce. His intonation is intolerably bad, and his *pathos* has so close a resemblance to his distress in *Il Turco*, where he does not know his own wife, that the audience are kept in a state of some uncertainty whether they are to weep or to laugh, in which con-

test the merriment is sure to predominate. For swift articulation of notes and words, Signor de Begnis may challenge the world, and all the magpies in it; but, though a musician, he cannot sing, in the true sense of the word. For his good-humoured acquiescence, and his praiseworthy attempt to conceal, so far as in him lies, the low state of the company, he is not to blame; the censure ought to light upon those who know no better, or who think to pass such juggling upon the public.

M. Bochsa is about to commence his Oratorios with a vocal orchestra almost wholly English. He is right. There is a good deal said, and with some show of justice, upon the preference which foreign talent has obtained. Genius we consider to belong to no country, and we delight to see that our nation has liberality enough to open the competition fairly and award the prize honourably. This feeling of liberality has, however, been clearly carried to an excess somewhat dangerous to the existence of native ability. M. Bochsa, himself a Frenchman, does wisely, therefore, in reciprocating the compliment, and in yielding to general predilections at this particular point of time. It is also due to him to add that he has collected a great body of talent. A new Oratorio of Rossini's—*Cyrus at Babylon*, is to be brought out for the second Act on the 30th. Report does not speak very highly of it, and though we have casually looked into the score, we have had no opportunity to examine it.

The subscription to the British Concerts goes on. We are sorry to understand that some of the female part of the profession have not met this enterprise with a proper spirit, though one of its brightest ornaments (Mrs. Salmon) has consented to a reduction of her terms (as it is reported) that speaks well for her regard to the propagation of native art. Such an enterprise ought to be aided, we have no hesitation in saying, by the most liberal assistance; for honour to the country, not emolument, is the genuine motive of its promoters.

The Royal Academy proceeds, we regret to find, in a course of error *that will, if long continued, fix upon its noble conductors the character of*

inveterate blundering. *Rossini*, who speaks no language but Italian, it is publicly stated, is engaged to come and teach the twenty little boys and girls, with whose instruction the Academy is to commence, the art of composition! This savours a little of jobbing, as *Rossini's* presence may be desirable at the King's Theatre, even more than at the Royal Academy. When will the sub-committee learn that a public institution must have all its principles laid open to the public, if they are expected to support it? If the noble committee do not learn this salutary lesson, the present subscription will soon be exhausted, and then good night to the Royal Academy. The first examinations were fixed for the nights on which the British and the Philharmonic Concerts commence; and to make the matter more convenient to all parties, at half past two, p. m. A second circular, however, is to be issued, to rescind this absurd arrangement. In justice to the Principal and the Board, all is at present under the management of the sub-committee. We have not yet met with a single professor who either knows what he is expected to do, or under what engagement he is to act.

The Opera of *Figaro*, announced for Friday night, at Covent Garden, was not performed, because Miss M. Tree was *indisposed*. New diseases are continually creeping into our nosologia, and, for the benefit of medical as well as musical science, we may thus describe this young lady's case. Miss Paton intended to introduce *Bid me discourse*, which has been sung by Miss Tree, into the part of the Countess. Miss Tree pleaded her right. Miss Paton replied, by claiming the part of *Susanna* as her own, by a similar right, and then Miss Tree became *indisposed*—to permit Miss Paton either to sing the song or to change her part.—Mr. Fawcett hit upon this ingenious equivocation, and the public were disappointed. They submitted, however, with most heroic composure.

Sir George Smart and Mr. Loder's Concerts at Bath thrive marvelously. Never were there fuller rooms. They also comprehend Bristol and Cheltenham in their scheme. The support, however, at the last place, has not been great.

A second Toccata, by Charles Neate. A Toccata is rather an obsolete style of composition, and is a species of Fantasia, in which a replication or imitation is kept up between the two hands; it also signifies an organ or harpsichord fugue. Mr. Neate's Toccata is of the former description, and is ingenious in its construction, although neither very intricate nor difficult. The melody is animated and agreeable.

Les petits Délassements, No. 8, by G. Kiallmark, is an Italian air, with

variations of a light and easy description. The second divertimento by the same composer, partly arranged from Naderman, is of a higher order. The opening Andante is elegant and chaste, and the variations, although somewhat common-place, are lively and attractive.

Mr. Bruguier's first divertimento consists of two airs, from Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Ecco vidente il Cielo*, and *Zitti Zitti*, arranged for the pianoforte.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE results of the Congress of Verona are at length beginning to see the light; but whether so far as regards Spain and Turkey these results will be more than documentary, seems at present very problematical. The first state paper published by authority, after the departure of the sovereigns and plenipotentiaries, was a circular addressed by the various powers of Europe to their ambassadors at the respective courts. This paper begins by stating, that the sole object of the Congress was to determine with the plenipotentiaries of the King of the two Sicilies, and the King of Sardinia, the period at which it might be safe to withdraw from the states of their majesties the Austrian armies that were billeted upon them in the year 1821. They say that the auxiliary troops stationed in the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty will all be removed by the 30th of December; but that of those stationed in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, there cannot be at present spared more than 17,000 men, so that, of course, the rest are to remain for some time longer. The monarchs appear to give themselves great credit for this determination, and, accordingly, after announcing it, the circular emphatically adds, "thus vanish all the false terrors, the inimical representations, and the gloomy prophecies which ignorance or perfidy spread in Europe, to mislead the opinion of the people respecting the pure and generous views of the sovereigns." The circular then goes on to state, that having disposed of this their primary object, nothing

could any longer avert their eyes from other occurrences which had sprung up in Europe; and first as to Turkey, it says that "a satisfactory understanding had long since taken place with respect to the affairs of the East, and that nothing remained to be done at the Congress of Verona, but to confirm the results of that understanding." These results are vaguely stated to be that "the powers allied with Russia may flatter themselves with removing by joint proceedings the obstacles which still impede the entire fulfilment of their wishes." This denouement may certainly be very "satisfactory" to those who understand it, but to us it appears couched in as mysterious a sentence as ever issued from the oracular recesses of diplomacy. This, however, is all the light which the Congress of Verona has deigned to let in upon us, either as to the affairs of Turkey, or the still more interesting position of Greece. The manifesto next proceeds to notice the situation of Spain, which appears to have filled the members of the Holy Alliance with sensations of horror! "Spain," say they, "now endures the fall which awaits all states that are so unfortunate as to seek what is good in a way in which it never can be found. It passes through the fateful circle of its revolution." They then proceed to discuss after their own manner the state of the Peninsula; and at length come to their grand decision, which is neither more nor less than an order to their legations to quit the country; a proceeding which seems but little to

have affected the spirits of the good people of Madrid. After declaring their paternal intentions towards the people in the different states of Europe, the kings conclude their circular instructions in these words: "In announcing to the cabinet to which you are accredited, the facts and declarations which are contained in the present document, you will, at the same time, call to mind what the monarchs consider as the indispensable condition of the fulfilment of their benevolent wishes. To ensure to Europe not only the peace which it enjoys under the protection of treaties, but also the sense of internal repose and durable security, without which no real happiness can exist for nations, they must calculate on the faithful and persevering co-operation of all the governments." Very soon after the promulgation of this circular, the French foreign secretary sent off a dispatch to their ambassador at Madrid, recapitulating the sentiments contained in that document, and also affecting to explain the views of France with respect to the relative situation of the two countries. The French minister declares, that at the Congress of Verona France felt herself called upon to explain to her august allies the nature and object of the armaments to which she had been compelled to have recourse, and the manner in which she might eventually employ them; her explanation had given great satisfaction, and obtained from the allied powers a declaration, that upon occasion they would unite with her in maintaining her dignity and tranquillity. The note then goes on to state, that this was abundantly satisfactory to France, but that three of the powers, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, deemed it necessary to add to the particular act of alliance a further manifestation of their sentiments, and that to that intent diplomatic notes were about to be addressed by these three powers, to their respective ministers at Madrid, with directions to communicate them to the Spanish government, and act as circumstances might require. This note was communicated by M. Lagarde, the French ambassador to the Spanish government; on the 5th and on the 6th the ambassadors of *the three above-mentioned powers*

also transmitted their respective communications to the same quarter. These dispatches are exceedingly important, and are signed respectively by Count Nesselrode for Russia, Prince Metternich for Austria, and Count Bernstorff for Prussia. They all concur in the same views with respect to Spain, but the Russian manifesto is by far the most violent. They enter at large into the progress of the Spanish revolution, beginning with the return of Ferdinand from France, and, indeed, omitting nothing except the provocations received by the people from their monarch. In the next sitting of the Cortes, after the Spanish ministers had received those documents, M. San Miguel, the minister for foreign affairs, ascended the tribune, and informed the assembly of the fact; he said that though these notes did not fall exactly within the cognizance of the Cortes, yet, that still the government, wishing to give a proof of the harmony which existed between the two superior bodies of the state, thought proper to communicate the contents of these notes, and the answers which had been given. This determination, as well as the tone of the answers, excited the liveliest enthusiasm. M. Galliano proposed that a deputation should wait upon the king, informing him of the communication from the foreign powers, and of the sentiments of the Cortes thereon. This was carried unanimously. However, the message was afterwards deferred for forty-eight hours, on the proposition of a distinguished member, M. Arguelles, "in order (said he, most judiciously) to convince all Europe that our conduct has not been the result of a first impression." At the adjourned sitting, the following message to the king was unanimously agreed to: "The Cortes manifest to His Majesty that they have heard with the greatest astonishment the assertions contained in the notes of the cabinets of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, because these diplomatic communications, besides being inconsistent with the established practice of civilized nations, are insulting to the Spanish nation, its Cortes, and its government; and that they have at the same time heard with the greatest satisfaction the judicious and decorous answer made

by the Spanish government, which exposes the falsehood of the imputations cast on the nation, and expresses its determination to maintain its rights." The message emphatically concludes by stating that the Cortes are prepared to maintain at every risk the dignity and splendour of the Constitutional throne, and of the King of Spain, and the independence, the liberties, and honour, of the Spanish nation, and to decree whatever sacrifice may be necessary for the preservation of interests so valuable. This message was to be delivered to the king by a deputation consisting of twenty-four members; amongst whom we notice the names of Galliano, Arguelles, and Riego, three of the most determined of the Constitutionals. The bench reserved for the diplomatic body presented on this occasion a remarkable appearance, not a single ambassador appearing on it except the English one, and the different members of his legation. If there was one thing, however, more decisively expressive than another during the debate, it was the unanimity which reigned—all parties seemed to unite against the idea of foreign interference, and this fact drew from Arguelles, not unnaturally, this exclamation: "I predict," said he, "that from the day a foreign soldier sets his foot upon the Spanish territory, there will not be a single Spaniard in a state of revolt. All, even to Mosen Auton (a violent Royalist chief), will unite to repel the invader." The Cortes did not confine themselves to mere debating; an article from Madrid says that such measures have been adopted as to ensure an immediate addition of 90,000 good troops to 90,000 militia already organized, and it was thought that a proposition for a truce with the American states for six years, in order to come to a final arrangement, would also be agreed to. The greatest possible enthusiasm prevailed at Madrid—the city had been illuminated, Arguelles paraded in triumph, and all the foreign ambassadors, except our own, had demanded their passports, and were about to depart. The best understanding, however, was understood to subsist between Spain and England, and resolutions had passed the Congress, equivalent to a commercial

treaty, by which this country would possess great and exclusive mercantile advantages. The state of the army of the faith is represented as most wretched; and O'Donnell, notwithstanding his promising proclamation, has been obliged to surrender the command, under circumstances almost amounting to a mutiny. The Cortes and Constitutional government have haughtily refused to give any answer whatever to the notes of the foreign powers, but they have directed an authorized account of the revolution, and the steps which led to it, to be drawn up, in order to refute the assertions contained in these documents. They have also directed that their message to the king shall, at the public expense, be translated into all the living languages, and distributed throughout Europe; and they have addressed a circular to all their ambassadors, containing the following heads, and directing them instantly to demand their passports, if necessary.

It would be unworthy of the Spanish government to reply to the Notes of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, because they contain nothing but a tissue of falsehoods and calumnies. You will confine yourself to making known its intentions. 1. The Spanish nation is governed by a constitution which has been solemnly recognized by the Emperor of Russia. 2. The Spaniards, friends to their country, proclaimed at the commencement of 1812, that constitution which was abolished by violence alone in 1814. 3. The constitutional King of Spain freely exercises the powers which the constitution has bestowed on him. 4. The Spanish nation does not interest itself with the internal government of other nations. 5. The remedy of the evils which afflict the Spanish nation is for its own consideration alone. 6. Those evils are not the result of the constitution, but rather of the efforts of its enemies to destroy it. 7. The Spanish nation will not acknowledge the right of any power to interfere in its affairs. 8. The government will never deviate from the line traced by its duties, by national honour, and by its unalterable attachment to the constitution sworn to in 1812. I authorise you to communicate verbally this letter to the minister of foreign affairs of the power with whom you reside, and to supply him with a copy if he requires one. His majesty hopes that the prudence, zeal, and patriotism, which distinguish you will suggest to you a conduct firm and worthy of the Spanish name, under existing circumstances.

This document is signed by San Miguel, the Spanish Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Such is the state of the Spanish question at present, which certainly opens a very wide field for political speculation. If the allied powers have any idea of seriously pressing on a war between France and Spain, it seems strange that they should give the Constitutionals such a length of time, to them most valuable, for organizing both their civil and military resources. On the other hand, it seems difficult to reconcile such documents, accompanied by the recal of their legations, with any pacific purpose. It will be recollected that Portugal has promised to assist Spain in case of any actual invasion, with a contingent of 8,000 troops, and it is observable that in all these angry disquisitions there is no mention whatever made of England. We have, however, now to add a new fact, which, under existing circumstances, speaks significantly enough as to the policy of this country. In the sitting of the Cortes of Portugal of the 31st of December, the foreign minister presented to that body a memoir upon the political relations of Portugal with the other powers of Europe, which called forth a reply from the British minister, containing, amongst others, the following remarkable passage:—"The English government having solemnly declared in the face of the world that *it does not assume the existence of a right of intervention in the internal concerns of other states*, England will feel herself obliged to lend to this kingdom all the succour of which it may stand in need, as often as its independence may be menaced by any other power in any manner whatever." Now, when we observe that all the other leading powers of Europe are "assuming the existence of a right of intervention in the internal concerns" of Spain, this is certainly a remarkable declaration.

The Queen of Portugal continuing still to refuse her assent on oath to the Constitution, it is said that she is likely to be tried according to the precedent presented in the case of the late Queen of England. Her majesty, it seems, now gives as her reason for not taking the oath, a vow which she made some time ago, never to take

an oath either for good or evil while she lives! It seems rather strange that she did not assign this scruple of conscience in the first instance. It would appear from the discussion in the Cortes that the queen was in actual custody.

From the Brazils there have arrived some accounts subsequent to those in our last. The Emperor has issued a proclamation to the Portuguese nation, stating the facts which led to a separation between the countries, demonstrating the inutility of endeavouring by force to oppose the will of an united country, and declaring his own wish to live in amicable relations with Portugal. The proclamation ends thus:—"Portuguese, I offer you the space of four months to make your decision. Determine and choose either the continuance of a friendship founded on the dictates of justice and generosity, and in the ties of blood and reciprocal interests; or a most violent war which can alone terminate in the independence of Brazil or the ruin of both countries." By these accounts it would appear that the Emperor himself is restrained much by the wishes of the people under the new system. It seems, that ever since the revolution against Portugal commenced, he was in the habit of consulting chiefly two brothers of the name of Andrade, Secretaries of the Foreign Department and Finance. With these ministers he had some misunderstanding, and they were dismissed. A meeting, however, of the inhabitants, with whom they are very popular, took place, and in consequence of a very strong remonstrance, the Emperor found it prudent to restore them to place, if not to favour! What would his mother, the Queen of Portugal, say to this?

From France we have little new; but that little, notwithstanding the notes of the allies, looks pacific. A rupture took place on the 25th of the month in the French cabinet, in consequence of the violence with which the conflicting parties urged their opinions with respect to Spain. M. de Montmorency, who acted for France at Verona, demanded in one of the sittings of Council, that the request of the war minister to augment his budget by 40,000,000*l.* should be acceded to, in order to secure the plan of attacking Spain.

This was firmly opposed by M. de Villele, whose sentiments are as decidedly against the war as those of M. de Montmorency are in favour of it; this latter is one of the most violent and most belligerent of the Ultras. He instantly departed, and tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and M. Chateaubriand occupies his place. The Chambers are to meet on the 28th of January. In addition to this, it is said that those old soldiers who had served their time and were entitled to their discharge, were all demanding it, and many of the soldiers of the faith who had fled to France were willing to accept a proffered amnesty from Mina, but were refused passports by the French prefect, whose conduct upon the occasion did not quite meet the countenance he expected from the government.

On the subject of the Greek struggle we have nothing new to state, and most sincerely do we regret it. We certainly did expect that when we had to relate the results of a Congress of Christian sovereigns, assembled under the name of the Holy Alliance, in order to consult for the safety of Christian Europe, that we should have to record, not so much a glorious as an imperative interference on behalf of this interesting and oppressed people. We have been, however, miserably disappointed; the descendants of Solon, Socrates, Homer, and Epaminondas, have been left to a fate too insignificant to be compared with that of the royal martyr of the Escorial. In order that our readers may see that we have good cause for feeling acutely upon this subject, we merely subjoin the following extract of a letter, dated Constantinople, October 8, 1822. The writer is the Reverend H. D. Leeves—we shall not add one word by way of comment.

We proceeded from Vouria to Scio, where we had an opportunity of witnessing the melancholy and utter desolation which has befallen this beautiful and once flourishing island. I could not have conceived, without being an eye witness, that destruction could have been rendered so complete. We walked through the town, which was handsome, and built entirely of stone, and found the houses, the churches, the hospitals, and the extensive college, where a few months ago 6 or 700 youths were receiving their education, one mass of ruins! On

every side were strewed fragments of half burnt books, manuscripts, clothes, and furniture; and, what was most shocking to the feelings, numerous human bodies mouldering in the spots where they fell. Nothing that had life was to be seen, but a few miserable half starved dogs and cats. The villages have shared the same fate, and of a population of 130,000 Greeks, there remain perhaps 800 or 1000 individuals, scattered through the most distant villages. In the town, nothing has escaped but the Consuls' houses, and a very few immediately adjoining them, which could not be burnt without burning the consulates!!!

From this subject, we turn with a melancholy pleasure to the retributive justice which appears to hang suspended over the guilty author of these atrocities. The "sublime" Sultan at Constantinople appears not to enjoy the most enviable state of tranquillity. He has been compelled by the Janissaries to admit certain officers of their body permanently into the divan. He is taking the heads off all the officers of his fleet who have escaped the fire ships at Tenedos, successively, in the order of their arrival at home. He has taken the head off Haleb Effendi, his favourite minister, but only exhibited it on a silver salver, mercifully dispensing with its exposure over the gates of the seraglio. He has taken the head off Chourschid Pacha, the famous conqueror of Ali! It is said his "sublimity" does not feel his own head perfectly at ease upon his shoulders, and indeed we little wonder at it;—with a little variation Shakspeare might afford a good motto to be placed over the Turkish palace:

Uneasy feels the head which wears a crown.

The Congress of the United States of America has been opened with a message from its President, as usual, which message is, as usual also, a very interesting document. It is too long for insertion, according to the plan of our abstract; but the following extract forms, in fact, a compendium of the entire. "From this view, it appears, that our commercial differences with France and Great Britain have been placed in a train of amicable arrangement, on conditions fair and honourable in both instances to each party; that our finances are in a very productive

state, our revenue being at present fully competent to all the demands upon it; that our military force is well organized in all its branches, and capable of rendering the most important service, in case of emergency, that its number will admit of; that due progress has been made, under existing appropriations, in the construction of fortifications, and in the operation of the ordnance department; that due progress has, in like manner, been made in the construction of ships of war; that our navy is in the best condition, felt and respected in every sea in which it is employed for the protection of our commerce; that our manufactures have augmented in amount, and improved in quality; that great progress has been made in the settlement of accounts, and in recovery of balances due to individuals; and that the utmost economy is secured and observed in every department of the administration." This is certainly as flattering a summary as could well be composed, embracing as it does almost every point of interest to a community. We have not space for further extracts, though we could much wish to transcribe the passages which relate to the South American provinces, to Spain and Portugal, and to Greece—passages which do credit to the enlightened statesman of a country in which, according to the words of the message, "there is but one order, that of the people, to whom the sovereignty exclusively belongs."

Having gone so much at large into our foreign abstract, we have left ourselves but little room for any detail of domestic occurrences—a little space, however, will suffice, as they are neither so varied nor so numerous as to require much notice. Parliament will certainly meet for the dispatch of business on the 4th of February, and the session is expected to comprise the discussion of many interesting questions. Amongst these the state of the distressed agriculturalists will of course be the most prominent. Indeed, general meetings have already been held in the principal counties, and petitions prepared upon the subject; some of these documents are of a very violent character, and point out remedies much *more likely to produce disunion than*

redress, such as the abolition of certain places, the reduction of salaries, the diminution of the interest on the debt, and even the appropriation of church property.

Some partial changes in the administration are already spoken of—or, perhaps, we should say, transfer of offices, as Mr. Vansittart is the only person going out; he is to have a peerage, it is said, with the title of Baron of Bexley; his place is to be filled by Mr. Robinson, Mr. Robinson's by the next in rotation, and so on. Report ascribes to the new foreign secretary, Mr. Canning, a much more liberal tact in policy than characterised his predecessor; and on the subject of any interference with Spain, his dissent has been expressed most unequivocally.

AGRICULTURE.

The severe frosts which have baked the earth from the beginning of the present month, have confined the operations in husbandry to forming heaps of manure, while the snow which has fallen, protects the wheats from the dangers they might, in an uncovered state, have been exposed to. Rural operations present, therefore, nothing for narration; the soil will receive the mellowing influence of the frost; the numerous insects which the two last mild winters had engendered will be checked in their propagation, and thus the effects of severe weather will be found generally beneficial. The low price, and the necessities of the farmer, urge on the work of threshing out with more than ordinary rapidity. The markets exhibit neither improvement nor decline, except in the article of barley, which on the 13th had gone down another shilling per quarter; last Monday's market was perfectly stagnant, in consequence of the navigation being stopped by the frost. Beef, in Smithfield, advanced on the 13th, for the best to 4s. 4d. a stone, and mutton about 2d. per stone. In the country markets, store pigs have become more in demand, and better in price, in consequence of the remission of the duty on salt, for which the demand has been immense. There is no question that this will be an important benefit to Agriculture, and particularly to the labourer. The complaints are dreadful, and are every where increasing.

COMMERCE.

The markets have not presented any very remarkable features during the course of the last month, the variation in the prices of some articles having, it should seem, chiefly arisen from the state of the weather, as affecting the supply. The rumours of war between France and Spain, though not wholly done away, appear to have in a great measure subsided here, and hostilities are considered as the more improbable, as it seems to be understood that the King of France is personally averse to attacking Spain. On the other hand, there appears to be not the smallest probability that Spain will become the aggressor, though the manner in which the declarations of the Powers composing the Holy Alliance have been received by the Spanish nation and government, seems to prove that all parties would cordially unite in repelling any attack. Yet both Portugal and Spain appear to be convinced, that an armed interference, for the purpose of overthrowing their new Constitution, is intended; and this persuasion has led to negotiations between Spain and Great Britain, the object and result of which are hitherto imperfectly known; but which promise to be productive of the most important advantages to this country. In the beginning of December Sir W. A'Court, the British Ambassador at Madrid, was charged by his Government to claim an indemnity for the losses sustained by English subjects, from pirates under the Spanish flag. This indemnity had been repeatedly claimed, but constantly evaded, if not rejected; and England would probably have found it difficult, under other circumstances, to obtain satisfaction; but the policy of the Continental Powers rendering it necessary for Spain not to offend those that still remain its friends, England has judged this a favourable moment for bringing forward its claims, and has insisted on their being acceded to as an indispensable condition of its alliance. The Spanish Minister, San Miguel, having rejected the demands of the English Minister, the latter declared, that orders would be issued by his Court to detain Spanish ships to the amount of the indemnity claimed. This

threat induced his Majesty to order M. Gasco, Minister of the Interior, to write to the Spanish Consuls in the several ports of Spain, acquainting them with this fact, and also that ships of war had sailed from the English ports to occupy certain Spanish colonies. The Minister added, that there was no doubt that this affair would be amicably adjusted. Such were the external forms of these remarkable negotiations, which were supposed by many persons to have been designed as a cover for others of a much more interesting nature. Certain it is, that there never was a greater union between the two powers than at this moment, and that the commercial discussion has not at all affected the great political question, in which Spain, England, and Portugal, appear to be perfectly agreed. The general result, as far as it has transpired, seems to be, that Spain has not concluded a commercial treaty with England, but that the resolutions adopted by the Cortes are equivalent to a positive convention, by means of which the Peninsula will be supplied by Great Britain exclusively, with all articles necessary for its internal consumption. The Cortes have also left it to the government to adopt all suitable measures respecting the acknowledgment of the independence of the revolted colonies. Meantime the ports of those provinces are thrown open by Spain to the ships and merchandize of her allies. It is the same with the ports of Cuba; and in case of need, that island will receive from some ally of Spain (*viz.* England) a sufficient force to maintain the authority of the government. Finally, the Cortes have decreed the creation of two millions of reals, of annuities, inscribed in the great book of the public debt. These new annuities are to meet the claims of the English government on account of the piracies committed under the Spanish flag. The immense importance of these measures to the commerce of Great Britain is evident. We cannot but entertain the hope of seeing the wish, which we have more than once expressed, at length accomplished, by the annexation of Cuba to the British crown.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

France.—The New Year in France is seldom marked by the publication of any important work, the booksellers being eager to recommend themselves by elegant trifles of all descriptions, intended as presents for ladies, or suitable for New Years' gifts. On account of the literary reputation, and the great age of the author, we may mention that Madame de Genlis, who has been so long accustomed to dedicate her pen to the instruction of youth, has not been willing to forget them on this occasion; and has presented them with *L'Île des Monstres*, preceded by *Les Jeux Champêtres*.

The same lady's *Diners du Baron d'Holbach*, which we mentioned last month, has given rise to a warm dispute between the friends and enemies of the philosophers; the former of whom extol the work to the skies, while the latter heartily abuse it, and accuse the author of disingenuousness for the manner in which she has contrived to attack Voltaire; for, as she could not introduce him at these Dinners without an anachronism, she represents little notes, extracted or imitated from his correspondence with D'Alembert, as being read after dinner.

The theatrical novelties this month have not been of much importance. Several new pieces have, indeed, been well received, but their merit, as literary productions, is not such as to entitle them to permanent reputation. Among them is *Valeria*, which has been already transplanted to the English stage, under the title of *Augusta*, or the *Blind Girl*: the authors (for it seems to be quite a fashion for two to join in composing one piece) have entitled it a Comedy, but it is in truth a Melodrama. It is, on the whole, an imitation of a German piece, called *The Oculist for Love*.

Mr. X. V. Drapernaud has published a Tragedy, called *Louis I. (Le Debonnaire)* or *Fanaticism in the ninth Century*. It had been accepted and rehearsed at the second French theatre, when it was suspended by the Censorship. Notwithstanding some extremely harsh verses and inexcusable want of correctness in the

style, it has, in some scenes, numerous beauties, which would probably have insured its success on the stage. Another tragedy, by the same author, called *Eudoxie*, has been accepted at the second French theatre. It is taken from the History of the Lower Empire. The Princess, who gives her name to the piece, was the daughter of Theodosius II.—she married Valentinian III., and to avenge the death of that Prince who was assassinated by order of Petronius Maximus, she secretly invited the ferocious Genseric to Rome. Great expectations are entertained of this tragedy. The only novel that has attracted much attention is the *Adventures of Jacques Fauvel*, in four volumes, by M. Droz, and Mr. Picard. Here, too, party spirit has shown itself in the different opinions given of the merits of this novel. While one party cries it up as equal to *Gil Blas*, or to the best of the Scotch Novels, the other is much more sparing of its praise, and reproaches the authors with the want of probability in the incidents, and of that attention to the manners of the age which they pretend to paint, which is the grand charm of the Scotch Novelist. The work is, however, on the whole, interesting, and has been well received by the public. The scene is laid in the reign of Louis XIV.

Mr. Charles Dupin, so well known by his works relative to the maritime and military establishment of Great Britain, has just published *Applications de Géométrie et de Mécanique à la Marine, aux Ponts et Chaussées, &c.* one volume, 4to.

The twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth volumes of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles*, are just delivered to the subscribers, and No. 21, 22, and 23, of the plates. Among the many important and long articles in these volumes, we have remarked *Indépendance des Formations*, a complete and entirely new Essay, by the celebrated Alexander von Humboldt, on the position (gisement) of the rocks of the two hemispheres. This important Essay is likewise printed in a separate volume in 8vo. under the title of *Essai géo-*

gnostique sur le Gisement des Roches dans les deux Hémispheres. These volumes and numbers complete the work to about half of the text, and two thirds of the plates.

Among the new editions, which are remarkably well received, is that of the Funeral Orations of Bossuet, Flechier, and other orators, with a preliminary discourse, and observations, by M. Dussault, of which the third volume has lately appeared. M. Dussault shows himself an enlightened and impartial critic, and a very elegant writer. M. Alexander Duval, well known as a fertile writer for the stage, is now publishing a complete edition of his works, including several inedited pieces. In the fifth volume is *William the Conqueror*, which was composed at the time that Buonaparte intended (or pretended to intend) an invasion of England. The allusions introduced to suit the occasion not answering the expectations of the first Consul,—and the long lank *chevaleresque* figure of the performer who acted William having given the wits a fair opportunity to compare the Conqueror with Don Quixote,—Buonaparte was mortified, and the further performance forbidden.

Mr. Letronne has just finished a work, of which great expectations are entertained: it is *Researches into the History of Egypt, during the domination of the Greeks and Romans, derived from Greek and Latin Inscriptions, relative to the Chronology, the State of the Arts, the civil and religious Usages of that Country*, one volume, 8vo. It is a remarkable and interesting circumstance, that M. Champollion, Jun., whose success in investigating the Egyptian hieroglyphics has excited such great expectations, and M. Letronne, have arrived by very different ways at the same conclusion. From the discoveries of both, it appears that not one of the four famous zodiacs discovered in Egypt is anterior to the dominion of the Romans in that country. M. Champollion discovers, by the designs of the bas reliefs of the great portico of Esné, that the zodiac of that temple was carved under the reign of the Emperor Claudius; M. Letronne proves, from Greek inscriptions in the temple of Esné, that the zodiac sculp-

ture on the ceiling of the pronaos of that edifice was made in the reign of Antoninus, though the date of it had been fixed at 3000 years before the Christian era; the temple itself, which was presumed to be of the same antiquity, is not anterior to the reign of Hadrian. The planisphere of Denderah, in which M. Champollion has read in hieroglyphics the word Autokrator, is assigned by him to the reign of Nero; and M. Letronne proves, from Greek inscriptions, that the rectangular zodiac of the pronaos must be of the reign of Tiberius.

The *Memoirs of Madame Campan* contain many very curious anecdotes of the Court of France, and justify the unfortunate and much injured Queen Marie Antoinette, from the odious inculpations which were so generally brought against her.

We must not conclude this sketch of French literature without mentioning, as belonging to it, Napoleon's *Memoirs* dictated to Count Montholon and General Gourgaud, and the *Journal of Las Cases*, though, as they are printed in London, both in French and English, and are so generally read, it is unnecessary to dwell upon them.

Germany.—Munich.—A work is just announced, which will be highly interesting to antiquarians, architects, painters, and artists in general. Greece, the native land of art, besides the strict and regular forms of architecture, had carried to great perfection the branch which we call ornament, and left to posterity the finest and most beautiful models. These, however, superseded by the superfluity of ornament among the Romans, and unknown on the revival of the arts in the fifteenth century, remained without influence in latter times, and, till the middle of the last century, lay buried in the ruins of the dilapidated monuments of Greece. Even the earlier travellers and connoisseurs took but little notice of them; and it is only within the last twenty years that the extent, beauty, and importance of this branch of the art among the Greeks have been clearly understood, and considered to be deserving of more accurate attention and examination. Mr. Von Klenze, in Munich, chief architect of the court, well known as a great friend and connoisseur of Gre-

cian art, possessing a rich collection of genuine Greek ornaments, has yielded to the wishes of numerous friends of art, and consented to publish it. The work will comprise the most beautiful ornaments of Greek antiquity, as well those executed in marble and stone, as those in terra cotta, and painted. As the drawings will all be made by Mr. Klenze himself, and the greatest care be bestowed on the engraving, it is hoped that the work will be equal to any thing of the kind hitherto published. It will probably consist of about eight numbers, each containing six plates in large folio.

Vienna.—A most important work, published some months ago, but which appears not to be known in England, is, *Constantinople and the Bosphorus locally and historically described*, by Mr. Joseph Von Hammer. The author, who, besides his other qualifications for the task, possesses the double advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the Turkish language, and a long residence in Constantinople, describes the history of Constantinople, from the establishment of ancient Byzantium to our times; the revolutions which those two cities have experienced; the religion, the manners, and the customs of a people, so different from us; their peculiar institutions; the form of government, the administration, the political situation, and the monuments of magnificence and public utility, which still exist in the capital of the Ottoman empire. The immense multitude of the details contained in these two large volumes, renders it impossible to give an analysis of them within the limits to which we are confined. They are evidently the result of vast reading and indefatigable patience in the most minute researches. The author never adopts without examination the opinions of preceding writers, but always refers to the fountain head. The Greek authors of the *Byzantine History* are as familiar to him as the Turkish writers of modern Constantinople, and it is evident that he has been long preparing the materials which he has here employed. If any reproach can be made against him, it is not that he has neglected any part of the picture *which he had to draw*; but rather,

that he has sometimes indulged in digressions, not immediately connected with the subject. Mr. Von Hammer has added to his work 120 Greek, Latin, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish inscriptions, with a plan of the city of Constantinople, and a chart of the Bosphorus.

Dr. Sieber's *Travels in Crete*, 2 vols. 8vo. contain much valuable information, both on the ancient and present state of that great island, and particularly on the manners of the Turks and Greeks; presenting a most striking, and evidently faithful picture, in which the pacha, consuls, physicians, clergy, Greek and Turkish officers, the slavery of the women, &c. &c. are represented.

Poland.—Mr. Nathan Rounfeld, a Jew of Warsaw, has just published a history of Poland in the Hebrew language. This work, which some persons may think it singular the author should have undertaken, will, doubtless, interest his Jewish brethren, who form a considerable proportion of the population of the Polish provinces, and cannot, therefore, be indifferent to the history of that kingdom. It is said, that the author has consulted the best authorities, and that his work is written with much judgment. Count Edward Raczyński has now published the long-expected account of his travels to Constantinople, the plain of Troy, and the coasts of Asia Minor, in 1814. It is a pretty considerable work, consisting of above fifty sheets, and 82 plates. It is in the Polish language, printed at Warsaw, and a splendid specimen of topography.

Italy.—The following work has been lately published, *Componimenti Teatrali di Speciosa Zanardi Bottioni*, Parmigiana. Parma, 8vo. 1822. Several journals, especially the *Giornale de' Letterati* of Pisa, No. 5, have given an account of the dramatic productions of this young lady, who, as far as is known, is the first of her sex in Italy who has ventured to put on the sock of Thalia. These dramas are, *La Marchesa di Mantenon* — *I Contrapposti* — *Il Matrimonio per Generosità*. In regularity of plan, natural development, management of the passions, and strict morality, they are equal, say the critics, to any that have appeared for a long time in Italy.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An Encyclopædia, or, General Dictionary of the Science of Music is about to be published under the direction of Mr. Bacon, assisted by Messrs. Clementi, Bishop, Horsley, Wesley, Shield, and Hewitt. The work will be printed in 2 Volumes, 4to. and illustrated by numerous engravings.

An edition of Shakspeare is about to be published, containing the whole of his Plays, in one pocket volume, with a glossary.

Sharon Turner, Esq. FSA. is about to publish, in 4to. the third volume of his History of England, embracing the Middle Ages.

Mr. Frederick Clissold, who made the next ascent of Mont Blanc, after the fatal accident, that befel the Guides of Dr. Hamel, in 1820, by the fall of an Avalanche, is about to publish an account of his journey, for the benefit of the Guides of Chamouni.

The late Dr. Whittaker's General History of the County of York is within a part of its completion, and will form two handsome folio volumes.

The Rev. Edward Irving has in the press, in an 8vo. volume, Pulpit Orations, Lectures, and Sermons, delivered in the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden.

Mr. Bakewell is preparing for publication, "Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentane and various parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, in Savoy, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822, with Comparative Views of the Geology of these Countries with that of Great Britain," illustrated with Plates, &c.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles A. Stothard, SA. by his Widow, will be published very shortly, in one volume, 8vo. with a portrait and fac-similes on wood of some of his original Sketches, in Letters to his Friends.

The Rev. G. S. Faber is printing, in 2 8vo. volumes, a Treatise on the Genius and Object of the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Christian Dispensations.

Mr. Horner is about to publish in four engravings, a View of London and the surrounding Country, taken with mathematical accuracy from an observatory purposely erected over the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. A Prospectus is published, containing some beautiful engravings, illustrative of the plan and execution of the work.

Mr. Scott's History of England during the reign of George III. designed as a continuation to Hume and Smollett, will appear in the course of the month, in 4 vols. 8vo., and also in 5 vols. 18mo.

JAN. 1823.

The Flood of Thessaly; The Girl of Provence; the Letter of Boccaccio; the Fall of Saturn; the Genealogist; a Chinese Tale, and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall, will be published on the first of March.

Mr. Scoresby has in the press an Account of his Voyage to Greenland in the summer of 1822, and of his re-discovery of the Eastern Coast of West Greenland.

The following works are in the press:—

Bouterwek's History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, translated from the original German. By Miss Thomasina Ross, in 2 Volumes, 8vo.

The Antiquities of Free-Masonry, from the Creation of the World to the dedication of Solomon's Temple. By the Rev. G. Oliver.

A Latin Grammar, by C. G. Zumpt, Professor in the Fredericks Gymnasium, Berlin. Translated from the German, with additions. By the Rev. J. Kenrick, AM.

Martha, a memorial of a beloved and only Sister. By Andrew Reed, Author of "No Fiction."

An Elegy on the late Henry Martyn, and other Pieces. By John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta, with a Portrait of Mr. Martyn.

Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations, in three Volumes, post 8vo.

Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous. By Henry Neele.

Practical Christianity, illustrated by Biblical Examples, also by Reflections on some of the principal parts of the Holy Scriptures. By Mrs. Sheriffe.

The Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in 1821 and 1822. By a Field Officer of Cavalry, in an 8vo. Volume, with Maps, &c.

Letters upon the Art of Miniature Painting, containing the most clear, and, at the same time, progressive Instructions in the Art, and the processes for attaining perfection in it.

The Elements of Anglo Saxon Grammar, with Copious Notes, illustrating the structure of the Saxon, and the formation of the English Language; with Engravings, fac-similes of Manuscripts, &c. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, MA.

Travels through part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819, to illustrate the Moral, Literary, and Religious Condition of the Country. By J. M. Duncan, AB.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Law.

Roscoe's Additional Observations on Penal Jurisprudence. 8vo. 6s. boards.

A Supplement to the 23d Edition of Dr. Burn's Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer. By George Chetwynd, Esq. MP. 1 Vol. 8vo. 16s.

Miscellaneous.

History of Roman Literature from its earliest period to the Augustan Age. In 2 Vols. By John Dunlop, LL. 11s. 6d.

Rivington's Annual Register, 1798. 20s. boards.

Relics of Literature. By Stephen Collet, AM. 8vo. 15s.

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. H. R. Peckell, MA. Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, to the Rectory of Dix, in the county of Oxford.—The Rev. T. St. Laurence, son of the Bishop of Cork, to the Archdeaconry of Hereford.—The Rev. D. Crosswell, DD. to the Vicarage of Enfield, Middlesex.—The Rev. H. Palmer, to the Perpetual Curacy of Broadway, Somersetshire.—The Rev. C. H. Hodgson, to the Rectory of Barwick St. Leonard, with the Chapel of Sedgehill annexed, Wilts; Patron, J. Bennett, Esq. MP.—The Rev. J. Stevens Phillott, to the Rectory of Framborough; Patron, J. Francis Gunning, Esq.—The Rev. J. Boyle, to the Perpetual Curacy of Wretham and Wretton, Norfolk; Patron, E. R. Pratt, Esq.—The Rev. J. Wareyn Darby, MA. to the Vicarage of Wicklewood, Norfolk; Patrons Mrs. Kett and R. Heber, Esq.

CAMBRIDGE.—W. J. Banks, Esq. MP. has made a valuable present to the University Library,

consisting of several works recently printed at Milan and Venice, among which are the classical reliques edited by Angelo Mai, the learned Librarian of the Vatican. The greater part of these books are exceedingly rare, a very limited number of impressions having been taken, in some instances not more than twenty.

The Rev. T. S. Hughes, BD. of Emmanuel College, elected Christian Advocate of this University, in the room of the Rev. J. Lonsdale, of King's College.

The subject of the Hulsean Lecture, for 1833, is, "The Nature and Advantage of the Influence of the Holy Spirit."—The Prize for the Hulsean Essay for 1832, has been adjudged to Mr. C. Austin, of Jesus College. The subject, "The Argument for the Genuineity of the Sacred Volume, as generally received by Christians."

BIRTHS.

Dec. 14.—At Clifton, the lady of C. A. Elton, Esq. a son.

25. At Holkham House, Norfolk, Lady Anne Coke, wife of Thomas William Coke, Esq. MP. for the County of Norfolk, a son and heir.

30. The lady of John Dowdy Cooper, Esq. of Woodbury Hall, Cambridgeshire, a daughter.

Jan. 1. 1833.—In Hereford-street, the lady of Edmund Antrobus, Esq. a son.

3. The Hon. Mrs. Thos. Erskine, a daughter.

4. At Footscray Cottage, Mrs. Coryton, a daughter.

—At the Priory, Balgale, Viscountess Easton, a daughter.

—At Newport, Isle of Wight, the lady of John Cooke, Esq. a daughter.

8. At Twickenham, the lady of Wm. Jones Burdett, Esq. a son.

9. The lady of the Hon. W. Cunt, a daughter.

11. In Portland-place, the lady of J. B. Rickstis, Esq. a daughter.

—In South Audley-street, Lady Frederica Stanhope, a son.

18. In Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, the lady of Wm. Loftus Lowden, Esq. a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, on Christmas Day, the lady of Sir James Milton Hiddell, Bart. a son and heir, and a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

At Shamrock Lodge, Belfast, the lady of William Boyd, Jun. Esq. a son.

ABROAD.

At Brussels, at the house of Viscountess Northland, Ladyabella Kuer, a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

Lately, Charles Carpenter Bonaparte, Esq. of Bristol, Barrister-at-law, to Mary Steele, eldest daughter of Joseph Tomkins, Esq. of Broughton, Hants.

Dec. 31.—At Culliam, Oxfordshire, the Rev. A. T. Gilbert, DD. Principal of Brasenose College, to Mary Ann, only child of the Rev. H. Wills, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Vicar of Culliam, and Rector of Compton Beauchamp, Berks.

Jan. 1. 1833.—At Spelhurst, Kent, Thos. Baker, Esq. of Milton-place, Kent, to Anne Everett, eldest daughter of William Canfield, Esq. of Crombridge.

—At Garton, Edward, eldest son of Edward Everett, Esq. of Milderton House, Norfolk, to Anna Theodosia, eldest daughter of St. Andrew St. John, Esq. of Garton Hall, and Granddaughter of the Hon. and Rev. St. Andrew St. John late Dean of Worcester.

8. At Cherington, Warwickshire, Jas. Allan Park, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Park, to Mary, daughter of the late Rev. W. Dickinson.

—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. Major Gen. Ferner, only brother of the Earl of Pomfret, to Miss Horough, only daughter of Sir Richard Borough, Bart. of Portland-place, and niece to Lord Viscount Lake.

9. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Charles Ward, John Ward, Esq. of Christ College, Cambridge, and second son of John Ward, Esq. of Marlborough, to Ann, eldest daughter of Sam. Morrison, MD. of Brook-street, Grosvenor square.

—At Hushon, the Rev. H. Rale Sarg, Rector of Balcombe, Sussex, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Richard Booth, Esq. of Glenden Hall, North. Wiltshire.

—At Chamberwe, the Rev. Thos. Henry Walpole, of All Souls, Oxford, and of Sutton Valence, Kent, to Sarah, youngest daughter of Captain W. A. Meriton, of Peckham, Surrey.

10. At St. Mary's, Islington, the Rev. J. Addison Coombe, of Manchester, to Eliza, daughter of Thos. Wilson, Esq. of Highbury-place.

14. At St. Pancras Church, the Rev. J. P. Malleson, AM. of Leeds, to Annabonilla, daughter of W. Taylor, Esq. of Frederick-place, Hampstead Road.

—At St. Andrew's, Holborn, J. Pugh, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-law, to Christiana Jane, second daughter of the late Mr. J. Slagter, of Beckington, Somersetshire.

—At Richmond, Henry Dymoke, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. the Champion Dymoke, of Sorrelby Court, Lincolnshire, to Emma, second daughter of William Pearce, Esq. of Billingham, Norfolk.

16. At Hampstead, Thos. Beckwith, Esq. of Bedford-place, to Elizabeth Sophia, second daughter of the late John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode.

21. At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Dean of Carlisle, Lewis Lloyd, Esq. of New Norfolk-street, Park-lane, to Mrs. Champion, of Grosvenor Square.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Rich. Heywood, Esq. banker, of Manchester, to Jane, second daughter of the Right Hon. and most Rev. Wm. Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

At Dublin, Andrew Trever, Esq. son of Dr. Trever, to Elizabeth Barbara Mary, relict of W. G. Bell, Esq. of Bonnet, in the Island of Barbadoes.

ABROAD.

At Bombay, Lieut. George Frankland, 6th Foot, son of the Rev. Roger Frankland, Canon of Wells, and Grandson of Sir Thos. Frankland, Bart. to Ann, third daughter of the late Thos. Mason, Esq. John-street, Bedford-row.

At Madras, Anstrotter Choopa, Esq. of the Madras

Civil Service, to Matilda, second daughter of Daniel Neale, Esq. of the Supreme Court.
At Florence, (Dec. 21st) by the Rev. Dr. Trevor, at the residence of the British Ambassador, Miss Bold, of Bold Hall, Lancashire, daughter and heiress of the late Peter Patten Bold, Esq. to Prince Sapleha.
At Paris, at the British Ambassador's Chapel, in presence of his Excellency Sir Charles Stuart, and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, Magdalen, eldest daughter of Colonel Croft, to Frederick Croft, Esq.

DEATHS.

Lately, at his seat Eastwood, in the vicinity of Tenby, at the advanced age of 83, Sir Henry Mannix, Bart. This highly respectable individual (who was born at Cork, in 1740) was exemplary for his conduct both as a magistrate and a private country gentleman, which latter character he sustained with the most friendly hospitality. In his former capacity his zeal and ability procured for him the dignity of Baronet from the Duke of Rutland, during his Grace's viceroyalty in Ireland.

19. At Stratton-house, Chilcompton, Somersetshire, in his 63d year, Charles Gordon Gray, Esq. Vice President of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society.

23. At Stourhead, the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. the Rev. John Offer.

25. In Guilford-street, in her 89th year, Mrs. Bewicke, relict of the late Benjamin Bewicke, Esq. of New Ormond-street.

— Louisa Carolina, the lady of Rear Admiral Richard Graves, and daughter of Sir John Colleton, Bart. aged 59.

26. In South-street, Grosvenor-square, Lady Apreece.

29. The Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Blantyre.

30. At her house, in Waterloo-place, the Countess of Egremont, aged 53. Her remains were removed, January 6, for interment, in the family vault, in Somersetshire.

— At Chiswick, aged 66, George Woodroffe, Esq. late Chief Prothonotary of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

31. In Hornton-street, Kensington, aged 41, Mary Ann, wife of Lieut. Col. Thos. Burke, C.B.

Jan. 1. 1823.—At Sherborne Castle, Oxfordshire, Mary Frances, Countess of Macclesfield.

— Sir John Everitt, Knt. of Sloane-street, aged 64.

— At his house at Clapton, Sam. Pett, Esq. M.D. in his 58th year.

— In Sloane-street, in his 80th year, Patrick Wilkie, Esq. late Consul at Carthage.

2. In Lower Grosvenor-street, Mrs. Hanmer Watson, of Hanmer Hall, Yorkshire, relict of the late John Watson, Esq. and previously of Humphrey Hanmer, Esq. of Hanmer Hall.

— At Blackheath, Mrs. Hanmer, relict of Dr. Hanmer, rector of Stepney.

— At Firbeck Hall, Yorkshire, aged 71, Mrs. Gally Knight.

3. Mr. James Taylor, of East Retford, Notts., aged 71.

8. At Brighton, in his 65th year, Dr. Harness, M.D. F.R.S. and late Medical Commissioner of the Transport Board.

— At Holland-grove, Lancashire, Sarah, the lady of John Alex. Hodson, Esq. M.P. for Wigan.

4. At the Rectory-house, Whittington, Gloucestershire, Anne, eldest daughter of the late George Hicks, Esq. M.D. of St. James's Palace.

— At Cheltenham, in 24th year, the Hon. John Rodney, youngest son of the late Right Hon. Lord Rodney, and brother to the present Lord.

— In Charges-street, Mary Ann, relict of the late Lieut.-Gen. Hethersett, of Shropham, Norfolk.

5. At Draycot, Wilts, Lady Catherine Tylney Long, relict of the late Sir James Tylney Long, and aunt to the present Earl of Plymouth.

— At Richmond, while on a visit at the Rev. W. Bewsher's, Mary, wife of James Skinner, Esq. of Belle Vue House, Devonshire, in her 87th year.

6. In her 27th year, Caroline, wife of Bonamy Dobrée, Esq. of Clapton, after being delivered of a son on the 4th.

— At Camberwell, George Young, Esq. formerly of Grote's-buildings, Blackheath, in his 63d year.

7. At Dawlish, aged 65, Lady Carr, relict of Sir Robert Carr, Bart. of Hampton, Middlesex.

— At Hastings, after a long illness, Lady Musgrave, relict of the late Sir James Musgrave, Bart. of Barnsley, in the county of Gloucester.

— At Hale-hall, near Warrington, Ann, the lady of John Blackburn, Esq. M.P. for the county of Lancaster.

Lately, at Crome, the seat of the Earl of Coventry, in his 64th year, J. B. Smith, Esq. who expired very suddenly. He requested his attendant, who had left him but a short time before in his usual health, to call Lord Deerhurst to him, as he felt exceedingly unwell, and expired shortly afterwards, just as his Lordship was entering his apartment.

9. Joseph Savill, Esq. of Little Waltham Lodge, Essex, aged 46.

10. J. S. Clamtree, Esq. of Bloomsbury-square.

— At Glynher, Carmarthenshire, James Hanc-kell, Esq. late of Wandsworth Common.

— At Kensington, Viscountess Dowager Montague.

— At Beaumont-house, Jersey, the seat of her brother-in-law, Martha, the wife of Charles Pipon, Esq. aged 45.

11. In Chelsea-street, Bedford-square, after a painful illness, Mr. M. P. King, an eminent musical composer, aged 50.

— At Walthamstow, Mary, wife of W. N. Lancaster, Esq. in her 45th year.

— At Castle Town, Bearhaven, aged 26; Lieut. W. A. Longmore, of his Majesty's ship Arab; eldest son of the late Rev. A. Longmore, of Great Baldow, Essex.

12. In Guildford-place, aged 22, Caroline, wife of Edward Ireland, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company service, daughter of the late Capt. Robinson, and grand-daughter of the late Dr. Ross, of Dundee.

13. At his house, in Skinner-street, Bishopgate-without, Samuel Nash, Esq. twenty-two years Common-Councilman of Bishopgate Ward.

— Margaret Ann, wife of W. Saunders, Esq. of Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place.

14. In South Audley-street, Lady Frederica Stanhope, the lady of the Hon. J. H. Stanhope, and eldest daughter of the Earl of Mansfield, after her accouchment on the 11th. The infant died the day after its birth.

15. Jane, wife of J. S. Taylor, Esq. of Great James-street, Bedford-row.

— At Southampton, on his way from Bath, whither he had been for the recovery of his health, Richard Merricks, Esq. of Runckton-house, near Chichester, aged 72.

19. Thos. Scott, Esq. of New Bridge-street, in his 66th year.

— In Piccadilly, Miss Andrews, youngest daughter of the Dean of Canterbury.

Lately at Roehampton, Caroline, Countess Dowager of Kingston, in her 64th year.

IN SCOTLAND.

At his seat, Runnock-barracks, in his 82d year, Colonel Alexander Robertson, of Strowan, chief of the ancient and numerous Clan Robertson. The Colonel was the son of Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Strowan, and the Hon. Mary Nairne, daughter of Wm. Lord Nairne.

IN IRELAND.

In Sackville-street, Dublin (Dec. 22), in his 34th year, the Marquis and Earl of Drogheda, Viscount Moore, Baron Mellefont, &c. His Lordship was a Field-Marshal, and the oldest General in his Majesty's service. In 1762 he raised the 18th dragoons, which regiment he continued to command till its reduction last year. In 1766 he married Lady Anne Sermour (eldest daughter of the Marquis of Hertford), who died in 1787.

ABROAD.

At Sierra Leone, in his 29th year, Henry Mitton, Esq. of Tavistock-place, only surviving son of the late H. Mitton, Esq. of Enfield.

At Bombay, of an apoplectic fit, aged 60, the Rev. Nicholas Wade, A.M. senior Chaplain of the Presidency.

At Madras, aged 27, the Rev. T. Nicholson, of the London Missionary Society.

At Nice, in his 7th year, Henry Leigh, youngest son of John Smith, Esq. M.P. of Blenden Hall, Kent.

At Jersey, Brevet Major C. G. Alma, RA.

At Paris, Robt. Jones Adeane, Esq. of Babraham, Cambridgeshire.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1823.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

We have, as our Readers know, lately unloaded our printing presses of some of their heavier matter, touching Bullion, Coals, Corn, &c. We have let the weather take its chance; and have permitted the barometer, and the wheat, and the funds, to rise, or fall, or stand still, as circumstances of the season enjoined. We have agreed to transfer all that is mercurial to our columns, and to let it escape as it may, in the shape of wit and humour, for the benefit of our readers in general.

But our friends may not be so well aware that we have lately *added eight pages*, and in the present Number, *sixteen pages*, to the ordinary quantity of the Magazine. We have been disposed to this, partly by having a superabundance of excellent materials in hand, and partly by a desire to show that the increasing circulation of our work only stimulates us to greater efforts. It would be easy, indeed, to disburthen our bureau of its MSS. by printing, now and then, an additional Number of the Magazine; but we think it a bad precedent in periodical works, to add, under any such pretext, to the ordinary expence of subscribers. Accordingly, we come forward with this our literary "bonus," which we shall repeat, occasionally, in future numbers. In return, we claim only the privilege of letting our readers know, that we are making strenuous exertions to please them, and that our desire is to furnish, for their monthly gratification, a high intellectual treat.

Elia is not dead!—We thought as much—and even hinted our thought in the number for January. The following letter declaring Elia's existence is in his own handwriting, and was left by his own hand. We never saw a man so extremely alive, as he was, to the injury done him:

"Elia returns his thanks to the facetious Janus Weathercock, who, during his late unavoidable excursion to the Isles of Sark, Guernsey, and Jersey, took advantage of his absence to plot a sham account of his death; and to impose upon the town a posthumous Essay, signed by his Ghost—which, how like it is to any of the undoubted Essays of the author, may be seen by comparing it with his volume just published. One or two former papers, with his signature, which are not re-printed in the volume, he has reason to believe were pleasant forgeries by the same ingenious hand."

ANECDOTAGE. To forestal any ungentlemanly construction of this word, the Author of the article so entitled begs to explain—that he uses the word to designate the habit of trifling research involved in the chase after anecdotes; the satire of the term, therefore, affects the readers of anecdotes no less than the writers—himself no less than the author of the book noticed. He had imagined himself to be the author of this term, on the suggestion of the following words at the end of Lord Orford's *Reminiscences*: “Perhaps you know the anecdote, and perhaps several others that I have been relating: no matter: they will go under the name of my dotage.” But he afterwards found that the word had been already invented by John Wilkes. He begs to add that, in questioning the truth of certain anecdotes, he is far from meaning to impeach the veracity of Miss Hawkins, or the accuracy of her report; in most cases, she has of necessity relied on general hear-say testimony. In reference to the Greek epigram on Dr. Lettsom, it should have been noticed that the phrase “θανάτον εἰλεσθαι,” for *dying*, is quite unwarranted.

Notwithstanding the increased size of our present Number, we have been compelled to omit “THE MISCELLANY” this month for want of room. We regret this the more, because it contained a notice of Mr. HAYDON'S Picture of *the Raising of Lazarus*, which opens for exhibition on the 1st of this month, and which we have had the opportunity of seeing.—We are desirous of recommending it, as a highly meritorious work of art, to the especial patronage of our readers. The picture has faults of course: without faults it could hardly have beauties; but if they alone censure it who have the discrimination to see and appreciate its peculiar excellencies, the voice of detraction will be very faint.—We consider it the most successful of Mr. Haydon's paintings, and hope it will prove so to him in the result.

We must dismiss our minor Correspondents this month in a summary way:

Edwin and Angelina have already been celebrated by Goldsmith.—The elegy on Dr. Hutton is *well written*, by Mr. Carstairs.—M.'s Ode on the Martyrs who were burnt in the *rain* of Queen Mary is original, but wants fire.—E. B. is not good.—Address to the Sylvan Deities is almost good enough.—The Address to a Literary Society has fulfilled its purpose.—A Sonnet to Clare has been forwarded.—Blue Stockings are out of date.—And the Sketch of a Plan for abolishing Beggars, by making them Gentlemen, is humane but Utopian.

THE
London Magazine.

MARCH, 1823.

ON HUNTING.

I AM not going, I premise, to be scientific, and deep, and unintelligible on my subject. I once asked a sportsman of the highest authority, how long it might require to make a man of common parts a perfect fox-hunter. He informed me, that common parts would do nothing at all; but that "a clever fellow," with favourable opportunities and severe application, might in four years, he thought it probable, fit himself to appear, with respectability at least, in any "hunt" that he was acquainted with. As for perfect fox-hunters—there are not three, he assured me, in the three kingdoms. Now, I do not propose to develope any mysteries of the chase, such as my sage informant must have contemplated, when he laid down this serious course of discipline and induction. I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observation—giving them, I trust, a sufficient notion of what really belongs to an amusement which, as they must have heard, supplies for six months in the year, to gentlemen in the country, the staple-interest of life. The *greenest* need not fear from me any swaggering airs of superiority: I will not seek to perplex them by

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mystifying trifles, nor mortify them in their helplessness, like some bullying smatterers that I wot of, by means only of a little technical slang. The dignity of what I have to state shall not be wrapped up in any unfair disguises, but be honestly exposed before them, no better than common English can make it.

It will give clearness, perhaps, to some of my details, if, preparatory to taking the field, I give some little account of the nature of the country (on the coast of Sussex) which has been the scene of my experience in the chase. The Sussex Downs, as all Brighton knows, generally present a very uninteresting appearance—a combination of round-topped, lumpish hills, shelving down generally with a rapid descent, but smooth, and equal, and uniform, as the sides of a bowl. In some parts of the county, however, they exhibit a more diversified character. About a mile to the northward of the little town of Seaford, commences a district of open or down-country, which, to the birds who look upon it from mid-air, must have very much the aspect of a solid ocean—so multitudinous are the chasms and glens by which it is divided. These glens seldom exceed a hundred feet in depth; their sides are always steep, sometimes nearly perpendicular, having concave surfaces, smoothed and planed, as if by human art.

Most of them are so narrow at the bottom, as scarcely to afford room for the wheels of a cart; and they intersect each other like the streets of a town. One of these narrow green alleys forms a complete and most regular circle, from which, at various intervals, diverge other alleys of the same character, which pursue short windings among the hills, and may lead you, if tempted to follow them, by very unexpected openings into the circle again. The whole of these downs, hills, and hollows, are unrelieved by a tree or bush; but covered with a short herbage, and chequered with furze-brakes, which give shelter to an abundance of foxes, hares, and partridges.

Such a country, considered in relation to hunting, has this peculiarity, my reader will apprehend, that it offers no leaps—no immortality for those who would break their necks over stone-walls and stake-bound hedges. We have hills, however, with their steep sides slippery as glass, and perforated with rabbit-holes, which supply quite as much dignity to the chase as can be required from difficulty and peril. In critical moments of the day, you will see heroes rush down these hills with a thoughtless impetuosity, that nothing but the occasion can excuse. You must have a horse carefully broken and tutored to such experiments; when you will find him, as you desire it, freely *skating* down with you some hundred feet, rarely taking his legs from the ground, yet keeping himself upon them with wonderful skill and certainty. There is always a degree of risk, it may be supposed, in these lubricious descents; but what is the life of a man, when the question is the death of a fox? But to our sport: and first for—

THE HARRIERS.

The establishment in which I have been a party in this department of the chase, is only a farmer's "hunt," affecting no *style* or pomp, but prosecuting its essential business with a degree of spirit not to be surpassed. The pack was kept till very lately, and had been kept for some forty years, by the celebrated "old Martin,"—so I venture to call him, for, within one degree of latitude at least, his name was as general as the air.

He was the finest old man I ever saw—*was*, I say, (melancholy tense!) for, with sorrow I speak it, he is now no more. At the time when I first knew him, he was some years beyond seventy, yet ruddy and fresh as the morning—firm, muscular, active—despising cold, and rain, and hail, and hurricanes, and battling through the utmost fatigues of the manly exercise in which he delighted, with all the gaiety of youth. He was reputed to be the most fearless rider in the county; yet his daring was not greater than his skill, for he never met with an accident. During the season, he used to hunt, just as at five-and-twenty, three days in a week, regularly following his huntsman from the kennel at ten in the morning, and returning with him at nightfall. Frost and snow apart, no description of weather had power to keep him at home on a hunting-day. As master of the pack, he had a special character to maintain, which would not allow him to shrink from circumstances, that his less restricted companions of the field might hesitate to face. Come what come might, the hounds were always at the place of meeting at the predestined hour; and many and many a time has the old gentleman followed up the chase through a whole day of ceaseless rain, and raving wind, with no partner but his huntsman, who travelled on foot, and was seldom near him. The distinguishing mark in his dress was a white smock-frock, out of which he was never seen except at church on Sundays. From this homely garb, together with an extreme plainness and simplicity in his general character and habits, he was regarded as the last surviving representative, of any note in this part of the world, of the old school of farmers, as it existed before farmers had coated and booted themselves into gentlemen. That he did not think it becoming to cast off his frock on light pretences may be inferred from the fact, that he was worth above a hundred thousand pounds. He was called by his brother-sportsmen, in allusion to his frock, the flag-admiral; his white drapery flapping in the wind, and far seen on the hills, being an excellent signal for loiterers gone

astray, who might be sure that the frock and the hounds were not far apart. I was with him, I have a pride in recollecting, on the last day that he was permitted to hunt on those hills, which for half a century he had gladdened with his merry halloo! and hark forward! He was ill, and looked suddenly and alarmingly altered; but he brightened up at the spirit-stirring call of his dogs, and rode well throughout the chase—true, to the latest moment, to the only amusement which he had ever considered worth the notice of a man. The hunt closed on this occasion at precisely half-past two o'clock; and at that hour, to give some notion of the spirit of this gallant old man, he set off to ride seven miles to some dinner of business at Pevensy, and came back to his bed at night. He never went out again. His complaint was some febrile disorder which was not to be subdued. After a few days of suffering, he was, with some hesitation on his own part, attended for the first time in his memory by a doctor, a sort of mediator for whom he had always expressed the greatest contempt. There was no hope among his friends from this hour: he took physic and—died. Such a man is not to be replaced. There will be no more hunting, it is agreed, on the heights of Firle. Hounds if you like, and people to follow them—but no more hunting.

For the other members of the "hunt," a more cursory notice will suffice. They consisted of about a dozen farmers, of various ages, from twenty to fifty,—hard, tough, sturdy fellows, with iron fibres and dauntless hearts; together with five or six veterans, an invalid company, who, though prevented by age and infirmity, by lameness, rheumatism, and dislocations, from joining in the activities of the field, could not consent to retire altogether from the scene, but would be crawling about to see and hear what was going on; helping out their little part in the present sport, by the recollections which it called forth of better and brisker days. One of them had a dislocated hip, the result of a fall from his horse, which made his seat on the saddle so wearisome and uneasy, that he was obliged to dismount

every half-hour, to relieve himself by a change of posture. He admitted that hunting was grown a somewhat painful exercise to him; but he had hunted, he said, with old Martin for forty years, and—what could he do? "Besides," said he, "I can rest now and then, and my mare (I will say that for her) is the easiest beast in the world,—so that, somehow or other, I contrive, thank God, to make out a morning's amusement yet." This open country, with its commanding eminences, is very favourable to these veterans, allowing them generally, with a few judicious changes on their part in their posts of observation, to be within sight or sound of the hunt from the starting to the death. The hare, indeed, will sometimes run from them out of all reasonable bounds, but in that event they have expectation and conjecture to keep them warm; and will willingly wait for an hour or two till the return of the dogs, finding an ample reward for their patience in the very earliest news that takes air, of all that has transpired in their absence.

On one of those mornings which sportsmen combine to call fine, and which keep every body else within doors, these "merry men all" meet to beat up the covers, let us say, of *Norton-Top*. A pleasant rain and welcome; but a bright sun never made a fine morning yet, or Old Martin knew nothing about it. Let there not be much wind either, if you would prosper, this being an agent almost as offensive to the moist scent as the sun. The hounds (thirty to the pack) are uncoupled, and, after a prelude roll, and shake, and run, dash into the blood-letting thicket of furze, or hawth, as we call it, unmindful of the pins and needles that would obstruct their passage, save that here and there you may hear a testy yelp, or a surly growl, as the disposition of the creature may be, from one over-hasty, or perhaps, as Old Martin would say, "out of humour this morning." The horsemen scatter themselves wide, and keep beating away with their whips, while now and then a promising cry bursts from some favourite dog, just to preserve our attention from sleeping, and assure us that we are amused. That's *Jowler* again!—she is just before him; the cry becomes more

general, quick, and pressing—they are hot upon her trail—and presently, out she skips, and away for her life—a fine hare to be sure—holla! a view—holla! True to the shout, the dogs are out of the thicket in a moment—down go their fatal noses to the ground—they catch the scent, and gaily they run, the whole pack setting up a full, loud, continuous cry, which rolls out upon the wind in a stream of pervading melody, that seems like the natural music of the hills. Have I a reader who has not heard this cry? Oh! let him rouse himself; life is short; let him not die in ignorance; Catalani will come to him; away then to Leicestershire, or Northumberland, or Cornwall,—any where—but do let him hear this blithe field-song of the hounds. Sincerely, it is beautiful.

There is nothing violent and hurried in hare-hunting, like the first burst after a fox: the men of might, who ride close to the dogs or thereabouts, set off at an easy gallop, not more than agreeable to a horse of common powers; while the elders are seen edging away at a brisk walk for some neighbouring point, near which the hare will go, or ought to go, as they will prove unanswerably, should she venture to transgress the received rules and precedents. She generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half way; she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for, what we call, the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track. These are her usual proceedings, though they are liable to many innovations, depending, among other causes, upon the temperature of the scent, which, as it varies the activity of the dogs, will often vary the move-

ments of the hare. But these are distinctions to be sufficiently explained only in the field. “She’ll come back here,” said I: “What!” replied old Martin, “with the wind at east?” and I was silenced.

The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman’s cry, to pull together, or keep together; and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are “at fault,” or lose the scent, they are silent, and the whole pack immediately disperse and scour over the ground, that they may nose out their game again. When their mouths become mute, however, their tails begin to speak, and explain, as they wag, with the eloquence of words, their eagerness and impatience: as long as these are in motion there is hope; when they settle into stillness, all is lost. There are five or six dogs in the pack of known sagacity and experience, who are looked up to by the rest, in all circumstances of embarrassment, for counsel and direction. If some ignorant puppy, of no name or nose, presumes to state his opinion in a doubtful case, in some light inconsequential speech, nobody thinks of attending to it, except the huntsman, perhaps, with his reproving whip; but if the unerring *Trotter*, or old *Jowler*, set up their decisive voices, the challenge is answered by every mouth in the pack; a simultaneous rush is made to the spot, the scent is recovered, and all is life and action once more.

These “faults” are very frequent occurrences, and, if they are not too much prolonged, rather aid the interest of the sport than otherwise, inasmuch as they call forth all the varied instincts of the dogs and their game, and bring into exercise the most hidden knowledge, and the nicest discrimination, of the sportsmen. I speak only from my own feelings on the subject, and it is proper to acknowledge that, in the general opinion, a “fault” is a fault. The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of “faults;” but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of

ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal; they cut off the scent irrecoverably, making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance. These *dicta* of mine are meant to apply only to our own particular "hunt;" other packs, in differently conditioned countries, have, no doubt, "faults" of their own, which I know nothing about. *Non omnia, &c.*

An hour and a half may be stated as the average duration of a chase, with all its interruptions, in which time the hare may run ten or twelve miles; but if the scent is strong, and she is closely pressed, she may come to her death in considerably less time, after running a much greater distance. At the latter end of the season, in February and March, the hares become exceedingly wild, and run with all the vigour and determination of a fox, justifying the well-known comparative, "as mad as a March hare." We have it on record, safe for our posterity, that on the 13th of February, 1822, a hare, put up by old Martin himself, led us a chase of twenty-five miles, in which she ran through seven—wasn't it seven, Mr. Stace? yes, seven parishes, swam across a river, and back again, and finally made her escape, leaving dogs, and horses, and men breathless, and worn out behind her. But I am too talkative by half, and they always said so of me in the field. We started, I think, from *Norton-Top*: suppose then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along; then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder. At this period the sternness of my purpose would relent: I was always inclined to say, like Macbeth, "we will proceed no further in this business," and would willingly have given the little animal a kinder reward than awaited her, for the amusement that she had afforded me. But it might not be: the dogs rush in upon her and seize her—the horsemen gallop up—cut away

with their whips—hold up the game—and the cry is dead! dead! dead! There might happen to be no horseman near at this moment; in which case, the hare, bones, skin, and all, would in a few seconds be divided, and swallowed amongst the hounds, no signs being left but the stains of blood upon their jaws. But so disgraceful a casualty as this was rare indeed under the reign of our vigilant and active commander. I loved to see him always at this crowning scene of our sport. He would seize the hare, and throw it at his feet, to indicate its death to the dogs, who, looking up at him, and baying and howling, would cluster in a circle round him, keeping precisely at whip's length from the centre, or their master—our father-sportsman, who stood like a conqueror—his venerable face suffused all over with a placid triumph, which it was impossible not to sympathise with. Presently he would prepare for his last offices to the hare on this side the dish. Diving into the depths of his capacious breeches-pocket—the right pocket—whose hard contents were plainly mapped out in grease and dirt on the outside—he would pull forth his knife of all work—deliberately open it—make the right incision, tear out the entrails of the animal, and dash them among the dogs—at the same time, with insidious and crimsoned finger (for he loved a joke), widening the mouth of some staring shepherd-boy, who would be standing at his elbow. Poor old Martin! Not two months ago, I saw him doing, looking, joking, just as I have described him. Peace be with you, my old friend! your good deeds—generous—charitable—were not few; and if to love a drizzly morning three days in a week be no sin, you can have little to answer for.

COURSING.

This is a gentle exercise, not unfriendly to a sunny morning—hunting fit for a lady—indeed, the dogs employed seem made on purpose for the ladies. The greyhound, I think, is the most beautiful animal in the world—beautiful, not only from its graceful lines and perfect symmetry, but from the palpable expediency of its frame in all its parts, as a thing of speed. The powers of other brutes are not obvious till they are disco-

vered to us in action; but a single glance at the greyhound, even in repose, assures us that its business is to run. There is no other animal, that I know of, so entirely dependent for its prey on swiftness of foot; and there is none in which nature has provided for this single attribute with so cautious and delicate a hand. In comparing the greyhound with other dogs, it is curious to observe, while it preserves all their generic distinctions, the numerous and minute deviations that occur in every division of its structure, adapted to the particular destination of its powers. Its small pointed head; its long, light, fleshless body, the curved and flexible spine acting with the force of a spring; its long, sinewy, tapering legs; its close, thin skin, unencumbered with a wrinkle or a hair that could be spared—all these are peculiarities that distinguish it from every other dog, and are all speakingly in aid of one design. Even the pendulous, cord-like tail, that seems to steal along after the animal, without a movement to waste, is full of appropriate character. The creature seems to have no bowels; the yawning, hungry vacuum in their place being objected to by some *solid* judges as unsightly; though, with all deference, I think it a beauty, if not in itself, in its combination with the general structure of the dog, and the whole meaning of its expressive figure. Any other dog, so thin in all respects, would be full of clumsy protuberances, and appear uncouth and death-like; but the greyhound, a mere skeleton in a skin, cushioned only with a few tense, springy muscles about the loins and shoulders, which you may count like the ribs, has yet not a sharp point or hard angle about it; its finely-turned mechanism presenting only a series of gentle bends and wavy lines, a perfect model of shapeliness and elegance.

There is a gentleness in the disposition of this beautiful animal that is quite in harmony with the delicacy of its form. It approaches you with a timid, crouching fondness, to be daunted by a look, unless you would encourage it to rapture by a word, and then,—Oh! the fantastical gambols—the kangaroo-like jumps, the *wild careering* of its three-league

legs, vainly striving for play in a narrow circle round you! If it should not happen to prefer, which it often does, a kiss, placing its paws upon your shoulders, and bringing you nose to nose, were you as tall as the Irish giant. It is an interesting sight to see them in the field, before they are uncoupled for the course, all their energies alive and struggling for action. I have noticed them particularly when sitting upon their haunches, so tall and so prim—their fore-legs stiffened out, and lifting them up like two slender columns—their necks arched, their ears erect, and their eyes eagerly following the distant horsemen. If a greyhound were to sit for its portrait, this should be the moment. No man of any manners would think of speaking to a greyhound as he would to any other dog: even their rude grooms think it necessary to temper their familiarity to them with a select language, and a tone of becoming softness. “What, Miss Sweetlips!” I heard a fellow say to a cream-coloured, satin-skinned lady, that kept whining and fretting, as she sat perked up beside him; “are *you* for a hare this morning—and would *you* foul this fine nose of yours with blood? eh! you baggage?”—just as one might notice some pretty wickedness in a capricious beauty in petticoats. Blood has an ill sound; but there is nothing fierce or ravenous about them, nevertheless—nothing beyond a sprightly animation—a hunter’s spirit, that rejoices rather in the hills and free air, and the chase, than thirsts for slaughter. Their thin bodies are exceedingly susceptible of cold, and, in a state of inaction, cannot resist the sharpness of the winter’s wind without a convulsive shuddering. Some sportsmen, with not more tenderness than is decent, provide them with body-cloths, in which they are enveloped till it is their turn to run; and they of coarser feelings, who might laugh at the notion of supplying the pretty creatures with their pelisses, should, at least, place them, till they are wanted, under the lee of a hedge or a corn-stack, or any shelter that might be at hand. They would run the better for such care, they may depend upon it.

As the greyhound has no gift of

smell, and can hunt only in view of his game, it is desirable, as will occur to my most sedentary reader, to provide a hare for him at some distance from any cover, so that he may have free scope for a trial of his speed. The hare seems to be at once aware of the nature of her enemy, and that she is safe as long as she is concealed; for if you dislodge her from a thicket, she will not take to a far flight, but slip into some other part of the cover, and there lie quiet, with an audacity which she would not think of venturing upon, with the keen-nosed harriers at her heels. The furze is scattered in large patches about the downs; but there are extensive spaces of clear turf, with here and there a farm, surrounded by some acres of land in tillage; and these are the best places for your game. The hares which are bold enough to leave their covers, generally seek out the ploughed land, choosing sheltered seats among the furrows, where they will sit perfectly still for a whole day, never voluntarily stirring till night allows them to move and feed with security. The horsemen, six or eight, it may be, range themselves in an open file, and pace slowly over the field, each looking sharp over his allotted space, so that not an inch of ground escapes examination. The hare cowers down so close, and is so much of the colour of the ground, that it requires an eye of some experience to detect one on her seat. The dogs (a couple only) contribute no aid to this preparatory service of starting the game; but follow the horses, quite vacant and passive, till the view holla is given, and the hare is in motion before them. The greyhound, in a state of nature, would, if hares were to be its only food, have little chance of growing fat. With a powerless nose, and rather a dull eye, it will pass within a yard of a hare on her seat, and not observe her. With such defects on his part, added to the defensive arts with which nature has supplied his prey, his single endowment of speed would scarcely, one should imagine, preserve him from famine. The mouse has a name for excessive lying still, but it is outdone in this particular, I fancy, by the hare, who sagaciously apprehending how much her lightest

movement might assist the eyes of her seekers, lies like a clod on the ground; as danger approaches, she still maintains, if I may say so, her presence of mind; the sight of the hounds almost upon her, and the shouts of the men, cannot startle her into indiscretion. To such an extremity will she try this scheme of evasion, that you are obliged to go up to her, and positively push her from her seat; and then, the spell once broken, away she flits, bounding over the ground like a cricket-ball; the cry is given; the hounds see her and pursue—they draw near—they are upon her—they have her—no, she turns, and they overshoot her—now again—the black dog—she must die—no—there was a “fling off!”—she heads them again—away, puss—now, *Mellish*, now, my boy—the dogs for a hundred—stay—yes—she’s down—no—I see her—no—yes—she leaves them—she gains her cover—she is safe.

Three minutes are about the duration of an ordinary course, during which, if short, the interest of the spectator is always on the strain, on extremest tip-toe—a point of agitation, which they who have seen “neck and neck” on a race-course will readily appreciate. It is beautiful to see the antagonist powers and resources with which nature has supplied the hare, in her apparently unequal contest with the surpassing speed of her pursuers. They very soon overtake her at the first start; but at the moment when they spring forward to seize her, she darts away to the right or left, with the quickness of lightning, and is twenty yards away from them before they can retract their long legs, and level at her again; a few seconds may bring them to her; but as she runs before them, she keeps tossing and throwing herself from them in a marvellous manner, continually escaping from their open mouths by some sudden movement, which the eye can scarcely follow; yet, amidst all her distractions, never forgetting her main object; but, after every shift and double, still pointing to her cover. A more terrifying struggle than she goes through cannot be imagined. With the harriers she has time and respites; but here she is, during the whole run, in the very presence of death; the dogs touch her, run over

her—the sound of their panting is never out of her ears, and allows her not the pause of a moment for a hope of deliverance. An idea may be formed of the success with which the little animal exerts herself in this desperate conflict, from the fact, that in a whole day's coursing, at which I was present, with twelve couple of dogs, each couple of which had, at least, one fair course, only three hares were killed.

The greyhounds have no notion of stopping at the cover when they see the hare enter; but, still confident in their legs, keep sweeping on, till the continued non-appearance of their game checks their spirit, when they stand staring about them in a stupid puzzle, as if wondering how they should possibly have been left behind. Though quite without resource, they will stand for a long time before they give up all hope, in defiance of whistling and hallooing; till at last, with many a lingering look they drag themselves away, and return at a snail's space, dispirited and abashed, to their keepers. There are greyhounds who are criminal enough, when the hare is put up, not to follow her, but to repair with all haste at once to her cover, and there wait to receive her. This is called "running cunning," and is not considered fair play—fair enough, perhaps, as between the dogs and the hare, but a direct fraud against the amusement of the sportsmen.

Coursing altogether is but a dull business. The actual run is a scene of very anxious interest; but the want of variety and continuous action in the sport makes it very tiresome to those who have followed the harriers or the fox-hounds. There is not exercise enough to keep the blood in motion: the game lies entirely between the dogs and the hare, stripped of the great attraction of all hunting—the competition of horses and riders. I have seen the sport in some perfection too; our downs having been visited the other day by a grand party from London, profound breeders, who came down with a cart-load of dogs, on purpose to prove to us that we in the country here know nothing about a greyhound. Willing to reap all sorts of profit from their dogs, they "backed" them with cer-

tain sums against any booby mongrels that we could bring against them. The farmers, however, with all their inexperience, contrived to win all the money. The dogs of the Londoners, not to bear malice, were of a fine breed, and in the highest condition; but being accustomed to run in a level country, they could not contend against our long hills, and the vigour and activity of the hares bred upon them. These persons are looked upon in the country rather in the light of dog-fanciers than sportsmen. Their half-crown bets are very town-bred, and betray a spirit that has nothing to do with the true inspiration of the field. They had one individual with them, whom I cannot refrain from mentioning a little more at length—a Cockney all over—who was present at a hunt, on this occasion, for the first time in his life. I shall never forget him, I hope. His dress was charmingly characteristical, and, without other introduction, expounded him to every one in a moment. The day was bitterly cold; and all of us, save this stranger, were buttoned up to the chins in good fear-nought drab coats, that effectually kept out the weather, and looked as if they did so. The appearance was altogether comfortable, and quite in season. The Cockney appeared in a green coat, puffed and puckered at the shoulders—very short, with the skirts pared away into a delicate swallow-tail, exposing more than his hips behind—a slight linen waistcoat without buttons, or with only three or four, the space between the stomach and neck opening freely, to give egress to a flaunting frill—tight, white, cotton breeches (I speak the bare truth)—kerseymere leggings—*pumpish* looking shoes—and a fur cap. The costume surely was perfect. He was, as may be supposed, very speedily penetrated bone-deep by the cold, though, to do him justice, he made no complaint, except by the chattering of his teeth, and certain involuntary and St. Vitus-like movements that would be taking place now and then in various parts of his body. There was nothing very observable in his mode of riding, only that he turned his knees and toes out like a dancing master, by which act he had a

very loose, detached seat ; and, as he made little use of his stirrups, was shot up to a prodigious height from his saddle, at every step of his horse—his white breeches appearing to descend and rebound in the manner of a piece of India rubber. Of course he was the general butt of the company, who all prepared, in the same jovial spirit, to make the most of the unexpected rarity that the chances of the morning had dropped amongst them. When the hare was put up, “ Let the gentleman holla,” they exclaimed—and forthwith he uttered a cry such as hound never heard : “ Let the gentleman put her up,” it was next proposed ; and he proceeded to frighten away the hare, waving a pocket handkerchief, and crying, *huish ! huish !* as an old woman repels a goose : “ Let the gentleman ride—ride, sir, ride,”—and away he went—bump—bump—over the startled hills, all alone—followed only by shouts of laughter, himself the game—the view—the whole hunt of the day. It was not long before he seemed to perceive that he was entertaining the lookers-on ; and he bore his exposure with a cheerfulness and good-humour which richly deserved a warmer pair of breeches. He became, at length, quite altered by the cold : his face, which, for some time, had preserved a tolerable paleness, now turned to blue ; he positively looked less, and was in a course, it seemed, of disappearing altogether : yet he was still warm of heart—manfully left his little coat unbuttoned, and kept his frill and toes out with as much formality as on his first appearance. When we had been out about five hours, the poor fellow came up to me with his watch in his hand, and, with a voice that could scarcely force its way through his stiffened lips, observed ; “ Half an hour’s more *sport*, and then it will be dark.” He wished me to understand that he regretted this approaching deliverance, which, in my judgment, very nearly concerned his life. I took no part, I beg to say, in the common conspiracy against him. I had my irresistible sense of his preposterousness, and many a rich smile at all his *noodling* ways ; but I manifested no sign, I trust, that could in any way be offensive

to him. I had much talk with him ; and, as I have exposed his weak points, I think it but fair to say : that I found in him a great deal of intelligence, apart from any relation to his saddle, together with a kindness and urbanity (no uncommon qualities in Cockneyism, let them laugh at it as they please) which would have hesitated, I think, on any provocation, to have wounded the feelings of those who had been so merry at his expense. Even as a sportsman, he had qualities which might have redeemed him from contempt. I defend not his practice in putting up a hare ; but there was no lack of spirit and moral courage in the man ; and he proved it under a course of protracted suffering, which I truly believe would have daunted any or all of the ruddy, brawny, bull-headed persons, who, in their greater conceit and warmer coats, had laughed at him so unsparingly. He could have had no interest in the sport, except what it was his bitter fortune to be obliged to affect ; he was a mere mark for ridicule and a piercing wind ; yet I am convinced that he would have sat and perished in his saddle, rather than have uttered a murmur ;—an instance of Cockney-heroism, which all Tooley-street surely may be proud of.

FOX-HUNTING.

As a single pack of fox-hounds perform their regular rounds through the county, for the benefit of all subscribing ‘squires, they of course visit us on^{ly} in our turn ; and according to the rarity of their appearance is the sensation that they produce. The news travels from farm to farm, a week beforehand ; while contradictory reports take wing, published no one knows how, for the sole purpose, it should seem, of tormenting and trifling with the public anxiety. On the appointed day, the “ earths” (certain holes in which the politic fox is prone to hide) are stopped ; the shepherds have orders to keep their dogs in hand ; the sheep, and such vermin, are removed ; and every preparation is made to give full effect to the coming achievement. By ten o’clock the downs are all alive ; little detachments of horse are assembling from all points ; some looming up in more than their just dimensions on the misty hills ; others seen

only as dim specks, in the distance, and all streaming on towards headquarters. And there are the hounds—there—something white, don't you see? glancing amongst the furze; and here come the huntsman and the whipper-in, in their scarlet coats and velvet caps; Gad! but our poor farmers' hunt must not be talked of on this day—and hark! the horn:—though that is an instrument of no manner of use; and as the huntsman applies it hastily to his mouth once or twice only in the day, to produce some miserable syncope—passage—a little asthmatic, broken, bleating; it has about as much melody as meaning in it.

The muster may amount to fifty horsemen, of whom twenty may be in red coats—the flower of the field, conspicuous alike for the gaudiness of their dress, the beauty and true hunter-look of their horses, and the completeness of all their appointments. A few, even among the gentlemen, do not affect scarlet, such as the apothecary and the parson, with two or three grey-headed Nimrods, who, though out of uniform, are not to be mistaken from any distance, being made out to be fox-hunters, as soon as they are made out to be any thing. Next in rank come the farmers, a jolly set, all for straight-forward work, and “no nonsense;” lower down are a couple of butchers, beef-red, and blue-frocked; lower still an itinerant horse-dealer on his *take-in*; and last, and lowest, a stranger with a huge shawl-patterned neckcloth, whom nobody knows, whence he came, or what he can be; a dubious figure, half jockey, half highwayman, mounted on his bit of blood, which can scarcely stand, you see, but which, he assures you, is “a devil to go.” A rabble rout of people on foot serve to swell the numbers and noise.

An eye, not quite absorbed by the business of the day, may fall upon some rather grotesque figures, considered in their pretensions to the honours of the chase. I remember one, whom I used to regard with animated wonder, a portly piece of corpulency, whose diameters, from head to foot, and from back to front, must have been nearly equal—a round of beef on horseback. His *cubical legs*, which scarcely reached

below the flaps of his saddle, were made for any thing but clinging, and afforded no counter weight to the preponderating tonnage of his upper works; so that, at every movement and stop of his horse, he had a fearful proclivity to topple over—reminding me of those little cork tumblers with leaden heels, which *will* fall on their feet; only that this fox-hunter was governed by a *pollarity* of his own, his tendency being to settle or gravitate on his head. Contrasted with this spherical gentleman, you might see a lean, lathy figure—nothing but length,—growing up from his saddle like a May-pole, but kept firm by proportionate legs, straightened out like a pair of open compasses, and pegging him down to his stirrups. A horse might as well attempt to dislodge his skin as a rider of this make. There was another individual, whom I always (for he was a constant attendant) took peculiar interest in; an invalid too obviously, though full of the *esprit de corps*; wearing only one coat like his neighbours, and unconscious, I sincerely hope, that I counted the edges of four waistcoats beneath it. He was miserably crippled in one leg, and rode only with one stirrup; yet he trusted this ill-conditioned frame of his on a most alarming horse, that looked as if just taken up from a winter's riot on a common. The attendance of a person like this, speaks much for the attractions of hunting: if such a one can find his morning's account in it, what must it be to the strong and healthy?

When the fox-hounds pay us a visit, we generally meet at the same place, Firlie Hill, the loftiest land in this part of Sussex, and very favourable to the scenery of the hunt, in the command which it gives of a magnificent prospect over nearly the whole county. At the bottom of this hill, which is almost as steep as a wall, is a young plantation, the favourite retreat of the fox, and into this the hounds are let loose, and left, with the co-operation of the huntsman and the whipper-in, to ferret him out, while the gentlemen stand aloof and look on. This is the most picturesque scene of the whole hunt; an artist would go no farther. The horsemen are scattered in groups along the edge of the hill, of all co-

lours and conditions; some lolling in their saddles, and out of their stirrups; others pacing about on foot; with here and there a *figure*, studying attitude as well as ease, one leg crossing the other and resting on the toe, and one arm encircling the neck of his horse, just as we see it at the *Exhibition* in Somerset House; not to forget the horses, the patient hacks of the farmers, face to face, dozing and nodding, and the hunters of mettle pawing and prancing, or showing off their noble forms like statues against the sky. While these easy and social parties are gossiping on the hill-top, news of the business that is going on below reaches the ear from time to time, in the baying of the dogs, and the cheering of the huntsman; every sound, as it strikes against the hollowed front of the hill, swelling out into a loud report, which penetrates far and wide into the unseen recesses of the wood, and conveys a notion of savage loneliness and vacancy. This part of the sport is often rather tediously protracted, if tediousness can be imputed to two hours of total inactivity, which must be sometimes endured, before the fox can be dislodged from his cover. Perfectly alive to the perils which await him without, his slyship, though he may occasionally show himself to reconnoitre, has no notion of travelling, as long as he has a stratagem left, which can secure him the reprieve of a minute at home. At length, baited and worried out of all his cunning and corners, he comes forth in earnest, and fairly trusts his life to his legs. The fox is a beautiful animal, though he certainly carries about him, in his figure, and in all his gestures and motions, very marked signs of that lax morality, that wiliness and treachery, which have gained him a name of infamy through the world. His long low body, with perfect stillness, and with no visible action proportioned to the actual swiftness of his pace, steals along the ground, like a thief as he is, to be hooted at, and hissed, and execrated, as he runs; and, finally, to die without pity, a just atonement to the sheep-fold and the hen-roost.

As the fox breaks away, *tally-ho!* resounds through the air—tremendous warning,—the last order—the

“England expects that every man will do his duty.” If beating up the cover is the most picturesque scene of the hunt, this is its highest point of excitement—the instant of choaking, tremulous expectation, immediately before action—to be likened to nothing, as any fox-hunter will tell you, but the few moments that precede going into battle. The dismounted have vaulted into their saddles, the loungers have pulled up their bridles, and sent their legs to their quarters—all is ready—intensely ready—when the collected hounds, in full cry, come maddening up the hill, the scent breast-high before them—onward they go; and follows, like a thunder-clap, the wild, tumultuary charge—the brush or a broken neck—*Tally-ho!*

I have little more to say. The business of the field has four hours of preparation for one of action; and even so it must be with my narrative. Of the fifty horsemen who joined in the first charge, about six, perhaps, may ride through the chase within sight of the dogs, whom it is their destiny to follow without stop or question; here are no short cuts, no calculation; “follow my leader” is their law, over hill and hollow, through mud and water, brake and briar, with as little discrimination, on their part, as if they were moving at the mercy of the wind. Of the remainder of the company, two-thirds are in some ten minutes “thrown out,” lost past help and hope; the rest survive a little longer; but, one after another, are *lurched* at last, though they may still continue to push on, under a sort of necessity of proceeding, and rewarded occasionally, if they have luck, by something like *intelligence*—a respectable report—so that they may sleep at night with a pretty near guess as to the part of the county that may have been the scene of the death. I have been supposing, that the fox runs gallantly twenty or thirty miles to his end; but he may happen, in no long time after starting, to “take earth,” *Anglicè*, get into a hole, and put the huntsman to an hour’s toil before he can be dug out, and induced to take air. Such a check gives the gentlemen behind time to rally and come up, and the business begins again. And this is fox-hunt-

ing; in my estimation, not comparable, as an amusement, with hare-hunting, if company, and a friendly coalition of powers and purposes, with a full observation of the actions of the dogs and their game, be, as I take them to be, the agreeable circumstances of hunting. It is mere riding—post-boy's work. There is getting the brush indeed; but then, like the great prize in the lottery, only one can get it. I have the general voice against me. Fox-hunters despise the harriers; there is not speed enough with them, they say; and this is the true secret of their preference: there is no contest of

riders—no room for horse-pride, the loftiest pride, I fancy, that is.

In my account of these sports, I know not that I have made out any ground for the enthusiasm with which they are pursued. It is necessary, perhaps, to be present to understand this. At all events, as incidental to a morning's ride, hunting may be allowed to be a pleasing diversion. Every body must have felt sometimes the dulness of taking exercise only for its own sake: a hunt gives an object—something to follow; and for my part, with three or four bold fellows in company, I should not care if it were a pig. R. A.

THE KING OF PERSIA'S FEMALE GUARDS.

Every one has heard, or every one may have heard, that his Majesty the King of Persia has eight hundred wives, or ladies, in his harem, and that every other man in the country has as many as he can keep, and more than he can manage. European husbands, who have only one, and yet find it difficult enough at times to be masters in their own houses, can hardly imagine the straits their eastern brethren in matrimony are sometimes driven to by thus multiplying their domestic blessings. A man can with little propriety, in this country, talk of his rib, or his better half; he is the mere stem of a cluster of dates—a poor dry stick, surrounded and weighed down with rich ripe fruit. Yet he must endeavour to subdue the inveterate animosities of interested rivals, and contrive to preserve some order amidst the discordance of the divided wives of his bosom (peace and quiet he never hopes for). As this must absolutely be effected by his own exertions, it being indecent even to name his wife or wives to a neighbour, or to ask his advice or assistance under any circumstances; the science of managing one's own family has long been the favourite pursuit, and intricate study, of the most learned philosophers and able diplomatists. Many are the schemes, good and bad, to effect this great purpose, which have been proposed, adopted, and rejected in their turn. The last, and perhaps one of the

best, is that devised, and at present actually practised, by the Moolah Alaverdi, of the Ibraim Mosque. It is concise, simple, and, as far as it goes, tolerably efficacious; but it is extremely limited in its action. It consists in hanging up a small whip, with a whistle attached, to the right hand door-post of the ladies' apartment. When the venerable Moolah enters, he unhooks his whip, and first gives a neat distinct whistle, which immediately assembles the ladies around him; as the pipe of the shepherd collects together his dispersed flock. He then lays the whip smartly over the back of the first, or head wife, and continues to apply a similar discipline to every one present, till each has received her portion, strictly observing the regular order of precedence and rank, and carefully avoiding all partiality, by giving out his whole strength to each blow. He has hitherto invariably found himself respected, loved, and obeyed at the conclusion of the ceremony by his affectionate and dutiful spouses. He now boasts of his method as infallible, asserts that his theory is now confirmed and established by experiment, and that this is the true and only way to manage a family. The Moolah, like many other men, is the devoted bigot of his own system, and blind to its imperfections as a general practice, or he must feel conscious, as any impartial observer does, that it never could be applied with

any advantage in a large marriage establishment. Taking his own word for it, I make no doubt that he has found it perfectly successful in his own; but the Moolah should recollect, that the discipline adequate to maintain order and regularity in the house of a parish priest, whose whole inside (as we correctly translate *Haram Khonar*) contains but four wives and nine concubines, would prove totally insufficient for the extended interior of a Khan, or Bey li Beggy. In the first instance, any man, endowed with ordinary strength and facility of wrist, can sufficiently illustrate the necessity of passive obedience to thirteen wives in one quarter of an hour, allowing one minute to each, and two for changing places. But—but to proceed from the fountain head, let us turn our eyes for an instant on the Brother of the Sun, our most merciful King, first Cousin to the Moon, Light of the World, and Glory of the Universe, and conceive his having to whip eight hundred wives daily. The thing is in itself impossible. His Majesty might neglect the most important of the state affairs, might abstain from all amusement and recreation, not even witness the bastinadoing of a Khan, or the bowstringing of a single Mirza, exhausting his precious and celestial powers in useless efforts, and not accomplish the work to his own satisfaction in the course of one sun. The very few eunuchs attached to the court, and their inability to afford any assistance, (except by good wishes) would always leave the whole burthen on his own illustrious shoulders, and convert his Sublime Majesty into a mere currier of raw hides.

This weighty enterprise has been regulated and conducted in a much more dignified and certain manner by his Majesty's glorious progenitors, predecessors I would say, the Crown here not being exactly hereditary in descent; indeed, our present gracious Sovereign is the first of his race who has reigned by succession. His worthy uncle, whose title he justly inherits, dethroned his master, the then reigning tyrant (all dethroned kings are fools or tyrants). They have ever wielded the sceptre with paternal solicitude, chastising their refractory subjects as a tender parent corrects

his disobedient child with the rod. Within the harem is established a regular court, in exact imitation of the exterior one, with officers of state, guards, attendants, &c.—she-duplicates of all, excepting priests. As it always has been a very disputed point, whether women have souls or not, it is deemed more prudent to leave that question undetermined. The establishment of a female priesthood must be expensive, and, without any certain benefit, would tend to confirm them in their ambitious belief, that in the eyes of Providence they are equal to men; yet such is the affectionate lenity of these patriarchal rulers, that every woman asserting herself possessed of a soul is permitted the entire keeping and exercise of it for her own private advantage. To these lady-ministers and generals is entrusted the entire administration of all the interior affairs, the strictest precautions being observed to exclude all communication with the exterior. When his Majesty intends to dispel the clouds of the harem by the joy of his presence, he is conducted by his male guards to the entrance of a certain crooked narrow passage, where they are drawn up to present their parting homage. When the darkness of night falls upon the eyes of the exteriors, by the setting of the sun into the afore-mentioned crooked passage, he dawns forth resplendent from the little door at the other end, to enliven with the radiance of his countenance the day of the interior. He is there received by his attendant female goulams and feraches, (or cut-throats) who conduct him through the assembled ministers to the num-mud or carpet of state, where he seats himself to administer (first calling for his calcoon or pipe) impartial and severe justice to his faithful female subjects.

One of these trials, or courts-martial, (for the offender, it seems, was a military lady) has lately come to my own knowledge; how, I need not explain. I was always inquisitive, and liked to have a friend at court. As the proceedings are rather singular, and in some measure illustrate the interior economy of the royal household, they may not, altogether, be unacceptable to a European reader. I shall therefore transcribe them, de-

ferring to another occasion my further animadversions and objections to the Moolah Alaverdi's plan, as entirely inapplicable to large insides.

I shall omit the Persian titles of Serang, Sultaun, &c. and adopt, as near as may be, the corresponding terms in English, as more intelligible.

The court being solemnly assembled, seated, and served with pipes and coffee, the charges were brought forward and read aloud by the secretary, Minikin, with all the emphasis of nasal monotony of which the language is so peculiarly susceptible.

The indictment, or accusation, is against Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, and is divided into three separate charges of misdemeanor.

First, for most improper, indecent, disorderly behaviour in the public bazaar; having walked across the same without a veil, contrary to all military discipline, and the strict decorum of deportment absolutely imposed on all officers of the rank of Ensign Chubby.

Secondly, for unofficer and unlady-like conduct, totally subversive of all military discipline, in wantonly and cruelly wounding Corporal Dimple; and in using indelicate language to Major Rosebud, of the laundry department, an officer of irreproachable reputation, undeniable virtue, and mother of a large family by a lawful husband, from whose violent temper and cruel stick the Major had every thing to fear, had this slanderous imputation reached his ears.

Thirdly, that, in consequence of certain suspicions excited by the frequent absence of Ensign Chubby from duty, without assigning sufficient cause, a jury of discreet matronly officers had been appointed to examine the case; who, after the most careful investigation, report the aforesaid ensign to be some months advanced in a state, utterly unbecoming the character of a single officer and girl of honor.

Upon the first charge, it was clearly proved, by the testimonies of Captains Sloe-eye and Beauty, confirmed by Serjeant Languish, that on Thursday, the 6th of last moon, at or about the first hour, after calling mid-day prayers, Ensign Chubby walked twice across the jeweller's bazaar, with a

veil immodestly arranged, and only partially covering the face with one corner of it; two-thirds of the nose, at least, and one eye of the said ensign, being absolutely exposed to the public gaze. Moreover, that on turning the corner, just by the shawmender's stall, leading to Hassan Ali Mirza's, the said Ensign stopped, and familiarly conversed, full five minutes, with a He Serjeant of the Shegaughies, then quartered in town, or passing through. The facts being clearly proved, the guilt of the Ensign was fully established.

Upon the second charge, the following facts were advanced, and most distinctly proved by a number of reputable witnesses. The respectable Major, whose superior knowledge and skill in all kinds of needle work is undisputed and admired by the whole corps, was kindly giving some instructions, how to cut out six chemises to the greatest advantage from a piece of Indian muslin, to Corporal Dimple, who had undertaken to make and embroider them down the front, with the new Ispahaun pattern, for the lady Fatima. Ensign Chubby entered the chamber, and commenced conversation so as to bring a blush into the cheeks of every young soldier present. The Ensign continued in the same strain for a considerable period; at the same time throwing on one side the scissors; wilfully burning a thread paper of green silk; at last, heating the Major's best chased silver thimble in the mangal, and privately and maliciously replacing it at the moment that the honest corporal looked out a superfine needle to backstitch the left hand gusset of the second chemise. A horrid wound was inflicted upon the sewing finger of the unfortunate corporal; the celebrated Bandinjon cataplasm was speedily provided, and applied by the active exertions of the party; but unfortunately without that happy success which so frequently attends the operation of this far-famed remedy. The suffering object of this diabolical joke remains yet incapable of duty, civil or military; and, in consequence, the lady Fatima is deprived of the advantages of clean linen. No superior officer could witness such outrageous conduct without giving a reprimand to the offender, which,

although couched in perfectly genteel and lady-like language, provoked a most flippant reply. Finally, that the slanderous tongue of the aforesaid Ensign dared, in the presence of numerous witnesses, to contaminate the pure name of the virtuous major with an odious appellation.

To the third charge, the person of the ensign bore sufficient testimony of guilt. Accordingly, the court found the prisoner guilty on all and each of the accusations; and, without hesitation, unanimously declared their verdict. The president, Colonel Simper, of the kitchen guard, a chaste maiden officer, advanced in years, after a most delicate and pathetic discourse on the loveliness of virtue, in which the spotless purity of conduct requisite to embellish the character of a young soldier was finely illustrated, pronounced the sentence of the court: That Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, be degraded to the rank of a common soldier, and rendered incapable of ever again bearing a commission. The court, in the mean time, to prevent disgrace to the corps, will take care to provide a husband suitable to the present rank of the late Ensign.

In consequence of this trial, the following general orders have been issued and enforced through the whole harem. That no officer capable of bearing children shall presume to frequent the bazaars, markets, or other public places, without being attended by a reputable old woman. It is also highly recommended to young officers to wear the Indian corsets, for the better preservation of their shapes.

The practice of soldiers suckling their children on parade, having introduced various and considerable disorders in the discipline requisite for all good troops, male and female; the same is strictly forbidden from this day. Nevertheless, the king of kings, ever careful of the well-being of his army, condescends, in his excellent bounty, to grant one hundred and eighty days leave of absence to all soldiers seven moons gone with child, for the purpose of being confined, and suckling the said child during its tenderest infancy; provided always that the same be lawfully begotten in wedlock, and that no disparagement be brought upon the corps by its birth.

J. W. W.

Teheran.

SONETTI.

We have the pleasure to present our readers with three Italian sonnets, which we trust will be new to them. They are in the style of Zappi's celebrated sonnet on the colossal statue of Moses, by Michel Angelo. The first of them, on Thorwaldson's statue of our Saviour, may form no unworthy accompaniment to it; and the conclusion, indeed, excels it; for, in that part, Zappi has indulged in rather a *hard* conceit.

Quale é il duro sasso,
Tal era il cor di Faraone allora.

As a preface to the second, on the death of Samson, we will place Milton's verses, descriptive of the same event.

Straining all his nerves, he bow'd;
As, with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,
With horrible confusion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself

At the close of the third, on Curtius at the Gulf, it will be observed, that the poet has had his eye on the passage on Homer, so highly commended by Longinus.

Ἐδδαισεν δ' ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων Ἀΐδωνεύς. xx. 61.

Upstarted from his throne, appall'd, the king
Of Erebus, &c.—*Cowper*.

But the imitation is carried too far. In Homer every thing has prepared us for so terrific an image. It is very difficult for poets, who come late, not to strive at distinguishing themselves by too much effort.

SOPRA IL CRISTO DI THORWALDSON.

OH! quale augusto simulacro, oh quanto
Quel venerando aspetto ha del celeste,
Qual grandezza han le chiome, e le modeste
Onde fluenti dell' orrevol manto !
Spirano amor le aperte braccia, e il santo
Viso che dolce maestà riveste,
Ben le forme ineffabili son queste
Di lui che terse alla natura il pianto.
Forse così sotto corporeo velo
Palestina il mirò, così di un riso
Le angeliche ordinanze allegra in cielo,
E tu dell' opera autor nei Galilei
Campi tale il mirasti, o, in Paradiso
Sei salito a ritrarlo, o, un angel sei.

LA MORTE DI SANSONE.

Irto il redento crin, sangue grondante
Dalle caverne delle luci tolte,
Brancolando afferrò la torregiante
Angolar pietra, che reggea le volte.
Tesi i nerbi, e puntate al suol le piante,
E le membra robuste in se raccolte,
Tre fiate la spinse, ed altrettante
Trassela con le braccia intorno avvolte.
Tremò agli urti il pilastro, e in tronchi andonne,
Piombar sui Filistei stipati al basso
Quei delle loggie, e gli archi, e le colonne,
E seppeliran tra polve, urli, e fracasso,
Coi vecchi infranti, e le schiacciate donne,
Sansone, che ancor stringea lo svelto sasso.

CURZIO ALLA VORAGINE.

Conl'una man diè Curzio ai suoi Latini
L'ultimo addio, lentò con l'altro il morso
Al corridor, che visto il fuoco, i crini
Squassò sbuffando, e calcitrò retrorso :
Spumoso il fren, fumo spirante, chini
Gli orecchi, il cavalier scotea dal dorso,
Ma con gli sproni assidui ai fianchi equini
Nell' abisso cacciollo a tutto corso.
Sopra il suol se gli chiuse, e nel profondo
Orco ei piombò, che del guerrier superno
Parve tremar sotto il cadente pondo.
E tema ebbe il signor del pianto eterno,
Che Roma umil trofeo stimando il mondo
S'apparecchiasse a soggiogar l'Inferno.

Roma, 1822.

B. SESTINI.

ANECDOTAGE,

No. I.

MISS HAWKINS'S ANECDOTES.*

This orange we mean to squeeze for the public use. Where an author is poor, this is wrong: but Miss Hawkins being upon her own acknowledgment rich (p. 125), keeping "a carriage, to the *propreté* of which she is not indifferent," (p. 253), and being able to give away manors worth more than 1000*l.* per annum, (p. 140), it is most clear that her interests ought to bend to those of the public; the public being really in very low circumstances, and quite unable to buy books of luxury and anecdotalage.

Who is the author, and what is the book? The author has descended to us from the last century, and has heard of little that has happened since the American war. She is the daughter of Sir John Hawkins—known to the world,—1st, as the historian of Music—2d, as the acquaintance and biographer of Dr. Johnson—3d, as the object of some vulgar gossip and calumnies made current by Mr. Boswell. Her æra being determined,—the reader can be at no loss to deduce the rest: her chronology known, all is known. She belongs to the literati of those early ages who saw Dr. Johnson in the body, and conversed in the flesh with Goldsmith, Garrick, Bennet Langton, Wilkes and liberty, Sir Joshua, Hawkesworth, &c. &c. All of these good people she "*found*" (to use her own lively expression) at her father's house: that is, upon her earliest introduction to her father's drawing room at Twickenham, most of them were already in possession. Amongst the "&c. &c." as we have classed them, were some who really ought not to have been thus slurred over—such as Bishop Percy, Tyrwhitt, Dean Tucker, and Hurd: but others absolutely pose us. For instance, does the reader know any thing of one *Israel Mauduit*? We profess to know nothing; no, nor at all the more for his having been the author of *Considerations on the German War* (p. 7): in fact, there have been so many German wars since Mr.

Mauduit's epoch, and the public have since then been called on to "consider" so many "considerations," that Miss Hawkins must pardon us for declaring, that the illustrious Mauduit (though we remember his name in Lord Orford's *Memoires*) is now defunct, and that his works have followed him. Not less defunct than Mauduit is the not less illustrious Brettell.—Brettell!—What Brettell?—*What* Brettell!—Why, "wonderful old Colonel Brettell of the Middlesex Militia," (p. 10,) "who, on my requesting him, at eighty-five years of age, to be careful in getting over a five-barred gate, replied—'Take care of what? Time was, when I could have jumped over it.' "Time was!" he says, *was*; but how will *that* satisfy posterity?—what proof has the nineteenth century that he did it, or could have done it? So much for Brettell, and Mauduit. But last comes one who "hight Costard:" and here we are posed indeed. Can this be Shakspeare's Costard—every body's Costard—the Costard of *Love's Labour's Lost*? But how is that possible?—says a grave and learned friend at our elbow. I will affirm it to be impossible. How can any man celebrated by Shakspeare have visited at Twickenham with Dr. Johnson?—*That* indeed, we answer, deserves consideration: yet, if he can, where would Costard be more naturally found than at Sir John Hawkins's house, who had himself annotated on Shakspeare, and lived in company with so many other annotators, as Percy, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, &c.? Yet again, at p. 10, and at p. 24, he is called "the learned Costard." Now this is an objection; for Shakspeare's Costard, the old original Costard, is far from learned. But what of *that*? He had plenty of time to mend his manners, and fit himself for the company of Dr. Johnson: and at p. 80, where Miss Hawkins again affirms that his name was "always preceded by the epithet *learned*," she candidly admits that "he was a feeble—

* Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs; collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins. Vol. I. London: F. C. and J. Rivington, 1823.

ailing—emaciated man, who had all the appearance of having sacrificed his health to his studies:” as well he might, if he had studied from Shakspeare’s time to Dr. Johnson’s. With all his learning, however, Costard could make nothing of a case which occurred in Sir John Hawkins’s grounds; and we confess that we can make no more of it than Costard. “In a paddock,” says Miss Hawkins, “we had an oblong piece of water supplied by a sluice. Keeping poultry, this was very convenient for ducks:—on a sudden, a prodigious consternation was perceived among the ducks: they were with great difficulty persuaded to take to the water; and, when there, shuddered—grew wet—and were drowned. They were supposed diseased; others were bought at other places; but in vain! none of *our* ducks could swim. I remember the circumstance calling out much thought and conjecture. The learned George Costard, Dr. Morton, and the medical* advisers of the neighbourhood were consulted: every one had a different supposition; and I well recollect my own dissatisfaction with all I heard. It was told of course to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Mrs. Garrick would not give credit to it: Garrick himself was not incredulous; and after a discussion, he turned to my father with his jocose impetuosity, and said—‘There’s my wife, who will not believe the story of these ducks, and yet she believes in the eleven thousand virgins.’”—Most probably the ducks were descended from that “which Samuel Johnson trod on,”—which, “if it had lived and had not died, had surely been an odd one:” its posterity therefore would be odd ones. However, Costard could make nothing of it: and to this hour the case is an unsolved problem—like the longitude or the north-west passage. But enough of Costard.

Of Lord Orford, who, like Costard, was a neighbour and an acquaintance of her father’s, Miss H. gives us a very long account; no less than thirty pages (p. 87—117) being dedicated to him on his first

introduction. Amongst his eccentricities, she mentions that “he made no scruple of avowing his thorough want of taste for Don Quixote.” This was already known from the Walpoliana; where it may be seen that his objection was singularly disingenuous, because built on an incident (the windmill adventure) which, if it were as extravagant as it seems (though it has been palliated by the peculiar appearance of Spanish mills), is yet of no weight, because not *characteristic* of the work: it contradicts its general character. We shall extract her account of Lord Orford’s person and *aboard*—his dress and his address, which is remarkably lively and picturesque; as might have been expected from the pen of a female observer, who was at that time young.

“His figure was, as every one knows, not merely tall, but more properly *long*, and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. I speak of him before the year 1772. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively:—his voice was not strong; but his tones were extremely pleasant, and (if I may so say) highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait: he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent; and feet on tip-toe, as if afraid of a wet floor. His dress in visiting was most usually (in summer when I most saw him) a lavender suit; the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour; partridge silk stockings; and gold buckles; ruffles and frill generally lace. I remember, when a child, thinking him very much under-dressed, if at any time, except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer, no powder; but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth pale forehead, and queued behind;—in winter, powder.” What an amusing old coxcomb!†

* From this it should seem that Costard was a duck doctor: we remember also a History of Astronomy by one Costard. These facts we mention merely as hints for inquiry, to the editors of the next Variorum Shakspeare.

† Further on in the volume we have five more pages (p. 307—312) on the same noble

Of Dr. Johnson, we have but one anecdote; but it is very good; and good in the best way—because characteristic; being, in fact, somewhat brutal, and very witty. Miss Knight, the author of *Dinardas*, and of *Marcus Flaminius*, called to pay him a farewell visit on quitting England for the Continent: this lady (then a young lady) is remarkably large in person; so the old savage dismissed her with the following memorial of his good nature:—"Go, go, my dear; for you are too big for an island." As may be supposed, the Doctor is no favourite with Miss Hawkins: but she is really too hard upon our old friend; for she declares "that she never heard him say in any visit six words that could compensate for the trouble of getting to his den, and the disgust of seeing such squalidness as she saw no where else." One thing at least Miss Hawkins might have learned from Dr. Johnson; and let her not suppose that we say it in ill-nature—she might have learned to weed her pages of many bar-

barisms in language which now disfigure them; for instance, the barbarism of "compensate *for* the trouble"—in the very sentence before us—instead of "compensate the trouble."

Dr. Farmer disappointed Miss Hawkins by "the homeliness of his external." But surely when a man comes to that supper at which he does not eat but is eaten, we have a deeper interest in his wit, which may chance to survive him, than in his beauty, which posterity cannot possibly enjoy any more than the *petits soupers* which it adorned. Had the Doctor been a very Adonis, he could not have done Miss Hawkins so much service as by two of his *propos* which she records:—One was, that on a report being mentioned, at her father's table, of Sir Joshua Reynolds having shared the gains arising from the exhibition of his pictures, with his man-servant, who was fortunately called Ralph,—Dr. Farmer quoted against Sir Joshua these two lines from *Hudibras*:

author: to say nothing of three beginning at p. 278—which are imagined by Miss Hawkins to concern Horace Walpole, but which in fact relate, in every word and syllable, to his brother Sir Edward Walpole, and to him only.—In both the first and last introduction of Lord Orford, Miss Hawkins contrives to be most amusingly and perversely wrong in all her criticisms—both as relates to his works and to his place in the public esteem.—1. Lord Orford's tragedy is not the "noxious performance" which she supposes, nor is it a work of any genius. It has no merits which can ever bring it upon the stage; nor, if it were brought upon the stage, would it therefore be "time for the virtuous to fly their country, and leave it a prey to wild beasts." In his choice of a subject, Lord Orford showed a singular defect of judgment; in his treatment of it, he is not intentionally immoral. With depraved taste and feeble sensibilities he is chargeable; but not, as Miss Hawkins asserts, with an act of "enormous indecency."—2. The *Castle of Otranto* is not "a new creation in literature," as she seems to concede (p. 309): on the contrary, it is a most weak and extravagant fiction, in which the coarse, the clumsy, the palpable, and the material, are substituted for the aerial, the spiritual, and the shadowy; the supernatural agency being, as Mr. Hazlitt has most happily expressed it, (Lectures on the Comic Writers, p. 253) "the pasteboard machinery of a pantomime."—3. With respect to the Chatterton case, Miss Hawkins is wide of the truth by a whole climate. She dates Lord Orford's declension "in the public favour from the time when he resisted the imposition of Chatterton;" and she thinks it "not the usual justice of the world to be angry at a resistance proved so reasonable." But, first, Lord Orford has not declined in the public favour: he ranks higher now than he did in Chatterton's life-time, or his own: his reputation is the same in kind as the genuine reputation of Voltaire: both are very spirited memoir-writers; and, of the two, Lord Orford is the more brilliant. The critique of his posthumous memoirs by Miss Hawkins's brother, expresses his pretensions very ably. Secondly, if he had declined, it could not have been in the way supposed. Nobody blamed Lord Orford for resisting the imposition of Chatterton. He was right in refusing to be hoaxed: he was not right in detaining Chatterton's papers; and if he did this, not through negligence or inattention, but presuming on Chatterton's rank (as Chatterton himself believed and told him), his conduct was infamous. Be this as it may, his treatment of Chatterton whilst living, was arrogant, supercilious, and with little or no sensibility to his claims as a man of genius; of Chatterton when dead—brutal, and of inhuman hypocrisy; he himself being one of the few men in any century who had practised at a mature age that very sort of forgery which in a boy of seventeen he represented as unpardonable.

A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
Who in the adventure went his half.

The other was, that speaking of Dr. Parr, he said that "he seemed to have been at a feast of learning (for *learning*, read *languages*) from which he had carried off all the scraps." Miss Hawkins does not seem to be aware that this is taken from Shakspeare: but, what is still more surprising, she declares herself "absolutely ignorant whether it be praise or censure." All we shall say on that question is, that we most seriously advise her not to ask Dr. Parr.

Of Paul Whitehead, we are told that his wife "was so nearly idiotic, that she would call his attention in conversation to look at a cow, not as one of singular beauty, but in the words—'Mr. Whitehead, there's a cow.'" On this Miss Hawkins moralizes in a very eccentric way: "He took it," says she, "most patiently—as he did all such trials of his temper." Trials of his temper! why, was he jealous of the cow? Had he any personal animosity to the cow? Not only, however, was Paul very patient (at least under his bovine afflictions, and his "trials" in regard to horned cattle), but also Paul was very devout; of which he gave this pleasant assurance: "When I go," said he, "into St. Paul's, I admire it as a very fine, grand, beautiful building; and, when I have contemplated its beauty, I come out: but, if I go into Westminster Abbey, d——n me, I'm all devotion." So, by his own account, Paul appears to have been a very pretty fellow; d——d patient, and d——d devout.

For practical purposes, we recommend to all physicians the following anecdote, which Sir Richard Jebb used to tell of himself: as Miss Hawkins observes, it makes even rapacity comical, and it suggests a very useful and practical hint. "He was attending a nobleman, from whom he had a right to expect a fee of five guineas; he received only three. Suspecting some trick on the part of the steward, from whom he received it, he at the next visit contrived to drop the three guineas. They were picked up, and again deposited in his hand: but he still con-

tinued to look on the carpet. His lordship asked if all the guineas were found. 'There must be two guineas still on the carpet,' replied Sir Richard, 'for I have but three.' The hint was taken as he meant."

But of all medical stratagems, commend us to that practised by Dr. Munckley, who had lived with Sir J. Hawkins during his bachelor days in quality of "chum:" and a chum he was, in Miss Hawkins's words, "not at all calculated to render the chum state happy." This Dr. Munckley, by the bye, was so huge a man-mountain, that Miss Hawkins supposes the blank in the well-known epigram,

When——walks the streets, the paviors cry,
"God bless you, Sir!" and lay their ram-
mers by,

to have been originally filled up with his name,—but in this she is mistaken. The epigram was written before he was born; and for about 140 years has this empty epigram, like other epigrams *to be left*, been occupied by a succession of big men: we believe that the original tenant was Dr. Ralph Bathurst. Munckley, however, *might* have been the original tenant, if it had pleased God to let him be born eighty years sooner; for he was quite as well qualified as Bathurst to draw down the blessings of paviors, and to play the part of a "three-man beetle."* Of this Miss Hawkins gives a proof which is droll enough: "accidentally encountering suddenly a stout man servant in a narrow passage, they literally stuck." Each, like Horatius Cocles, in the words of Seneca, *solus implevit pontis angustias*. One of them, it is clear, must have backed; unless, indeed, they are sticking there yet. It would be curious to ascertain *which* of them backed. For the dignity of science, one would hope it was not Munckley. Yet we fear he was capable of any meanness, if Miss Hawkins reports accurately his stratagems upon her father's purse: a direct attack failing, he attacked it indirectly. But Miss Hawkins shall tell her own tale. "He was extremely rapacious, and a very bad economist; and, soon after my father's marriage, having been foiled in

* "Fillip me with a three-man beetle."—*Falstaff, Henry IV.*

his attempt to borrow money of him, he endeavoured to atone to himself for this disappointment by protracting the duration of a low fever in which he attended him; making unnecessary visits, and with his hand ever open for a fee." Was there ever such a fellow in this terraqueous globe? Sir John's purse not yielding to a storm, he approaches by mining and sapping, under cover of a low fever. Did this Munckley really exist; or is he but the coinage of Miss Hawkins's brain? If the reader wishes to know what became of this "great" man, we shall gratify him. He was "foiled," as we have seen, "in his attempt to borrow money" of Sir J. H.: he was also soon after "foiled" in his attempt to live. Munckley, big Munckley, being "too big for an island" we suppose, was compelled to die: he gave up the ghost: and, what seems very absurd both to us and to Miss Hawkins, he continued talking to the last; and went off in the very act of uttering a most prosaic truism, which yet happened to be false in his case: for his final words were "that it was—hard to be taken off just then, when he was beginning to get into practice." Not at all, with such practices as his: where men enter into partnerships with low fevers, it is very fit that they should "back" out of this world as fast as possible; as fast as, in all probability, he had backed down the narrow passage before the stout man-servant. So much for Munckley,—big Munckley.

It does not strike us as any "singular feature" (p. 273), in the history of Bartleman the great singer—"that he lived to occupy the identical house in Berners-street in which his first patron resided." Knowing the house, its *pros* and *cons*, its landlord, &c. surely it was very natural that he should avail himself of his knowledge for his own convenience. But it is a very singular fact (p. 160), that our government should "merely for want of caution, have sent the *Culloden* ship of war to convoy Cardinal York from Naples." This, we suppose, Miss Hawkins looks upon as ominous of some disaster; for she considers it "*fortunate*," that his Eminence "had sailed before it arrived." Of this same Cardinal York, Miss Hawkins tells us

further, that a friend of hers having been invited to dine with him, as all Englishmen were while he kept a table, "found him, as all others did, a good-natured, almost superannuated gentleman, who had his round of civilities and jokes. He introduced some roast beef, by saying that it might not be as good as that in England; *for*, said he, *you know we are but pretenders*." Yes: the Cardinal was a pretender; but his beef was "legitimate;" unless, indeed, his bulls pretended to be oxen.

On the subject of the Pretender, by the way, we have (at p. 63) as fine a bon-mot as the celebrated toast of Dr. Byrom, the Manchester Jacobite.—"The Marchioness (the Marchioness of Tweeddale) had been lady Frances Carteret, a daughter of the Earl of Granville, and had been brought up by her jacobite aunt, Lady Worsley, one of the most zealous of that party. The Marchioness herself told my father that, on her aunt's upbraiding her when a child with not attending prayers, she answered that she heard her ladyship did not pray for the King. "Not pray for the King?" said Lady Worsley, "who says this? I will have you and those who sent you know that I *do* pray for the King;—but I do not think it necessary to tell God Almighty who is King."

This is *naïveté*, which becomes wit to the by-stander, though simply the natural expression of the thought to him who utters it. Another instance, no less lively, is the following—mentioned at Strawberry-hill by "the sister of one of our first statesmen now deceased." "She had heard a boy, humoured to excess, tease his mother for the remains of a favourite dish: Mamma at length replied—'then, do take it, and have done teasing me.' He then flew into a passion, roaring out—'what did you give it me for? I wanted to have snatched it.'"

The next passage we shall cite relates to a very eminent character indeed, truly respectable, and entirely English; viz. Plum-Pudding. The obstinate and inveterate ignorance of Frenchmen on this subject is well known. Their errors are grievous, pitiable, and matter of scorn and detestation to every enlightened mind. In civilization, in trial by

jury, and many other features of social happiness, it has been affirmed, that the French are two centuries behind us. We believe it. But with regard to plum-pudding, they are at least five centuries in arrear. In the "Omniana," we think it is, Mr. Southey has recorded one of their insane attempts at constructing such a pudding: the monstrous abortion, which on that occasion issued to the light, the reader may imagine; and will be at no loss to understand that volley of "*Diables*," "*Sucres*," and "*Morbleus*," which it called forth, when we mention that these deluded Frenchmen made cheese the basis of their infernal preparation. Now, under these circumstances of national infatuation, how admirable must have been the art of an English party, who, in the very city of Paris, (that centre of darkness on this interesting subject) and in the very teeth of Frenchmen, did absolutely extort from French hands, a real English plum-pudding: yes! compelled a French apothecary, unknowing what he did, to produce an excellent plum-pudding; and had the luxury of a hoax into the bargain. Verily, the *ruse* was *magnifique*; and though it was nearly terminating in bloodshed, yet, doubtless, so superb a story would have been cheaply purchased by one or two lives.—Here it follows in Miss Hawkins's own words. "Dr. Schomberg of Reading, in the early part of his life, spent a Christmas at Paris with some English friends. They were desirous to celebrate the season in the manner of their own country, by having, as one dish at their table, an English plum-pudding; but no cook was found equal to the task of compounding it. A clergyman of the party had, indeed, an old receipt-book; but this did not sufficiently explain the process. Dr. Schomberg, however, supplied all that was wanting, by throwing the recipe into the form of a prescription, and sending it to an apothecary to be made up. To prevent all possibility of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth, to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant, and preceded" (sweet heavens!) "*by the apothecary himself—drest,*

according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing, when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well-filled, and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he was made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him; and all was well."

This story we pronounce altogether unique: for, as on the one hand, the art was divine, by which the benefits of medical punctuality and accuracy were pressed into the service of a Christmas-dinner; so, on the other hand, it is strictly and satirically probable, when told of a French apothecary: for who but a Frenchman, whose pharmacopœia still teems with the monstrous compounds of our ancestors, could have believed that such a preparation was seriously designed for a cataplasm?

In our next extracts we come upon ground rather tender and unsafe for obstinate sceptics. We have often heard of learned doctors, from Shrewsbury, suppose, going by way of Birmingham to Oxford—and at Birmingham, under the unfortunate ambiguity of "the Oxford coach," getting into that *from* Oxford, which, by night-fall, safely restored the astonished doctor to astonished Shrewsbury. Such a case is sad and pitiful; but what is that to the case (p. 164) of Willes the painter, who, being "anxious to get a likeness" of "good Dr. Foster," (the same whom Pope has honoured with the couplet,

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well)

"attended his meeting one Sunday-evening;" and very naturally, not being acquainted with Dr. Foster's person, sketched a likeness of the clergyman whom he found officiating; which clergyman happened unfortunately to be—not the Doctor—but Mr. Morris, an occasional substitute of his. The mistake remained undiscovered: the sketch was elaborately copied in a regular picture: the picture was elaborately engraved in mezzotinto; and to this day the portrait of one Mr. Morris "officiates" for that of the celebrated Dr. Foster. Living and dead he was Dr. Foster's substitute. Even this

however, is a trifle to what follows:—the case “of a Baronet, who must be nameless, who proposed to visit Rome, and previously to learn the language; but by some mistake, or imposition, engaged a German, who taught only his own language, and proceeded in the study of it vigorously for three months before he discovered his error.” With all deference to the authority of Horace Walpole, from whom the anecdote originally comes,—we confess that we are staggered; and must take leave, in the stoical phrase, to “suspend:” in fact, we must consult our friends before we can contract for believing it: at present, all we shall say about it is, that we greatly fear the Baronet “must,” as Miss Hawkins observes, “be nameless.”

We must also consult our friends on the propriety of believing the little incident which follows, though attributed to “a very worthy modest young man:” for it is remarkable that of this very modest young man is recorded but one act, viz. the most impudent in the book. “He was walking in the Mall of St. James’s Park, when they met two fine young women, drest in straw hats, and, at least to appearance, unattended. His friend offered him a bet that he did not go up to one of those rustic beauties, and salute her. He accepted the bet; and in a very civil manner, and probably explaining the cause of his boldness, he thought himself sure of success, when he became aware that it was the Princess Caroline, daughter of George II. who, with one of her sisters, was taking the refreshment of a walk in complete disguise. In the utmost confusion he bowed, begged pardon, and retreated; whilst their Royal Highnesses, with great good humour, laughed at his mistake.”

We shall conclude our extracts with the following story, as likely to interest our fair readers.

Lady Lucy Meyrick was by birth the Lady Lucy Pitt, daughter to the Earl of Londonderry, and sister to the last who bore that title. She was of course nearly related to all the great families of that name; and losing her parents very early in life, was left under the guardianship of an uncle, who lived in James-street, Buckingham-gate. This house was a most singularly uncouth dismal dwelling, in appearance very much of the Vanburgh style of building;

and the very sight of it would justify almost any measure to get out of it. It excited every one’s curiosity to ask, What is this place? What can it be for? It had a front of very dark heavy brick work; very small windows, with sashes immensely thick. In this gay mansion, which looked against the blank window side of the large house in St. James’s Park, twenty years ago Lord Milford’s, but backwards into a market-gardener’s ground, was Lady Lucy Meyrick to reside with her uncle and his daughter, a girl a little older than herself. The young ladies, who had formed a strict friendship, were kept under great restraint, which they bore as two lively girls may be supposed to have done. Their endurances soon reached the ear of two Westminster scholars of one of the Welch families of Meyrick, who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, concerted with them a plan for escaping, which they carried into effect. Having gone thus far, there was nothing for the courteous knights to do, but to marry the fair damsels to whom they had rendered this essential service;—and for this purpose they took them to the Fleet, or to May-Fair, in both which places marriages were solemnized in the utmost privacy. Here the two couples presented themselves; a baker’s wife attending upon the ladies. Lady Lucy was then, and to the end of her life, one of the smallest women I ever saw: she was at the same time not more than fourteen years of age; and, being in the dress of a child, the person officiating objected to performing the ceremony for her. This extraordinary scrupulosity was distressing; but her ladyship met it by a lively reply—that her cousin might be married first, and then lend her her gown, which would make her look more womanly: but I suppose her right of precedence was regarded; for she used to say herself that she was at last married in the baker’s wife’s gown. Yet even now, if report be true, an obstacle intervened: the young ladies turned fickle; not indeed, on the question “to be or not to be” married, but on their choice of partners; and I was assured that they actually changed—Lady Lucy taking to herself, or acquiescing in taking, the elder brother. What their next step was to have been I know not: the ladies, who had not been missed, returned to their place of endurance—the young gentlemen to school, where they remained, keeping the secret close. When the school next broke up, they went home: and, probably, whilst waiting for courage to avow, or opportunity to disclose, or accident to betray for them the matter, a newly arrived guest fresh from London, in reply, perhaps, to the usual question—What news from town? reported an odd story of two Westminster scholars, names unknown, who had (it was said) married

two girls in the neighbourhood of the school. The countenances of the two lads drew suspicions upon them; and, confession being made, Lady Lucy was fetched to the house of her father-in-law. His lady, seeing her so very much of a child in appearance, said, on receiving her, in a tone of vexation—'Why, child, what can we do with you? Such a baby as you are, what can you know?' With equal humility and frankness Lady Lucy replied—'It is very true, Madam, that I am very young and very ignorant; but whatever you will teach me I will learn.' All the good lady's prejudice was now overcome; and Lady Lucy's conduct proved the sincerity of her submission. She lived seven years in Wales under the tuition of her mother-in-law—conforming to the manners, temper, and prejudices of her new relations.

We have now "squeezed" a volume of 351 pages, according to our promise: we hope Miss Hawkins will forgive us. She must also forgive us for gently blaming her diction. She says (p. 277), "I read but little English." We thought as much; and wish she read more. The words "duple" (p. 145), "decadence" (p. 123), and "cumbent" (p.), all point to another language than English: as to "*maur*" (p. 254), we know not what language it belongs to, unless it be Coptic. It is certainly not "too big for an island;" but it will not do for this island, and we beg it may be transported. Miss Hawkins says a worse thing, however, of the English language, than that she reads it but little: "instead of admiring my native language," says she, "I feel fettered by it." That may be: but her inability to use it without difficulty and constraint is the very reason why she ought not to pronounce upon its merits: we cannot allow of any person's deciding on the value of an instrument until he has shown himself master of its powers in their whole compass. For some purposes (and those the highest), the English language is a divine instrument: no language is so for all.

When Miss Hawkins says that she reads "little English," the form of the expression implies that she reads a good deal of some more favoured language: may we take the liberty of asking—what? It is not Welsh, we hope? nor Syriac? nor Sungskrita? We say *hope*, for none of these will yield her any thing for her next volume: throughout the Asiatic

Researches no soul has been able to unearth a Sanscrit bon-mot. Is it Latin? or Greek?—Perhaps both: for, besides some sprinklings of both throughout the volume, she gives us at the end several copies of Latin and Greek verses. These, she says, are her brother's: be they whose they may, we must overhaul them. The Latin are chiefly Sapphics, the Greek chiefly Iambics: the following is a specimen of the Sapphics:—

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns;
If your daughters will not eat them, give
them to your sons:

But, if you have none of those pretty little
elves,
You cannot do better than eat them your-
selves.

Idem Latine redditum a Viro Clarissimo
Henrico Hawkins.

Asse placentam cupiasne solam?
Asse placentas cupiasne binas?
Ecce placentæ, teneræ, tepentes,
Et cruce gratæ.

Respuant natæ? dato, quæso, natis:
Parvulos tales sibi si negarint
Fata, tu tandem (superest quid ultra?)
Sumito, præsto est.

Our opinion of this translation is, that it is worthy of the original. We hope this criticism will prove satisfactory. At the same time, without offence to Mr. Hawkins, may we suggest that the baker's man has rather the advantage in delicacy of expression and structure of verse? He has also distinguished clearly the alternative of sons and daughters, which the unfortunate ambiguity of "*natis*" has prevented Mr. Hawkins from doing. Perhaps Mr. Hawkins will consider this against a future edition. Another, viz. a single hexameter is entitled, "*De Amandâ, clavibus amissis*." Here we must confess to a signal mortification, the table of "Contents" having prepared us to look for some sport; for the title is there printed, (by mistake, as it turns out,) "*De Amandâ, clavis amissis*,"—i. e. *On Amanda, upon the loss of her cudgels*. Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not adapted to the vile designs of the punster: perhaps some future punster may take the conceit out of him on that point by extracting a compound pun from his name combined with some other word. The next best thing, however, to having a name, or

title, that is absolutely pun-proof, is the having one which yields only to Greek puns, or Carthaginian (i. e. Punic) puns. Lady Moira has that felicity, on whom Mr. Hawkins has thus punned very seriously in a Greek hexameter:—

On the death of the Countess of Moira's new-born infant.

Μοῖρα καλὴ, μ' ἔτακτο μ' ἀνελὲς μὲν, Μοῖρα κραταίη.

Of the iambics we shall give one specimen:

Impromptu returned with my lead pencil, which I had left on his table.

Βοηθὲς ἱμῖ· καλλῶν παύτ' ἐξ ἱμῖ·
'Εκ τοῦ μολύβδου ἡ νοησις ἔρχεται.

The thought is pretty: some little errors there certainly are, as in the contest with the baker's man; and in this, as in all his iambics, (especially in the three from the Arabic) some little hiatuses in the metre, not adapted to the fastidious race of an Athenian audience. But these little hiatuses, these "little enormities," (to borrow a phrase from the sermon of a country clergyman) *will* occur in the best regulated verses. On the whole, our opinion of Mr. Hawkins, as a Greek poet, is—that in seven hundred, or say

seven hundred and fifty years—he may become a pretty—yes, we will say, a *very* pretty poet: as he cannot be more than one-tenth of that age at present, we look upon his performances as singularly promising. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.**

To return to Miss Hawkins; there are some blunders in facts up and down her book: Such, for instance, as that of supposing Sir Francis Drake to have commanded in the succession of engagements with the Spanish Armada of 1588: which is the more remarkable, as her own ancestor was so distinguished a person in those engagements. But, upon the whole, her work, if weeded of some trifling tales (as what relates to the young Marquis of Tweedale's dress, &c.), is creditable to her talents. Her opportunities of observation have been great; she has generally made good use of them; and her tact for the ludicrous is striking and useful in a book of this kind. We hope that she will soon favour us with a second volume; and, in that case, we cannot doubt that we shall again have an orange to squeeze for the public use.

X. Y. Z.

* Seriously, however, Mr. Hawkins's translation of Lord Erskine's celebrated punning epigram on Dr. Lettsom is "very clever," as Miss Hawkins thinks it, and wants only a little revision. She is mistaken, however, in supposing that Lord Erskine meant to represent Dr. Lettsom "as illiterate:" the bad grammar was indispensable to the purpose of working the name—*I. Lettsom*—into the texture of the verse; which is accomplished with great ingenuity both in the English and the Greek.

Is people sick? to me apply:
I hlisters, bleeds, and sweats 'em:
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me? *I. Lets 'em.*

Τίς νοσεῖ; ἐλθε· νοσῶν παύων οἴσῃ· κραταίῃσθαι
Εἰμι· λεληθε σοφῷ φαρμακὸν ὕδρ' ἱμῷ.
ἀλλ', εἰ μὲν θάνατον μετὰ ταῦτα σε πικρὸν ἴλοιτο,
Εἴλαετ', ΣΩΜ' ἔρρει· ὕδρ' μεμνηλὲν ἱμοῖ.

OLD CHINA.

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind

the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircum-

scribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay!

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson, (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

“I wish the good old times would come again,” she said, “when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state;”—so she was pleased to ramble on,—“in which I am sure we were a great

deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent to it in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

“Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night, from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio? Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

“When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch;’ when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s (as *W*— calls it) and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?”

“Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth,—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day’s pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

“You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit or boxes. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Surrender of Calais*, and *Bannister* and *Mrs. Bland* in the *Children in the Wood*—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for

having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with *Rosalind in Arden*, or with *Viola at the Court of Illyria*? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognised to quite as great an extent as we have ever found it in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how

to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“ I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with ‘ lusty brimmers’ (as you used to quote it out of *heartly cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the ‘ coming guest.’ Now, we have no reckoning at all at the end of an old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor — hundred pounds a year. “ It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to strug-

gle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplemental youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked; live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair-cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the top-most stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth than Croesus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madona-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house.”

ELIA.

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

No. III.

OF THE KINDS OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Our verses are of four kinds, which have their respective names from the feet of which they are composed, viz iambic, trochaic, anapestic, dactylic. Each kind is divisible into subordinate species, according to the number of feet contained in it; the line of two feet, for instance, not being properly of the same species with that of three or four.

SECTION I.

Of the Iambic Verse.

An iambic verse may consist of one foot only, or of any greater number to six, and even to seven: of course it comprises as many species.

The first is never employed alone; and is seldom, if ever, to be found at all in any modern poetry of note, except in the transactions of the Irish Society, vol i. for 1786, in these lines of an ode to the Moon:

Smote by thy sacred eyes,
He feels an icy dart
Transfix his coward heart,
And dies.

Donne, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, who admitted great variety of measures into his poems, has used this: for example,

As men do when the summer sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun
Their heat.

Poems, vol. v. p. 141. *Chalmers's Edit.*

Iambic lines of two, three, four, and five feet, are too well-known and common to need showing by examples.

The sixth species of iambic verse, or that of six feet, is usually called the alexandrine. Like that of one foot, it is unemployed now, except along with others of a shorter measure. Yet, in a former age, Drayton composed a long poem, his *Polyolbion*, entirely in lines of this length. Such also was that of Spenser, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, entitled "The Mourning Muse of Thestylis;" which Milton appears

to have had in view, when he wrote his *Lycidas*.

The iambic of seven feet is that which is now divided into two lines. Originally it was but one; as in this example from Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

The princely palace of the Sun stood gorgeous to behold,
On stately pillars builded high of yellow burnish'd gold.

A line of so great length could not well be recited without a pause; which was found to be most agreeable to the ear, if made after the eighth syllable: the line, therefore, became two, of four and three feet; and each of them had frequently a rhyme, after this manner:

Trust not in worldly princes then,
Though they abound in wealth;
Nor in the sons of mortal men,
In whom there is no health.

Our old translation of the Psalms runs chiefly in this measure. It was the commonest of the time; and was principally used by the translators of the classics; by Chapman for Homer, Phaer for Virgil, and Golding for Ovid. The largest original work is *Albion's England*, by W. Warner; a poem of an easy and unaffected style, and smooth versification, and, in its day (the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign) exceedingly popular.

It was considered as a rule of this measure, that the end of the fourth foot (the eighth syllable) should also be the end of a word; as,

The restless clouds that mantling ride upon
the racking sky,
The scouring winds that sightless in the
sounding air do fly.

Albion's England.

Warner carefully attended to the rule; but it was not always observed by others.

His countenance deep she draws, and fixed
fast she bears in breast,
His words also, nor to her careful heart can
come no rest.*

Phaer's Virgil.

* Webbe, in his *Discourse of Poetry*, p. 56, mentions a species of iambic verse of eight feet. "The longest verse which I have seen used in English, consisteth of sixteen syllables, each two verses rhyming together; thus,

SECTION II.

Of the Trochaic Verse.

The shortest line which this measure will admit of, is that of three syllables; such is this in Pope's ode on St. Cecilia's day,

Hollow groans,
Sullen moans.

Trochaic lines of four, five, and six syllables were not uncommon among our earlier poets; now they are very seldom in use. Those of seven and eight syllables are frequent: of the first sort is this of Gray;

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.

Of the eight syllable, or four feet complete, this is an example:

Hence away, thou Siren, leave me.

This last is seldom, if ever, employed alone; sometimes, but not often, it is the concluding line of a stanza; thus,

Sweet, I do not pardon crave,
Till I have
By deserts this fault amended;
This, I only this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.*

But most commonly it was followed by the line of seven syllables, and these two, taken so together, make precisely that verse which the Greeks called, *trochaicum tetrametrum catalecticum*, i. e. the trochaic verse of eight feet curtailed; and of which the following lines, inserted in more than one of their tragedies, are an example:

Ω πατρας Θηβης ενοικοι, λυσσεε' Οιδι-
πυς οδε,
'Ος τα κλειν' αινιγματ' ρθει, και κρατι-
τος ην ανηρ. †

If we translate these two lines, preserving the same measure, they will form the ordinary stanza of four English trochaics.

O, ye Thebans, here behold him;
This is Œdipus you see:
He that solved the dire enigma,
Wise, and great, and good was he.

Of the line of seven syllables it has been said, that it is a truncated verse, and differs in nothing from the four foot iambic, but in wanting the first syllable. That it is a truncated verse is true; but what is cut off, or wanting, is not at the beginning, but the end. Besides this, it differs surely from the iambic, in estimation and character. It has always been estimated and called a trochaic line; and it is more sprightly in character and sound: in short, there is as much difference between the verses, as between the trochees and iambic, the feet of which they are composed. In certain poems, where the leading measure is the iambic of four feet, our poets have frequently intermixed the seven syllable trochaic, as Milton in his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, and others, more especially, since his time; but in lyric poems, where, by the settled laws of composition, the same measures are to be repeated in every corresponding stanza, there they respect the difference between these lines, and have not used them indiscriminately. Of this, Gray, in his *Pindaric odes*, ‡ is an instance; so are our earlier authors, as Donne; and of the same age, W. Browne, a delightful poet, and excellent versifier. We have likewise many entire poems in the trochaic verse of seven syllables, without any mixture of iambic lines, which is another proof to show that the authors considered them to be of distinct kinds. The *Boadicea* of Cowper is an example. That poet, whose judgment on versification is unexceptionable, composed various pieces in both the measures just mentioned; but throughout the whole he studiously kept them separate.

SECTION III.

Of the Anapestic Verse.

This is a kind more usually employed upon subjects of a light cast; yet it is not unfit for graver, in some

Where virtue wants and vice abounds, there wealth is but a baited hook,
To make men swallow down their bane, before on danger deep they look."

This species, therefore, did once exist, in form and show, as a single verse; but, in fact, it was two; "for," says he, "it is commonly divided each verse into two, whereof each shall contain eight syllables, and rhyme cross-wise, the first to the third, and the second to the fourth."

* Davison's *Strephon's Palinode*; Ellis's *Specimens of English Poetry*; vol. iii. p. 14.

† Sophocl. *Œdip. Tyran.* ad finem.

‡ In those odes there is a single exception to the rule; but it is observed above forty times.

of its measures ; which may be either of two feet, as,

See the furies arise.—*Dryden*.

or three, as,

They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.

Shenstone.

or four, as,

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is
still.—*Beattie*.

The nature of our language is not favourable to this kind of verse ; which, to be perfect, should have, in each foot, two syllables, both unaccented and short, to one syllable accented. The English does not afford short syllables in that proportion. There being then great difficulty to compose in it, agreeably to legitimate measure, it is not surprising that the attempt has often proved unsuccessful. But a more complete failure can hardly be produced than in these two lines of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's day :

Though Fâte | had fâst bound | her
With Sty'x | nine times round | her.

Here, dismissing the redundant syllables, true measure required six syllables to be short and unaccented ; whereas there are but three unaccented and not one short. By altering the lines thus,

The devil he bound her,
And Styx ran around her.—

five out of six faults would be removed, and the verses not much the worse in any other respect.

Those among our writers in anapestic verse, who have succeeded as well as any, are Shenstone, Cunningham, and Byrom, whose well-known pastoral (his best production in that measure) first appeared in the eighth volume of the Spectator ; but none have excelled Cowper.

SECTION IV.

Of the Dactylic Verse.

This kind is not of very extensive use, it not being adapted to such a variety of subjects as either of the preceding. It has been so little regarded, that some have omitted to notice it in their accounts of our poetry, others have taken it for a variety of the anapestic. It is, however, a separate kind, distinct from

the anapestic, to which it bears the same relation as the trochaic does to the iambic ; each being the reverse of the other. Its character too is different, and lighter than any of the rest. It is, therefore, generally appropriated to pieces to be set to music, and, for the most part, to gay and airy songs.

The species of dactylic verse are three ; for rhymes of one foot, such as, *lavishing, ravishing*, are omitted, as hardly worthy of the name.

Our national song of *God save the King*, furnishes an example of the dactylic verse of two feet : the measure is most apparent in these lines,

Send him victorious,
Happy and | glorious,
Long to reign | over us.
God save the | King.

The second species, or lines of three feet, is exhibited in the following stanza :

Come let us | sit and be | merry, lads,
Here we se|curely can | hide ;
Here we have | claret and | sherry, lads,
Port and Ma|deira be|side.

The third species, which is more common than either of the former, contains four dactyles ; example :

Sound an a|larm to the | slaves of a | ty-
ranny,
Let the de|fender of | freedom a|rise.

It will be observed, in each of the instances here given, that the concluding verse is terminated by an accented syllable. The last foot is curtailed ; and, in this point, it resembles the trochaics mentioned above. Such a curtailing, in words accompanied with music, appears to be necessary ; in every case, it makes a more agreeable conclusion. It was not, however, constantly practised by our earlier poets : Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, p. 106, has given a stanza of dactylic lines, where the last is not contracted, but of full and equal measure with the rest.

Let no nobility, riches, or heritage,
Honour, or empire, or earthly dominion
Breed in your head any peevish opinion,
That ye may safer avouch any outrage.

This kind of verse, like the anapestic, is of difficult construction, and for the same reason.

OF LICENCES IN POETIC MEASURES.

SECTION I.
In the Iambic.

The four kinds of English verse are then esteemed to be regular when they are composed, each kind of them, of those feet only which give name to it. By the licences we are now to treat of, we mean any allowed deviation from that regularity.

The iambic line of five feet, or heroic verse, being that which is of chief dignity and use in our poetry, it will be right to examine its construction more particularly. Concerning this, and all other iambic measures, we are taught that the accents are to be placed on even syllables; and that every line, considered by itself, is more harmonious, as this rule is more strictly observed.* This is true of a line taken singly; but as no poem is composed of a single line, it is more important to know what is most harmonious, or at least what deviation from the rule is allowed, when many lines stand together; for variety then becomes pleasing, and also unavoidable.

The regular heroic line is common enough, if to have accented syllables in the even places be all that is required to form it.

Achilles' wráth, to Gréece the díreful
spring
Of wóes unnúmbér'd, héavénly Góddess,
sínq;

but if quantity be regarded, together with accent; if the syllables in a regular verse ought to be not only accented and unaccented, but also long and short, very few such will be found in our poetry. This line is of the sort,—

Or hungry wolves that howl around the
fold;

so are the following, from a celebrated poem, whose numbers are most highly polished:

When o'er the blasted heath the day de-
clin'd.

But why prolong the tale? his only child,
Rogers.

the next approaches very near to the same regularity:

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Ibid.

It bears a strong resemblance to a line of Gray's *Elegy*, which is perfect,

He gain'd from heaven, 'twas all he wish'd,
a friend.

It may surprise those who have been taught to depreciate the versification of our earlier poets, to be informed that such perfect verses as are here quoted, are not so rare among them, as among the moderns. A few instances to prove this are given in the notes.† *Campion*, in his book, has these three lines together;

The more secure, the more the stroke we
feel

Of unprevented harms; so gloomy storms
Appear the sterner if the day be clear.

*Observations on the Art of
English Poetry.*

These he calls *pure iambics*; which, considering them according to quantity, they are: the accents too are placed on the even syllables throughout, except on *if*, the sixth in the last verse. Such lines as want this perfection, he distinguishes by the name of *licentiate iambics*; i. e. lines in which some other foot is substituted for an iambic: to what extent this is allowable, we now proceed to state.

But first, be it remembered that in these feet the syllables are considered as accented or unaccented, not as long or short: and that where quantity is to be noticed, it will be expressly pointed out.

* Johnson's Grammar.

† Nor under every bank and every tree.—*Hall*.

The more oppress, the more she strives to peep.—*Peachment*.

To this, to that, to fly, to stand, to hide.—*Daniel*.

For every gift and every goodly meed,

With humble hearts to heaven uplifted high,

Amongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought.—*Spenser*.

Delight to ride, to hawk, to hunt, to run.—*Lodge*.

With weeping eyes, her eyes she taught to weep.—*Sidney*.

These verses are all from poets of Queen Elizabeth's time.

The pyrrhic (two unaccented syllables) may supply the place of an iambic, and is substituted for it oftener than any other foot: It may stand in any part of the verse.

- Foot {
1. Is he | a chŭrch|man ? thén | he's fônd | of pôwer. |
 2. A ré|bel to | the vér|y kîng | he lôves.
 3. Has máde | the fâ|ther of | a náme|less ráce. |
 4. But quáte | mistákes | the scá|ffold for | the píle.
 5. The dúll | flát false|hood sêves | for pól|icy.—*Pope*.

This foot may have place twice, or even three times in the same line ;

You lôse | it in | the mó|ment you | detéct.—*Ibid*.
It is | a cróck|et of | a pín|acle.

But as an unaccented foot weakens a line, this last has the utmost degree of weakness that is consistent with a verse ; there being in it only two syllables accented, and for quantity, not one long.

The spondee (two accented syllables) may be substituted for the iambic ; and in as many places as the pyrrhic.

- Foot {
1. Tôm strúts | a sól|dier, ó|pen, bóld | and bráve.
 2. The pláin | rôugh hé|ro túrn | a cráfty knáve.
 3. When flátt|ery gláres | áll háte | it in | a quéen.
 4. That gáy | freethínk|er, a | fíne táll|ker ónce.
 5. Yet támes | not thís, | it stícks | to our | lást sánd.—*Pope*.

This foot may be repeated, and the following line will show to what extent.

Móre wíse, | móre leárn'd, | móre júst, | móre év|ery thîng.—*Ibid*.

The iambic verse admits likewise the trochee, but not in such abundance. Pope, who furnishes all the examples here given, from a poem of 260 lines, has not, in that compass, any trochaic foot, except in the beginning of a verse. We must turn to a poem of a different structure, and to a greater master of poetical numbers. Any foot of the heroic verse may be a trochee, except the last.

1. Hére ín | the heart | of hell | to work | in fire.
2. Anon, | oát of | the earth | a fab|ric huge.
3. For one | restraint, | Lórd's of | the world | besides.
4. Abject | and lost | lay these, | cóvering | the flood.—*Milton*.

The same verse will admit two trochaic feet, as

Hóv'ring | on wing | únder | the cope | of hell.
Smóte on | him sore | besides, | váulted | with fire.*—*Ibid*.

but not a greater number ; for the last foot cannot be a trochee ; neither can two trochees stand close together in one line : but different feet, as the spondee and pyrrhic, may so stand : and all the three may be introduced into the same line, instead of iambics. The beginning of the third book will afford examples.

Háil, hó|ly Líght ; | óffspring | of Heáven | fírst-bórn,
Máý I | exprés | thee únblámed ? | sínce Gód | is líght,
And né|ver but | in ún|approáched líght,
Dwélt from | etér|nity | dwélt thén | in thée,
Bríght éff|luence of | bríght éss|ence ún|create.—*Ibid*.

The licenses here taken are so many that they exceed the number of iambic feet in these lines.

* It is to be noted that in every one of these instances there is a pause immediately preceding the trochaic foot : the introduction of it without such a pause is always harsh ;

Of Eve whose eye | darted | contagious fire.—*Paradise Lost*.

in some places so much so as to destroy the metre ; and is therefore not to be allowed, as

Burnt after them to the | bottom|less pit.—*Ibid*.

Shoots ín|visíble virtue ev'n to the deep.—*Ibid*.

Another kind of license permitted to the heroic verse, is to have an additional syllable at the end ; as,

His wish and best endeavour, us asunder.

Paradise Lost.

or even two ; as,

For solitude sometimes is best society.—*Ib.* *

but all such syllables must be unaccented : for an accent upon the last syllable, when two are added, would make an alexandrine, which is another species of verse ; and one additional syllable, accented, would destroy every known measure of verse. This license ought not to be taken often in serious poems ; because the unaccented terminations have the lightness of the trochee and dactyle, which is unsuitable to pieces of a graver character. The drama, which claims peculiar licenses in versification, uses them more freely.

To these some critics † have added the license of using trisyllable feet ; as,

Ominous † conjecture on the whole success,
and such lines as this,

Many a repast he gave to many a friend.

But as this license, whatever it be accounted, does not belong exclusively to iambic verse, we shall say no more of it till we come to treat of elisions.

The same licenses which are given to the heroic line are allowed to the other species of iambic measure : and, by observing upon what ground they stand, it will be seen how many of them may be taken in each species.

From the account of the numerous licenses which are permitted by substituting some other foot for that which is fundamental to this measure (the iambic), will appear what a variety the English heroic verse is capable of exhibiting : much greater than the Latin or Greek hexameter can produce, whatever has been advanced to the contrary. But this is a point that does not rest upon opinion ; it is a matter of computation : neither is the variety such as is allowable only, but not in usage ; it is to be seen in all our poems of that measure ; and it will not be foreign to our subject to establish these facts by evidence and proof.

The measures which enter into the composition of an hexameter, are the dactyle and spondee, and no other ; and the last foot of the verse being invariably a spondee, there remains a line of five feet to receive all the varieties that can be made by two different measures. Now the first foot admits of two, and the second of the same number ; which, combined with the first, is four ; the third of twice four, viz. eight ; the fourth of twice eight, viz. sixteen ; the fifth of twice sixteen, viz. thirty-two. And this was precisely the number of varieties which the ancient grammarians recognized in the hexameter ; as the Rhetorician Hermogenes ‡ informs us.

But the English heroic verse admits of four different feet ; and according to the same rate of combination, its varieties in the second foot

* We have quoted this line because it has been called an alexandrine ; *Essay on the Harmony of Language*, p. 133, 1st edition, where an alexandrine is defined to be “ a verse of the heroic cadence, and consisting of six feet.” By *heroic cadence*, is meant such measures (or feet) as an heroic verse is made of. It is true, that an alexandrine must contain six iambic feet ; but it is not true, that every verse of six such feet, the last being unaccented, must be an alexandrine. If it must, then it follows that a line of five such feet must be an heroic verse ; and these in *Hudibras*,

She laid about in fight more busily,

Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesilé. P. i. c. 2.

are not doggrel, as is commonly supposed, but of a higher order, and may claim to be ranked with the heroics of Pope and Dryden. The line in Milton is exactly like the following in *Othello* :

For sure he fills it up with great ability,

With any strong or vehement importunity. Act III. sc. 3.

and like numberless others that occur in our tragedies, which were never yet reckoned as alexandrine, but as heroic verses with two redundant syllables.

† Tyrwhitt's *Essay on the Versification of Chaucer*, p. 55.

‡ The grammarians were literary characters, who employed themselves particularly in studying and commenting upon the poets. The passage of Hermogenes is in the tenth chapter of his second book upon the various species of eloquence.

would be four times four, viz. sixteen, and so on; but because (as has been said) two trochees cannot stand together, nor two pyrrhics, the varieties will not be so many; yet they will amount to a much greater number than those of an hexameter.

Varieties.

Two Iambics,	And yét the fáte of all extremes is such.	Line 9.
Trochee and Iambic,	Gránt but as mány sorts of mind as moss.	Line 18.
Spondee and Iambic,	Quick whirls and shíftíng eddies of our minda.	Line 24.
Pyrrhic and Iambic,	And in the cúnníng truth itself's a lie.	Line 68.
Pyrrhic and Spondee,	Nor will life's stréam for observation stay.	Line 37.
Iambic and Spondee,	We grów móre pártíal for the observer's sake.	Line 12.
Trochee and Spondee,	Séc the sáme mán in vigour and the gout.	Line 71.
Iambic and Pyrrhic,	His príncíple of action once explore.	Line 27.

In this example, taken from a poet who is more distinguished for the smoothness than the variety of his measures, the varieties in two feet amount to eight, which is double the number that the hexameter is capable of making within the same compass: the varieties of our entire heroic line must therefore exceed those of the hexameter in a still greater proportion.

SECTION II.

Of Licenses in the Trochaic, Anapestic, and Dactylic Measures.

There being some affinity between the trochaic and iambic measures, the licenses permitted in each will be similar, as far as consists in the substitution of some other foot for that which is characteristic of the kind. But beside these, there is another license very generally extended to the trochaic; viz. that of cutting off part of the concluding foot. This is allowed in every species of the trochaic verse, whether of two, three, or four feet; so that we have lines of three, five, and seven syllables, and some specimens of them have been given already.

The pure trochaic line is composed of trochees without the intermixture of any other foot: and if quantity concurs with accent to form the measure, it is then perfect; as in the following example, where the accented syllables are all long, and the unaccented all short:

Richly paint the vernal arbour.—*Gray.*

A perfect line is not oftener found in this kind, than in the heroic verse.

We now proceed to the licenses;

And that this variety is not imaginary, but continually employed by our poets, may be shown from any of their works. The same epistle of Pope, to which we have already had recourse, will afford the proof. The first two feet of each verse will be sufficient for the purpose.

and shall exemplify them from lines of eight and seven syllables indiscriminately.

The first foot admits a pyrrhic,

On a | rock, whose haughty brow.—*Gray.*
or a spondee,

Nó, blést | chiefs! a hero's crown.—

Sir W. Jones.

or an iambic,

To brísk | notes in cadence beating.—*Gray.*

The second foot admits a pyrrhic,

Mute, but to the | voice of anguish.—

Gray.

or spondee,

Wakes thee | nów, though | he inherit.

Ibid.

The third foot admits the same.

Pyrrhic,

With Harmodius | shall repose.

Sir W. Jones.

spondee,

Rome shall perish— | wíte thát | word.

Cowper.

In the line of eight syllables, the last foot is necessarily a trochee, and therefore the seventh syllable accented; but in the line of seven, the last syllable may be short; as,

And with godlike Diomed.—*Sir W. Jones.*

We do not find an iambic in the second or third foot of any authentic composition. In the first, it has obtained a place by the authority of Gray, and others: it is nevertheless so harsh a violation of the regular foot as hardly to be approved of. The well known ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost is composed in trochaic measure, but with this, and frequent other deviations from regularity; allowable, perhaps, in such a

piece, yet not expected from a writer, who is said to have been accurate and even fastidious in the arrangement of his numbers.*

The anapestic verse allows but few licenses. One is a redundant syllable at the end of a line; another, an iambic, or spondee, in the first foot. And where the former of these is introduced, the other ought to be taken in the line next following, as in this example:

To invite the gods hither they would have
had reason,
And Jove | had descended each night in
the season. *Byron.*

This rule, though but little attended to, is good and proper; because the observance of it will keep the measure entire, which otherwise is sometimes overloaded, and produces a bad effect on the ear.

Prithee, pluck up a good resolution,
To be cheerful and thankful in all.

Byron.

The second line begins with an anapest; and by the word *to*, the measure is broken: omit it, and the whole will run smoothly and agreeably.

Another license claimed by some writers is that of dropping a syllable in the middle of the verse; Swift takes it very often, as here,

And now my dream's out; for I was a
dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear how I
scream'd!

But this license is questionable at least: in our opinion it is unwarrantable, because it occasions such halting metre.†

A license more suitable to this kind is the use of words as three syllables, which in iambic or trochaic verse would stand for two only, and of others as two syllables which there make but one; and generally, whatever syllable may be sounded in the pronunciation of a word, to reckon it in the measure.‡

Whose humour, as gay as the *fres-fly's*
light. *T. Moore.*

Would feel herself *happier* here,
By the nightingale *warbling* nigh.

Cowper.

Such a division of syllables helps the line to move lightly; and is a reasonable indulgence to a measure which, more than others, is apt to suffer by the clogging of accented words and consonants.

Any long or accented syllable, standing first or second in the foot, is a deviation from this measure; but

* Glover. See Dr. Pemberton's Observations on his Leonidas.

† Our old version of the 104th Psalm is in anapestic measure; but it contains something peculiar. The first half of every stanza appears to be defective, for it halts like the lines here quoted, while the other half is full and perfect. But the translator arranged it not in four lines, but eight;

With light as a robe,
Thou hast thee beclad;
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see:
The heavens in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

By this arrangement he was allowed the license of retrenching a syllable at the beginning of each line: still the want of a syllable between the first and second, and again between the third and fourth, produces a disagreeable effect. The omission was not casual, but studied: for in every stanza of the Psalm, which extends to twenty-four, the same precise measure is repeated to a syllable. This strictness was an unnecessary restraint, but such as was not unusual for the versifiers of that age to lay upon themselves; as Webbe, in his Discourse of English Poetry, informs us. He says, "there are infinite sorts of fine conveyances (as they may be termed) which are much frequented by them, both in the composition of their verse, and the wittiness of their matter;" and he gives some curious instances. (P. 65.)

‡ Drayton makes *April* three syllables. (See note * in the next page.)

§ This is one of those combinations (the diphthong *i* with *r*) which cannot be pronounced without the interposition of another letter (here the short *u*) as Tucker has remarked: and he adds, "I think *hire* and *dire* have as fair claim to be counted dissyllables as *higher* and *dicer*, though we will not allow them the same rank in verse."

On Vocal Sounds, p. 17.

it is less offensive to the ear in the second place than in the first:—

While a parcel of verses the hawks were
hollowing. *Byron.*

Wine the sovereign cordial of God and of
man. *Cambridge.*

Far above | all the flowers | of the field,
When its leaves | are all dead | and its
colours all lost. | *Watts.*

And while | a false nymph | was his theme,
A willow supported his head.—*Rowe.*

The licenses taken in dactylic verse are sometimes such that they disguise the measure, and render it equivocal; as in this uncommon specimen:—

Oh! what a pain is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way;
Alack and well-a-day,
Phillida flouts me!

Ellis's Specimens.

Every line of this stanza, but the last, is divisible into iambic feet, and they all make verses in that measure:* they are nevertheless designed for the dactylic, as appears by these next, which cannot be so divided without violence:—

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year | lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in | tasting. *Ibid.*

But this great confusion of measure is not often made. The allowed licenses are—to curtail the last foot, sometimes by one syllable, as in the lines quoted above; but more usually by two; which, as compositions of this kind are chiefly for music, makes a better close: such is—

Under the blossom that hangs on the | bough.

It is allowed in the beginning of a line to substitute for the proper foot a trochee, as—

Songs of | shepherds and rustical roundays.
Old Ballad.

or a single accented syllable may stand for it, even for two feet together, as—

Come, | see | rural felicity.

The license has been carried still farther in the singular measure following:—

One | long | Whitsun | holiday,
It was a jolly day,
Stout | Ralph, | buxom | Phillida, &c.

The writer of this, a man renowned in our annals, as a maker and singer of ballads, and familiarly called Tom Durfey,† is said to have contrived this odd metre in order to puzzle the composer, Purcell, how to frame a tune for it: but the story is probably without foundation; for the words readily accommodate themselves to music, and the bare recital would direct any musician to set them to jig-time.

* Drayton has a poem in this kind of verse: and Mitford has made the same observation on the ambiguous measures (as he calls them) of that piece. A few lines will show Drayton's manner of versification, and what liberties he has taken:

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner;
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over.
For when my Love too long
Her chamber keepeth,
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth.

Chorus. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her;
And with their music
Along let them bring her. *Drayton.*

† The Guardian, No. 67, contains a very humorous and benevolent account and recommendation of Tom Durfey, by Addison.

OF THE COMBINATIONS OF VERSES.

Verses, as they have been now considered, differ in species, and in kind; in the same respects they admit of combination. is made by verses which differ in the number of their feet, as in the examples here given; where the figures denote the number of feet in each

A combination of the same species verse:—

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|----|--|
| Combinations in
the Iambic. | { | 5. | In realms long held beneath a tyrant sway, |
| | | 4. | Lo! Freedom hath again appear'd! |
| | | 3. | In this auspicious day |
| | | 6. | Her glorious ensign floats, and high in Spain is rear'd. |
| In the Trochaic. | { | 4. | Banded despots hate the sight; |
| | | 2. | And in spite |
| | | 4. | Arm their slaves for war and plunder: |
| | | 4. | But the British lion's roar, |
| | | 3. | Heard on every shore, |
| In the Anapestic. | { | 5. | Soon shall break their impious league asunder. |
| | | 3. | Then Spaniards shall set at defiance |
| | | 2. | Their foes that advance: |
| | | 4. | They shall laugh at the threats of the Holy Alliance, |
| | | 4. | And baffle, indignant, th' invasion of France. |
| In the Dactylic. | { | 2. | On to the field! |
| | | 4. | Heaven will assist the defenders of Freedom: |
| | | 4. | Prayers, and arms in your cause if you need 'em, |
| | | 3. | Every Briton will yield. |

The remainder of this section in our next.

C.

RILEY GRAVE-STONES.

A DERBYSHIRE STORY.

All living things, save man, foresaw and fled—
 Afar the wild bird fled its summer haunts—
 Afar the bee fled from the honey bloom—
 Afar the wild-deer fled their wonted lairs—
 Afar the rooks flew from the pine-tree tops—
 Afar the wild-doves fled, and farther still
 The wild swan sail'd away on shuddering wing—
 The ox low'd loud, nor tasted the rich grass;
 And from the midnight hearth the household dog
 Howl'd long and deep a melancholy howl;
 But man stirr'd not. Sad signs came next: the stars
 One summer night rain'd all the vale with fire;
 The silver ash-keys hung with drops of blood;
 Red blood, not dew, fill'd Eyam's violet bells;
 Earth shook, and bubbled up red bells of blood;
 And two grim ravens came to our church tower,
 Chased off the preacher's snow-white doves, nor sought
 They food, but, stretching out their sooty necks,
 And pointing down their beaks; sat and conferr'd
 About the people passing by—they seem'd
 To croak of coming corses.

The Plague of Eyam.

THE story you wish me to tell is one of sorrow, and the time when it happened is long gone by. These hairs, now so thin and white, were then black and glossy; those whom I then loved have dropped away, one by one, from my side; and as much as chaff represents corn, so do my years of eighty-and-eight represent blithe and buoyant eighteen. Some seventy years ago it happened, towards sun-rise, on an autumn

morning, that I found myself, after traversing several miles of brown moor, at the entrance of one of the deep, wild, and romantic delves or dells of Derbyshire. An entrance between two rocks conducted me into a kind of rude hall, which, rising pillar over pillar, presented to fancy the rudiments of architecture, rough-hewn by Nature from her everlasting rocks. The floor was bedded with grass, and sprinkled with flowers; while the rocky walls, gray, and sending from their seams and joints thousands of shrubs and flowers, ascended many feet, and, bending over like a dome, left a space which the ingenuity of man had formerly supplied with a window. Through this rude aperture, the sky, now colouring fast with the morning light, was seen overhead, while the flowers and shrubs, desirous of light and heat, directed their heads towards the opening, and some of them, climbing through, waved dewy and green from the summit. An opening, or door, overlooked the deep and beautiful dell below, into which a zig-zag pathway—more the labour of nature than of man, descended abruptly; and down in the bottom I heard the plash and gurgle of a small brooklet, or spring, which dropped from the walls of rock through a thousand fissures.

Before I descended by this rude pathway into the dell, I turned to look on the natural temple, or church, of rock. The walls bore token to many vicissitudes of occupation—the haunt of birds of prey—of robbers—of anchorites—of outlaws—perhaps of bold and romantic Robin Hood—of lovers' meetings—of a burial ground, and a church. Here were bended bows, and cloth-yard arrows, and flying deer, carved—the names of lover and maiden—the sign of the cross—a kneeling hermit—inscriptions recording those hurried by violence to the grave, or carried by the fulness of years: the rude outline of a skull above, and of an hour-glass below, sufficiently intimated their original purpose. Above this, and placed between two of the pillars, a kind of pulpit projected, and seemed still frequented from devotion or curiosity, for its notched pathway was marked by recent feet. Over one of its corners hung a chap-

let of flowers fresh pulled, and moist with morning dew; and below I could perceive where some one had lately knelt, for the grass was still bruised down—early as my coming was, visitors had been there before me.

While I stood looking on the chapel, I heard a voice, slow and prolonged, coming from the dell below. It seemed the feeble and tremulous voice of old age, and scarcely made its way above the rocky barrier with which the place was bounded. To this another voice was presently added—gentle, and sweet, and piercing: it seemed the note of sixteen mingling with that of seventy. I glided forward, and looked down into the bosom of the dell. For some time I saw nothing, save a slender stream winding and shining like a serpent among the grass and flowers—the upright and light gray walls which hemmed in, from the upland waste, this romantic nook—and a raven, large and old, seated on an opposite crag, watching, with an outstretched neck, something which it marked for prey below. I took another step, and stood on a projecting ledge, which overhung the dell, and there I saw below me an old man—his head white with age as the driven snow, seated beside a small fountain, which, descending like a thread of silver from the upper rock, filled and o'erbrimmed a basin of hewn stone, and then, escaping into the little brooklet, marked out its way with a moister and livelier green. He was tall and straight; labour and old age had failed in pulling down the external elegance of a frame once sinewy and strong—the dust of the way was on his shoes—a staff and a crust of bread lay beside him—he was silent, and seemed about to busy himself in private devotion—his hands were closely clasped, and his eyes were cast on a small mound that might be a grave, by the side of the fountain. A fair-haired girl sat beside him; her hands clasped, and her looks directed to the little mound—her feet, her arms, and her head, were bare; and a flat hat of plaited straw, bound with green ribbon, which lay at her feet, seemed all the charms of dress which this Derbyshire maiden had called in to the aid of a form full of

beauty, and swelling into womanhood. They sat silent for a little space, and then I heard the old man say, "Anna, my love—the stream runs fair and pure—the grass grows green and long—and the flowers which grow on that grave are as ripe and as full blown as they were when, sixty years ago, I nursed them, and watered them, and bade them flourish. Man has spared this hallowed nook—cattle have not profaned Eyam Dell by browsing on the sod where I have dropt many a tear—even the little birds build not their nests in the bushes; but, with a slow wing and a softened song, seem to lament with me. To thee, my love, it may seem strange, that thin hairs, and a frame which a few years must soon take to the grave, should seek to recal the joys and the passions of youth, and that the bosom of eighty should still throb like that of seventeen. But as my love was not like the love of other men, neither did I love her as other men do—I lost her not by my own folly, or the folly of others—by the fickleness of woman's heart, nor by the falsehood of friends—nor did death take her away as other maidens have been taken, fading slowly by day, and withering slowly by night, like a flower on its stalk: I left her at even, lovely and laughing among the maidens of Eyam, and next even I

found her silent and lifeless as that flower is which thou holdest in thy hand; the breath of heaven had passed from between her lips; and her kindred had perished with her—for the angel of the Lord passed through Eyam, and smote of her sons and of her daughters two hundred and forty and seven."

"Grandfather," said the maiden, gazing in the old man's face, with a look which wished to wile him from his mood, "shall I sing one of the mournful old ballads which you love, and which I so often sing when melancholy thoughts are with you?" "Sing, child, I pray thee," said the old man; "there is devotion in a mournful song—it takes man's mind away from the vanities of the world, and presents to his eye pathetic images which lift his thoughts above: sing, I pray thee; and let thy song be thy mother's ballad of Eyam Banks—a thousand times have her lips chaunted it to me—and thy voice, Anna, is like thy mother's." In a sweet, a low, and an artless way, the girl sang her mother's song: the old man placed his face between the palms of his hands, and I heard him sob as the verses paused—and the raven, which still retained its station on the cliff, looked more earnestly down; for the song spoke more of the dead than of the living.

EYAM BANKS.

On Eyam banks the grass is green;
In Eyam dell, how fair
The violets blow, and mirthsome birds
With wild song fill the air!
With wild song fill the summer air:
And streamlets, as they go,
Sing, glad to see the old men sit,
With whiter heads than snow.

So time goes now—but o'er my youth
Time far more rudely swept;
Alike the green ear and the ripe
Were by his sickle reapt:
From glowing morn till dewy eve,
'Twas nought but woe and wail
In gentle Eyam's fairy dell,
And gentle Eyam's vale.

As I came down by Eyam banks,
The harvest moon rode high;
I heard the virgins weeping loud,
The mother's mournful cry:

The mother raised a mournful cry,
The father sobb'd his woe,
As from each door in Eyam vale
I saw the corse go.

"O, did they die by slow disease?
Or died they in the flood?
Or died they when the battle field
Flow'd ankle-deep in blood—
Flow'd ankle-deep in English blood?"
He heard,—nor answer'd he,
But shook his head, all hoary white,
And sang on mournfully.

O, when I reach'd my true love's door,
And knock'd with love-knocks three,
No milk-white hand and downcast eye
Came forth to welcome me;
For silent, silent was the hearth,
And empty was her chair—
Within my true love's bower I look'd,
And saw that death was there.

One sister at her head sat mute,
Her brother at her feet—
A lovely babe lay in her arms,
And seem'd in slumber sweet.
I made her bed in Eyam dell,
Where first the primrose peeps,
And wild birds sing, and violets spring—
And there my true love sleeps.

Before the sound of the girl's voice had ceased, the old man knelt down over the little mound, which he had strewed thick with flowers; and, laying his white head on the sod, I heard him pray with a low, a faltering, and an earnest voice, that, before the winds of another spring, or the flowers of another summer, passed away, he might be covered with the same sod which covered the dust of her whom he had loved in his youth. His grand-daughter knelt beside him; and, stooping till her shining and curling tresses mingled with his, and laying her arm around his neck, and her cheek to his, I heard her say, "O! father! father! for what father have I but you?—be moderate in your woe: my blessed parent, for whom you mourn, cannot wish you by her side above, till you have seen her child's child safely through the perils of her maiden days. I am young; and whom have I in the world to counsel me, and guide my steps aright, save you?" The old man arose, kissed his child, and blessed her; and as his shrivelled and palsied hands lay

among the glittering ringlets of her hair, I thought I never beheld a maiden so saint-like and so beautiful. In this posture they remained some time: at length she gently moved his hand, and said, "Be calm, my father; be calm—thy love is not like the love of other men; and men are coming, who will only mock thee for remembering with sorrow, after sixty years, the beloved one of thy youth. Even now I hear the sound of coming tongues—the pleasant generation of the land are coming to hang their customary chaplets on the altar of Mompessan's church; and, like all those with hearts set on good cheer, they will make the memorable day, on which the fatal plague of Eyam came, into an holiday." The old man resumed his seat, locked his hands together, and, looking on the grave before him, sat as mute and motionless as the rocks around. His grand-daughter gathered up her tresses, and confined them beneath her homely bonnet—trimmed her dress, which travel and devotion had somewhat disordered, and, looking on one side, and then on the other, adjusted,

at each glance, a fold of her mantle, or a displaced ribbon—and, with that regard for personal appearance which I never wish a woman to be too devout to forget, she prepared for the coming of the merry people of Eyam.

To a sound such as the maiden had heard, I now turned my attention—it was yet remote, and the beauty of the morning made me forget all else for a time. The sun had now risen; and hill, and rock, and stream, acknowledged his presence with a glow nearly rivalling the deep blue splendour of heaven, flushed all over with a flickered radiance, which kept gushing in long quivering streams from the visible fountain of light. The cattle rose from the grass, and shook the morning dew from their sides; the shepherd's dog barked loudly for joy, ran round and round the sunny knoll tops, and made many a circle, of which its master was the centre; while the farm-house cock, as he led out his train to the stubble field, stopt ever as he went, and, with a hearty cottage-rousing crow, sought rather to tell the world that he, in all his majesty of spurs and double-comb, was gone abroad, than to summon man to the reaphook and scythe. On a morning such as this, with the air still, and fragrant with clover-balm, and rural sounds of a pleasant sort awakening on every side, it seemed much less difficult to be blithe than sad: a man can hardly look God's sun in the face and be sorrowful—and, doubtless in conformity to the laughing look of the eastern sky, the people came forth to hold holiday among their romantic dells.

I love the jovial and enjoying dispositions of the good people of old England, who interpret every thing in favour of mirth and good fellowship:—the martyrdom of a saint—the commencement of war—coming crying into the world, or going cold out of it—the bridal or the burial—all are alike harbingers of joy, and come with healing on their wings—come to be embalmed in the smoke of the feast, and to reel amid the purple glories of the vintage. “Better come at the back of a burial than the beginning of a bridal,” says the

pithy proverb, which points out the times of good cheer—and I am far from being partial to self-mortification and penance. I love an event which throws the shadow of mirth and good living before it: a worship which casts down the venerable gods of the wine-press and the larder, is not for me—I am a lover of superstitious meats and drinks, and I care not who knows it. Now this happened to be the morning of a day memorable in the calendar of calamities—the period when the plague broke in among the good people of Eyam; but the lapse of time—the death of almost all who had survived it—the natural wish of man to be merry—and the agreeable sense in which a holiday is ever accepted by the multitude of the rich as well as the ragged—let loose, upon hill and vale, many of those buoyant and vagrant spirits who can pick an hour of pleasure out of any event.

The sound of their approach, which a little woody glen or dingle had partly subdued for a time, now increased more and more—a general hum, like the sound of bees swarming, first became audible—then laughter, faint at first, but swelling out, and augmenting more and more, succeeded—and finally a female squeal, uttered in the fulness of joy, told me that the plague of Eyam had provided enjoyments of many kinds for the descendants of those it had spared, equal to any of the most gracious saint of the calendar. I stood on a little knoll, to see from whom this merriment came. Along the side of the dell, where the green sward joined the moorland, stood many upright grave-stones—not in rank succeeding rank, like the memorials in a well-marshalled churchyard, but scattered about at random—marking out the places where the victims of the pest were buried. Here some of the youths and maidens of the district had assembled; and having first, as if in mockery of the old sorrowful rite, showered the graves with flowers and garlands, they began to chase each other with many a laugh, and shriek, and halloo among the tombs, till the dell and its rocks remurmured with the din. Some of the more staid and sedate seated them-

selves on the grass along the brow of the dell, at a little distance from the graves—and their numbers were increased, first, by maidens who retired to breathe and bind up their disordered hair; and then by youths, who followed to seat themselves by their side, and have some private converse with them on the grass.

Some of the motives for this singular festivity I learned from the chance conversation of the peasants, who, collecting into several groupes, spread cloths on the grass, and, heaping them high with breakfast dainties, began, with clasp knives and sharp teeth, to attack whole hills of bread and beef, and make them subside before them. "Come, lay about you, neighbour," said a rustic, making his own knife, as he spoke, go in rapid circles round the thigh-bone of a sheep—while his left hand carried an incessant supply of bread and mutton to his mouth, in the manner of a man feeding a threshing mill; "Come, neighbour Brummel, carve and cram's the word. The new enclosure act will make this the last holiday we shall ever hold among Riley grave-stones—the corn will be cheap when churchyards are tilled by act of parliament:" and he applied the bone to his mouth, and kept turning it with both hands, making a seam of long sharp teeth revolve round, and almost penetrate the solid bone. "I'll tell ye what, Emanuel," said Brummel, laying an empty ale-bottle aside, and removing a handful of foam from his lips; "I'll tell ye what—the churchyard worm is the fat worm—and the churchyard tree is the tall tree; and long and beautiful will the corn-swathe grow above the graves—and handsome will it look, and do more for man's body than a whole kingdom of grave-stones. It's a kind act of parliament that redeems food from the deep and the hungry grave. And, now I think on't, I will pave my barn-floor with these barren memorials, and lay the lettered side up, that my threshers may have a lesson. I am well known as an encourager of learning in the parish:"—and taking up another bottle, and laying himself back, he caused its contents to de-

scend gently into his mouth—enjoying his favourite beverage drop by drop. "Wisely spoken, neighbour Emanuel," said a third rustic; "though I'm not sure but I shall raise some small sort of claim myself to one or two of these dainty bits of hewn stone—and my hall door and hearth are as likely to be listened to as your barn floor; for my cousin of Gripeagain is one of the commissioners. What, man! shall nobody follow behind the parliamentary plough, and pick up paving-stones, but yourself?" "Plague spot thee from the crown of the head to the buckle in thy shoe for a sordid knave, Job Giles," said a peasant beside him, interrupting his speech by a long draught of ale:—"plague spot thee, say I: may I be doomed to dig deeper for lead than Eldenhole, and tickle the soles of the antipodes before I reach it, if ye don't deserve to be turned into one of the links of our bucket chain, and go up and down the bowels of the earth now and for evermore, amen.—What! would ye cast down Riley grave-stones, and pass the plough over your mother's breast-bone; and reap the corn, and eat of the bread, that was nourished out of her dust? May the plough that disturbs these graves plough up the sleeping plague too: it will be busy on earth when I am deep below. The plague will be a plague of small taste that pursues a poor miner three hundred fathom down, while there are so many corpulent gentlemen in the county."

A young woman sat apart, with a little boy on her knee, looking at the grave-stones. "And are the stones to be broken, and the field of death to be ploughed?" she said: "I have heard my mother say that the priest of Eyam, when he laid the last victim of the pest in the grave, exclaimed, 'Behold the last whom the Lord will claim, and in his grave I bury the plague for a season: but whoso disturbs death's charnel-house—whoso goes down into the dwelling of dust—assuredly he shall be stricken through as with a sword, and the pest shall be loosed again on Eyam, and all her sons and daughters shall be devoured.'" "It is all truth ye speak, Alice," said one of her female companions; "for often

have I heard my father repeat Mompessan's warning. He heard it uttered himself when there were scarcely enow of the living to bury the dead. And in token of its truth, two of Giles Gurton's horses—one of them a gallant gray that bore his eldest daughter Bell when she was married—and a sorrowful marriage she made of it—the horses, as I tell ye, broke loose on a time, and ate the long grass off these graves, and they went mad, that's certain—and came home foaming, and sweating sweat of blood, and tore one another, and died. It's true, I tell ye—and I would not be the man who ploughs up Riley graves for the lordship of Chatsworth—and that's a wide word.”

“Troth, and it's all too true,” said another of the village dames; “I'll warrant ye have all heard of Glype Glanvil, the pedlar—a good pack-man and a keen one. He would not sleep in the public-house, for that would cost him money; he would not lie at the farmer's hearth, lest he should have to give ribbons to the lasses; but he would lie beneath the bonnie moon on a fine summer night—and he laid his head on one of the Riley graves, and asleep fell he. But he had a doleful wakening, and ran wild into Eyam in the mid hour of night—I think I hear his yells yet, and see the delirious man—for the plague had sprung out of the grave—and I doubt not, for scripture says ‘trouble springs—’ I forget what scripture says—but that neither mars nor makes my story. He was spotted like a leopard, and he died of the pest: and that's as true as malt makes ale, and lips like it.”

An ancient dame, with a staff in her hand, had tottered out after her friends, and for no sedater purpose than to partake, as far as the infirmities of seventy-seven years would permit, of the holiday pastime. “Ah!” she said, striking her staff into the ground before her, as she sat down, “here sits one who can vow to and avouch every word ye have uttered, and many more. Have ye never heard how in the year of grace ninety-and-eight—many, many years after the calamity came upon us—that one who feared not God—a man who lived by the strong and the

cunning hand, came and dug into one of the graves at dark midnight, for the love of lucre? What sought he, think ye, but the gold ring—the bride ring from the finger of fair Prudence Rolfe—and what think ye he saw there when he bared the earth away? A lady laid out in her bridal weeds—in her damasked silks and satins. The foul worms of the earth had touched her not—the undying spirit of the strong pest had preserved her strangely. He touched her finger, and the plague touched him; and his body soon helped to fill the hole his avarice had dug—so let men take warning: the corn blade which springs from these graves will pierce ye as with a poisoned sword; and each corn-pipe will be a passage by which the plague will ascend from the grave into the world.”

The story and admonition of the old dame was received with a laugh and a shout from a young ploughman, who sat entrenched among empty bottles, and crusts of bread, and bones.—“May barley no more produce beer, nor fat beef come from a fat field,” said the rustic, “if old mother Winifred isn't as clever at preaching and prognostication as parson Pestertext himself. The sweetest herb grows in the most unsavoury place—the fairest flower grows next the dunghill—stink in the root, is sweet in the fruit—the deeper the dunghill, the higher the stack-yard—and the finest flower of the field is a churchyard daisy. All these, and a thousand proverbs more, made by the sages of the sickle and the share in the vales of old Derby, disprove thy fears, and dispute thy sayings. What, woman, think ye that what's done by act of parliament is not done righteously and wisely? I'll warrant the parson's tithe from the first crop of corn will be so large, that he will seek scripture authority for ploughing up, and sowing all the repositories for cold flesh in the dales—and here's to the living, say I—the dead have had their day on't:”—and elevating a tankard of ale as he spoke, he soon left nothing visible save the empty vessel and a wreath of foam.

During this conversation, I had sought, and found, a seat among the

peasants; and willing to show that I had no ill will to holiday pastime and early cheer, I had not suffered the ale and the beef to pass me without bearing away the token of a sufficient appetite. One of the rustics came and eyed me closely, and wilfully perhaps misinterpreting my vocation from my dress, shouted out "Hilloah! my stars! what have we got here? a travelling parson, by the powers of smoke!—the beardless forerunner of some ponderous bishop or profound dean, with a belly unequal to the narrow way to the pulpit. Come, come, my gifted sir;—damme, he drinks like a whole Chapter of divines, and the beef disappears before him as though he were the head of the hierarchy. Come, my lad in the raven-coloured coat, take another drink, an ye wish to be a sound divine—and then we will have ye preach—I swear by the seventeen score of links in our best bucket-chain, we will. Here's Cucklet-church vacant, damme—I present ye to the living, with Robin Hood's roving right over the wild deer of Eyam dale and the free tithe of the fowls of heaven. A noble presentation, I vow, and with no rigid diocesan to rule ye, save Kate Fowler and me. A yearly sermon shall ye preach in my honour, and pray annually for all the subterranean men in Derbyshire, and the superannuated men of all other counties. And now, when I think on't, ye shall mount Cucklet pulpit, and give us this sermon now.—He shall, I vow by all the lead veins in Derby—else let my name be no longer Gib, but Gibbet." A roar of applause followed this wild sally; and the rustic confronted me with a look of mischievous earnest, to enforce, if he could, his threat.

Old Winifred had compassion on a stranger, who, whatever his gifts might be, had never presumed to preach: she came with a halt and a groan to my side, and thus she accosted my tormentor. "What, thou scape-rope—well it beseems thee to talk of texts and preaching—and ye have given him a text, have ye? if he wants a text of infamy, let him take thee. Think ye I know ye not? Your name shall be no longer Gib, but Gibbet! Wise were thy words! for thy grandfather lost his life

in a hanging-wood that grew at the jail door of Derby—thy father sailed for his health: he was threatened with a shortness of breath; and never came back, by the advice of old Gabriel Munday the magistrate—and for thyself, if ever I find thee stealing my poultry again under pretence of coming to woo my maid-servants, the blacksmith's tongs shall weave thy stockings—ye have worn the work of the same loom before. It sets ye well to talk of sermons indeed—though a prayer and a psalm will be the last things ye will hear—and so I have told thy fortune."

This timely and effectual interposition of ancient Winifred saved a stranger the shame of farther abuse. The women applauded her speech with many a suppressed laugh and titter; and the men seemed all pleased at the rebuke, and shouted, "And his name shall be no longer Gib, but Gibbet," till all the vale rang again. "Come, come," said one of the rustics, "let us enjoy our holiday, and let canker fall: we came here for mirth, and strife has found us out—and strife too about sermons. O' my conscience, if ye want sermons, wait till the parson of Eyam comes to-day, at twelve, to Cucklet rock here, to preach the Pest Sermon—an affliction which comes annually—the plague came but once, and ye shall all have sermon enough and slumbering enough. But come, since strife lives in the upland, let us go down, and see if mirth dwells in the dell." And into a little wild rocky dell he accordingly descended, with all his companions.

This little sequestered nook formed one of a long chain of dells which united the uplands with the more expanded vales of Derbyshire. A small rivulet, which had its source in the dell described at the beginning of this narrative, wound its way among them, and, augmented in its course by innumerable springs, formed at length a considerable stream, frequented by the angler, and remarkable for the little deep pools or basins which it ground out of the solid rock in its passage. It was also remarkable, during the time of the plague, as a boundary between the pure and tainted part of the county; to its banks provisions were

brought at a stated hour, and placed on a range of smooth flat stones; and to this market, when the sellers were gone, the people of Eyam came and deposited the price in a trough of stone through which a springlet ran—so careful were they, lest the contamination should spread.—These rude unhewn tables, and that trough of stone, have long been removed—the first to pave stables, and the latter to feed swine; but the stream still carries—and long may it carry!—the name of the pastor of Eyam, Mr. Mompessan. By the brook bank he sat, and ministered to the wants of his people; and collecting them into that natural temple of rock, since called Cucklet-church, he preached, and prayed, and counselled them, during the continuance of the plague.

By the side of Mompessan's brook the peasants seated themselves; and old Winifred, planting her staff before her, and shaking her head, thus addressed them:—"I could tell ye a very pretty story about this little wild dell. Ye see these two grassy ridges, side by side, on the other bank of the stream, and ye see the year 1666 cut deeply in the rock at their head. It is of these graves, and that fatal year, I speak; and, let me tell ye, woe to them who live to see three figures alike in the same year again—they never came together for man's good. It befel in the year 1666—woe's me that I should ever have occasion to name it!—that Edom Wodensly married Emma Rode: a fairer pair never darkened the door of Eyam church—on a whiter finger the marriage gold never glittered—but who has not heard of her beauty and of her woe? She was much sought after—but Wodensly won her from them all; and much mirth was at their bridal. I was then but a girl of fifteen; and old and crooked though I be now, I know what a handsome man is like—but, alas! what are the outer graces or the inner gifts—and what was it to him or her, ere three short weeks flew past, whether they were fair or comely? Ere the bridal lights had done burning, the plague came into Eyam—the young and the active fled, and the old and the helpless remained—there was weeping soon, and wailing, for bridal mirth

and song. To this wild little dell, where we now sit, Edom and Emma fled for refuge. He made a little bower; and their bed was the rushes, and their drink was that stream; and one faithful friend came regularly, like the raven in scripture, and brought them bread. Alas, for poor human nature, that I should have to tell all my story. But there was a young man rich and high born—I name not his name—I never named him but once, and I asked forgiveness of God before I named him—he had long loved Emma, and sued for her hand, and sorely was he disquieted when she scorned him and married another. I saw him mix among the guests at her bridal—himself an unbidden one—and I marked his changing looks from pale to dark—fear of the Lord, and love for his fairest works, went out of his heart, and the blackest devil came in. I could not take my eyes off him; for he seemed changed, like the enemy of old, from an angel of light into an infernal demon. This man knew whither they had fled, and how they were supported—and he went to a house in Eyam—the house of Joel Hancock by name, where the whole people, seven in number, had died of the plague; and, taking tainted food in his hands, he went and watched till the hour of evening came, and he saw the friend of Emma and of her husband place bread on a stone and depart. And he came from his hiding-place, and changed the pure bread for the impure—then he lay down on that little knoll top which rises green above the delve, and watched—and when he saw them go from their bower of rushes, and eat of the bread, he arose, and laughed aloud for joy, and shouted—and they lay down and died, and were buried in these two graves before you. But *he*—he whom I shall never name—shall I say *he* died?—alas, there is no punishment heavier here than death, and the wicked and the good feel pangs alike. He died—and I saw him die—the plague held him in chace, and the sword of man overtook him—and he is now answering in fire the wrongs wrought in the flesh—and who has more to answer for?"

When Winifred had told her story, and the young men were adding

some traditional particulars to her brief narrative, a shriek—a female shriek, shrill and agonizing, came from the neighbouring dell—another and another came, before we scaled the rock over which the stream leapt; and, looking up the dell, I saw the old man, already mentioned in the commencement of this narrative, stretched motionless on the grave; and by his side, as motionless as himself, lay his grand-daughter, with her arm still round his neck, and her cheek laid to his. I took her in my arms, and the free air and the pure water brought back the ruddiness to her lips; but the hands of the old man still remained clenched, his eyes fixed—to him the free air and the pure water came in vain—he had died in prayer on the grave of his wife. The maiden recovered, and looked on him for a minute's space—then, casting her arms about him, and dropping her head to the ground, she said—“You are gone! and who is there now to bless me, and guide my steps? Year after year that you

went to her grave, it was with a wish that you might die there—and you are gone now! and who is there to guide my steps?—Not one.” And she wept aloud, and sat down by the body, and refused to be comforted. I was much moved—and I took the body, and laid it in Eyam churchyard; and the young woman went with me wherever I went—there was something in her looks which my heart loved, and she was young, and she was fair, and of good fame. And I sought to bid her farewell, and I could not; and she sat and looked in my face, and wept again—and when I went away she sobbed, and hid her face in her hands—and then she arose and followed me, keeping afar behind. And I turned again, and we were married, and she gave unto me sons and fair daughters. Our dwelling was distant—yet once a year we saw again Cucklet church, Eyam dell, Mompessan's brook, and the graves of her ancestors.*

NALLA.

DR. ROUTH'S NEW EDITION OF BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES.

FEW of our readers can be unacquainted with Bishop Burnet's posthumous memoirs,—a work which, notwithstanding all the objections that have been raised against it, by those of contrary political feelings, abounds in so much curious detail of public affairs, and contains such a mass of interesting private anecdote, as will render it, at all times, a book of permanent value in the opinion of the English reader. A new edition, with some very important improvements, has appeared, within the last few days, from the Clarendon Press; and, having fortunately obtained sight of a very early copy, we hasten to give this brief notice of its contents.

We believe it to be no secret in the University, nor in *Pall-mall*, that the literary world is indebted to the

learned editor of the *Reliquiæ Sacræ* for the superintendence of the present work; and, at the same time that we express our entire satisfaction at the diligence, judgment, and ability with which the task has been executed, we cannot but return our thanks to the delegates of the Clarendon Press for giving us a book of general interest and entertainment, in a very handsome form and at a very moderate price.†

The new edition of Bishop Burnet consists of the text, as printed from the first folio edition, together with those passages in the first volume, which were omitted by the original editor, Judge Burnet, but inserted in MS. by Lord Hardwicke in his own copy. The *first* edition has been selected as the proper text-book, be-

* Many interesting and curious particulars concerning the plague of Eyam, may be found in a very entertaining and elegant work—*Rhodes' Peak Scenery*.

† Six volumes 8vo. with two portraits, one of Burnet, the other of Lord Dartmouth. Price 2l. 6s. in sheets.

cause, whatever were the supposed improvements in the octavo copy, said to have been revised by the Bishop's son, it is clear, that the original manuscript was further departed from in this, than it had been in the folio, edition, which has now been followed. To this text are added the notes of William Legge, first Earl of Dartmouth; those of Philip Yorke, second Earl of Hardwicke; of Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons; of Dean Swift; a few by Henry Legge and Mr. Godwyn; and, lastly, a very large proportion by the present editor, who has prefixed a judicious and very manly introduction.

A collection of notes on such a work as Bishop Burnet's, by men so well known as those we have just enumerated, cannot but be read with great interest; particularly as they are understood to have entertained political opinions diametrically opposed to each other. Lord Dartmouth's (to use the words of the editor) "abound in curious and well-told anecdote;" Swift's are "shrewd, caustic, and apposite, but not written with the requisite decorum;" the Speaker's "contain many incidental discussions on political subjects, and are sensible and instructive;" whilst those of the Earl of Hardwicke "are so candid and judicious, that one cannot but wish them to have been more numerous." To this we may add, that the additional annotations (which, as they do not bear the signature of any of the above persons, are, we apprehend, to be entirely ascribed to the Oxford editor) contain a great deal of historical information, particularly on obscure points, together with much acute remark on political occurrences and private character; and the whole expressed in terms of candour and moderation, which bespeak the honesty of the writer, and reflect great credit on his accuracy and research.

If we could have spared the remarks of any of the aforementioned annotators, they would have been those of the Dean of St. Patrick's, which, some few excepted, have little value in our estimation. In many instances they contain mere personal abuse, and in some the expressions are of a nature so remote from decency and good manners, as might

well have excused their omission. Perhaps we cannot give a better specimen of Swift's critical hostility than the following:—Not liking some statement of the Bishop's, the Dean very unceremoniously calls him "Dog!" He reads a little further; and still further disagreeing in opinion, bestows the additional appellations of "Dog! Dog!!" Going on, and discovering perhaps somewhat that created yet more displeasure, he concludes with calling the offending author "Dog! Dog!! Dog!!!" and so leaves him. It seems, indeed, that three of the Dean's notes have been omitted as too indelicate for insertion, and that the same number out of those by Lord Dartmouth have shared a similar fate, as reflecting too severely on private character. It is impossible to do otherwise than applaud the caution and propriety that dictated these suppressions: for no wit, however brilliant, can excuse indelicacy; nor can there be any reasons for perpetuating scandalous anecdotes, in no way connected with the public conduct of the persons to whom they relate.

We extract the following just and sensible observations on the political character of the times, and principal actors in the scenes, of which Burnet writes: our quotation forms the conclusion of the editor's preface:—

"The great influence which personal character had formerly on events, together with other causes, occasions the reign of Charles the First, in which the contest for political power commenced, to form the most interesting period of English history, whether we are disposed to triumph with the conquering party, or to espouse and commiserate the cause of high honour and suffering loyalty. The frequent and remarkable changes of government during the interregnum, as well as the singular and energetic character of the Protector Cromwell, secure the attention of every reader. The disputes which arose between an unprincipled, but good humoured monarch, regardless alike of his own honour and the national interest, and a restless, violent, and merciless faction, are subjects of deep concern, on account of their melancholy results. At the same time, the mind feels consolation in the virtues of Ormond, Clarendon, and Southampton. And, notwithstanding the enormities of courtiers and anti-courtiers, we reflect with pleasure on the freedom then first securely enjoyed, from every species of arbitrary taxation, and from extrajudicial imprisonment; on

the provision made for the meeting of parliament once in three years at the least ; in a word, on the possession of a constitution, which King William admired so much, that he professed himself afraid to improve it. The gloom of the next reign, overcast and ruined as its prospects were by folly and oppression, and finally closed by means of intrigue, falsehood, and intimidation, is in part enlivened by a view of the courageous and disinterested conduct of Sancroft, Hough, Dundee, Craven, and a few others. Some of these persons, desirous of a parliamentary redress of grievances, thought, that instead of the force put upon the person of the King, an accommodation might and ought to have been effected with him ; as he had a little before, when threatened with the just and open hostility of his subjects for his perversion of law, and maintenance of a standing army, made very important concessions. Yet it may be reasonably doubted, whether a composition with a prince of his disposition and feeble judgment, whatever good qualities he was otherwise possessed of, would eventually have been lasting, or even reducible to practice. The appeal made by him to his subjects, immediately after his retreat to another country, was signed by a secretary of state employed contrary to law.

“ Times had now passed, which were chequered with great virtues and vices ; but the reigns of William and Anne exhibit to the reader one uniform scene of venality and corruption ; and the mind, instead of being interested, is disgusted with the contests of two parties for the government of the country, assuming, as it best suited their selfish purposes, each other's principles. The long contemplated change in the executive government was at length effected ; its power being virtually transferred to combinations of persons possessed of great influence in parliamentary elections, and in parliament itself. Hence what has been called the practice of the constitution differed widely from its theory ; and to this depression of the crown and of its direct power, occasioned by the seeming necessity for the almost constant sitting of parliament, were added maxims totally annihilating the will of the single person, and, in conjunction with other causes, finally subversive of all dutiful and affectionate attachment to authority. These maxims, not recognised as constitutional by Clarendon, Hall, or Locke, were advanced in order to colour and justify the alteration. A wider and more extensive field was now opened for the exertion of talents, serviceable indeed to the advancement of the individual, but full as often pernicious as useful to the public. In these reigns also, contrary to every principle of justice, were laid the deep and broad foundations of a debt, which no other than the political system then adopted could have

MARCH, 1823.

entailed on a nation. It ought still however to be remembered, that at, or soon after the revolution, a solemn recognition was made of the liberties of Englishmen ; the power of dispensing with the laws was abrogated in all cases ; the judges were no longer dismissible at the sole pleasure of the crown ; a provision was made against the long continuance of parliaments ; freedom of religious worship was secured to the great body of protestant dissenters ; the important and necessary measure of an union with Scotland was effected ; the liberty of the press established ; trials for treason better regulated ; and a more exact and impartial administration of justice generally introduced in the kingdom. Which blessings, together with all other constitutional rights, may God's providence, and a virtuous and independent spirit, continue to us ! M. J. R.”

We have now little else to do, than to give our readers a few extracts from the notes, which will enable them to judge pretty accurately of the value of the whole of the additions : to say any thing on the work itself, so well known as Burnet's work is, would be quite superfluous.

To the Bishop's character of the first Earl of Shaftsbury, which represents him, as to religion, a deist at best, Speaker Onslow gives the following anecdote.

A person came to make him a visit whilst he was sitting one day with a lady of his family, who retired upon that to another part of the room, with her work, and seemed not to attend to the conversation between the Earl and the other person, which turned soon into some dispute upon subjects of religion ; after a good deal of that sort of talk, the Earl said at last, “ People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion.” Upon which, says the lady of a sudden, “ Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in ? ” “ Madam,” says the Earl, “ men of sense never tell it.” The suppressed passages add to this nobleman's ill character, by saying “ he had no regard to either truth or justice,” nor was he “ out of countenance in owning his unsteadiness and deceitfulness.” It has been remarked by others than Burnet, that notwithstanding Shaftesbury's continual tergiversation, and the knowledge all men had, of how little he was to be depended on, he was, to the last, trusted by the discontented party. On this, Lord Dartmouth relates, that he “ was told by one that was very conversant with him, that he had a constant maxim, never to fall out with any body, let the

provocation be never so great, which he said he had found great benefit by all his life; and the reason he gave for it was, that he did not know how soon it might be necessary to have them again for his best friends."

To Bishop Burnet's very unfavourable and unjust account of Sir William Temple, Speaker Onslow adds:

The author should have done more justice to the character of this truly great man; one of the ablest, most sincere, generous, and virtuous ministers, that any age has produced; and who will always be deemed one of the honours of this nation, as a statesman, a writer, and as a lover and example of the finest sorts of learning. They who knew Sir William Temple best, have had a disdain at the misrepresentations here of his principles with regard to religion; his whole life was a continued course of probity, disinterestedness, and every other amiable virtue, with every elegance of it. Great in business, and happy out of it. See, and contemplate his writings; but pass gently over his few errors.

Swift's note on the same passage is very characteristic.—"Sir William Temple was a man of virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger."

Burnet hated the Stuarts, and would have enjoyed the following anecdote of James the First, related by Lord Dartmouth:

Robert Cecil, great-grandson to the first Earl of Salisbury, told me, that his ancestor inquiring into the character of King James, Bruce (his Majesty's own Ambassador, and a very adroit one) answered, "Ken ye a John Ape? en I's have him, he'll bite you: en you's have him, he'll bite me."

Of the power of the House of Commons none of our readers are ignorant, but the same annotator gives an instance of the exercise of authority by the Speaker, which we should suppose without a parallel. It is related of Sir Edward Seymour.

When he was Speaker, his coach broke at Charing Cross, and he ordered the bea-dles to stop the next gentleman's they met, and bring it to him. The gentleman in it was much surprised to be turned out of his own coach, but Sir Edward told him it was more proper for him to walk in the streets, than the Speaker of the House of Commons; and left him so to do, without any further apology.

Charles the Second well expressed the character of Lord Godolphin,

who was much about his person; and we copy the praise, for the benefit of future pages and gentlemen of the bed-chamber. "He was never in the way, nor out of the way." The conclusion of Lord Dartmouth's note is not so amiable; "his great skill lay in finding out what were his prince's inclinations, which he was very ready to comply with; but had a very morose, haughty behaviour to every body else, and could disoblige people by his looks, more than he could have done by any thing he could have said to them; though his answers were commonly very short and shocking."

At p. 399 of the second volume, the present Editor gives some noble lines, written by the present Bishop of Clonfert, in a poem entitled "The Love of our Country," which gained the Chancellor's prize at Oxford, in 1771. We the rather give them here because they are omitted, or much curtailed, in the late collection of Oxford Prize Poems, which is in the hands of every one. They are on the Death of Algernon Sidney:

Here let the muse withdraw the blood-
stain'd steel,
And show the boldest son of public zeal.
Lo! Sidney bleeding o'er the block! his
mien,
His voice, his hand, unshaken, firm, se-
rene!
Yet no diffuse harangue, declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudits of a wayward crowd:
No specious feint, death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die;
But sternly silent, down he bows, to prove
How firm, unperishing, his public love.
Unconquer'd patriot! form'd by ancient
lore
The love of ancient freedom to restore;
Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And seal'd by death the lesson that he
taught.

On the commencement of the reign of King James the Second, and the offers of submission made him by Spain, the empire, and the states, Speaker Onslow says:

This was a crisis that might have made this country as great in Europe, or greater, than it had been in any age, and put the King at the head of all foreign transactions, to have engaged in them, more or less, as it suited either his interest, or his honour: and had he but have kept his religion to his own practice of it, and governed by parliaments, he would have been the happiest and greatest king at the same time,

both at home and abroad, that this nation had almost ever seen. There never happened before such a concurrence of incidents to produce all this : but the family was not made to govern this country. A false policy run through their four reigns, and they either did not know, or did not know how to make use of, the true genius and greatness of their people. The British nation, in its freedom, may be the first power of Europe ; and a king who shows them he means their interest only, be the best obeyed. When they see him their king, they will be his subjects.

On the promotion of Sidney, Earl of Rumney, Lord Dartmouth gives the following whimsical anecdote :

When he was made Secretary of State, the Duke of Leeds told me he happened to go into the king's closet soon after he came out, and the king (William III.) asked him if he had seen the new secretary ; the duke answered, no, he met nobody but Lord Rumney, (little thinking he could be the man). The king told him, he knew he would laugh at his being so, but he could not think of a proper person at present, and knew he was the only Englishman he could put in and out again without disoblighing of him. The duke said, he did not laugh before, but could not forbear, when he heard he was to be at the secretary's office, like a footman at a play, to keep a place till his betters came.

The same nobleman makes an observation, which has some justice in it, on the Liturgy of the Church of England :

I never heard of but one reasonable objection to any part of the Liturgy, which is, thanking God for the king's being what we ought to pray he should be ; the absurdity of which appeared very plainly in King James's reign, during which we were obliged to call him our most religious and gracious prince, and to desire that God would continue him in the true worship of him, when he went publicly to mass, and was overturning all the laws and liberties of the kingdom : but the bishop and his companions took no notice of that, from the same principle of flattery, by which it was first put in, and will always remain.

Anecdote of Pope Alexander the Eighth, Ottoboni.

I was told at Rome (says Lord Dartmouth) that he was a man of no religion, but left his family, who were poor before, possessed of above a hundred thousand pistoles a year in church preferments, besides vast wealth in personal estates. When some of the cardinals told him he made too much haste, he answered, that it had struck three-and-twenty, for he was past

eighty years of age. Cardinal Ottoboni, who was chancellor of the church, kept a mistress in the chancery, which old Cardinal Alteri told the pope gave great offence : he said that was a fault, and next time he saw his nephew, asked him, why he did not take a private lodging for her. A little before he died, he asked his physicians how long they thought he could live : they said about an hour : then he called for a large draught of *lachrymæ Christi*, (a wine he loved extremely) and said he could not die much the sooner for that.

In Pope's Moral Essays, Epistle III. addressed to Lord Bathurst, are the following lines :

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And, gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.

The new Burnet gives an excellent illustration to this passage, in one of Lord Dartmouth's notes.

Lord Pelham, who was a Lord of the Treasury in King William's time, told me, that, to his knowledge, Sir Christopher Musgrave had seven thousand pounds for settling the king's revenue for life, and that he carried the money himself, in bank bills, to the king's closet for that use.

Speaker Onslow adds some political information still more curious.

Upon one of these occasions Sir Edward Seymour said to him " Kit, Kit, I know where you have been, and what you have got, but it was first offered to me." " Yes, (said another person), it was so, and the offer was 5000*l.* but Seymour stood for 10,000*l.*" Mr. Pope alludes somewhere to Musgrave's having received this money from the king, and that it was discovered by his dropping one of the bags, as he was coming down the back stairs at court. The occasion was after this period, (*viz.* 1693) and it was the settling of the civil list. The king desired it might be 700,000*l.* a year, and the contrivance for it was thus : Somebody for the court was to propose a million, upon which Musgrave was to rise up, and exclaim against the extravagance of the demand, and the danger of it, and after many severe reflections upon the court, he was to conclude with saying—he dared venture to answer for country gentlemen, that if the demand had been for a modest and reasonable sum, it would not have met with any opposition ; that they were not unwilling to support the greatness and dignity of the crown, and that he thought, for all good purposes of government, 700,000*l.* would be sufficient, and hoped no larger sum would be given into :—This he undertook,

and did; and the court got what they wanted. I had all this from an eminent member of the House of Commons, who was then in parliament.

We have made the foregoing extracts almost at hazard, and could have given a much larger number of a similar nature, and equally amusing, had our time and our limits permitted the extension of this article. Enough, however, has been done to show the general character of the additions to Bishop Burnet's work. Of the author himself, his new editor thus speaks: "He was, as it must be acknowledged even by his enemies, an active and meritorious bishop, and to the extent of his opportunities a rewarder of merit in others. He was orthodox in points of faith, possessed superior talents, as well as very considerable learning; was an instructive and entertaining writer, in a style negligent indeed and inelegant, but perspicuous; a generous, open-hearted, and in his actions, good-natured man; and, although busy and intrusive, at least as honest as most partisans." In respect to his veracity, his editor confesses, that he too frequently appears to have been no patient investigator of the truth, where either party zeal or personal resentment was concerned, and that he seems to have written under the influence of both those feelings, even whilst he was delineating the characters of some of the most virtuous persons of the age in which he lived. We thoroughly agree in this character of our author, and are even willing to exculpate him from intentional want of accuracy in his statements of men and things. We are, indeed, convinced that he was often misled by others, who, either out of amusement or for mischief, imposed upon his credulity, and invented scandals which they well knew he would not fail to register for truths. If there was any part of the Bishop's book with which we should be more particularly inclined to quarrel, it would be in his acrimonious remarks on persons of his own profession. Even the best and wisest of the English church are spoken of in terms far below their merits, whilst the great body of the clergy is at once accused of inactivity

and faction. It must be remembered, however, that these objects of Bishop Burnet's censure were, almost exclusively, faithful to the House of Stuart, a crime of no mean magnitude in our author's estimation, whose antipathy to that unfortunate family is discernible throughout his whole work, and was so in all his conduct. We are not aware that the following anecdote has ever appeared in print, though we transcribe it from a very good manuscript authority. Burnet, in 1710, preached before the corporation of Salisbury, in the church of St. Thomas, in that city. His text was on the 13th of Romans, and his sermon on the authority of princes, and the doctrine of resistance. He was, (says our writer,) very bold, and went contrary to the best expositors, and, at last, growing probably too personal in his observations on the conduct and character of the exiled family, Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen took their hats off the pegs, went out of the church, with the rest of the congregation, and left his lordship to preach to the walls.

Burnet and his works were not only attacked during the life of the author, but innumerable were the squibs that appeared on his decease: with one of them we shall conclude the present article.

Here Sarum lies,
Of late as wise
And learn'd as was Aquinas;
Lawn sleeves he wore,
But was no more
A Christian, than Socinus.

Oaths pro and con
He swallow'd down,
Lov'd gold like any lay man;
Wrote, preach'd, and pray'd,
But yet betray'd
The church of God for Mammon.

Of ev'ry vice
He had a spice,
Altho' a reverend prelate:
Yet liv'd and dy'd,
If not bely'd,
A true dissenting zealot.

If such a soul
To Heaven is stole
And 'scap'd old Satan's clutches,
We'll then presume
There may be room
For Marlborough and his Dutchess.

OLYMPIAN REVELS, A DRAMATICLE.

SCENE.—An Author's Garret.

LITHERWIT and TRAMONTANE.

Litherwit. Aha! aha! very good, very mad indeed, and an authentic description of celestial merry-making. Olympian Orgies!—ha! ha! a choice subject for the exercise of the goosequill; what man in a million would have thought of it! Admirably extravagant! Literally and alliterally, 'tis a divine divertimento.

Tramontane. 'Tis good, believe me.

Litherwit. Better than the best bacchanal ever roar'd by a priest: thou'rt fit to be Coryphæus to a more vagabond troop than ever frightened the echoes of Rhodope or Pangæus.

Tramontane. I am fain to think Dithyrambus the demon bestrides my pineal.

Litherwit. Truly, I do think thou art possessed. Thou owest none of thy inspiration to that naughty beverage, wine; phew!

Tramontane. A tint from the goblet hath not written "wine" upon the parchment of my lips, since I have worn the laurel.

Litherwit. Pity, that instead of a poet, thou wert not Ganymede to a vintner: thou might'st then have stolen more cups of wine than thou now quaff'st flagons of Hippocrene. Yet, 'tis sweet drinking, that same visionary fountain; ah! thou luxurious fellow! thou dainty fellow!

Tramontane. 'Tis marvellous small bibble though.

Litherwit. Pure, pure.

Tramontane. And methinks, a cup of inspiriting Portugal, a glass of red courage, now and then, would exalt mine enthusiasm to the very pinnacle of poetic phrenzy.

Litherwit. 'Twould be superfluous infuriation: thou hast the natural knack of madness in thee; give thee wine, and a strait-waistcoat would not hold thee.

Tramontane. Shall I make my thunder tattle upon thy ear-drums, and my lightning play about thy shoebuckles?

Litherwit. Translate yourself.

Tramontane. I have a Thunder-storm in my breeches-pocket.

Litherwit. God shield us! Give me my hat! Thou'lt be singed like a widgeon, if it should burst. Give me my hat!

Tramontane. Why man, 'tis made of paper.

Litherwit. Nay then, 'tis combustible. Give me my hat, I say! I would be loth to be blown, bareheaded, over the moon. My hat, I say! Five flights to descend from thy perilous neighbourhood!

Tramontane. Good master Litherwit, 'tis as innocent a storm as ever spent its fury in verse.

Litherwit. O—I have a nose; I can smell out poetry which others wouldn't know if they saw it. 'Tis a hurricane of the brain you speak of, my head to your half-crown! Am I oracular?

Tramontane. Even so, to speak the solemn truth. Shall I fulminate?

Litherwit. Nay, lad, the bedlamite Banquet once more, the celestial Carnival! Let your gods play their infernal tricks over again. Then shalt thou tickle us with thy storm, then shalt thou bray till the echoes groan. Come, sir! a Corybantian howl to prepare our ears for more horrible astonishment. Now, lad! 'The bousing Gods.'—

Tramontane. The bousing Gods sat late:

And many a cheek in ruddier crimson burn'd,
Blush'd darker many a lip with pitchy wine,
And trembled in the gripe full many a bowl,
Ere the immortal rout began. 'Twas a night
Of revelry, Olympian revelry:
Jove had proclaim'd a banquet; in a flash

Down fell the valves of his imperial dome,
 Torn from eternal hinges by the crowd
 Of shouldering deities; in they drave, pell-mell,
 Major and minor, shoals of thirsty gods:
 Heav'n had convivialists convenient; Air
 Grew light and calm, its shapeless trackless steeds
 Disburthen'd of their domineering chivalry;
 Earth from its dark recesses tumbled forth
 Ten thousand sleepy dingy sons of Heav'n;
 Grove, hill, and valley, fountain, lake, and stream,
 Fane, shrine, and altar, oracle, and cave,
 Hearth, house, and garden, every niche and nook,
 Where an immortal could find room to snore,
 Sent one, hot-foot, to Heav'n; glad Ocean spawn'd
 Its gray-blue gods; Hell belch'd up dark divinities.

Litherwit. Bless us! what a diabolical piece of work it must have been! What clattering of hoofs, what tossing of horns, what whisking of tails! What elbowing, squeezing, smothering, toe-treading, and pocket-picking! What shouting, screaming, squabbling, nose-pulling, fighting, and swearing! Such a valuable museum too! Such a choice collection of natural curiosities! Birds, and beasts, and reptiles, and fishes, monsters, men, and original deities, all higgledy-piggledy, heads and tails, mingled together! Lord! what a bellowing and a caterwawling! What a heavenly concert of animal noises! braying, grunting, barking, bleating, growling, chattering, hooting, and hissing! 'Twas a goodly congregation.

Tramontane. Heav'n scarcely held the theocratic multitude,
 And huge Olympus rock'd beneath their tread.

Litherwit. Well, well, get on; skip me over the kisses and compliments; Momus had nearly capsized poor Jove, as he kiss'd his toe like a good Catholic; we've had enough of that foolery; get on. No more of the weather, or the beauty of the prospect; come to the roast-beef and plum-pudding at once.

Tramontane. With all my heart.

Creaking and shaking, rumbling and grumbling,
 In roll'd an endless table, long enough
 And full enough to make grim Saturn smile.
 The chuckling Satyrs lick'd their hairy lips,
 And Cerberus' watery eyes ran o'er with joy,
 At sight of such good cheer; while each fond guest
 Swallow'd his silent spittle: Mors began
 To grind his teeth, and Time to whet his scythe:
 Old Neptune, gathering up his garments green,
 Shook his tri-prong'd harpoon, and mark'd his fish:
 Mars drew his bilboa; an enormous boar,
 A grizly monster, seem'd in act to spring,
 Although held down by skewers, from the broad lane
 Where god Tom-cook had laid him, roasted whole;
 Mars drew his blade however, (th' enemy
 Show'd such a deadly pair of tusks,—grinn'd too
 With such vivacity;) and stood prepared:
 Pale Cynthia, huntress-maid, her glittering spear
 Bore to his aid; he gave her growling welcome,
 Mutt'ring, "the devil take you!" Cynthia smiled,
 Pale planetary maid! like the full moon,
 And kept her ground, and brandish'd st'ill her spear.

Litherwit. Ay, cater-cousin to the dagger of Sir Hudibras:

"It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting, or for drudging."

And the other poor devils, I suppose, had to make shift with their claws and teeth, feeding like so many Turks or wild Indians?

Tramontane. The Cloud-compeller slyly edged his stool
 Nearer the board, mid whispers of "Fair play!"

Which if he heard he heeded not. The guests
 Grew fidgetty, and burn'd upon their chairs ;
 Whilst murmuring reprobation damn'd the mode
 Of dining at past five ; of waiting too
 For soups and sauces, while hot haunches cool'd,
 And chines, that seem'd so hungry to be eaten :
 Some swore 'twas past the hour, and huff'd ; while some,
 To seem as if they didn't care, ask'd half
 A question, and got half an answer ; some
 Spoke one way, look'd another ; or b'ing pull'd
 By th' button-hole, scarce knew which way to turn
 Their sad distracted optics, leering still,
 Oblique, at th' smoking orbs and platters gay.

Litherwit. Down fell the handkerchief ! whip, spur, and away !

Tramontane. Softly ; 'tis too good to be hurried.

Tongues dropt off, one by one ; and when the Hours,
 Greasy and blowsy, red-faced and dry-eyed,
 Brought in the last tureen, all stood like shapes
 In breathless adamantine action carved,
 Strain'd foot, swell'd neck, white eye : all stood agape :
 A holy silence reign'd throughout the hall ;
 A pin might b' heard to fall, a mouse to trot ;
 And time seem'd standfast, till the word,—“ Fall to !”

Litherwit. Said no Grace ? O ! the heathens !

Tramontane. Hurry, hurry ! helter-skelter !—

Litherwit. Excellent : go on to the ptisan.

Tramontane. Then you wont ha' the description o' the devourables ?

Litherwit. No ; the potations, the mad pranks !

Tramontane. 'Tis the very best part ; let me—

Hurry, hurry ! helter-skelter !—

Litherwit. No !—no !—no !—Hss !...ss...ss...

Tramontane. Nor the pastry ? nor the sweet-meats ? nor the choice fruit
 after dinner ? The best part, I assure you, the very best part o' the whole
 business.

Litherwit. No, I say. To Bedlam ! to Bedlam, as fast as your legs can
 carry you.

Tramontane. 'Slid !—the best part ; now the very best part ;—only
 hear—

Hurry, hurry !—

Litherwit. Whil-il-il ! whil-il-il ! Bom-bom-bom-bom !

(*Stops his ears.*)

Tramontane. Well ! well ! I've done. If against thy will, thou wilt mor-
 tify thy imagination, and forego the delight of contemplative luxury ; why
 —'ds lid ! an hundred and fifty esculent verses ! a dinner of a hundred
 and fifty substantial lines, to be lost for the mere expence of opening one's
 mouth !—Well ! *de gustibus*.—Ahem ! where ?—ay—

—ate what she could,

The rest she pockets for the brats at home.

Litherwit. Ay, that's the last trick o' the feast ; where old Tethys
 cribb'd all the stray nuts and oranges for the little monsters under the sea.
 Go on, and be choak'd ! wilt thou never leave gormandizing ?

Tramontane. 'Then 'gan the wassail. Jove sent round the wine

Like a right hospitable fellow ; drank

As much as any three himself, but still

Sent round the wine. Chaos, who broach'd a quirk

In metaphysics, set all tongues agog,

And babble ! babble ! babble ! fill'd the room :

Some politics,—some scandal, talk'd ; of Church

And State, the wiseacres ; of Foreign Parts,

The flimsy-tucker'd tribe ; while swallow'd down

In floods of wine, horses and hawks and hounds

Engross'd the long-ear'd tutelar landlords. Love,

And petticoats, and novels, frippery, plays,
 The follies of the day, faux-pas, bon-ton,
 Sighs, flames, and tortures, hearts, and darts, and songs
 'Bout crooks and brooks and sheep and shepherd-swains,
 And shepherdesses in blue sashes and smart hats,
 Titter, and chatter, satire, and small wit,
 Pour'd from the sweet-mouth'd sex : the hum grew strong,
 And quiz, and buz, and ha ! ha ! ha ! rose high.

Litherwit. Go on, thou wordy villain ! thou hundred-tongued, brazen-throated, Babel-mouth'd, long-winded, animal speaking-trumpet ! thou hair-dressing, gossiping, garrulous, ten-syllabled son of a French barber ! Go on, thou—

Tramontane. “Wine!”—“Wine!”—“More wine!”—“Another cup!”
 —“More wine!”—

“More nectar!”—“Zounds ! you’ve spilt the half!”—
 “More wine !”

“Here!”—“Here!”—“A bumper !”—“Here, girl ! here !”
 —“More wine !”

Mingled by many voices, hoarse and shrill,
 Mistuneful and sonorous, swell’d the din
 Up to the rolling pitch of thunder. Now .
 The grape began to ooze through pory lip,
 Red cheek, and misty eyne. The dew ran down
 The sooty brow of Erebus in streams,
 Washing white channels : Old Oceanus
 Swill’d, gulp’d, and fumed, his panting bulky sides
 Swoln with the undulating liquor : Po
 Drank till the wine came out at’s nose : and Tellus,
 Better than half-seas o’er, still soak’d her clay.

Litherwit. Bravo ! old Mother Alma. Thou’rt a staunch one ! Something dull of the two ; something of a clodpoll ; but thou might’st have passed for a prudent housewife, notwithstanding, had’st thou not brought so many fools into the world. Well ?

Tramontane. Those who will stand to drink, must fall. Young Hebe
 First, an unseason’d cask, began to reel :
 Sly Hebe, at the sideboard, ere she fill’d
 For others, tippled (rather much) herself ;
 And as she bore the Thunderer’s weighty bowl,
 Tript by an awkward cloud, she fell, and show’d
 Her ankle ’bove the clock : the gods laugh’d loud,
 And their sweet minister for aye withdrew,
 Blushing yet deeper than the wine she spill’d.

Litherwit. Out-and-alas ! poor Hebe ! ’Twas a sad mischance ; she lost a good place ; but let maids take warning, and hereafter drink in their beds, where there’s none to take note of them but their own conscience, and that they may drown in the first bumper, if the nectar be honest and squeezed of a Cogniac raisin.

Tramontane. But still no pause slacken’d the deep carouse :
 Gay Bacchus roll’d his puncheon in the midst,
 And straight bestrode it with immortal legs
 (Short, but immortal) ; beating time with’s heels
 On its broad ribs, to a Bacchanal he sung :
 His temples lost in ivy-leaves, his cheeks
 Flush’d with the sanguine juice he loved so well ;
 Two flowing bowls, with clustering leaves entwined
 Of that imperial shrub, he held on high,
 Whilst from his eyes the jocund torrents roll,
 And loud “Euhoë !” shakes the sounding dome :
 Louder and louder shouts the jovial boy,
 Till every flagon rings ; quaffs in one breath
 Both bell-shaped bowls, and dongs their booming wombs
 Like clanging cymbals mid his own wild hills.

But free nags need no spurs ; the gods and goddesses
 Drank without any modesty, tipt off
 Their tankards without hum or ha ! resolved
 To drive dull care away and banish sorrow.

Litherwit. 'Ifaith ! 'twas no bad thought, considering the busy time some o'them had of it. Only think of blowing a storm without ever taking one's breath, like chub-faced Boreas ! or flogging shadows with a snake-o'nine-heads in a burning fiery furnace all day long, like—

Tramontane. Broad, deep, and long, smooth, taper, and rotund,
 The mighty cask that Dionysius rode—
 Of purple flowing nectar, far more sweet
 Than Hybla's honey-birds' delicious store,
 And something more potential ; Esculapius
 Vow'd 'twas the ver' best stuff 'a had ever ta'en,
 Or giv'n ; prescribed it (night and morn) to all.

Litherwit. 'A was not a disciple of Sangrado, then ?

Tramontane. Cœlus was getting groggy : cup and can,
 Chaos and Nox sat nodding at each other ;
 Chaos was fairly fuddled ; blinking Nox
 Could scarcely see the way to 'r mouth, and Chaos,
 Helping the crone, pour'd half the wine in 'r eye.

Litherwit. Why didn't she keep it shut ? the old dotard ! Listen : it should ever be thy policy, when thou art unreasonably drunk, to sit with a closed eye and a fast-shut mouth, that so thou may'st neither behold the folly of others, nor expose thine own. The eye and the tongue, the eye and the tongue, the defiler and defamer ! The eye is the great contaminator of the mind ; for we see more of men's wickedness than they would willingly discover to our ears : and the tongue is an arch-traitor ; which betrays, indeed, our follies so abundantly, that even our best friends are ashamed of us. Believe me, a man's time is better spent in silencing his own tongue than that of his foulest detractor. You see through my opacity ?

Tramontane. Why,—i'faith, thou talk'st so—

Litherwit. Enough, enough ; I have gained mine end. If I have made thee either wiser or better, I seek no other profit or praise, as we say in a preface. Now shall mine ears, forgetting the sweet sound of mine own eloquence, become thy most patient attendants : proceed.

Tramontane. A—

“ Helping the crone, pour'd half the wine in 'r eye.”

Litherwit. The last throw of thy shuttle-tongue ! weaver of superfine verses !

Tramontane. Cybele and Ceres, Saturn and Pomona,
 In an Olympian corner, tapp'd a keg
 They'd smuggled into heav'n ('twas right Falern) :
 “ Falern, by Jupiter ! simple and strong,” quoth she,
 The Mother of all the gods, taking a pull
 At the deep tankard, that would drown a world.
 “ Pize on't ! ” quoth Saturn—“ that son Jupiter—
 (Hiccup !)—will have us drink that watery stuff
 Nectar--pish !—(hiccup !)—pize on't !—(hiccup !)—pize on't ! ”
 “ Well said, old Dad,” cried gentle Ceres, slapping him
 On the stoop-shoulders, that he groan'd ; “ Well said !
 Earth's ruddier grape for me ! mine own rough grape !
 'Twas I that taught those sons of clay to drink,
 And, by the lord ! I found them apt.”—“ That's poz ;
 Those fellows are the arrant'st drunk ”—she fell,
 And broke her word, and nose, and cup together,—
 Lovely Pomona ! “ Ah ! poor girl !—(hic !)—girl ! ”
 Quoth Chronos. “ Come ! ” his yellow-hair'd daughter cries,
 “ A bumper and a toast !—fill up !—no flinching !—here's
 Long life to th' Immortal Gods ! ”—“ Amen ”—“ Amen.”

Litherwit. The jolly dame ! Would that her prayer had ta'en effect !
 What might not such a bread-and-wine worshipper as thou expect from her

patronage ! Might she not, at thy invocation, perhaps, have made the dust of this chamber a field of corn or a vineyard ? Might not a crop of barley-loaves hang the head, at her bidding, beside thy poppy-feather'd pillow, and a pitcher of wine be squeezed from thy curtains of foliage ? But alas ! the only miracle-workers, these times, are your playhouse-carpenters ; who, indeed, (to the honour of the genii by whose influence they repeal nature) so transform the stage, as to make both groundlings and gods stare at their wonderful doings. Bosworth Field shall be metamorphosed by these handicraft-conjurors into an Eastern parterre of golden-leaf'd verdure, blazing bright lilies, and red-hot roses ; while Othello's bedchamber (O rare contrivance !) vanishes into a riding-house, before the throb and the sigh have surceased, or pity hath wept half its anguish. Mutes, fairies, giants, and goblins, mow and make faces over the lamentable ruins of Dunsinane, or the tomb of the Capulets ; and where poor Lear raved, or Hamlet moralized, the Clown shakes his much-enduring cockscomb, and Columbine twirls her unnecessary petticoats. What ! art sulky ? Wherefore dost not get on ?

Tramontane. Why so I do.

Litherwit. Ay, like a milestone. 'Sblood ! will you make me your fiddle between the acts ! I'll none of the office. I never sat in an orchestra but once, and then I was so be-pelted with orange-peel, that I have forsworn music ever since. Get on, I say ! wilt thou never get on ? Hast thou forgotten what comes after Amen, thou uncanonical fellow, thou ?

Tramontane. "Long life to th' Immortal Gods !"—"Amen."—"Amen." Well.

Then Morpheus nodded ; Mercury grew dumb,
 Or stammering, only show'd he'd lost his tongue
 So famed for length, for strength, and flexibility ;
 Pallas said some queer things, and pluck'd her owl
 For staring at her words ; great Neptune snored
 Louder than clamour all his own sea-waves,
 When Boreas rules the brine ; a jovial glee
 "Free love and generous wine !" burst from the band
 Where Phœbus sat encircled by the Nine,
 Re-echoing round and round the tremulous hall ;
 Cerberus howl'd chorus ; and brave Pluto sang
 A jolly catch (by himself) he'd learn'd in Hell ;
 But Proserpine was carried off to bed.—

Litherwit. Ah ! she got nothing at home, I suppose, but infernal punch, which devils themselves can't drink without face-making ; punch, made with Styx water and sweetened with brimstone, brimstone punch ; phew ! She did wisely, let me tell you, to rectify her blood with a plentiful dose of supernal negus.

Tramontane. Great Herc'les tumbled flat upon his nose,
 For he said little, but drank much ; so strength
 Is prone to do : fair 'Rora dropt her star :—

Litherwit. O ! *lux et sidera !*

Tramontane. Pan trod on 's pipe, and smash'd it ; cried "O lord !
 What will Arcadia do for music !" blubber'd,
 Filling his bowl with rude satyric tears.
 King Eolus was preaching to the winds,
 Eurus and Auster, Zephyrus and Boreas,
 'Bout temperance and sober 'haviour ; they
 Where'er he turn'd him, oped their winnowing mouths,
 And blew his words, like worthless chaff, away.

Litherwit. Well, he's not the only great man whose wise sayings have been puff'd all over the world.

Tramontane. Bedabbled all with rain, poor Iris sat
 Under her dripping bow ; she'd lost the knack
 Of keeping all her drops together ; blue,
 Red, green, and twenty other colours, stain'd
 Her everlasting petticoats ; she wept,—
 And drank,—and sobb'd,—and drank again,—and cried
 That her good wine was mix'd with tears and rain,

Till it was scarcely worth the drinking ; still
 She drank,—and sobb'd,—and sobb'd,—and drank again.

Litherwit. She had the best of good reasons,—wet stockings ; less excuse would serve a landlady.

Tramontane. “Halloo !” cries Momus, “’Pollo’s wig’s on fire !”
 Then pitch’d his bowl, and almost drown’d poor Sun.
 Sir Sun arose, his face all fiery red,
 Swearing he’d kick jackpudding down the stairs ;
 “He knew as well as he did, that his wig
 Was not a-fire,—no more than Juno’s nose !”
 Jackpudding craved his pardon,—he mistook,—
 His fears had blinded him. For Juno’s nose—
 He thought her nose—was just as good a nose—
 As ever graced the metope of a queen
 Blushing in busto on a bran-new mug ;
 He did not know what ’Pollo meant—“No more !”
 The ox-eyed venerable Empress of the skies
 Utters her dread command ; “No more, I say !
 Who meddles with my nose, may feel my teeth !”

Litherwit. Bite ! Momus got a snap there. Our noses stand in the second place of punctilio of our whole bodies ; they are very sensible to offence. ‘Ds pug ! a man cannot take his nose into civilized society, now-a-days, without running it against some post or another. You are not a post, master ?

Tramontane. Eh ?—no,—but I have a cousin very high—

Litherwit. O ! I have a cousin myself as high as a lamp-post ; but will he lend me ten pieces ? Cousins, quoth ’a ! with their magnificent mouths and hypocritical professions of friendship, but as close-fisted, when it comes to the deed, as a knight-o’-the-tombstone’s inflexible gauntlet, or th’ Egyptian antiquity’s freestone knuckles. Away with them, then ! Go on with your mummery.

Tramontane. ‘Slid ! what does he mean by that ? Mummery !

Litherwit. Well ! what stops thee now, Spout ?

Tramontane. Wilt thou hear any more of this—mummery, as thou call’st it ?

Litherwit. Why what would’st thou have, thou cantankerous malcontent ? must I prick up mine ears like an ass in a panic, and stand with open mouth like a baker’s prentice at a puppet-show ?

Tramontane. No, but—

Litherwit. “No, but !”—What “but” ? Art thou going to take exceptions, because I don’t fall down and worship thee for a golden calf, or the divine Log in a Chinese temple ? Wilt thou quarrel, because—

Tramontane. Well, well, well, no more. Thou’rt an incomprehensible,—but no matter. Hem ! Hum—num—num—num—O !

Ungirdled, and unveil’d save what her hair
 Luxuriant, massy, golden, rich, and long,
 Hid from the curious gaze, sweet Venus lay
 Deep in a couch of down ; whose dull pallidity,
 Outshone by her resplendent limbs, look’d gray :
 The grape’s fine purple circling through her veins
 Had lent her loveliness a richer bloom,
 A richer, deeper bloom ; yet brighter grew
 The lily, as the rose blush’d prouder ; still
 Sparkled her polish’d brow ; her smaller limbs
 Delicate, sweet, and fair, still kept the pure
 And crystal brightness of their parent foam.—

Litherwit. O ! Judith, sweet Judith, thou art my dear !

Tramontane. What tell you me of Judith ? I know nought of Judith.

Litherwit. Gods ! Thou hast never seen Judith ?

Tramontane. No ! What then ?

Litherwit. Then thou hast never seen the most heavenly-conditioned Venus that ever trimm’d a carpet ! the most superlatively well-modelled Venus that ever wore undarned hose ! the most incomparably—

Tramontane. 'Slid ! I know not what you would be at. You put me out. Let me, I pray thee, keep my path without jostling.

Litherwit. Then loiter no more with Venus ; eschew Venus.

Tramontane. Venus ; ay—

Cupid had tumbled off her lap : the boy,
Gamesome at first, play'd round her beauteous limbs ;
Now from her rising bosom twang'd his bow ;
Now in the liquid lustre of her eyes,
Blue eyes, sweet blue, but dim with orient love
And wine brought out in tears, dipt his small shaft ;
Now from behind her cheek, her cheek that bore,
With its own bloom, the added wealth of wine,
Hurtled his viewless barb ; now here, now there,
The little archer stands, with glimmering wings
And mischievous round eye : where'er he aim'd,
Anguish, though no blood, follow'd ; and so sure
His bouncing arrow sounded on the string,
The whistling shaft was answer'd back with sighs.

Litherwit. Hi ! Judith.

Tramontane. But the poor child grew sleepy ; all too young
For such debauchery ; threw his bow away ;
Rubb'd his fringed eyelids ; cried, ' the sandman 's come ;'
And whimpering, crept into his mother's lap,
Where buried in luxurious rest he lay
Nestling and cozy, cruddling up his limbs :
'Till he slipt off by chance : for amorous Mars
Under the shadow of her myrtle green
That half the theft conceal'd, drew to his breast
The yielding queen, and from her gorgeous lips
Rich with red moisture, bleeding kisses tore
(Love's cruel beverage), nectar warm from the heart.

Litherwit. But where was Leather-bib ? that buck blacksmith, and elaborate knitter of love-cages ? Vulcan, the bellows-blower ?

Tramontane. Vulcan was speechifying.—Dian look'd
Askew at the sofa, while her panting breast
Told amorous tales of what was rife within ;
Her crescent sat awry upon her brow ;
Her sandals were unlaced ; her virgin garb
In absent mood she tuck'd above her knee
Even to the hunting-height ; and as she raised
The goblet to her lip, she breathed a sigh,
Warm, wishful, such as oft wet convent-walls,
To earth, to love, and to her dear Endymion.

Litherwit. O ! O ! O !
Cinderella,
Let me tell-a
What I feel-a.

Verily it is come to the rhyming-time with me ; I'm in a sorry state. O ! for a tree whereon to carve couplets, or hang myself if I should so determine ; I know not which is best, to write verses or hang ! O ! O !

Tramontane. Why thou art surely not serious ?

Litherwit. O ! a garter and a bedpost ! a garter and a bedpost ! There is nothing here deeper than an ewer, else I would drown myself incontinent. O ! that was a wise saying of King Nebuchadnezzar (thistle-eater though he was), "None but lovers know what 'tis to love !" O ! what a sad shepherd am I !

Tramontane. Tut, man ! leave fooling. Hear Vulcan's speech.

Litherwit. Why wilt thou then still love to excite this whining devil within me to cry O ! with thine amorous descriptions ? Prithee, let's ha' the speech ; it will divert this melancholy devil ; speeches are good for diversion.

Tramontane. Ay, now thou talk'st like a fellow of some wit. 'St.

Vulcan was on his legs ; one foot advanced
(That the least clubb'd), to grace his rhetoric ;

This arm a-kimbo, like a city-knight
 Great on the canvas ; that laid down the law.
 " I say " (quoth Mulciber),—Jove tried to frown
 Wisdom, and look'd as sober as a judge ;
 " Marry " (quoth Vulcan),—Jove the table rapp'd
 With th' bottom of his can, and cried out, Silence !
 Silence ! cried all the gods, and roar'd again :
 " Marry " (quoth Clubfoot),—" marry, I say " (quoth he),—
 " I say, this plan " (quoth he),—" this plan, I say,
 Of kissing " (quoth he),—" other men's wives " (quoth he),
 " Is vile,—and monkish,—and—" (quoth he). Quoth Jove,
 " Truly, I think so too." Quoth Vulcan, " Hem !—
Ergo " (quoth Blacksmith),—" *ergo*, I say " (quoth he),
 " *Ergo* "—" Ho ! Candles ! " Juno call'd ; she swore
 That Jove was kissing Thetis in the dark.—

Litherwit. Though the sun, moon, and stars were all shining together !

Tramontane. Candles came in ; Jove whistled loud's a lark ;
 Thetis slept might and main ; Juno was baulk'd.
 But such a sight sure mortal never saw,
 And such a scene sure painter never drew,
 Nor poet feign'd, nor madman, moon-inspired,
 As turn'd the yellow candles pale that night :—

Litherwit. Out of all reason ! quite tramontane !

Tramontane. The cloudy floor was strown with gods and goddesses,
 And wine cups : all the deities were drunk :—

Litherwit. All the deities were drunk ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Tramontane. Troy's fatal plains ne'er groan'd with such a weight
 Of dead and living ; but more heterogene,
 The motley, piebald, champaign fields of air
 Shone like a battle-field of belles and beaux,
 Of wild beasts and mad men, devils and gods.

Litherwit. A sort of charnel-house for the quick of all denominations, as
 one might say.

Tramontane. Here was the triumph of the pottle-pot !
 Wine had a moiety o' th' club at's feet,
 And half the population lay like logs ;
 Whilst o'er their fall'n companions, those less drunk
 Halloo'd like crack-brain'd phantoms, clash'd their bowls
 Like spectres at a feast of bones and blood
 Terribly joyant, and with whirlwind steps
 Strode, like the minions of a wild sea-storm,
 O'er rolling, roaring, floundering, long-back'd waves.

Litherwit. Why, if we forget the dignity of our nature so far, as to lay our
 heads under other people's feet, do we not deserve to be buffeted ?

Tramontane. Ay, but you know—

Litherwit. O ! true ; " the deities were drunk, true ; " and drunkenness
 is a good excuse for all bad actions ; true.

Tramontane. Now, now the rout begins ! Joy turns to rage,
 And merriment to madness : Bacchus whirls
 His blazing flambeau through the midnight hall
 To rouse his sacerdotal frantic tribes,
 The mad priests of mad rites ; loud twangs the horn
 Mellifluous thunder, rolling round the dome,
 Waking shrill Bacchants with their damned throats,
 Their flaring locks, and wine-stain'd cheeks, to howl
 His mystic orgies ;—doubly horrid, yell'd
 By things so grim and so distraught as they.
 Jove's eagle, at the hubbub, drops his crest ;
 His thunder on the floor begins to groan
 With sympathetic love of noise : They rise !
 The dead gods rise ! the dead-drunk gods arise !

Shock'd by th' unholy discord in their ears,

And stand, and stagger, gape and gaze around!—

Litherwit. He exceeds himself. O' God's name! let me get near the door.

Tramontane. Ho! ho! Euhoë! Io! Evæ! Ho!

Toss high the flaming brand! and shake the spear,—

The ivy-vine-clad thyrsus! clash the gong!

And let the brazen trump breathe twice its blore!

Join hands, ye jolly, jumping, drunken gods!

Dance ye the midnight round! dance, sing, and roar!

“Hurroo! hurroo! these are the joys of wine!

These are the joys of wine! hurroo! hurroo!”

Litherwit. Another convert to the sect of the Bethlehemites. 'Ds pug! he may bite, if I don't—

Tramontane. Roaring and bawling, quarrelling and brawling,
Shouting and capering, spouting and vapouring,
Raised such a din and clamour i' the skies,
That mortals thought it thunder'd,—badly too;
And such a ruddy flood ran through the hall,
Spilt or disgorged by over-drunk divinities,
The gauzy-bosom'd clouds dropt nectar like a sieve,
And mortals thought it rain'd blood,—swore it too.
Rampers and trampers, merry grigs and revellers,
Satyr, Faun, and Watergod, Lemur, Lar, and Fury,
Household and Heav'nhold, cloven-foot and wooden-toes,
Naiad and Dryad, Hamadryad, Hyad,
Pleiad and Nereid, Thyad and Oread,
All join'd the chorus in the midnight roar,
All join'd the dance upon the slippery floor:
Tymbal and cymbal, pipe and harp and horn,
Cans, pans, fife and flute, braying-bass and brazen-tube—

Eh?—Is he gone?—'Ds lid! (*Going to the top of the stairs*) Hilloah!

Litherwit. (*From below.*) Oah!

Tramontane. Will you go, when I'm just at the top of my climax?

Litherwit. *Bathos!* I say; *bathos!* The last step o' the staircase!

Tramontane. 'Slid! can't you soar up a few flights? Art thou coming?

Litherwit. Judith!

Tramontane. Judith! piff! (*Returning.*) I never yet could find any one who would not rather hear the most simple clack of a woman's tongue, than the very best of my poetry. Piff! the world hath no sense of genius, or I should eat cheese no longer. Well! when I'm dead, I shall lie i' the Corner; that's some comfort.

THE PICTURES AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE palaces of Windsor and Hampton-court contain pictures worthy of the feelings we attach to the names of those places. The first boasts a number of individual pictures of great excellence and interest, and the last the Cartoons.

Windsor Castle is remarkable in many respects. Its tall, grey, square towers, seated on a striking eminence, overlook for many miles the subjacent country, and, eyed in the distance, lead the mind of the solitary traveller to romantic musing; or, brought nearer, give the heart a quicker and stronger pulsation. Windsor, besides

its picturesque, commanding situation, and its being the only palace in the kingdom fit for the receptacle of “a line of kings,” is the scene of many classical associations. Who can pass through Datchet, and the neighbouring greensward paths, and not think of Falstaff, of Anne Page, and the oak of Herne the hunter? Or if he does not, he is affected by them as if he did. The tall slim deer glance startled by, in some neglected track of memory, and fairies trip it in the unconscious haunts of the imagination! Pope's lines on Windsor Forest also come across the mind in

the same way, and make the air about it delicate. Gray has consecrated the same spot by his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*; and the finest passage in Burke's writings is his comparison of the British Monarchy to "the proud Keep of Windsor." The walls and massy towers of Windsor Castle are indeed built of solid stone, weather-beaten, time-proof; but the image answering to them in the mind's eye is woven of pure thought and of the airy films of the imagination—Arachne's web not finer!

The rooms are chill and comfortless at this time of year, and gilded ceilings look down on smoky fire-places. The view from the windows, too, which is so rich and glowing in the summer-time, is desolate and deformed with the rains overflowing the marshy grounds. As to physical comfort, one seems to have no more of it in these tapestried halls and on marble floors, than the poor bird driven before the pelting storm, or the ploughboy seeking shelter from the drizzling sky, in his sheepskin jacket and clouted shoes, beneath the dripping, leafless spray. The palace, any more than the hovel, does not always defend us against the winter's cold. The apartments are also filled with too many rubbishy pictures of kings and queens—there are too many of Verrio's paintings, and a whole roomful of West's; but there are ten or twenty pictures which the eye, having once seen, never loses sight of, and that make Windsor one of the retreats and treasuries of art in this country. These, however, are chiefly pictures which have a personal and individual interest attached to them, as we have already hinted: there are very few historical compositions of any value, and the subjects are so detached, that the young person who shows them, and goes through the names of the painters and portraits very correctly, said she very nearly went out of her mind in the three weeks she was "studying her part." It is a matter of nomenclature: we hope we shall make as few blunders in our report as she did.

In the first room the stranger is shown into, there are two large landscapes by Zuccarelli. They are clever, well-painted pictures; but they are worth nothing. The fault of this

artist is, that there is nothing absolutely good or bad in his pictures. They are mere handicraft. The whole is done with a certain mechanical ease and indifference; but it is evident no part of the picture gave him any pleasure, and it is impossible it should give the spectator any. His only ambition was to execute his task so as to save his credit; and your first impulse is, to turn away from the picture and save your time.

In the next room, there are four Vandykes—two of them excellent. One is the Duchess of Richmond, a whole-length, in a white satin drapery, with a pet lamb. The expression of her face is a little sulky and petted. The other, the Countess of Carlisle, has a shrewd, clever, sensible countenance; and, in a certain archness of look, and the contour of the lower part of the face, reminds one of the late Mrs. Jordan. Between these two portraits is a copy after Rembrandt by Gainsborough, a fine, *sombre*, mellow head, with the hat flapped over the face.

Among the most delightful and interesting of the pictures in this collection, is the portrait by Vandyke, of Lady Venetia Digby. It is an allegorical composition: but what truth, what purity, what delicacy in the execution! You are introduced into the presence of a beautiful woman of quality of a former age, and it would be next to impossible to perform any improper or unbecoming action with that portrait hanging in the room. It has an air of nobility about it, a spirit of humanity within it. There is a dove-like innocence and softness about the eyes; in the clear, delicate complexion, health and sorrow contend for the mastery, the mouth is sweetness itself, the nose highly intelligent, and the forehead is one of "clear-spirited thought." But misfortune has touched all this grace and beauty, and left its canker there. This is shown no less by the air that pervades it, than by the accompanying emblems. The children in particular are exquisitely painted, and have an evident reference to those we lately noticed in the *Four Ages*, by Titian. This portrait, both from the style and subject, reminds one forcibly of Mrs. Hutchinson's admirable *Memoirs of her own Life*. Both are equally history,

and the history of the female heart, (depicted, in the one case, by the pencil, in the other, by the pen) in the finest age of female accomplishment and devotion. Look at this portrait, breathing the beauty of virtue, and compare it with the "Beauties" of Charles II.'s court, by Lely. They look just like what they were—a set of kept-mistresses, painted, tawdry, showing off their theatrical or meretricious airs and graces, without one trace of real elegance or refinement, or one spark of sentiment to touch the heart. Lady Granmont is the handsomest of them; and though the most voluptuous in her attire and attitude, the most decent. The Duchess of Portsmouth, in her helmet and plumes, looks quite like a heroine of romance or modern Amazon; but for an air of easy assurance, staring invitation, and alarmed at nothing but being thought coy, commend us to my lady——above, in the sky-blue drape, thrown carelessly across her shoulders! As paintings, these celebrated portraits cannot rank very high. They have an affected ease, but a real hardness of manner and execution; and they have that contortion of attitude and setness of features which we afterwards find carried to so disgusting and insipid an excess in Kneller's portraits. Sir Peter Lely was, however, a better painter than Sir Godfrey Kneller—that is the highest praise that can be accorded to him. He had more spirit, more originality, and was the livelier coxcomb of the two! Both these painters possessed considerable mechanical dexterity, but it is not of a refined kind. Neither of them could be ranked among great painters, yet they were thought by their contemporaries and themselves superior to every one. At the distance of a hundred years we see the thing plainly enough.

In the same room with the portrait of Lady Digby, there is one of Killigrew and Carew, by the same masterly hand. There is spirit and character in the profile of Carew, while the head of Killigrew is surprising from its composure and sedateness of aspect. He was one of the grave wits of the day, who made nonsense a profound study, and *turned trifles into philosophy*, and

philosophy into a jest. The pale, sallow complexion of this head is in wonderful keeping. The beard and face seem nearly of the same colour. We often see this clear uniform colour of the skin in Titian's portraits. But then the dark eyes, beard, and eye-brows, gave relief and distinctness. The fair hair and complexions, that Vandyke usually painted, with the almost total absence of shade from his pictures, made the task more difficult; and, indeed, the prominence and effect he gives in this respect, without any of the usual means, are almost miraculous.

There are several of his portraits, equestrian and others, of Charles I. in this collection, some of them good, none of them first-rate. Those of Henrietta (his Queen) are always delightful. The painter has made her the most lady-like of Queens, and of women.

The family picture of the Children of Charles I. is certainly admirably painted and managed. The large mastiff-dog is inimitably fine and true to nature, and seems as if he was made to be pulled about by a parcel of royal infants from generation to generation. In general, it may be objected to Vandyke's *dress-children*, that they look like little old men and women. His grown-up people had too much stiffness and formality; and the same thing must quite overlay the playfulness of infancy. Yet what a difference between these young princes of the House of Stuart, and two of the princes of the reigning family with their mother, by Ramsay, which are evident likenesses to this hour!

We have lost our count as to the order of the pictures and rooms in which they are placed, and must proceed promiscuously through the remainder of our Catalogue.

One of the most noted pictures at Windsor is that of the *Misers*, by Quintin Matsys. Its name is greater than its merits, like many other pictures which have a lucky or intelligible subject, boldly executed. The conception is good, the colouring bad; the drawing firm, and the expression coarse and obvious. We are sorry to speak at all disparagingly of Quintin Matsys; for the story goes, that he was originally bred a blacksmith, and turned painter to

gain his master's daughter, who would give her to no one but on that condition. Happy he who thus gained the object of his love, though posterity may differ about his merits as an artist! Yet it is certain, that any romantic incident of this kind, connected with a well-known work, inclines us to regard it with a favourable, instead of an unfavourable eye, by enhancing our pleasure in it; as the eccentric character, the wild subjects, and the sounding name of *Salvator Rosa* have tended to lift him into the highest rank of fame among painters.

In the same room with the *Misers*, by the Blacksmith of Antwerp, is a very different picture, by Titian, of two figures also, viz. Himself and a Venetian Senator. It is one of the finest specimens of this master. His own portrait is not much: it has spirit, but is hard, with somewhat of a vulgar, knowing look. But the head of the Senator is as fine as any thing that ever proceeded from the hand of man. The expression is a lambent flame, a soul of fire dimmed, not quenched by age. The flesh is flesh. If Rubens's pencil fed upon roses, his was carnivorous. The tone is betwixt a gold and silver hue. The texture and pencilling are marrowy. The dress is a rich crimson, which seems to have been growing deeper ever since it was painted. It is a front view. As far as attitude or action is concerned, it is mere *still-life*; but the look is of that kind that goes through you at a single glance. Let any one look well at this portrait, and if he then sees nothing in it, or in the portrait in general, let him give up *virtù* and criticism in despair.

This room is rich in valuable gems, which might serve as a test of a real taste for the art, depending for their value on intrinsic qualities, and not on imposing subjects, or mechanical arrangement or quantity. As where "the still, small voice of reason" is wanting, we judge of actions by noisy success and popularity; so where there is no true moral sense in art, nothing goes down but pomp, and hustle, and pretension. The eye of taste looks to see if a work has nature's finest image and superscription upon it, and for no other title and passport to fame. There is

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a Young Man's Head (we believe) in one corner of this room, by Holbein, in which we can read high and heroic thoughts and resolutions, better than in any *Continence of Scipio* we ever saw, or than in all the *Battles of Alexander* thrown into a lump. There is a portrait of Erasmus, by the same, and in the same or an adjoining room, in which we see into the mind of a scholar and of an amiable man, as through a window. There is a head by Parmegiano, lofty, triumphant, showing the spirit of another age and clime—one by Raphael, studious and self involved—another, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci (but more like Holbein) grown crabbed with age and thought—and a girl reading, by Correggio, intent on her subject, and not forgetting herself. These are the materials of history; and if it is not made of them, it is a nickname or a mockery. All that does not lay open the fine net-work of the heart and brain of man, that does not make us see deeper into the soul, is but the apparatus and machinery of history painting, and no more to it than the frame is to the picture.

We noticed a little *Mater Dolorosa* in one of the rooms, by Carlo Dolci, which is a pale, pleasing, expressive head. There are two large figures of his, a Magdalen and another, which are in the very falsest style of colouring and expression; and *Youth and Age*, by Denner, which are in as perfectly bad a taste and style of execution as any thing we ever saw of this artist, who was an adept in that way.

We are afraid we have forgotten one or two meritorious pictures we meant to notice. There is one we just recollect, a portrait of a Youth in black, by Parmegiano. It is in a singular style, but very bold, expressive, and natural. There is (in the same apartment of the palace) a fine picture of the Battle of Norlingen, by Rubens. The size and spirit of the horses in the foreground, and the obvious animation of their riders, are finely contrasted with the airy perspective and mechanical grouping of the armies at a distance; and so as to prevent that confusion and want of positive relief, which usually pervade Battle-pieces. In the same room (opposite) is Kneller's Chinese converted to Christianity—a portrait of which he was justly proud. It is a

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fine oil-picture, clear, tawny, without trick or affectation, and full of character. One of Kneller's fine ladies or gentlemen, with their wigs and *toupées*, would have been mortally offended to have been so painted. The Chinese retains the same oily, sly look, after his conversion as before, and seems just as incapable of a change of religion as a piece of *terra cotta*. On each side of this performance are two Guidos, the *Perseus and Andromeda*, and *Venus attired by the Graces*. We give the preference to the former. The Andromeda is a fine, noble figure, in a striking and even daring position, with an impassioned and highly-wrought expression of features; and the whole scene is in harmony with the subject. The *Venus attired by*

the Graces (though full of beauties, particularly the colouring of the flesh in the frail Goddess) is formal and disjointed in the composition; and some of the actions are void of grace and even of decorum. We allude particularly to the *Maid-in-waiting*, who is combing her hair, and to the one tying on her sandals, with her arm crossing Venus's leg at right angles. The Cupid in the window is as light and wanton as a butterfly flying out of it. He may be said to flutter and hover in his own delights. There are two capital engravings of these pictures by Strange.

We shall break off here, and give some account of the Cartoons at Hampton-court in our next, as we do not like them to come in at the fag-end of an article. W. H.

ARAGO'S NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD BY CAPTAIN FREYCINET. *

THIS voyage, as many of our readers will doubtless recollect, was undertaken by order of the present King of France, soon after the re-establishment of the Bourbons. Its chief object was to investigate the figure of the earth, and the elements of terrestrial magnetism. Several questions of meteorology were also suggested to the attention of the commander; but geography was merely a secondary consideration, and no professed naturalist was attached to the expedition. As the narrative now before us contains no scientific details, we shall briefly review the information conveyed in the report of the gentleman commissioned to investigate the different journals and accounts, both official and private.

The *Uranie* sailed from Toulon Sept. 17, 1817, touched at Teneriffe, and reached Rio Janeiro December 6. Here the commander devoted two months to observations on the pendulum and compass. He then proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, where he remained nearly a month, to verify and repeat the observations of La Caille. From the Cape he

steered to the Isle of France; and, after a stay of five weeks, continued his course to Coupang, capital of the Dutch settlements in the Isle of Timor. He afterwards visited the Portuguese settlement of Diely, on the north part of the island, and then prosecuted his voyage to the little island of Rawack, on the coast of New Guinea, nearly under the equator, where another interval of a month was employed in scientific observations. Thence to the Marianne and Sandwich islands, with the same objects in view; and subsequently to Port Jackson. He finally proceeded towards Terra del Fuego, but suffered shipwreck on one of the Malouine islands on the 13th of February, 1820. He embarked, with his crew, on board an American vessel, which they named the *Physicienne*, and, having touched at Monte Video and Rio Janeiro, terminated his voyage at Havre on the 30th of November, 1820.

Notwithstanding the stress laid on the two leading objects of the voyage, the results, as given by the reporters, are far from distinct or satisfactory. We are only informed that the expe-

* Narrative of a Voyage round the World, in the *Uranie* and *Physicienne* corvettes, commanded by Captain Freycinet, during the years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820, in a series of letters to a friend, by J. Arago, draftsman to the expedition. With twenty-six plates. 4to. Treuttell and Würtz. London, 1823.

riments on the oscillations of the pendulum, at the Cape of Good Hope, did not confirm the consequences deduced from those of La Caille, as to the dissimilarity of the two hemispheres. The same caution is observed with respect to those made at the Isle of France, and from those at the Malouine or Falkland's islands: under the privations and disadvantages of a shipwreck, little could be expected. Indeed, there appears on this head to have been a want of care in those who superintended the equipment; for the instruments, with which the navigators were provided, were manifestly inadequate to the purpose.

The apparatus for magnetical observations seems to have been equally defective, and the result, as communicated in the report, is as little satisfactory. One curious fact, which was first observed by Mr. Macdonald, at St. Helena, is not unworthy of notice. This is a certain periodical movement of the magnetic needle, independent of variation. At the Marianne and Sandwich Islands, the north point of the needle moves towards the west, from 8 in the morning till 1 in the afternoon, though the absolute variation is east. At Rawak and Port Jackson, this movement is eastward, while at Timor, though also south of the equator, it is west. The expedition is not intitled to the merit of ascertaining many new geographical positions; and in hydrography, its pretensions are confined to the survey of a small portion of the West coast of New Holland, parts of the coast of Timor and some small adjacent islands, the strait between the Isle of Booroo and those of Amboyna and Feram, some islets south of Gilolo, a dangerous archipelago north of the Isle of Rooib, part of the island of Waigooe, the islands of Manooran and Rawack, the Isle of Guam, and part of Timian.

Some partial surveys were also made at the Sandwich Islands; and, in the passage from thence to Port Jackson, the positions of several islets, at a distance from the great masses of land, are said to have been ascertained.

With respect to Meteorology, no new observations are given. In Zoology, the collections of the expedition amounted to 25 species of mammalia, 313 of birds, 45 of reptiles, and 164 of fishes, besides molusca, polypi, &c.

Of these, 4 of mammalia are new, 45 of birds, 30 of reptiles, and about 120 of fishes. In Entomology, we find about 1300 species, of which 40 are said to be new, and some remarkable. In Botany, about 3000 species of dried plants, including 1200 said to be unknown. Much attention is stated to have been paid to the languages of the different tribes visited in the course of the voyage, but the vocabularies annexed to the narrative are by no means copious.

From this sketch it will readily appear, that the work is barren of interest to the mere scientific reader; but it abounds with lively descriptions of scenery, manners, and customs; and though these may sometimes want the zest of novelty, they are not deficient in attraction, even after the perusal of the narratives of Cook, Vancouver, and our own enterprising navigators. The epistolary form is adopted as much from necessity as choice, in consequence of the loss of materials, which the writer suffered in the wreck of the vessel. He commences with his departure from Toulon, describes Gibraltar with that feeling of wonder which it naturally excites in a stranger, details the few incidents on the voyage to Teneriffe, and records the usual ceremonies on crossing the Equinoctial Line. Arrived at Rio Janeiro, we find him expatiating with rapture on the beauties of that luxuriant climate. In visiting the celebrated aqueduct, he encounters a singular recluse and countryman. This was General Hogendorp, who, after filling a high military and confidential post under Napoleon, and exercising his command in both hemispheres, had fled from the hatred of men, the tumult of cities, and the intrigues of courts, to practise, in the wilds of the new world, the humble occupations of a husbandman and charcoal-burner. We afterwards find that the military hermit had been honoured with a visit from the Prince Royal of Portugal, who sought the benefit of his experience and advice. Our narrator mixed in general society at Rio Janeiro; but nothing could exceed the insipidity and formality which pervaded all intercourse at this period; from the jealousy reigning between the native Brazilians and the attendants of the emigrant court, and the restraints of

a system of mutual *espionnage* and a rigorous police. The houses are described as neat, but tasteless: the streets as vleiing in filth with those of Lisbon. There is a public library of 70,000 volumes, judiciously selected, but little read; professorships of natural philosophy, botany, and physiology established, but no pupils to be found; and an academy instituted, by drafts from other nations, particularly France, but no meeting of its members ever takes place. As the productions of these academicians, either in literature or art, are considered as belonging to the King, it is not likely that the new world will derive much benefit from their exertions. No college exists for the education of youth, and consequently the children of the rich are, as formerly, dispatched to Coimbra.

The state of the slaves, who form five-sixths of the population, does not escape his notice. His remarks on the harsh and brutal treatment to which they are subjected do credit to his feelings. He justly observes, that with the Brasilians it is still problematical whether negroes are men or brutes: they are, however, employed as the former, but beaten as the latter. Commerce flourishes greatly, as might be expected in a country so rich in natural productions: but agriculture is still in its infancy. So simple a vehicle as a wheelbarrow is of late introduction, and still uncommon. The character of the people is strongly marked by indolence. Their whole life appears no better than a broken slumber. As a proof how little motion accords with their habits, he observes that no public road is yet formed between the two principal cities, Bahia and Rio. Their navy exists only in name. Twenty-two admirals are paid by the King, besides innumerable officers, while the ports contain scarcely three ships of war.

From Rio we accompany him to the Cape of Good Hope, where he is struck with the neatness of Cape Town, and draws a favourable contrast between the character and manners of the people, and those of the Brasils. His stay, however, is too short, and his observations too limited, to enable him to form a correct judgment on the circumstances of the colony, even if he were disposed to

regard it without a degree of national prejudice. He complains that trade, which flourished under the Dutch, is reduced almost to nothing by the administration of the English. One regulation, evidently of Dutch origin, is certainly not calculated for the improvement of traffic: every commodity, however trifling, pays an entrance duty when brought to the town, and is sold by public auction in the market.

His next station, the Isle of France, receives a liberal portion of praise. The beauty and grace of the women, and the suavity and freedom which reign in social intercourse, are celebrated in glowing language. This little spot of land awakened peculiar interest, as identified with the charming romance of Paul and Virginia, of which it is the scene; but our voyager soon discovered that the fictions of the novelist are often built on the frailest foundation. Paul, the hero of the tale, is a mere creature of fancy; Madame de la Tour, the mother of the heroine, so far from dying in an agony of grief for the loss of her daughter, survived the catastrophe long enough to espouse three husbands in succession; and the pastor, who acts so fine a part in the novel, is transformed into a Chevalier de Bernage, son of an echevin at Paris, who, after serving in the mousquetaires, and killing an antagonist in a duel, had retired hither, and taken up his residence at the Riviere du Rempart, half a league from the spot where the St. Geran was wrecked. But to make amends for this diversity between the characters of real life and those of romance, the Isle of France is celebrated for the residence of others, whose adventures have partaken of all the extravagance of fiction. One of these was the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter, who, escaping from Russia, sought an obscure retreat at Paris. There she married a M. Moldac, serjeant-major of a regiment which was sent thither; and, in consideration of her rank, her husband is said to have been promoted to a majority, by order of the court. Another, was Madame de Puja, wife of a French colonel, and recently deceased. She was the celebrated Anastasia, the mistress of Count Benyowsky, who, after facilitating his escape from Kamtschatka, accompanied him in his wanderings, and

when he was killed at Madagascar, sought an asylum in this island, where she terminated her eventful career.

He next visits the romantic and beautiful Isle of Bourbon, which, at times, is rendered a real place of exile, by a tremendous surf. He does not omit to notice its volcano, which is still active, and inferior only to *Ætna* in height and character.

Again departing, after a passage of forty-five days they approach the north-western coast of New Holland, where nothing meets their eyes but sterility and desolation. Here, for the first time, they encounter a wandering party of savages; as black as ebony, small in stature, uncouth in aspect, and noisy in speech. Fear and suspicion, however, shorten the interview; and our navigators, finding nothing to excite or gratify curiosity, gladly direct their course for Coupang, in the Isle of Timor, which, after being twice captured by the British arms in the late war, was restored to the Dutch in 1816. Here M. Arago had an opportunity of contemplating the characters and habits of the Malays, and conversing with two of their chiefs. From them he learnt that the priests are soothsayers and consulted on all important affairs. They are permitted to marry, and their functions are hereditary. In every town is a "sacred house," where the augur resides, and is intrusted with the custody of the royal treasure. Thither are brought the heads of all prisoners taken in war, and after the brains are extracted, they are hung on the neighbouring trees, as trophies. Marriages are not accompanied with any religious ceremony; but the bride is purchased with presents, equal to her supposed value. Infants are carried to the "sacred house" to be named. Funerals are celebrated with singing; and the corpse, after being exposed on a mat, is thrown into a pit, with the valuables most prized by the deceased during life. The dignity of Rajah, or King, is hereditary, but the succession is vested in the brothers before the sons. From Timor they repaired to the neighbouring island, Omboy, where they had farther opportunities of observing the genuine Malay character, unchanged by foreign restraint. They were at first sullenly received by the natives, but gradually

won on their haughtiness and reserve, and were gratified with the inspection of their arms and habitations, and a representation of their combats, which are marked by activity, energy, and ferocity. The offensive weapons of these people are kresses, bows, and arrows; and their defensive, a buckler of leather, ornamented with shells, and a species of cuirass formed of the same material. All attempts to procure a sight of their women were entirely fruitless.

After a passage, rendered extremely irksome, by calms and oppressive heat, they reached Diely, where they were received with the most friendly attentions by the Portuguese governor. Having given a description of this place, M. Arago takes a general view of the Molucca Islands; which, though forming a striking contrast with the sterile coast of New Holland, are as little desirable for an abode. Under the general luxuriance, with which they are clothed, lurk danger and death, from venomous reptiles, and unhealthy exhalations; while the scathed and scattered trunks of trees display the ravages of the tempest; and the natives, sunk to the lowest state of brutal ferocity, persecute each other with all the fury and inveteracy of wild beasts.

Passing Amboyna, they enter a strait, formed by a cluster of small islands, where they are followed by a fleet of piratical canoes. At the dawn, they find themselves in the midst of a cluster of pointed rocks, rising from the water like steeples, and rendered the more dangerous by rapid currents. They anchor in shallow water, and at length, by the aid of a favourable wind, succeed in extricating themselves from their peril. Soon afterwards they have an opportunity of contemplating savage life in its lowest stage of degradation, at the islands of Rawack and Waigooc, on the coast of New Guinea. Here they find another sable race; short in person and ill-formed, stupid in countenance, repulsive in manners, and rendered loathsome by leprosy. Fishing seems their sole occupation, and chief means of subsistence, and in this they show all the dexterity of habit, descrying their prey at a considerable distance in the water, and striking it with a bamboo.

Their canoes and habitations are equally rude; and their cookery as rude as either.

From hence a pleasing transition is made to the Archipelago of the Caroline islands, through which the navigators pass. They are visited by the natives, who appear familiar, docile, and inoffensive, and differ in every respect from those of New Guinea. Pursuing their course they reach Guam, one of the Marianne islands, and are welcomed at Agagna by the Spanish governor. This miserable place scarcely deserves the name of a town, for nine-tenths of the habitations are covered with the mid-ribs of the cocoa. The palace of the governor was newly white-washed, and decorated for their reception; but the guards of his excellency presented the most ludicrous burlesque on military parade which it is possible to conceive. The officers appeared with swords of the days of Charlemagne; spatterdashes, in which the legs were left at their ease; coats, trailing on the ground; and an opera hat, of which the corners descended to the shoulders. The condition of the natives is in every way deplorable. Huddled together, with their domestic animals, in their confined and wretched habitations, they are almost universally tainted with leprosy, which here assumes its most disgusting aspect. They sleep two-thirds of the day, and work the other third by constraint; so that the country bears, even in the very vicinity of the town, the cheerless garb of neglect. Nor are their moral better than their physical habits. Immersed in the grossest superstition and ignorance, they have little notion of religion, beyond its processions and ceremonies; while the character of both sexes is exceedingly licentious. Foundations are instituted bearing the titles of a college, and secondary schools; but nothing appears to be taught, except reading and singing. The value attached to education is shown by the mode in which its labours are rewarded. The superior of the college receives six dollars a month, with a shirt, and an allowance of provisions; and the stipend of the masters, attached to the secondary schools, amounts only to two dollars monthly. Still, however, before they were de-

based by Spanish rule, the natives of these islands must have attained a considerable degree of civilisation. The vestiges of their ancient monuments prove that they were not deficient either in genius or industry: their original language partakes also of a florid and poetical character.

From Agagna the voyagers make excursions to Rota and Tinian, in the flying proas of the Caroline islands, manned by Carolinians. Rota is a miserable dependency of Agagna; the town contains only eighty houses, and the population of the whole island does not exceed 500. Still it is fertile, shaded by magnificent trees, and producing delicious fruit and vegetables; but the same apathy and indolence prevail, as in the parent settlement. Here our author examined the remains of a native edifice, situated on the slope of a mountain. Its consequence is shown, by numerous fragments of pillars, three feet in girth, and its diameter appears to have extended to 800 paces. It is yet called "the House of the Ancients," though its origin is unknown.

Tinian is a place of exile, and occupied by about fifteen solitary inhabitants. It has attained celebrity through the voyage of Anson; but its appearance is far from answering the glowing description of Rousseau, in the *Nouvelle Heloise*. It is, however, covered with wrecks of ancient architecture, which attest its former consequence, and the perseverance and power of its original inhabitants. The impression which these remains produce, is heightened by its present solitary and dreary aspect. The surface is an uninteresting waste, broken only by a few stunted and feeble cocoa trees; the coast is uninteresting, while a scorching wind destroys vegetation, and seems to deprive the soil of the power of reproduction. Numerous swarms of flies and ants contribute also to recall to memory the plagues of Egypt.

Raynal has combated the opinion, that in the Marianne Islands, the women enjoy that superiority, which in other countries is vested in the men. Our author, however, gallantly vindicates the prerogatives of the fair sex. He asserts, that a man who marries a woman of superior fortune, is compelled to perform the

household and menial offices. If in equal circumstances, these toils are divided. In domestic life also, disputes between the men are settled by the women; but in disputes between the women, no man presumes to interfere. The same superiority is shown in their various sports and dances.

Returning to Guam, he witnesses the songs and dances of the natives of the Caroline Islands. The first are marked by harmony and simplicity; the latter by voluptuousness, grace, variety, and a dexterity truly astonishing. As this interesting people are drawn hither in great numbers by traffic, he availed himself of the opportunity to study their character, and obtain information on their manners and customs. He describes them as amiable, unaffected, and sincere; and bearing in their countenances the calm of innocence and cheerfulness. Their skill and hardihood as navigators are worthy of admiration. In their frail proas, which are only four feet wide and forty long, they make voyages of 600 leagues, guided only by the stars and experience. On the water, no perils appear to repress their enterprising spirit; no difficulties to baffle their perseverance. So much importance do they attach to an art, which their situation renders of the first necessity, that schools of navigation are established in the different islands, under the superintendence of their ablest pilots; and the young men are not permitted to marry till they have given undeniable proofs of dexterity in the management of their proas. Our author conversed with one of these pilots, who manifested a superior degree of sagacity and intelligence. By means of grains of Indian corn, he indicated the isles of the Archipelago, and their relative positions. He named them, pointed out those which were easy or difficult of access, and described their productions. To explain how his countrymen guide their vessels, he formed a kind of rude compass, with pieces of bamboo, showed the general course of the winds, and the situation of the stars and constellations; and said, that when deprived of these guides, they regulated their course by the currents, with which they were accurately acquainted. He answered

all questions with good sense and precision, rectified incidental mistakes, and often appeared to recur to calculation, when his memory failed. The Carolinians believe in a supreme power; they burn their dead, and assert that good men ascend above the clouds to enjoy happiness. War is the punishment of the wicked. From the information of an eye-witness, their conduct is in unison with this principle; for few instances of quarrelling or fighting occur among them, and they are highly susceptible of the social affections. Brothers and sisters are allowed to intermarry, and children, when weaned, never sleep in the same apartment with the father. Boys and girls are also separated. They have no characteristic physiognomy, but vary even in the colour of the skin. They are supple and active, graceful in their walk, and swim as if the water were their native element. The bodies of the chiefs are elegantly tattooed, and all pierce their ears, and enlarge the opening till the cartilage descends nearly to the shoulder.

From Guam the navigators directed their course for the Sandwich islands; and, on the 6th of August, descried the lofty peak of Mowna Roa. Surrounded by shoals of canoes, they skirted the shore of Owyhee, and anchored before the village of Kayerooa, the Karakakooa of Cook. In the evening they were visited by the chief, who is brother-in-law to the king, and has received from Europeans the name of John Adams, but whose real appellation is Kookini. He spoke English well, behaved with great propriety, and promised a supply of provisions. Our author furnishes a new proof of the rapid progress which these islanders have made in the arts of civilisation. On returning the visit of the chief, they found the town of considerable extent; small lanes in imitation of streets and alleys; some of the houses built with stone, and others constructed neatly with planks, and thatched with the palm leaf or seaweed. A dock-yard was formed, a vessel of 40 tons was on the stocks, and numerous canoes were carefully secured under sheds. Two howitzers were mounted near the house of the chief, and behind was a species of park of artillery, covered with mats,

and guarded by soldiers armed with muskets.

Soon afterwards they received an invitation to visit O Riou Riou, the reigning sovereign, who had established his residence at Toyai. They repaired thither, and found him a fat, heavy, dirty man, and a prey to unsightly disease. His dwelling was a poor straw-built hut, 25 or 30 feet long, and half as many wide; and the roof covered with cocoa leaves and sea-weed. The same military indications prevailed here as at Kayerooa: guns were mounted to command the shore, and abundance of soldiers paraded in every direction. At a subsequent interview his majesty appeared in the uniform of a colonel of hussars, with a hat like those worn by the marshals of France. From Mr. Young, an Englishman, long domiciliated here, as well as from a talkative, conceited Gascon, who assumed the character of a physician, they obtained much information on the politics of the island; and from the indolent and inefficient character of the reigning sovereign, were led to anticipate an approaching convulsion and change of government.

The period of their arrival was, indeed, peculiarly critical; for it was soon after the death of Tamahaamah, who was long before known to Europe by the narrative of Vancouver. The character of this chief excites at once surprise and admiration. By native energy of mind he raised himself and his country from barbarism and ignorance—judiciously turned to advantage the example and assistance of Europeans and Americans—curbed the turbulent spirit of his chiefs—established a police, and put a stop to the sanguinary rites of his subjects. He laid also the foundation of a naval power, and formed an army, which he reduced to the most rigorous discipline. His very virtues, however, were tinged with the savage character. He was severe in his punishments; and actuated with a spirit of conquest, which was not bounded to the Sandwich islands, for he meditated the invasion of the more distant groupes of the Friendly and Society Isles, when death put a period to his career. His memory is cherished with a degree of respect amounting almost to adoration, and his name is

never mentioned without awakening the most lively emotions of grief and regret. This feeling is heightened by the contrast between his heroic character and that of his indolent and inefficient son. He purchased a brig and two fine schooners from the Americans, increased the number of his double or war canoes, built forts, and collected magazines of arms and ammunition; and, at his death, left the sum of 500,000 dollars in his treasury.

It would be unreasonable to expect, from voyagers of the present day, any important addition to that knowledge of these islands which we have derived from Cook, Vancouver, and others. The want of chastity among the women is, however, strongly marked; and, from the account of M. Arago, this failing pervades every rank of society, not excepting the wives of the chiefs, who appeared by no means disposed to repel any degree of familiarity. Their system of domestic polity is yet ill understood; but it appears, that the most severe and frequent punishments are inflicted for breaches of the taboo. Their modes of execution are, by dashing out the brains of the offender with a club, or fastening him to a tree and strangling him with a cord passed round the neck. As if to add to the poignancy of suffering, the criminal is previously subjected to a fast of forty-eight hours. Women are punished with death for eating of bananas, hogs, or cocoa nuts—for tasting food dressed at a fire kindled by a man, or even for smoking a pipe which a man has lighted.

From the Sandwich isles the crew of the *Uranie* expected to proceed to Otaheite; and they had scarcely put to sea before they revelled in imagination in the delights of that abode of licentious pleasure, but, to their regret and disappointment, their course was directed to New South Wales. On reaching Sydney, our author was surprised to discover the arts and refinements of Europe in a country which, a few years ago, was a mere wilderness, and brought into cultivation by the hands of felons. He speaks in the warmest terms of the attention which he and his fellow-voyagers experienced, but his descriptions offer no novelty to the English reader. We shall therefore

merely observe, that they sailed for Cape Horn; but, on approaching that point, they were shipwrecked on one of the Malouine, or Falkland, islands. Here their voyage of discovery may be said to terminate. After struggling some time with the difficulties of their situation, they were enabled to hire an American vessel, which was employed in the seal fishery at a neighbouring island. They proceeded to Monte Video, where they made a short stay—then

to Rio Janeiro—and, finally, disembarking at Havre, had again the satisfaction of breathing their native air.

We have only to add, that the narrative is illustrated with a series of plates, in the lithographic style, which appear to be spirited and accurate representations; and that the translation, in general, is well executed, though the diction of the original is occasionally deformed with a little national affectation.

A COMMENT ON THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE.*

Percotevansi incontro.—*Dante Inf. c. 7, v. 28.*

Both smote together.—*Cary.*

Ho! charge, hurra, jolt, bound, rebound!

Commentator's Translation, p. 430.

FROM the last of these lines, which we have selected as our motto, some of our readers will perhaps conclude that this book is a jocular performance, or, as it has been termed of late years, a hoax. But it was put into our hands very seriously, with a desire that we should review it; and it is our intention to treat it with all due gravity. The writer tells us in his preface that he has lived in Italy many years, and (to use his own phrase) that “he is likely to continue;” that “he has attached himself entirely unto the chief of the celebrated Tuscan triumvirate,” and “proposes an historical, philosophical, critical elucidation of his author’s sentiments and intentions, because the different works, historical or literary, to which the reader may recur, have too lengthened a way before them to allow of their delaying on the same topics more than more or less cursorily.” “The variety, shortness, and independence of the articles” of his work, “would,” he says, “render it as fit to be taken up and thrown down, and taken up again, as Montaigne’s Essays; not that he supposes any one will be so ungenerous as to suspect him of presuming to compare himself to Montaigne, except merely as to the unconnected nature of the parts of their compositions.” In a short

account of Dante’s writings, he enumerates his “Historical Tracts, in Italian, of which very little now remains” (we believe so, having never before heard of any), and omits the *Vita Nuova*; which is of the less importance, as all other biographers have noticed it. He then gives us some information, touching Dante himself, which is equally novel and curious; that “of the various remarkable men of his day, whether Italians, French, Germans, Spaniards, or Saracens, there was scarcely one with whom he was not personally acquainted.” The writer does not tell us how he found out this; but it is sufficient that he says so. His reasons for concluding that Dante was intimate with Marco Polo are so strongly put, that it would be vain to dispute them: “With Marco Polo, the earliest modern who performed a famous voyage of discovery, Dante *must have been* intimately acquainted, and learned from him many things about the countries beyond the Line, which are not to be found in Polo’s book.” Nothing indeed is easier to show, if we admit this proof (and who will question it?), that Dante *must have been* intimately acquainted with all the authors of his own time, and learned from them many things not to be found in their books.

* A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, by * * *. London. Murray, 1822. 8vo.

After this account of his author, he proceeds to speak of translations of the *Divina Commedia*. The one which least dissatisfies him, is the Latin version of Carlo d'Aquino. It is very modest in him to omit his own, as the reader will see by a few specimens, with which he has favoured us in the course of his work. In English he is acquainted with two, although he did not know any thing of the existence of either till very lately. "With regard to one of them," he adds, "it is quite unnecessary to notice it; for ramblingly paraphrastic as it is, I believe, if the title page were cut out and the book handed to me, I should not be aware it was intended for a translation of Dante. The other is, indeed, a very different production; I mean that of Mr. Cary. Its fidelity is exemplary, and, although somewhat of a paraphrase, it is far from loose." How happy Mr. Cary must have been at hearing such a sentence from such a judge. Poor easy man! Let no poet or translator confide too much in the first coaxing he receives from his critic. Perhaps the little mouse, that is first stroked by the velvet paws of grimalkin, and then let loose for a moment, expects that it shall be suffered to go about its business, and tell the rest of the brood what a pretty play-fellow it had met with,

———Velouté comme nous,
Marqueté, longue queue, une humble con-
tenance,

but, alas! the next tap will be a ruder one; then comes a scratch, then a downright rending of its sleek ermine, till at last it is fain to squeak and run for its life. "A very different production—fidelity exemplary—though somewhat of a paraphrase, far from loose." Good; but what follows?

But whatever its literal merits, it does not give, nor pretend to give, any of the melody of the original. Dante writes in rhyme, and in a measure whose chief merits are pliancy and concision—Mr. Cary in blank verse, imitative of the stateliness and occasional prolixity of Milton. Be it observed, that before Dante, neither *terza rima* nor blank verse (*versi sciolti*) existed in Italian, though both now do; and Cesarotti, Alfieri, Parini, Bettinelli, &c. prove that the latter is no less adapted to the genius of the language than the former. Dante might then just as easily have invented blank verse as *terza rima*, if there was not something in

rhyme which pleased his ear more. He had begun his poem in Latin heroics, but soon changed both tongue and metre. Who knows how many metres he might have tried, before he decided for *terza rima*? His smaller poems display a variety of metres. Any of these, or blank verse, were as easy an invention as *terza rima*. But in choosing this last, he, in my opinion, chose well; for no other seems capable of such variety—being alike proper for the highest and the lowest themes, and susceptible of every gradation of sound, to accompany each colour of eloquence, from rapid argument to playful imagery, from expanding tenderness to sarcasm and vehemence, from the sublimest simplicity to magnificence of description. Concision, however, is the chief peculiarity of Dante's style; even where he enters into descriptive details (which is rarely), his expressions are conciser than those of any other writer would have been on a similar occasion: no rhythm then is more unlike his than the Miltonic. Why then imagine that he would have selected it, had he written in English? He might have changed language, yet not ear. If we are to argue from analogy, it will not follow that because he preferred rhyme in his native tongue, he would blank verse in ours; and that he would choose in English the metre most entirely dissimilar to the one he liked best in Italian. Before Lord Byron employed *terza rima*, it might have been objected that there was something in that fine metre not agreeing with the form of our language; but that doubt is now vanished. Perhaps Mr. Halcy removed it before; but I cannot speak of his verses, having never seen them. But there is a far more ancient and higher authority for English *terza rima* than Mr. Halcy—authority of which I was not aware till this very morning, the authority of the partial translator and frequent imitator of Dante—Milton. His version of the second Psalm is in regular *terza rima*. P. xxi.

Perhaps if the critic had taken a few mornings more to inquire into the matter, he might have found that several of our old writers, as Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Francis Bryan, and Sir Philip Sidney, had used the *terza rima* long before Milton; and that Gray, in those posthumous papers for which we are so much indebted to Mr. Mathias, has observed that "though the invention has usually been ascribed to Dante, there is a poem (called the *Pataffio*) extant, written in this very measure, by Ser Brunetto Latini, who was Dante's master, and who died in 1294." Gray adds, that it was probably the invention of the Provençals,

who used it in their *Servientes* (or *satires*), whence the Italians have commonly called it *Serventese*. (Vol. ii. p. 21.) What now becomes of the hypothesis, that Dante might just as easily have invented blank verse, and of his having tried many metres before he decided? It might have been mentioned by this writer, in the fairness which he professes towards Mr. Cary, of whom he says, "he is, I believe, a fair antagonist, and I will treat him fairly," that Mr. Cary says not a word of his imagining that Dante would have used blank verse had he written in English. He merely uses it himself; but it does not follow, that because a translator finds it convenient to use a certain measure, he must therefore suppose that the poet whom he translates would have used the same. An original writer is master of what he shall say next, and has sometimes a happy thought suggested to him by the rhyme itself. The translator has no such advantage, and will be apt to employ the metre that will leave him most at liberty to make choice of such words as shall best convey the sense of his original. Mr. Cary might have managed better if he had possessed the ingenuity of the learned commentator. But he shall tell his own tale. "Long before seeing Mr. Cary's translation, I had begun to attempt one conformably to the principles just disclosed. That translation of mine I have since suppressed; yet not until two cantos were printed, as well as the comments on them." He then goes on to clear himself from the "impeachment of being, in this, an imitator of Lord Byron, and to apologize for the points in which his varies a little from that of Lord Byron's." Let who will impeach him, we will not; let who will refuse his apology, we will accept it. Who, indeed, could be so hard as to deny him any thing after hearing his candid confession, in the following words? "The naked truth is best. About six years since, I turned five cantos of Dante precisely into the same measure which is in the *Prophecy of Dante*, but afterwards found it so heavy that I renounced it." Here it is natural to ask, if the writer, with the knowledge of these principles which he has disclosed, and after having lived so many years in Italy, found

the measure so heavy that he renounced it, after going through five cantos; this very measure which was fixed on by Dante (*perhaps after trying many metres*) for his hundred cantos, should he not have had a little compassion on Mr. Cary, who has never been in Italy, nor ever had "this writer's principles disclosed to him?" Where we see one virtue, we expect to find another. Of want of sincerity no one will accuse our commentator, when he thus accounts for his failure: "The fault," says he, "was possibly entirely my own; but also I could not remedy it." The fault his own? and why not Dante's, who tried so many metres, and might as well have invented blank verse, but chose this, which in his own language is so famous for melody, and pliancy, and concision, but which an ingenious English gentleman, who has lived in Italy many years, finds so heavy, that after translating five cantos he renounces it? A poet, who took such ungenerous advantages in his own language, did not deserve to be translated. But what will not the art of ingenious men accomplish? For though the commentator (or hears he rather the translator?) owns that the fault was possibly entirely his own, but also he could not remedy it, yet in the very next sentence he tells us that he did remedy it, and in what manner. "Without troubling others," says he, "I meditated on the matter; and the consequence was, that I at last determined to allow myself the liberty of varying my lines from eight to ten syllables, instead of giving them all the fine heroic complement; as well as of using double rhymes at pleasure. Even his lordship uses them." Here one scarcely knows which to commend most, the forbearance in not troubling others, the magnanimous resolution not to give all the lines the fine heroic complement, or the politeness to his lordship. The result of this solitary meditation, however, was, that the *terza rima* should be used with verses from eight to ten syllables, and double rhymes at pleasure, which even his lordship uses. But this was not the whole of our author's invention when he meditated upon the matter; for with him a full heroic line answers to the Alexandrine; that is, the English verse of five feet answers to

one of six. This may perplex some readers at first, but the whole is very simple. Six is one more than five, but an Alexandrine consists of six; five is one more than four, therefore a verse of five answers to an Alexandrine. It is no more than if one should say, a man of six feet is a tall man; and five feet is one more than four, as six is one more than five, and therefore a man of five feet answers to a tall man. Q. E. D.

One might have hoped that such a discovery would have put the learned commentator in good humour with himself, and with all around him. But no; after seeing Mr. Cary's unfortunate translation, he took the resolution to suppress his own; and, at the same time, entered his protest against the former, drawn up in the following most awful form of words, "protesting (as I hereby most solemnly do) against his metre, its want of harmony, his paraphrases, and, in fine, all that appertains to style, as totally inadequate to convey the remotest resemblance to the poetry of his original." Well-a-day for Mr. Cary! But this is not the worst of his offences. For the exemplary fidelity, for which at the outset he was so liberally praised, turns out to be a mere imposition; since a great many passages are adduced from the first eight cantos (*and there is not a canto in the whole hundred in which there are not some inaccuracies*) where he has misrepresented his original. We own ourselves to be a little interested in this matter. We shall therefore examine, one by one, all the charges of inaccuracy and misrepresentation that have been as yet brought, in order that the culprit may no longer plume himself in his false colours, but, if fairly detected, may receive the punishment he deserves.

1. The plaintiff's first count is, that "he cannot but object to the title, *Vision*, instead of that chosen by the author; and, the more so, because Italians enumerate among the many reasons, which induced him to call his book *Comedy*, the desire to avoid precisely such low common-place, as *Journey*, *Vision*, or the like,—non volendo chiamare la sua opera *Cammino*, o *Visione*, o con altro simile nome basso (Gelli, sopra lo *Inferno de Dante*, vol. i. p. 50)." Here Mr.

Cary must be satisfied to answer for himself, in the words of his preface. "In one or two of those editions" (editions of the original) "is to be found the title of '*The Vision*,' which I have adopted, as more conformable to the genius of our language, than that of '*The Divine Comedy*.' Dante himself, I believe, termed it simply '*The Comedy*;' in the first place, because the style was of the middle kind; and, in the next, because the story (if story it may be called) ends happily." In glancing an eye over the titles of different editions, we find a great variety. There is "*Capitola*," and "*Terze Rime*," and "*Rime*," and "*Lo Inferno Purgatorio*" and "*Paradiso*," and "*Commedia*, or *Comedia*," and "*Visione*." Mr. Cary has given his reason for preferring the last; but as our expounder and Gelli object to it as low common-place, it must be discarded in future; and we do hereby give notice to all editors and translators, not to use it under pain of their displeasure.

2. Canto 1. "In Mr. Cary's translation of v. 20 of the original, he gives '*recesses*,' instead of '*lake of the heart*;' and thus not only impairs the imagery of the passage, but removes what was intended to be a scientific position. Yet even the lines quoted from Redi might have emboldened him to be more literal." The expounder himself in his note on this line observes, "It is a matter on which Fontanini and others quote our poet; but I need not enter into the discussion." Venturi's remark on it is, that "some think Dante, by the lake of the heart, means its ventricles, others, the pericardium." As soon as the "scientific position" has been settled, Mr. Cary must answer for having removed it. In the meantime, he is responsible for having wilfully impaired the imagery, unless he can show that "*in my heart's lake*" would have sounded very like nonsense in English, and that "*in the lake of my heart*" would have been unmetrical.

3. V. 30. "Mr. Cary falls into the usual error of explaining it by "*in ascending, the weight of the body rests on the hinder foot*!" Those who prefer an unusual error will refer to the expounder's note of two pages and a half on this passage,

from whence it appears that he had himself with "exemplary fidelity" translated

Si che 'l piè fermo sempre era 'l più basso,
With steps that backward hung,

which he rightly says was "an unnatural, unavailing gait." Mr. Cary is guilty of persevering in the usual error; and the only excuse for him is, that there is no other way of explaining the line, by which it can appear that Dante contrived to move himself forwards.

4. V. 43. "He makes a difficulty where there is really none. He, in part, remedies this by translating right; but his note (notwithstanding his encomiast) taxes his original with an obscurity which it does not merit." Here again Mr. Cary may have leave to speak for himself in his note on this line.

A late editor of the *Divina Commedia*, Signor Zotti, has spoken of the present translation as the only one that has rendered this passage rightly; but Mr. Hayley had shown me the way, in his very skilful version of the first three cantos of the *Inferno*, inserted in his notes to his *Essay on Epic Poetry*:

— I now was raised to hope sublime
By those bright omens of my fate benign,
The beauteous beast, and the sweet hour of prime.

All the commentators whom I have seen, understand our poet to say, that the season of the year and the hour of the day induced him to hope for the gay skin of the panther; and there is something in the sixteenth canto (v. 107) which countenances this interpretation, although that which I have followed still appears to me the more probable.

Mr. Cary, when he "ventured to differ from all the commentators," ought not to have expressed the least doubt about his being right. There is nothing like a good assurance.

The learned expounder himself (as he tells us) "does not reject a suspicion of a hope, alluding to some particular appearances then well known, but long since irreparably sunk into oblivion." As soon as he discovers what grounds there are for his suspicion, we trust he will ease the anxiety which he has created in our minds on this head.

5. V. 45. Mr. Cary falls into the common abuse of being strained, if not quite unintelligible, by interpreting the

three beasts, Ambition, Luxury, Avarice. This, to be sure, is rather to be attributed to the commentators than to him; as his not giving any explanation of the allegorical forest, the sun-clad mountain, the pass "that never left one alive," is rather a deficiency than defect; and if he gave no notes at all, such a deficiency would not deserve animadversion; and one might suppose that he fully comprehended the whole, though it was not in his plan to explain it to his readers. But as it is, I cannot conceive how he could clearly understand his original; and who, without understanding clearly, can translate clearly? The citation he gives from Jeremiah might have made him approach nearer the truth.

As the abuse Mr. Cary has fallen into of being strained, if not quite unintelligible, is the common one, he must abide it as well as he can, and the more "as it is rather to be attributed to the commentators than to him." But, behold, how vain his pretensions to fidelity, for the expounder himself cannot conceive how he could understand his original. All that can be said for Mr. Cary is, that if he had attempted an explanation of the allegorical forest, the sun-clad mountain, the pass "that never left one alive" (we own we should have translated *che non lasciò giammai persona viva*, "which no one ever left alive"), he must have derived such explanation from the commentators; and it is as well he did not, as he has been deceived by trusting to their interpretations already. It will be found throughout that Mr. Cary has not been near so full as he might have been on the allegory; and this is the more inexcusable, as by translating any of the old commentators, he might easily have swelled his book to almost any size, and, after all, have left the matter as uncertain as he found it; for both which advantages the reader would, no doubt, have been very thankful to him. It is our intention, before we conclude, to say a few words on the expounder's interpretation of the allegory in this first canto; but we will not now interrupt the course of his strictures on Mr. Cary's translation.

6. V. 70. Instead of either translating literally, "though late," or at least paraphrasing it rightly, he makes a paraphrase which is in all probability a false one.

Here Mr. Cary must answer for himself in his note on the passage. "Nacqui sub Julio ancorchè fosse

tardi." This is explained by the commentator, "Although it were rather late with respect to my birth, before Julius Cæsar assumed the supreme authority, and made himself perpetual dictator. Virgil indeed was born twenty-five years before that event." The learned expounder, in his translation, had not only avoided the difficulty, but introduced, as he says, "an artful beauty." "My 'though late,' retains all the uncertainty of the original—Ancorchè fosse tardi;" (not quite, for he omits the *fosse*) "and in this, I obey Ascensius, who, in speaking of a disputed passage in the *Æneid*, affirms it is sometimes an artful beauty to arrange a phrase so, that it becomes susceptible of a variety of explanations."

7. V. 109. Mr. Cary's misconstruction of the entire allegory leads him into the common difficulty of making Can chase "avarice" through every town; which who can comprehend?

The expounder's note of ten pages on this passage gives us no insight into his mind on the subject. Here he has again much the advantage over Mr. Cary, who "is led into the common difficulty" by following some of the most approved commentators, when he might have substituted for it an uncommon difficulty of his own. Mr. Cary's misconstruction of the "entire allegory" is the more unaccountable, as he has just been accused of not giving any explanation of the greater part of it. By this it would seem as if the learned expounder must be as intimately acquainted with Mr. Cary as Dante was "with Marco Polo, the first modern who made a famous voyage of discovery, and learned from him many things which are not to be found in his book." The expounder observes that, "although we may go with the momentary stream, so far as to concede that the 'hound' may mean Can, in the absence of any thing more plausible, we must not permit our condescension for an *hypothesis totally modern, and which, I repeat it, is without a shadow of any ancient authority*, to lead us so wrong as to imagine (with those who disregard dates) that the present passage was composed in gratitude for hospitality received from Can." P. 45. There is

nothing, *we repeat it*, like a good assurance. This hypothesis, which is pronounced to be *totally modern, and without a shadow of any ancient authority*, is now before us in Vellutello's note on the passage, printed in his edition of 1544. "Fingendo per quello pronosticar di Can Grande, primo de la Scala, Signor di Verona; et predice cio che, allhora era presente, perche Dante nel suo esilio fu molto sovenuto ne suoi bisogni da questo Signore." "Feigning thereby to prognosticate of Can Grande, the first of la Scala, Lord of Verona; and he predicts that which was then present; because Dante, in his banishment, was much supplied in his wants by this lord." To the expounder's own objection, that the "passage was in all probability written before Can was five years old, and certainly before Dante had had any opportunity of appreciating his character," he has himself supplied an answer; for at p. 8. of his Comment, he says, "He (Dante) might have altered many things in these canti, long after having composed them; *some I am sure he did.*" Nothing can be fairer than this way of proceeding; nor has Mr. Cary any right to complain of an opponent, who thus handsomely knocks his own arguments in the head.

8. V. 117. By citing from Revel. ix. 6, Mr. Cary leads the reader into the mistake of ascribing to "second death," a signification which it does not, cannot bear,—the biblical one.

The learned expounder is to be commended for his discretion in not telling us what he supposed the biblical signification to be. It is, in fact, that which he himself affixes to the passage in Dante, by these words of his Comment: "This is indubitable, that his second death means either oblivion, or annihilation," (P. 56.) Τὸ ἀνύποιστον τοῦ ἀλγους νοεῖται, ὡς τοῦ θανάτου πανάλγεινον ἀποπέμποντος, says Arethas, on this verse, as cited in Gregory's Greek Testament. Quærent (vel optâbunt homines mortem) præ fame gravissimâ, præ summa anxietate, vel dolore, ut a tantis malis liberentur. In the notes in Poli Synopsis ad locum.

9. V. 134. Mr. Cary misinterprets St. Peter's Gate the Gate of Purgatory, instead of Paradise.

The learned expounder, in his notes, says that Landino, and some of his predecessors too, understood it so; and that their interpretation has been followed by almost all the modern commentators, except Daniello and Biagioli. Mr. Cary must be as contented as he can under his error, seeing he shares it with such company, and not envy too much the illumination of those who have discovered it to be evident, that Dante asks Virgil to lead him so that he might see the gate of Paradise, after the Roman poet had just assured him that it was utterly impossible for him to take him thither,

—For that Almighty king
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That to his city none through me should
come.—*Cary's Trans.*

10. Canto 2. V. 9. Mr. Cary is a little inaccurate in translating *nobilitate*, "eminent endowments." For thus he strictly limits the signification of *nobility* to one, and indeed its higher sense; whereas it was probably intended to convey some, though a secondary reference to the birth-rights of its author at the same time.

It is very forbearing in the expounder not to press this objection; not to show by what *secondary reference* Dante intended to allude to his right by birth of having an excellent memory. He would thus have clearly proved the existence of those properties which he ascribes to Dante, in his comment on this line; "the pride of elevated birth, and the minuteness of a profound genealogist."

11. V. 93. That fierce fire. *You* would be clearer.

Esto incendio is the original.

12. V. 94. Donna gentil is made to mean Divine Mercy, without a notion of her having been a real lady. Yet without this, it were hard to enter into the spirit of the author. Who can well express what he does not feel?

The expounder here again makes an objection to Mr. Cary's translation in one part of his book, which he is so kind as to answer in another. In his comment on this very line, he says, "Whether this lady be a personification of Divine Charity, as is said, I cannot exactly aver; nor is it much to our purpose to inquire." Though the learned gentleman's feelings, however, may be dispensed with,

yet Mr. Cary ought to have paid more attention to a *real lady*, whom it seems the expounder has discovered, from a manuscript in Florence, to be no less a personage than Dante's Gentucca. Of this *real lady*, there has been a most unpardonable neglect, inasmuch as no comment, with which the learned gentleman is acquainted, either in writing, or in print, has ever deigned to say a syllable on the subject, except this *same* manuscript in the Riccardi Library. (P. 141.) Mr. Cary and his predecessors would, of course, all make the same apology, that they did not know of this mention of the lady, and that they never dreamed of her being in Paradise, as she was at this time living on earth.

13. V. 108. It is an unreasonable deficiency not to have marked the true signification of the allegorical images, "death" and "torrent" (*humana*); for it is not so obvious that every reader may discover it. This observation were not made, had Mr. Cary no notes: but he has many that are mere superfluities, when compared with the necessary explanation of the text.

How, Mr. Cary will ask, could he have known the *true signification* before the learned gentleman had disclosed it to the world, in the following passage of his Comment?

The ever-flowing flood that never finds an ocean to arrest it, and which is evidently another symbol for that called a forest, vale, or wilderness, in canto the first (the ills besetting a politician), is only the torrent of iniquity, so often introduced in the Bible: as "the wicked came upon me like a wide breaking in of waters; in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me. Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul, the proud waters had gone over our soul."

Perhaps Mr. Cary will say for himself, that though he reads the Psalms of David regularly at church, yet being no great politician himself, he did not perceive that David here meant the "ills besetting a politician;" and as little, that Dante, whom he reads sometimes at home, had any such allusion. What want of discernment! But who can express what he does not feel?

14. V. 124. Mr. Cary calls the three maids, "Divine Mercy, Lucia, and Beatrice," an odd jumble of fact and allegory. In all this he seems not quite to have understood his original.

What says our expositor himself of these *three real ladies*? "M. Biagioli, in his late Comment, calls the passage about the three ladies the most obscure and difficult of any throughout the whole Divina Commedia; and although I am not in this exactly of his opinion, yet it is certain that the various allegorical subtilties introduced by those, who pretend to expound it, suffice to confuse any head." Probably Mr. Cary will urge that he does not reckon his head at any time a very clear one, that he had a particular objection to confusing it still more, and was therefore very shy of these *three real ladies*. Shilly Shally! faint-hearted man! who would not confuse his head in such a cause? Thou art worse than Abraham Slender, when he was a-wooing the fair Ann Page. "Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?—S/. No, I thank you, forsooth heartily; I am very well." Not so the learned gentleman. He ventures on boldly, and is, in imitation of Longinus himself, "the great confusion he describes."

I trust, (says he,) I have been able to divest it of all obscurity. I suppose there is no man of Dante's time of life without some dear deceased friends, who it is soothing to think are employed in watching over him from the lofty regions of light and happiness, whither their spirits are gone. We all, I hope, share such a pleasing though melancholy persuasion. Dante then, in expressing it, did nothing but what was natural; and, if there is any singularity in his doing so, it is only that he is singularly true to nature. It was an encomium on his own virtue as well as theirs, to represent the three females whom he had admired on earth, as become three saints in Paradise. (P. 153.)

Now the expounder had himself observed (p. 142) "that in Purgatory we shall find Gentucca," (whom he makes one of these three ladies) "spoken of as on earth, and that here she is represented as already in Paradise." "There is only one way," he adds, "of reconciling these things, —conjecturing that the author *here* ventures on her apotheosis before her death." O! exquisite feeling of Dante for his deceased friends, who could imagine a young lady still living, and tenderly beloved by him, to be dead and buried, and "soothe himself

with thinking that she was watching over him in that lofty region of light and happiness whither her spirit was gone!" But, says our ingenious commentator, "this is highly poetic, because highly tender, natural, and sublime. There is nothing in this hard to understand; and this, and no more than this, is in the text." There is something so happy in the critic's illusion, that we really feel some pain in wakening him out of it. But perhaps it will continue, and we shall not hear the mournful reproach of "Pol, me occidistis amici." If so, who will refuse hereafter to confuse his head for *three real ladies*?

15. V. 142. Mr. Cary makes *cammino alto e silvestro*, "deep and woody way." It should be *steep*, etc. *per celsa cacumina*, as Aquino translates; for Dante's descending did not prevent the path from being steep.

Landino's note is "Entra per lo cammino alto cioe profundo: come diciamo alto mare ed alto fiume." The expounder is too *deep* for us if he does not see that the meaning of *steep* is included in this word, as the less is in the greater.

16. Canto 3. V. 32. *Error* instead of *horror* is the usual reading; but I am inclined to adopt the latter without reserve, not because it seems to me the most *poetical* and intelligible, and much less, because it is authorized by Velutello and Lombardi, (for these would be no authorities when opposed to the academy) as cited by Mr. Cary, but on what I take to be the very best possible authority—that of Boccaccio.

Mr. Cary must answer for himself in his note. Instead of "error," Vellutello's edition of 1544, has "orror," remarked also by Landino, in his notes. So much mistaken is the collater of the Monte Casino manuscript, in calling it "*lezione dannuno notata*," "a reading which no one has observed." Mr. Cary will, perhaps, insist that the expounder's head still remains so confused after his encounter with the *three real ladies*, that he mistakes Lombardi for Landino, though there are nearly three hundred years between them, and an English word for an Italian one; "horror" for "orror."

(The remainder of this Review in our next.)

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No. III.

On Languages.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my three following letters I am to consider, 1st. Languages; 2d. Logic; Arts of Memory; not as parts of knowledge sought or valued on their own account, but simply as the most general amongst the means and instruments of the student, estimated therefore with a reference to the number and importance of the *ends* which they further, and fairly to be presumed in all schemes of self-improvement liberally planned. In this letter I will speak of languages; my thoughts, and a twenty years' experience as a student, having furnished me with some hints that may be useful in determining your choice, where choice is at first sight so difficult, and the evils of an erroneous choice to great.

On this Babel of an earth which you and I inhabit, there are said to be about three thousand languages and jargons. Of nearly five hundred, you will find a specimen in the *Mithridates* of Adelung, and in some other German works of more moderate bulk.* The final purposes of this vast engine for separating nations, it is not difficult in part to perceive; and it is presumable that these purposes have been nearly fulfilled; since there can be little doubt that within the next two centuries, all the barbarous languages of the earth (i. e. those without a literature) will be one after one strangled and exterminated by four European languages, viz. the English, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Russian. Central Africa, and *that* only, can resist the momentum of civilization for a longer period. Now, languages are sometimes studied, not as a key to so many bodies of literature, but as an object *per se*; for example, by Sir

W. Jones, Dr. Leyden, &c.: and where the researches are conducted with the enthusiasm and the sagacity of the late extraordinary Professor of Oriental languages in Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Murray, it is impossible to withhold one's admiration: *he* had a theory, and distinct purposes, which shed light upon his paths that are else "as dark as Erebus." Such labors conducted in such a spirit must be important, if the eldest records of the human race be important; for the affinities of language furnish the main clue for ascending, through the labyrinths of nations,—to their earliest origins and connexions. To a professed linguist, therefore, the natural advice would be—examine the structure of as many languages as possible: gather as many thousand specimens as possible into your *hortus siccus*; beginning with the eldest forms of the Teutonic, viz. the Visigothic and the Icelandic, for which the aids rendered by modern learning are immense.—To a professed philologist, I say, the natural advice would be this. But to you, who have no such purposes, and whom I suppose to wish for languages simply as avenues to literature not otherwise accessible, I will frankly say—start from this principle—that the act of learning a language is in itself an evil; and so frame your selection of languages, that the largest possible body of literature *available for your purposes* shall be laid open to you at the least possible price of time and mental energy squandered in this direction. I say this with some earnestness. For I will not conceal from you, that one of the habits most unfavourable to the growth and sincere culture of the intellect in our

* Especially one, whose title I forget, by Vater, the editor and completer of the *Mithridates*, after Adelung's death. By the way, for the sake of the merely English reader it may be well to mention that the *Mithridates* is so called, with an allusion to the great king of that name contemporary with Sylla, Lucullus, &c. of whom the tradition was that, in an immense and polyglott army composed from a great variety of nations, he could talk to every soldier in his own language.

day is the facility with which men surrender themselves to the barren and ungenial labour of language learning. Unless balanced by studies that give more exercise, more excitement, and more aliment to the faculties, I am convinced, by all I have observed, that this practice is the dry rot of the human mind. How should it be otherwise? The act of learning a science is good, not only for the knowledge which results, but for the exercise which attends it: the energies which the learner is obliged to put forth, are true intellectual energies: and his very errors are full of instruction. He fails to construct some leading idea; or he even misconstrues it: he places himself in a false position with respect to certain propositions; views them from a false centre; makes a false or an imperfect antithesis; apprehends a definition with insufficient rigour; or fails in his use of it to keep it self-consistent. These and a thousand other errors are met by a thousand appropriate resources—all of a true intellectual character; comparing, combining, distinguishing, generalizing, subdividing, acts of abstraction and evolution, of synthesis and analysis, until the most torpid minds are ventilated, and healthily excited by this introversion of the faculties upon themselves. But in the study of language (with an exception, however, to a certain extent, in favour of Latin and Greek, which I shall notice hereafter), nothing of all this can take place, and for one simple reason—that all is arbitrary. Wherever there is a law and system, wherever there is relation and correspondence of parts, the intellect will make its way; will interfuse amongst the dry bones the blood and pulses of life, and create “a soul under the ribs of death.” But whatsoever is arbitrary and conventional, which yields no reason why it should be this way rather than that, obeying no theory or law, must, by its lifeless forms, kill and mortify the action of the intellect. If this be true, it becomes every student to keep watch upon himself, that he does not upon any light temptation allow himself an

over balance of study in this direction. For the temptations to such an excess, which in our days are more powerful than formerly, are at all times too powerful. Of all the weapons in the armory of the scholar, none is so showy or so captivating to commonplace minds as skill in languages. *Vanity* is, therefore, one cause of the undue application to languages. A second is—the national *fashion*. What nation but ourselves ever made the language of its eternal enemy an essential part of even a decent education? What should we think of Roman policy, if, during the second Punic war, the Carthaginian language had been taught as a matter of course to the children of every Roman citizen? But a third cause, which I believe has more efficacy than either of the former, is *mere levity*; the simple fact of being unballasted by any sufficient weight of plan or settled purpose, to present a counterpoise to the slightest momentum this way or that, arising from any impulse of accident or personal caprice. When there is no resistance, a breath of air will be sufficient to determine the motion. I remember once, that happening to spend an Autumn in Ilfracombe, on the west coast of Devonshire—I found all the young ladies whom I knew, busily employed on the study of Marine Botany: on the opposite shore of the channel, in all the South Welch ports of Tenby, &c. they were no less busy upon Conchology; in neither case from any previous love of the science, but simply availing themselves of their local advantages. Now, here a man must have been truly ill-natured to laugh. For the studies were in both instances beautiful: a love for it was created, if it had not pre-existed: and to women, and young women, the very absence of all austere unity of purpose and self-determination was becoming and graceful. Yet, when this same levity and liability to casual impulses come forward in the acts and purposes of a man, I must own, that I have often been unable to check myself in something like a contemptuous feeling: nor

* See the advertisements of the humblest schools; in which, however low the price of tuition, &c. is fixed, French never fails to enter as a principal branch of the course of study. To which fact I may add, that even 12 or 15 years ago I have seen French circulating libraries in London, chiefly supported by people in a humble rank.

should I wish to check myself, but for remembering how many men of energetic minds constantly give way to slight and inadequate motives, simply for want of being summoned to any anxious reviews of their own conduct. How many cases have I known where a particular study, as, suppose, of the Hartleian philosophy, was pursued throughout a whole college,—simply because a man of talents had talked of it in the junior common-room: how many, where a book became popular, because it had been mentioned in the House of Commons: how many, where a man resolved to learn Welch, because he was spending a month or two at Barmouth,—or Italian, because he had found a Milan series of the poets in his aunt's library,—or the violin, because he had bought a fine one at an auction.

In 1808-9, you must well remember what a strong impulse the opening of the peninsular war communicated to our current literature: the presses of London and the provinces teemed with editions of Spanish books, dictionaries, and grammars: and the motions of the British armies were accompanied by a corresponding activity among British compositors. From the just interest which is now renewed in Spanish affairs, I suppose something of the same scene will recur. Now, for my own part, though undoubtedly I would, for the sake of Calderon alone (judging of him through a German translation), most willingly study the Spanish literature (if I had leisure); yet I should be ashamed to do so upon the irrelevant and occasional summons of an interesting situation in Spanish affairs. I should feel that by such an act I confessed a want of pre-occupation in my mind—a want of self-origination in my plans—an inertness of will, which, above all things, I do and ought to detest. If it were right for me (right I mean in relation to my previous scheme of study) to have dedicated a portion of my life to the Spanish literature, it must have been right before the Spanish politics took an interesting aspect: if it were not right, it could not become so upon a suggestion so purely verbal as the recurrence of the word *Spanish* in the London journals. This, I am

sure, you will interpret candidly. I am not supposing you less furnished with powers of self-determination than myself. I have no personal allusion or exception: but I suppose every man liable to be acted on unduly, or by inadequate impulses, so long as he is not possessed by some plan that may steady that levity of nature which is implied in the mere state of indifference to all settled plans. This levity, in our days, meets with an accidental ally in the extraordinary facilities for studying languages in the shape of elementary books; which facilities of themselves form a fourth cause of the disproportionate study given to languages. But a fifth cause occurs to me, of a less selfish and indolent character than any of the preceding; and as it seems to me hardly possible that it should not influence you more or less to make your choice of languages too large and comprehensive, I shall tell you from my own case, what may be sufficient to set you on your guard against too much indulgence to a feeling in itself just and natural.—In my youthful days I never entered a great library, suppose of 100,000 volumes, but my predominant feeling was one of pain and disturbance of mind—not much unlike that which drew tears from Xerxes, on viewing his immense army, and reflecting that in 100 years not one soul would remain alive. To me, with respect to the books, the same effect would be brought about by my own death. Here, said I, are 100,000 books—the worst of them capable of giving me some pleasure and instruction: and before I can have had time to extract the honey from 1-20th of this hive, in all likelihood I shall be summoned away.—This thought, I am sure, must often have occurred to yourself; and you may judge how much it was aggravated, when I found that, subtracting all merely professional books—books of reference (as dictionaries, &c. &c. &c.)—from the universal library of Europe, there would still remain a total of not less than twelve hundred thousand books over and above what the presses of Europe are still disemboguing into the ocean of literature; many of them immense folios or quartos. Now I had been told by an eminent English

author, that with respect to one single work, viz. the History of Thuanus, a calculation had been made by a Portuguese monk, which showed, that barely to read over the words (and allowing no time for reflection) would require three years' labour, at the rate of (I think) three hours a-day. Further, I had myself ascertained, that to read a duodecimo volume in prose, of four hundred pages—all skipping being barred, and the rapid reading which belongs to the vulgar interest of a novel—was a very sufficient work for one day. Consequently three hundred and sixty-five per annum, that is (with a very small allowance for the claims of life on one's own account, and that of one's friends), one thousand for every triennium—that is, ten thousand for thirty years—will be as much as a man, who lives for that only, can hope to accomplish. From the age of twenty to eighty, therefore, if a man were so unhappy as to live to eighty, the utmost he could hope to travel through would be twenty thousand volumes; a number not, perhaps, above 5 per cent. of what the mere current literature of Europe would accumulate in that period of years. Now from this amount of twenty thousand, make a deduction on account of books of larger size—books to be studied—and books to be read slowly, and many times over (as all works in which the composition is a principal part of their pretensions), allow a fair discount for such deductions, and the twenty thousand will, perhaps, shrink to eight or five thousand. All this arithmetical statement you must not conceive to relate to any fanciful case of misery: no, I protest to you, that I speak of as real a case of suffering as ever can have existed. And it soon increased. For the same panic seized upon me with respect to the works of art: I found that I had no chance of hearing the twenty-five thousandth part of the music that had been produced; and so of other arts. Nor was this all. For, happening to say to myself one night as I entered a long street, "I shall never see the one-thousandth part of the people who are living in this single street," it occurred to me—that every man and woman was a most interesting book,

if one knew how to read them. Here opened upon me a new world of misery. For if books and works of art existed by millions, men existed by hundreds of millions. Nay, even if it had been possible for me to know all of my own generation, yet, like Dr. Faustus, who desired to see "Helen of Greece," I should still have been dissatisfied: for what was one generation to all that were past? Nay, my madness took yet a higher flight. For I considered that I stood on a little isthmus of time, which connected the two great worlds—the past and the future. I stood in equal relation to both; I asked for admittance to one as much as to the other. Even if a necromancer could have brought up the great men of the seventeenth century, I should have said, what good does all this do me? where are those of the twentieth century? and so onwards! In short, I never turned my thoughts this way, but I fell into a downright midsummer madness; I could not enjoy what I had, craving for that which I had not, and could not have; was thirsty like Tantalus in the midst of waters; even when using my present wealth, thought only of its perishableness; and "wept to have—what I so feared to lose!"—But all this, you will say, was by my own admission "madness." Madness, I grant, but such a madness—not as lunatics suffer—no hallucination of the brain; but a madness like that of misers—the usurpation and despotism of one feeling, natural in itself, but travelling into an excess, which at last upset all which should have balanced it. And I must assert, that with allowance for difference of degrees, no madness is more common. Many of those who give themselves up to the study of languages do so under the same disease which I have described; and, if they do not carry it on to the same extremity of wretchedness, it is because they are not so logical, and so consistent in their madness, as I was.

Under our present enormous accumulation of books, I do affirm, that a miserable distraction of choice (which is the germ of such a madness) must be very generally incident to the times; that the symptoms of it are, in fact, very prevalent; and

that one of the chief symptoms is an enormous "gluttonism" for books, and for adding language to language: and in this way it is that literature becomes much more a source of torment than of pleasure. Nay, I will go farther, and will say that of many, who escape this disease, some owe their privilege simply to the narrowness of their minds and the contracted range of their sympathies with literature — which, enlarged, they would soon lose it: others again owe it to their situation; as, for instance, in a country town, where, books being few, a man can use up all his materials, his appetite is unpalled—and he is grateful for the loan of a MS. &c.: but bring him up to London—show him the waggon-loads of unused stores which he is at liberty to work up—tell him that these even are but a trifle, perhaps, to what he may find in the libraries of Paris, Dresden, Milan, &c.—of religious houses—of English noblemen, &c.; and this same man, who came up to London blithe and happy, will leave it pale and sad. You have ruined his peace of mind: a subject which he fancied himself capable of exhausting, he finds to be a labour for centuries: he has no longer the healthy pleasure of feeling himself master of his materials; he is degraded into their slave. Perhaps I dwell too much on this subject: but allow me, before I leave it, to illustrate what I have said by the case of two eminent literati, who are at this moment exhibiting themselves as a couple of figurantes (if I may so say) on the stage of Europe, and who have sacrificed their own happiness and dignity of mind to the very madness I have been describing; or, if not, to the far more selfish passion for notoriety and ostentatious display. The men I mean are F. Bouterwek and Frederic Schlegel, better known to the English public as a friend of Madame de Staël. The history of the first is somewhat ludicrous. Coming upon the stage at a time when Kant possessed the national mind of Germany, he thought it would be a good speculation not to fall into the train of the philosopher—but to open a sort of chapel of dissent. He saw no reason why men should not swear by Bouterwek, as well as by Kant: and, connecting

this fact with the subsequent confession of Bouterwek, that he was in reality playing off a conscious hoax, it is laughable to mention, that for a time he absolutely found some followers—who worshipped him, but suspiciously and provisionally; unfortunately, however, as he had no leisure or ability to understand Kant, he was obliged to adopt Dr. Priestley's plan of revoking and cancelling in every successive work all his former works as false, pestilent, and heretical. This upset him. The philosopher was unfrocked; and in that line of business he found himself bankrupt. At this crisis things looked ill. However, being young, he pleaded his tender years. George Barnwell and others had been led astray as well as himself, by keeping bad company: he had now quitted all connection with metaphysics; and begged to inform the public that he had opened an entirely new concern for criticism in all its branches. He kept his word: he left off hoaxing; and applied himself to a respectable line of business. The fruits of his labours were a history, in twelve volumes, of modern literature from the end of the 13th century. Of this work I have examined all that I pretend to judge of; viz. the two sections relating to the German and the English literature; and, not to do him injustice, if it professed to be no more than a bibliographical record of books, it is executed with a very laudable care and fidelity. But imagine to yourself the vast compass of his plan. He professes to give the history of—1. Spanish; 2. Portuguese; 3. English; 4. German; 5. French; 6. Italian literature; no sketch, observe, or abstract of them—but a full and formal history. Conceive, if you can, the monstrous and insane pretensions involved in such a scheme. At starting he had five languages to learn, besides the dialects of his own; not only so, but five languages, each through all its varieties for the space of half a millennium: English, for instance, not merely of this day—but the English of Chaucer, of the Metrical Romances; nay, even of Robert of Gloucester, in 1280. Next, the mere printed books (to say nothing of the MSS.) in any one of these languages, to be read and meditated, as they

ought to be by an *historian* of the literature, would have found full employment for twelve able-bodied men through an entire life. And after all, when the materials were ready, the work of composition would be still to begin. Such were Bouterwek's pretensions: as to Schlegel's, who, without any more genius or originality, has much more talent; his were still more extravagant,—and were pushed to an extremity that must, I should think, at times disquiet his admirers with a feeling that all is not sound. For, though he did not profess to go so much into detail as Bouterwek, still his abstracts are represented as built on as much reading, though not directly quoted; and to all that Bouterwek held forth in his promises, Schlegel added, as a little *bonus* to his subscribers, 1. Oriental literature; 2. the Scandinavian literature; 3. the Provençal literature; and, for aught I know, a billion of things beside; to say nothing of an active share in the current literature, as Reviewer, Magazinish, and author of all work. Now the very history of these pretensions exposes their hollowness: to record them is to refute them. Knowing, as we all know, how many years it demands, and by what a leisurely and genial communication with their works it is, that we can gain any deep intimacy with even a few great artists, such as Shakspeare, Milton, or Euripides—how monstrous a fiction would that man force on our credulity who tells us that he has read and weighed in the balances the total products of human intellect dispersed through thirty languages for a period of three thousand years; and how gross a delusion does he practise upon his own mind who can

persuade himself that it is *reading* to cram himself with words, the bare sense of which can hardly have time to glance, like the lamps of a mail coach, upon his hurried and bewildered understanding. There is a picture at Oxford, which I saw when a boy, of an old man with misery in his eye in the act of copying a book; and the story attached to the picture (I forget whether with any historic foundation) is, that he was under a vow to copy out some great portion of the bible before he allowed himself (or was allowed) to eat. I dare say you know the picture; and perhaps I tell the story wrong. However, just such a man, and just so woe-begone must this man of words appear when he is alone in his study; with a frozen heart and a famished intellect; and every now and then, perhaps, exclaiming with Alcibiades, "Oh, ye Athenians! What a world of hardship I endure to obtain your applause." So slightly is his knowledge worked into the texture of his mind, that I am persuaded a brain-fever would sweep it all away. With this sketch of Messrs. Bouterwek and Schlegel, it is superfluous to add, that their criticisms are utterly worthless—being all words—words—words: however, with this difference, that Bouterwek's is simply = 0, being the mere rubbishy sweepings from the works of literatuli long since defunct: but Schlegel's, agreeably to his natural haughtiness and superior talents, are bad in a positive sense—being filled with such conceits, fancies, and fictions, as you would naturally expect from a clever man talking about what he had never, in any true sense of the word, read.* Oh! genius of English

* The most disingenuous instances in Schlegel of familiar acquaintance claimed with subjects of which he is necessarily ignorant—are the numerous passages in which he speaks of philosophers, especially of Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. In such cases, his sentences are always most artificially and jesuitically constructed, to give him the air of being quite at his ease on the one hand—and yet on the other to avoid committing himself by too much descent into particulars. So dangerous, however, is it for the ablest man to attempt speaking of what he does not understand,—that, as a sailor will detect a landman, however expert in the use of nautical diction, before he has uttered two sentences,—so with all his art and finesse, and speaking besides to questions of his own choosing, yet cannot Schlegel escape detection in any one instance when he has attempted to act the philosopher. Even where the thing said is not otherwise objectionable, it generally detects itself as the remark of a novice—by addressing itself to something extra-essential in the philosophy, and which a true judge would have passed over as impertinent to the real business of the system.—Of the ludicrous blunders which inevitably arise in both Bouterwek and Schlegel, from hasty reading, or no reading at all, I noted some curious instances in my pocket-book; but, not having it with me, I shall mention two from memory.

good sense, keep any child of mine from ever sacrificing his peace and intellectual health, to such a life of showy emptiness, of pretence, of noise, and of words: and even with a view to the opinion of others, if it were worth while sacrificing very much to *that*, teach him how far more enviable is the reputation of having produced even one work, though but in a lower department of art, and which has given pleasure to myriads (such suppose as "The Vicar of Wakefield")—than to have lived in the wonderment of a gazing crowd, like a rope-dancer or a posture-master, with the fame of incredible attainments that tend to no man's pleasure, and which perish to the remembrance of all men as soon as their possessor is in his grave.

Thus, at some risk of fatiguing you, I have endeavoured to sharpen your attention to the extreme danger which threatens a self-instructor in the besetting temptations to an over cultivation of languages; temptations which, whether appealing to his vanity and love of ostentation—or to his craving for a multifarious mastery over books, terminate in the same evil of substituting a barren study of words, which is, besides, the most lingering of all studies, for the healthy exercises of the intellect. All the great European poets, orators, and wits, are mentioned in a man's hearing so often, and so much discussion is constantly going on about their comparative

merits, that a body of irritation and curiosity collects about these names, and unites with more legitimate feelings to persuade a man that it is necessary he should read them all—each in his own language. In a celebrated satire (*The Pursuits of Literature*) much read in my youth, and which I myself read about twenty-five years ago, I remember one counsel—there, addressed to young men, but, in fact, of universal application. "I call upon them," said the author, "to *dare* to be ignorant of many things:" a wise counsel, and justly expressed; for it requires much courage to forsake popular paths of knowledge, merely upon a conviction that they are not favourable to the ultimate ends of knowledge. In you, however, *that* sort of courage may be presumed: but how will you "dare to be ignorant" of many things, in opposition to the cravings of your own mind? Simply thus: destroy these false cravings by introducing a healthier state of the organ. A good scheme of study will soon show itself to be such by this one test—that it will exclude as powerfully as it will appropriate; it will be a system of repulsion no less than of attraction: once thoroughly possessed and occupied by the deep and genial pleasures of one truly intellectual pursuit, you will be easy and indifferent to all others that had previously teased you with transient excitement: just as you will sometimes

Bouterwek and Schlegel would both be highly offended, I suppose, if I were to doubt whether they had ever read the *Paradise Lost*. "Oh! calumny—vile calumny! We that have given such fine criticisms upon it—not to have read it!" Yes: but there is such a case in *rerum naturâ* as that of criticising a work which the critic had not even seen. Now, that Bouterwek had not read the *Paradise Lost*, I think probable from this:—Bodmer, during part of the first half of the last century, as is known to the students of German literature, was at the head of a party who supported the English literature against the French party of the old dolt Gottsched. From some work of Bodmer's, Bouterwek quotes with praise a passage which, from being in plain German prose, he supposes to be Bodmer's—but which unfortunately happens to be a passage in the *Paradise Lost*, and so memorable a passage, that no one having once read it could have failed to recognize it. So much for Bouterwek: as to Schlegel, the presumption against him rests upon this: he is lecturing Milton in a high professor's style for his choice of a subject; Milton, says he, did not consider that the Fall of Man was but an inchoate action, but a part of a system, of which the Restoration of Man is another and equally essential part. The action of the *Paradise Lost* is, therefore, essentially imperfect. (Quoting from memory, and from a memory some years old, I do not pretend to give the words—but this is the sense.) Now, *pace tanti viri*, Milton *did* consider this; and has provided for it by a magnificent expedient which a man who had read the *Paradise Lost* would have been likely to remember—viz. by the Vision combined with the Narrative of the Archangel, in which his final restoration is made known to Adam; without which, indeed, to say nothing of Mr. Schlegel's objection, the poem could not have closed with that *repose* necessary as the final impression of any great work of art.

see a man superficially irritated as it were with wandering fits of liking for three or four women at once, which he is absurd enough to call "being in love:" but once profoundly in love (supposing him capable of being so) he never makes such a mistake again, all his feelings after *that* being absorbed into a sublime unity.

Now, without anticipating this scheme of study out of its place, yet in general you know whether your intentions lean most to science or to literature. For, upon this decision, revolve the whole motives which can determine your choice of languages: as, for instance, if you are in quest of science or philosophy, no language in Europe at this day (unless the Turkish) is so slenderly furnished as the Spanish: on the other hand, for literature, I am disposed to think that after the English none is so wealthy (I mean in quality, not in quantity). Here, however, to prevent all mistakes, let me establish one necessary distinction. The word *literature* is a perpetual source of confusion; because it is used in two senses, and those senses liable to be confounded with each other. In a philosophical use of the word, literature is the direct and adequate antithesis of books of knowledge. But in a popular use, it is a mere term of convenience for expressing inclusively the total books in a language. In this latter sense, a dictionary, a grammar, a spelling-book, an almanack, a pharmacopœia, a parliamentary report, a system of farriery, a treatise on billiards, the court calendar, &c. belong to the literature. But in the philosophical sense, not only would it be ludicrous to reckon these as parts of the literature, but even books of much higher pretensions must be excluded—as, for instance, books of voyages and travels, and generally all books in which the matter to be communicated is paramount to the manner or form of its communication ("ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.") It is difficult to construct the idea of "literature" with severe accuracy; for it is a fine art—the supreme fine art,

and liable to the difficulties which attend such a subtle notion: in fact, a severe construction of the idea must be the *result* of a philosophical investigation into this subject, and cannot precede it. But for the sake of obtaining some expression for literature that may answer our present purpose, let us throw the question into another form. I have said that the antithesis of literature is books of knowledge. Now, what is that antithesis to *knowledge*, which is here implicitly latent in the word literature? The vulgar antithesis is—*pleasure*: ("aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ.") Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed!—However, not to spend any words upon it, I suppose you will admit that this wretched antithesis will be of no service to us. And, by the way, let me remark to you in this as in other cases, how men by their own errors of understanding, by feeble thinking, and inadequate distinctions, forge chains of meanness and servility for themselves. For this miserable alternative being once admitted, observe what follows. In which class of books does the *Paradise Lost* stand? Among those which instruct, or those which amuse? Now, if a man answers, among those which instruct,—he lies: for there is no instruction in it, nor could be in any great poem, according to the meaning which the word must bear in this distinction, unless it is meant that it should involve its own antithesis. But if he says, "No—amongst those which amuse,"—then what a beast must he be to degrade, and in this way, what has done the most of any human work to raise and dignify human nature. But the truth is, you see that the idiot does not wish to degrade it: on the contrary, he would willingly tell a lie in its favour, if that would be admitted; but such is the miserable state of slavery to which he has reduced himself by his own puny distinction: for, as soon as he hops out of one of his little cells, he is under a necessity of hopping into the other. The true antithesis* to knowledge in this case

* For which distinction, as for most of the sound criticism on poetry, or any subject connected with it that I have ever met with, I must acknowledge my obligations to many years' conversation with Mr. Wordsworth. Upon this occasion, it may be useful to

is not *pleasure*, but *power*. All, that is literature, seeks to communicate power; all, that is not literature, to communicate knowledge. Now, if it be asked what is meant by communicating power, I in my turn would ask by what name a man would designate the case in which I should be made to feel vividly, and with a vital consciousness, emotions which ordinary life rarely or never supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unawakened, and hardly within the dawn of consciousness—as myriads of modes of feeling are at this moment in every human mind for want of a poet to organize them?—I say, when these inert and sleeping forms *are* organized—when these possibilities *are* actualized,—is this conscious and living possession of mine *power*, or what is it? When in *King Lear*, the height, and depth, and breadth of human passion is revealed to us—and for the purposes of a sublime antagonism is revealed in the weakness of an old man's nature, and in one night two worlds of storm are brought face to face—the human world, and the world of physical nature—mirrors of each other, semi-choral antiphonies, strophe and antistrophe heaving with rival convulsions, and with the double darkness of night and madness,—when I am thus suddenly startled into a feeling of the infinity of the world within me, is this power? or

what may I call it? Space, again—what is it in most men's minds? The lifeless form of the world without us—a postulate of the geometrician, with no more vitality or real existence to their feelings, than the square root of two. But, if Milton has been able to *inform* this empty theatre—peopling it with Titanic shadows, forms that sat at the eldest counsels of the infant world, chaos and original night,—

————— Ghostly shapes,
To meet at noontide, Fear and trembling
Hope,

————— Death the Skeleton,
And Time the Shadow —————

so that, from being a thing to inscribe with diagrams, it has become under his hands a vital agent on the human mind; I presume that I may justly express the tendency of the *Paradise Lost*, by saying that it communicates power; a pretension far above all communication of knowledge. Henceforth, therefore, I shall use the antithesis power and knowledge as the most philosophical expression for literature (i. e. *Literæ Humaniores*) and anti-literature (i. e. *Literæ didacticæ* — *Παιδεία*).

Now then, prepared with this distinction, let us inquire whether—weighing the difficulties against the benefits—there is an overbalance of motive for you with your purposes to study what are inaccurately termed* the “classical” languages. And,

notice that there is a rhetorical use of the word “power,” very different from the analytic one here introduced, which also is due originally to Mr. Wordsworth, and will be found in no book before 1798; this is now become a regular slang term in London conversation. In reference to which, it is worth notice that a critic, speaking of the late Mr. Shelley, a year or two ago, in the most popular literary journal of the day, said, “It is alleged that there is power in Mr. Shelley's poetry: now there can be no power shown in poetry, except by writing good poems” (or words to that effect). Waiving, however, the question of Mr. Shelley's merits, so far is this remark from being true—that the word was originally introduced expressly to provide for the case where, though the poem was not good from defect in the *composition*, or from other causes, the stamina and *matériel* of good poetry, as fine thinking and passionate conceptions, could not be denied to exist.

* A late writer has announced it as matter of discovery, that the term “classics” is applicable also to the modern languages. But surely this was never doubted by any man who considered the meaning and origin of the term. It is drawn, as the reader must be reminded, from the political economy of Rome. Such a man was rated as to his income in the third class, such another in the fourth, and so on; but he who was in the highest was said emphatically to be of *the* class, “*classicus*”—a class-man, without adding the number, as in that case superfluous. Hence, by an obvious analogy, the best authors were rated as *classici*, or men of the highest class: just as in English we say—“men of rank”—absolutely for men who are in the highest ranks of the state. The particular error, by which this mere formal term of relation was *materialized* (if I may so say) in one of its accidents (*viz.* the application to Greek and Roman writers), is one of the commonest and most natural.

first, with respect to Greek. We have often had the question debated, and, in our own days, solemn challenges thrown out, and solemn adjudications given on the question, whether any benefit corresponding to the time and the labour can be derived from the study of the ancient classics. Hitherto, however, the question could not be rightly shaped: for, as no man chose to plead "amusement" as a sufficient motive for so great an undertaking, it was always debated with a single reference to the *knowledge* involved in those literatures. But this is a ground wholly untenable. For let the knowledge be what it might, all knowledge is translateable; and translateable without one atom of loss. If this were all, therefore, common sense would prescribe that faithful translations should be executed of all the classics, and all men in future depend upon these vicarious labours. With respect to the Greek, this would soon be accomplished: for what is the knowledge which lurks in that language? All knowledge may be commodiously distributed into science and erudition: of the latter, (antiquities, geography, philology, theology, &c.) there is a very considerable body: of the former, but little; viz. the mathematical and musical works,—and the medical works: what else? Nothing that can deserve the name of science, except the single *organon* of Aristotle. With Greek medicine, I suppose that you have no concern. As to mathematics, a man must be an idiot if he were to study Greek for the sake of Archimedes, Apollonius, or Diophantus. In Latin or in French, you may find them all regularly translated: and parts of them embodied in the works of English mathematicians. Besides, if it were otherwise, where the notions and all the relations are so few—elementary and determinate, and the vocabulary therefore so scanty as in mathematics, it could not be necessary to learn Greek even if you were disposed to read the mathematicians in

that language. I see no marvel in Halley's having translated an Arabic manuscript on mathematics, with no previous knowledge of Arabic: on the contrary, it is a case (and not a very difficult case) of the art of decyphering, so much practised by Wallis, and other great mathematicians contemporary with Halley. But all this is an idle disputation: for the knowledge of whatsoever sort which lies in Grecian mines, wretchedly as we are furnished with vernacular translations, the Latin version will always supply. This, therefore, is not the ground to be taken by the advocate of Greek letters. It is not for knowledge that Greek is worth learning, but for power. Here arises the question—of what value is this power? i. e. how is the Grecian literature to be rated in relation to other literatures? Now it is not only because "*De Carthagine satius est silere quam parcius dicere*," but also because in my judgment there is no more offensive form of levity than the readiness to speak on great problems, incidentally and occasionally,—that I shall wholly decline this question. We have hitherto seen no rational criticism on Greek literature; nor, indeed, to say the truth, much criticism, which teaches any thing, or solves any thing, upon any literature. I shall simply suggest one consideration to you. The question is limited wholly, as you see, to the value of the literature in the proper sense of that word. Now, it is my private theory, to which you will allow what degree of weight you please, that the Antique or pagan literature is a polar antagonist to the modern or Christian literature; that each is an evolution from a distinct principle, having nothing in common but what is necessarily common to all modes of thought—viz. good sense and logic; and that they are to be criticised from different stations and points of view. This same thought has occurred to others: but no great advance is made simply by propounding the general thesis; and as yet nobody has done more.* It

* Nor, do I much expect, *will* do more: which opinion I build on the particular formula chosen for expressing the opposition of the antique and the Christian literature—viz. the classical and the romantic. This seeming to me to imply a total misconception of the true principle on which the distinction rests, I naturally look for no further development of the thesis from that quarter.

is only by the development of this thesis that any real service can be performed. This I have myself attempted, in a series of "reveries" on that subject; and, if you continue to hesitate on the question of learning Greek now that you know exactly how that question is shaped, and to what it points, my manuscript contains all the assistance that it is in *my* power to offer you in such a dilemma. The difference of the Antique from the Christian literature, you must bear in mind, is not like that between English and Spanish literature—species and species—but as between genus and genus. The advantages therefore are—1. the *power*, which it offers generally as a literature; 2. the new phasis under which it presents the human mind; the antique being the other hemisphere, as it were, which, with our own, or Christian hemisphere, composes the entire sphere of human intellectual energy.

So much for the Greek. Now as to the Latin, the case is wholly reversed. Here the literature is of far less value; and, on the whole, with your views, it might be doubted

whether it would recompense your pains. But the anti-literature (as for want of a strict antithesis I must call it) is inestimable; Latin having been the universal language of Christendom for so long a period. The Latin works since the restoration of letters, are alone of immense value for knowledge of every kind: much science, inexhaustible erudition; and to this day in Germany, and elsewhere on the Continent, the best part of the latter is communicated in Latin. Now, though all knowledge is (which power is not) adequately communicable by translation, yet as there is no hope that the immense bibliotheca of Latin accumulated in the last three centuries ever will be translated, you cannot possibly dispense with this language; and, that being so, it is fortunate that you have already a superficial acquaintance with it. The best means of cultivating it further, and the grounds of selection amongst the *modern* languages of Christendom, I will discuss fully in my next letter.

Yours, most truly,
X. Y. Z.

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

ELECTRO MAGNETISM.

IN our last number we laid before our readers a brief account of the discoveries of Oersted on Electro-Magnetism; we now proceed to state what has been done by others. M. Ampere, shortly after the publication of Oersted's papers, stated to the Royal Academy, that he had succeeded in producing similar effects with the Galvanic Battery itself, as with the connecting wire. He mentioned also the important fact of the attraction and repulsion of two wires connecting the ends of the battery. He ascertained that the magnetic needle, which had been used to show the attractions and repulsions of the wire, could be replaced by another connecting wire like the first. This discovery seemed to prove, that the phenomena produced did not depend on any power inherent in the magnet, but were occasioned by the agency of electricity alone, so that magnetism can be excited indepen-

dent of magnets, or of any of the means by which it is usually produced.

Arrago subsequently announced to the Academy, that he had ascertained the attraction of iron-filings by the connecting wire, exactly as by a magnet. This fact proved not only that the wire had the power of acting on bodies already magnetic, but that it was itself capable of developing magnetism in iron not previously magnetized. When the wire connected with the ends of a battery was dipt into iron-filings, it became covered with them; but the instant that the communication was broken at either pole they dropped off. This occurred with wires of brass platinum and silver, and the attraction was so strong, that it acted on the filings, though not in contact with them. Arrago even succeeded in magnetising a needle, by putting it in a certain position near the battery. The easiest mode of doing this was

to place it in a spiral of wire connected with the end of the trough, and leave it there for some time. When removed it was strongly magnetic.

Sir H. Davy has laboured much in this field. He has confirmed the facts discovered by Arrago, and shown that iron-filings may be affected, even though a thick plate of glass be placed between them and the connecting wire.—He also succeeded in magnetising needles of two inches in length, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, by a discharge from a battery, and this occurred though the needles were at the distance of five inches from the connecting wire. He found also, that when a number of wires were arranged around the wire, they were all rendered magnetic when the battery was discharged, and the north pole of one was always next the south of the other.

Another very important discovery has been made in this subject; that most of the phenomena stated can be produced by common electricity. Sir H. Davy first announced to the Royal Society, that he had succeeded in magnetising a needle by the electricity of an electrical machine, and his experiments have been fully confirmed by those of Arrago and Von Buch. Von Buch found, that when a needle was placed in a spiral wire, fixed between the conductor of the machine and another conductor, it became magnetic when sparks were drawn from the latter. One turn of a machine, with two plates eighteen inches in diameter, was sufficient to magnetise it.

Sir H. Davy, from his discoveries, has pointed out a simple mode of making magnets, namely, by fixing bars of steel across, or circular pieces for horse-shoe magnets, round the electrical conductors of buildings, or other exposed situations.

MAGNETISM.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Captain Scoresby, whose name is well known as connected with the history of whale-fishing, exhibited some interesting experiments on the magnet. His observations have been made principally with a view of correcting the errors of chronometers, which he has found are occasioned by the most *simple, and frequently the most un-*

looked-for circumstances, such as the position of the material of which the balances are constructed at the time they were made. He showed that by a blow of a hammer the polarity of a bar of iron may be reversed according to the end on which it is struck—and that, if it be bent while in a horizontal position, it does not become magnetic; whereas, if it be held perpendicularly when bending it does so with the negative or positive ends, according to their being uppermost or undermost. From his experiments he draws the important conclusion, that as the simple stroke of a hammer is capable of rendering iron magnetic, in the event of shipwreck, and the boat being forced to sea without a compass, it is an easy matter to construct one for temporary purposes with the blade of a knife, or a pair of scissors.

PERFUMES AS PREVENTIVES OF MOULDINESS.

An interesting paper on this subject has been lately published by Dr. Macculloch. We presume our readers are aware, that mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetables. Ink, paste, leather, and seeds are the substances that most frequently suffer from it. The effect of cloves in preserving ink is well known; any of the perfumed oils answer equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy; indeed it prevents it from occurring in other bodies. A few drops of any perfumed oil are sufficient also to keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended.

Bookbinders, in general, employ alum for preserving their paste, but mould frequently forms on it. Shoemaker's rosin is sometimes also used for the same purpose, but it is less effectual than oil of turpentine. The best preventives, however, are the essential oils, even in small quantity, as those of peppermint, anise, or bergamot, by which paste may be kept almost any length of time; indeed, it has, in this way, been preserved for years. The paste recommended by Dr. Macculloch is made in the usual way with flour, some brown sugar, and a little corrosive subli-

mate; the sugar keeping it flexible when dry, and the sublimate preventing it from fermenting, and from being attacked by insects. After it is made, a few drops of any of the essential oils are added. Paste made in this way dries when exposed to the air, and may be used merely by wetting it. If required to be kept alway sready for use, it ought to be put into covered pots. Seeds may also be preserved by the essential oils; and this is of great consequence, when they are to be sent to a distance; of course moisture must be excluded as much as possible, as the oils prevent only the bad effects of mould.

ATTEMPTS TO REACH THE SEA BY MACKENZIE RIVER.

Considering the lively interest that is at present excited by the expected publication of the journals of Capt. Franklin and Dr. Richardson, of the Overland Expedition, we trust that the following statement will not be unacceptable to our readers. The North West Company first established a fur-post on the banks of Mackenzie river, in the year 1795; since which they have always maintained establishments on various parts of its course. At present, the most northerly post is Fort Good Hope, about 100 or 120 miles below the influx of Great Bear Island Lake River, supposed to be about three days' voyage in a light canoe, from the sea, travelling at the rate of from fifty to eighty miles a day. In the vicinity of Fort Good Hope, and on the east side of the river, the Hare Indians reside, their lands to the north of Great Bear Island Lake bordering on the Esquimaux grounds, which skirt the sea coast. The fort is also visited by the Loucheux, or Squint-eyes, who inhabit the west bank, and who are separated by Vermilion river from the Esquimaux, two and a half days' journey below Fort Good Hope.

Two attempts have been made to reach the sea since Sir Alex. Mackenzie's voyage; the first by Mr. Livingstone, in 1799; the second by Mr. Clarke, in 1809. Mr. Livingstone, with James Sutherland, an interpreter, three Canadians, and three Indians, descended in a canoe, a little below Vermilion river, where they met an Esquimaux, who refused to receive any of their presents,

but made signs to them to leave them on shore. In the meantime he proceeded down the river, and returned with five of his companions, each armed with a bow and arrows. All attempts to conciliate them proving fruitless, Mr. Livingstone and his party were hastening on board, when they were assailed by a shower of arrows from the Esquimaux, each of whom shot three from his bow at once. Mr. Livingstone and one of the Canadians were killed; two of the Indians escaped into the woods, while Sutherland and the rest floated down the river in the canoe, the paddle having been carried off. They were, however, pursued and overtaken by the Esquimaux, when a desperate struggle ensued, in which five of the latter were killed, and Sutherland was left alone in his boat, which drifted down opposite to the main settlement of the natives. He there swam ashore, and put himself under the protection of an elderly man, but a consultation being held, it was decided he should be destroyed, and as he was supposed invulnerable, having escaped in the previous conflict without a wound, a heavy stone was tied round his neck, and he was then thrown into the river, his protector having conveyed himself away, being contrary to their ideas of humanity that he should witness the death of his protégé. The year after this melancholy event, the Red Knife, or Copper Indians, making war on the Esquimaux, at the mouth of the Copper Mine river, found some of the clothes of Mr. Livingstone's party in their huts.

Mr. Clarke, who made the second attempt, descended the river as far as the assemblage of islands described by Mackenzie, but a number of Esquimaux drew up in battle array on both banks, and it was deemed imprudent to proceed farther.

The country through which Mackenzie river flows, appears to present a wide field for naturalists. A kind of sheep frequent the mountains, which seem to be the same as the Rocky Mountain sheep, lately described by Professor Jameson. They have large striated spiral horns, and are covered, during winter, with a thick coating of coarse hair, like that of a rein-deer, but which falls

off on the approach of summer, and is succeeded by a shorter and finer one. Another animal, called by traders the goat, but which is the true Argali, abounds in the mountains. Its horns are smooth, short, and black, and directed backwards. In winter it has a covering of long curled hair, of silky fineness and lustre. There is also a kind of reindeer. The natives make knives of a white translucent stone, which they detach from the rock by greasing it, and kindling a fire beneath it. They also dig up an unctuous earth which they eat; and they use a stony substance as a paint, mixed with grease. A large piece of native silver was found in the neighbourhood, in 1796. Near the Great Bear Lake river there are some coal-mines on fire, and several fountains of mineral pitch.

From the fact of a large shoal of porpoises having come up to Fort Good Hope in 1810, it is presumed, that the sea must be at no great distance from this; indeed, it is most likely that Sir Alex. Mackenzie saw it.

NORTH-WEST EXPEDITION.

At the monthly meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, on the 7th ultimo, an interesting paper was read, on the probable situation, condition, and prospects of Captain Parry, and his brave fellow adventurers. It showed the probability of their having succeeded in getting a passage through some inlet in the north-west of Hudson's Bay; since if this had not been the case they would have returned, or been heard of. If they should have got beyond the Copper Mine River the first summer, they may, perhaps, have passed Mackenzie's river, and pushed on through Behring's Straits; and, if so, we may expect to hear of them soon, but, in this case, Franklin, it is likely, would have got intelligence of them; or they may have been obliged, owing to the state of the climate, to stop before reaching the Pacific, and are now passing a second winter on this side of Behring's Straits; still a fair hope may be entertained of their safety; but if in this situation, it may be far on in the season before we hear of them. Or, thirdly, they *may not have been able to find a*

passage to the Pacific; and then the question is, can they get back to the Atlantic before the open weather closes, or have they the means of passing a third winter in the Polar Seas; various presumptions are in favour of this. But on a fourth not improbable supposition of damage to the ships, deficiency of provisions, sickness, &c. their situation must be deplorable. In the event of this, the author recommends that vessels be sent to different quarters with provisions, that directions be transmitted to the Hudson's Bay Company, to dispatch parties of natives by the Copper Mine and Mackenzie rivers in search of them, and that the Davis's Straits' ships be encouraged to sail before their usual time, and explore the coast before arriving at the fishing quarters.

Such are the contents of this paper; it is to be hoped, however, that the fears entertained with respect to the fate of our adventurous countrymen are groundless. One probability of their success in obtaining a passage through some inlet on the north-west of Hudson's Bay, towards the Polar Sea, is from their not having been heard of by the traders from that quarter. Another probability is, if the archipelago of islands continues from Melville Island towards Behring's Straits, so as to have kept back the pressure of the polar ice towards the south, on the north parts of America, it may have afforded a sailing passage; as islands, shoals, &c. may have kept them off land, and as canoe sailing is circumscribed, it is not likely that Franklin should have heard of them; though, we understand, that at all the points he visited, the sea was open. Again, if they could not succeed the first year in finding a passage to the Pacific, they would naturally pass another winter among the ice, and attempt it when this gave way. Their vessels are constructed on the strongest principles, having, in addition, six feet of solid timber, strongly bolted in their bows, which are well fended with the best iron, and they have a strong wall of planks a foot thick above their water-mark, to enable them to resist the pressure of the ice. Besides their usual complement of every necessary, they took on board a quantity of coals, sheep,

bullocks, &c. at the entrance of Hudson's Straits; at the frozen season, deer and other animals come in abundance near the sea, and when the water is open, there is plenty of fish along the coasts. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we entertain the most sanguine hopes, with respect to the fate of this expedition.

NEW PERCUSSION LOCK.

Mr. Forrest, gun-maker, in Jedburgh, has lately contrived a percussion lock, which with a double barrell'd gun will answer for eighty discharges, with scarcely any farther trouble than merely filling the magazine before setting out. By the intervention of a cylinder betwixt the pan and the magazine, on turning which the pan is filled, all communication with the gunpowder is cut off; for in whatever position the cylinder is placed, the priming in the magazine is never brought in contact with the powder; all possibility of accident is thus prevented; indeed, it appears, that with the greatest carelessness there is no danger. The priming is the same as that used for Forsyth's lock, three parts of superoxymuriate of potash, one of flowers of sulphur, and one of charcoal.

FOSSIL ELK.

A very fine specimen of elk from the Isle of Man has lately been presented to the Museum of the University of Edinburgh. It was dug up in the parish of Kirk Balaff, and sent to the college by the Duke of Athol. It was found imbedded in loose shell marl, over which was a bed of sand, and above this a layer of peat, composed chiefly of small branches and decayed leaves, and over these was the common soil of the country. The following are the dimensions of this specimen:

	Feet.	Inch.
Height to the highest point of the trunk	6	1
Ditto, to the upper point of the shoulder blade	5	4
Ditto, to the top of the right horn	9	7½
Horizontal breadth of the chest	2	0½
Vertical ditto.....	2	2
Length from the first bone of the back to the end of the bone of the tail.....	5	2

ASIATIC RHINOCEROS.

Sir Everard Home has lately published an account of the manners and habits of this animal, the particulars of which were obtained from the person who had the charge of it at Exeter Change. It was so savage, that shortly after its arrival it attempted to kill its keeper, but its horns fortunately passed between his thighs and penetrated a wooden partition, from which the animal with difficulty extricated itself. Its skin was covered with small scales of the thickness of paper, and having the appearance of tortoise shell, and the edges of which were extremely sensible, being the only part that appeared to smart under the lash of the keeper's whip. Though in a great measure subdued, it frequently became quite ferocious, more especially in the night, during which it often made a hideous noise and destroyed every thing that was near it. It was quick in its motions, and ate all kinds of vegetables, appearing to make no selection.

SUCCORY AS BLANCHED SALAD.

A variety of this plant improved by cultivation is much employed in France. The young leaves are used in salad; and for procuring them, successive growings are kept up in gardens. When the plant is raised in fields, the outer leaves are plucked at different periods of summer and autumn, and given to milch cows, by which it is said they afford about a third more milk than when fed on common fodder, but it at first acquires a slightly sour taste. The butter is also more easily obtained from it. At the approach of winter, the roots are dug up and laid in a cellar horizontally in alternate layers with sand or light soil, with their heads outermost and uncovered. In this situation they are kept excluded from frost and also from light, during which they afford the blanched roots called *Burbe de Capucin*, used as winter salad. The roots are sometimes also put with sand into barrels having numerous holes in their sides, through which the shoots very easily push, and are cut off when required. Barrels thus prepared are sometimes taken on board vessels about to sail, and afford fresh salad for many months.

PEAT MOSSES OF HOLLAND.

There are two kinds of peat employed by the Dutch, found in different layers. The highest affords grey or dry peat, composed of leaves and stems of reedy plants, and occasionally pieces of branches of large trees. The lowest layer produces mud peats, in which trunks of trees are often found; and, what is remarkable, with their heads invariably pointing to the east. Some of the timber, oak in particular, is so sound, that it is often employed in carpentry, but it is of a dark colour, as if stained with ink. The Dutch ashes are much employed in agriculture and gardening, after they have been kept for some time. Fruit trees in a languishing state are restored to vigour by them. They are said to open and stimulate the soil, and afford additional nourishment to the plants, by means of the water which they absorb and gradually give out; and that by carrying into the soil principles calculated to attract the carbonic acid or fixed air in the atmosphere, the solubility of the portions adapted for the food of plants is promoted. When the ashes are old, they may be spread on the garden in greater quantity, by which the ground is always kept damp. When old garden soil is overloaded with rich mould, or when too frequent manurings have been used, stale ashes are found to restore it to its due state of sharpness and activity.

RAIN IN THE TROPICS.

The following almost incredible statement is from the American Journal of Sciences, on the authority of Captain Roussin, dated Cayenne, February 23, 1820; we give it in his own words, lest it be supposed that in abridging it we have committed some mistake. "You will, perhaps, learn with no inconsiderable interest, the following meteorological fact, the authenticity of which I am able to certify. From the 1st to the 24th of February, there fell upon the Isle of Cayenne *twelve feet seven inches of water*. This observation was made by a person of the highest veracity; and I assured myself, by exposing a vessel in the middle of my yard, that there fell in the city *ten and a quarter inches of water*, between eight in the evening

and six in the morning, of the 14th and 15th of that month. From those enormous rains has resulted an inundation from which every plantation has suffered."

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Royal Society, Dec. 19.—A paper was read by J. F. Davis, Esq. on the Chinese Year. The introductory part of this paper was occupied in proving that there was no scientific knowledge of Astronomy in China, before that introduced by the Arabians, and afterwards by European missionaries. The 36 eclipses, recorded by Confucius, are useful in determining chronological points, but afford no evidence of astronomical science. The encouragement and promotion of foreign professors of astronomy, and their adopting the errors of those professors, show that they had not been originally acquainted with it themselves. A drawing was also exhibited, illustrating the 28 constellations, of which the year consists, with the degrees they respectively occupy; the Chinese have no solar year.

A paper was read by Dr. Daubeny, on the Rocks that contain Magnesia; and another, on the Corrections applied to the Great Meridional Arc, extending from latitude $8^{\circ} 9' 38.39''$, to latitude $18^{\circ} 3' 23.64''$, to reduce it to the parliamentary standard, by Lieut.-Colonel William Lambton. Colonel Lambton has likewise completed some measurements which, when the requisite calculations are made, he intends to lay before the society. He is proceeding with his arc through Hindostan. If Scindiah's country continue quiet, a section of it will pass through Gwalior, his capital, and end at Agra on the Jumnah.

An interesting paper was also read, entitled, *Some Practical Observations on the Communication and Concentration of the Magnetic Influence*, by Mr. J. H. Abraham, of Sheffield.

Linnean Society, Jan. 21.—Papers were read by Major-Gen. J. Hardwicke, entitled, *Description of three Insects of Nepaul*, and of a tail-less Deer, native of the Snowy Mountains of Nepaul. It is of a brownish ash colour. Its head is the size of that of a full grown stag, horns trifurcate and tuberculated at the roots, neck curved like that of a camel, with a mane on the back; when walking it

carries its head in a horizontal position. Though called tail-less, it has a thick rudiment of a tail four or five inches long. The following are some of the dimensions of the specimen in the Menagerie of the Marquis of Hastings. Length of head, 1 ft. 5 in.; neck, 3 ft. 5 in.; body, 2 ft. 5 in.; total length, 7 ft. 3 in.; height, 4 ft. 3 in.; circumference of the body, 4 ft. 9 in. Though this animal has been two years accustomed to the

society of man, it always, when approached, puts its horns into a position of offence or defence. It is not, however, fierce, but may be easily led by the horn.

Geological Society.—Papers have been read on the Geology of Hungary; of some parts of Arabia, and some islands in the Persian Gulph; of the vicinity of Boulogne; of the county of Gloucester; and of the Bahamas.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

France.—Colonel Boyer Peyrelau is going to publish a work on the French Antilles, especially Guadeloupe, from the time of their discovery, to the 1st of January, 1823. This work, which will be in three volumes (the first to be published on the 1st of March), is expected to be very interesting and important; all the questions relative to the colonies are discussed in separate chapters, and examined from the origin of those establishments.

Viscount d'Arlincourt's new novel, *Ipsiboe*, has excited as much attention as his *Recluse* and his *Renegade*; in point of interest it is perhaps inferior to his preceding productions, but displays more research and more attention to the details. The idea which pervades the whole work is to show the delusion of human perfectibility, by representing man as placed in a perpetual circle of absurdities, of hypocritical passions, of chimeras, and impracticable theories. *Ipsiboe*, the heroine, is a singular mixture of the serious and the comic; and, while her intentions are calculated to inspire respect, her manner and appearance border on the ridiculous. What, perhaps, would not have been expected, the work is full of epigrams, of biting pleasantries, and satirical allusions. M. d'Arlincourt has interwoven in his narrative many interesting particulars respecting the manners and customs prevailing in Provence about 500 years ago.

M. Redoue, of whose unrivalled work, *Les Roses*, the 26th and 27th Nos. have just been published, has another work of still greater splendour in preparation. He is also going to pub-

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lish an edition of *Les Roses*, in 8vo., which will be a most welcome present to all amateurs and cultivators of the queen of flowers. A very useful work has just made its appearance, An abridged Translation of Abbe Lanzi on painting.

Though many volumes have been published on the events of the Russian campaign in 1812, none of them give a complete and satisfactory view of that memorable expedition. The unparalleled disasters that marked its close, sweeping away the greater number of those who had witnessed it, as well as the materials for the future historian, gave reason to apprehend that our information respecting it would necessarily remain very imperfect. Fortunately, the important official papers of Prince Berthier, Major General to Napoleon, escaped the general wreck. On the retreat of the French army, the carriage containing them was missed on leaving Kowno, but Prince Berthier afterwards found it again at Königsberg, with its valuable contents entire. Aided by these important documents, a writer who signs himself M. has composed a *History of the Expedition to Moscow*, in 1812, in two volumes, 8vo. with an atlas, a plan of the battle of the Moskwa, &c. From the extracts we have seen of it, and the analysis given by a French critic, it appears to be a highly interesting and well written work, corroborated by documents, the authenticity of which is unquestionable.

A *Voyage Round the World*, by M. de Roquefeuille, Lieutenant in the navy, is advertised for speedy publication.

The eleventh volume of the Text of the great work on Egypt is published. It contains some interesting memoirs on the communications between the Indian Sea and the Mediterranean by the Red Sea; on the canal of Alexandria; on the Isthmus of Suez; a description of the town of Qoceyr; a notice on the medicines usual among the Egyptians; a memoir on the ovens for hatching chickens; a description of Lake Menzaleh, by General Andreossi; and observations on the Fountain of Moses, by Monge. Nos. 93, 94, and 95, of the plates are also published.

M. Gau, whose *Antiquities of Nubia* (of which seven numbers are published) have been so well received by the public, is going to publish 25 plates of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of bas reliefs, and paintings, copied on the spot, by M. Gau himself.

A new novel, *Elisa Tarrakanoff*, by M. Bonnelier, is founded on the following story, the authenticity of which is, we believe, very questionable. Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, had, they say, a natural daughter; and few persons were in the secret; one of these persons was the Polish Prince Radziwill, who, after the death of Elizabeth, carried the young princess off, and conducted her to Rome, either to promote the advantage of his country, or to forward his own ambitious designs. But Catherine II., aware of his projects, sequestered his property; and, while he was absent for the purpose of getting this sequestration taken off, she sent her favourite, Alexis Orloff, for the purpose of seducing the young princess, by flattering her with the hope of placing her on the throne. He succeeds in ensnaring the credulous Elisa into a pretended marriage, the object of which is to accomplish an atrocious crime. A Russian fleet is in the harbour of Leghorn; seconded by the English Consul, and still more by his wife, Orloff persuades his unsuspecting victim to visit the fleet, where she meets only chains, and soon afterwards death.

Germany.—The first volume of Mr. Wiebeking's grand work, *The History of Civil Architecture*, has excited great interest, and an ardent wish to see the whole completed;

which, we understand, it is expected to be by the publication of the second volume at Easter fair. Mr. W., whose elaborate work on hydraulics has acquired him the highest reputation on the Continent, though it is not known in England as it merits (the late lamented Mr. Rennie, we believe, had a copy of it), has exerted himself to the utmost on this new work, one of the most important that has ever appeared on the subject; it is illustrated by an amazing number of fine plates, some of them on an extraordinarily large scale, the author having either himself measured, or caused to be measured, above 900 cathedrals and churches in Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, England, and France. Plates will likewise be given of all the most beautiful and curious antique temples, including many of the most remarkable Egyptian temples, &c. taken from the French *Description de l'Egypte*.

Another part of the *Life of Goethe* is expected at Easter fair, and also the second volume of Professor Horn's *Illustrations of the Plays of Shakspeare*.

Dr. Niemeyer, Chancellor of the University of Halle, has already published a second edition of his *Observations*, made during a Tour in England.

History of the city of Danzig, from the oldest times to the present, vol. I. This is the title of an interesting work just published by a Dr. G. Löschin. Danzig is without dispute one of the most ancient commercial cities, and is proved to have carried on an extensive commerce even in the 10th century. In all the wars carried on by the Poles, Russians, Swedes, Prussians, Danes, and the Teutonic Knights, it acted an important part, and that for centuries together. Such a city was worthy of particular notice; but in earlier times it was not possible to publish any thing complete; the apprehensions and fears of the patrician order enveloping every thing in mystery. Dr. Löschin, however, has now been permitted to consult the archives of the city, and has thus been enabled to compose a work highly interesting. This first volume brings down the history to the year 1660.

A VISIT TO THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERY OF SORRENTO.

(Continued from our January Number.)

Naples, June, 1822.

THE grand *Festa di San Francesco* took place while we remained at the Monastery; this is the greatest feast celebrated by those monks: it was preceded by a *novena*, or nine days' vigil, during which, we observed, the monks fasted somewhat more, and sang and prayed a great deal more, than usual—to tell the truth, they worked very hard; for in the morning before day-light they were up and paying their devotions in the church; they continued to exercise themselves there, with but short intervals of rest, during the whole day; in the evening, after supper, they prayed about half an hour before the picture over the door of the refectory, which we have mentioned; and after this, they repaired to an altar in the dormitory, where they concluded their labours for the day. During the whole *novena*, the church was adorned with hangings, and partially illuminated day and night. All the monastic functions were exercised with the greatest activity, but none more so than the *cerca*, or business of begging. In order to form a correct idea of this matter, we determined to accompany one of the lay brothers (they only being employed on this important service) in one of his expeditions; accordingly one fine day, immediately after dinner, Frà Filippo came to us agreeable to appointment, and we set out with him to beg for the honour of Saint Francis. Our friend had a crutch stick, armed at one end with an iron spike; and to his shoulder was fastened a large wallet, in which one indispensable piece of equipment was a large loose leathern bottle, that extended itself more or less, according to the liberality of the benefactors of the convent; the wallet generally returned home laden with a very mixed cargo—sometimes with olives and eggs, *fagioli* and bread,—at others, with bacon, flour, peas, fruit, &c. We set out at the hot and lazy hour when every one was reposing, except those whose callings or necessities compelled them to be up; and we trudged along through the silent

streets of Sorrento, utterly unnoticed, until we reached the house of a poor woman, who sold aquavite, rosolio, *terragli*, &c. The monk and the honest donna were on the best of terms; no sooner did we appear than she made us sit down, and placed some of her best rosolio before us; and after having taken two or three preliminary pinches of the monk's smuggled snuff, she began to consult him on her affairs; and when he had instructed and comforted her by his counsel, he introduced the subject of the festival, saying, he hoped the people would not forsake the Saint who had never forsaken them; that the *festa* would be worthy of San Francesco, with many hints of the same kind: all this was said generally, and not addressed to her in a downright begging style, and the scene was concluded by her giving him five grains and a handful of *terragli*; then, after another pinch of snuff, and a few compliments interchanged between the monk and the good lady, we took our leaves. We thence went on to Prospietto, by the house of Tasso, near which we entered into a *cantina*, where the Frate was received with great kindness by the master and mistress, who presently began to ask how the good brothers got on in their collections for the feast; Frà Filippo, with a very serious face, told them that times were not what they had been; that the good spirit of religion and generosity seemed to have left the people, and that hitherto the collections had been very trifling—very trifling indeed; in short, that he had never known such bad times since he had worn the *santa lana*; and this, by the bye, was no cunning exaggeration, for the times have indeed changed for the monks; during the last twenty years they have suffered various oppressions, many monasteries have been suppressed, and the reverence in which the people formerly held their spiritual advisers has been “mocked into air,” (we know not that much moral good has been effected by the change,) and

all the orders have fallen into comparative contempt and neglect. The good *cantinere*, who knew nothing of these modern improvements, who was no Carbonaro, and was really attached to the Frati, expressed his sincere regret for their disappointments; and to console his guest produced a bottle of his very best, gave him a carlin in hard cash, and promised to send him three bottles of good wine in aid of the festivity. After drinking a glass round, we took leave of the *cantina*, and also of the city, directing our course to the *masserie*, lying towards Massa. We knocked at a door in a solitary lane, and Frà Filippo, lifting up his voice, uttered a loud cry, which, though perfectly unintelligible to the uninitiated, was very well understood by the people within; in a short time the door was opened by a poor decrepid old woman; she also expressed great satisfaction at seeing her friend the monk, and we advanced with her to the house, which was in the middle of the farm, and at some distance from the entrance. The peasants were very busy with their double *raccolta* of grapes and olives: on approaching the house we saw two boys hoisted up in a large square stone trough, treading out the grapes, of which fresh supplies were brought every moment by girls and boys from different parts of the *masseria*; we looked at the merry little rogues for a while, and then walked onward into the vineyard, where we saw a number of young folks busily employed in gathering the grapes; and continuing our walk, we reached a pleasant arbour of vines at the extremity of the farm, which was indeed just on the edge of the cliffs; we had thence a view of the *murina grande* of Sorrento, which lay immediately below. Here, sitting in the shade of the yellow leaves, we ate the fine fresh grapes which the monk selected for us, gathering them from the living vine, which hung over our heads. We afterwards returned to the house, and entered a very large room in which a fire was burning on a large open hearth, and an iron pot of no inconsiderable dimensions was hung up to boil. It was a

Friday, and consequently a *diggiuno* for the people as well as for the monks; the old woman asked our companion if he would have some *fagioli*, which she had in fact prepared for him, as she expected his visit; Frà Filippo was of course nothing loth, and very soon the *fagioli*, smoking hot and invitingly white, were served up with much respect, on a coarse but clean tablecloth; some pickled *peparoli* (*capsicums*) were produced as a whet, and we, as well as Filippo, began to do great justice to the good lady's fare. The *fagioli* are often prepared with oil and vinegar; the old woman asked our companion if he would have some oil, offering to give him some virgin oil; to this, of course, (as virgin oil is very good,) he readily agreed, on which she got up, and the monk, and we also, followed her into the room where the oil was pressed. Here we found all the apparatus for oil making, and an immense quantity of olives, some lying in the press, some in the wring, and others which had been freshly bruised, heaped up in one corner, and slowly dropping the virgin oil into a well beneath prepared to receive it; from this store the woman dipped out some with a glass; it was beautifully clear, and had a most delightful flavor.* On our return to the kitchen this was added to the *fagioli*, and rendered them so palatable, that we all ate very heartily of them, although it was so very soon after dinner. Filippo, as he hinted to us afterwards, had "saved a corner" in expectation of this treat, and indeed it was his usual practice, when there was but lenten entertainment at the Monastery, to have occasion to call upon some one whose respect for the cloth, and affection for him personally, insured him somewhat better fare.—While we were eating, the master of the vineyard dropped in; Filippo began a conversation with him about the vintage, and presently produced two segars (a present which had been made him by a tobacconist in the town): he gave one of these to the farmer, the other he lit himself, and they both began smoking and talking of various affairs; their dis-

* The oil of this peninsula is deservedly celebrated: Vico, Sorrento, Massa, Amalfi, &c. produce oils equal to those of Lucca, or of any part of France.

course was assisted by the old mother and by three ruddy damsels, who came in from the *Masseria* to listen to the edifying words of the Frate, and to gaze at the *due giovani Inglesi*. At length the conversation flagged, and we sallied out to the wine-cellar, where the must was fermenting; here the monk affixed little prints of San Francesco to every butt, saying, at the same time, that the Saint would now take that wine under his protection, that it would consequently be a very good wine, and would run no risk from heat or rain or thunder, as long at least as they continued to pay a proper respect to their beatified patron; which he doubted not they would always continue to do, as they had long done, because they must certainly have found the advantages of it. We returned to the house, and the peasant told Filippo he would give him half a barrel of wine, two rotoli of oil, and four rotoli of *fagioli*; at the same time he gave him some *peparoli* and *pomi-d'oro* to carry with him to the Monastery: he also presented him with some bunches of fine grapes selected for the purpose, and those we ate as we walked off. We had staid in this *masseria*, what with eating and drinking, smoking, talking, &c. so long, that the monk found it would be necessary to curtail his excursion and return towards town. On our way thither we stopped at a fine large garden, the master of which paid his little tax in coin; and on leaving him, we descended by a picturesque path to the *marina grande*, and on arriving there went into a *cantina*, kept by a distant relation of the monk, who at our arrival was busily engaged in roasting chesnuts. Here, however, we were not so well received as at the other places; it is true, that on our entrance he placed some of the chesnuts before us; but as the monk was his relation, he did not treat him with much deference, did not offer us any wine, and even allowed us to pay for the fruit he had put before us. While we were seated there, some fishermen, having nothing on but short cotton drawers and shirts, the sleeves of which were tucked up to the shoulders, and red woollen caps on their heads, came in to take their evening repast, which was a

few chesnuts and a little wine. Frà Filippo presently introduced the subject of the *festa*, and à propos to that, began discussing the possibility of smuggling some Palermitan snuff—smuggling being a trade in which he occasionally peddled a little; about the latter subject he got some information; but for the *festa* he got neither money, *roba*, nor promises. As it grew dark we left the taverna, and jogged on towards the Monastery—we, the profane, were pretty merry, from what we had drunk; but Frà Filippo, who had been long used to tipple a little here and a little there, comported himself pretty discreetly; however, on the road he amused us with a low Neapolitan song about catching fleas, which he hummed in a suppressed voice, stopping whenever we met any persons by the way, in order that no scandal might accrue to the order. At length we reached the Monastery, and thus ended our afternoon's *cerca*, which had made us acquainted with many little circumstances respecting the ways and means of the Franciscans, that otherwise we might never have known.

And now let us return to the *novena*. During these nine days the preparations for the festival were carried on with great activity; there was more hurry and bustle in the Monastery than we had ever before witnessed, and every member seemed animated with extraordinary zeal and alacrity. Very frequent consultations took place; and for several days following, we observed nearly the whole brotherhood assembled in a group, and debating with the gravest and most important looks and tones imaginable; on inquiry we found that the subject of these consultations was about introducing two butts of wine into the Monastery, without paying the *gabella*. To make this matter a little clearer, we must observe, that the country near Sorrento does not abound in wine, from which circumstance it happens that the monks never get enough wine in the *cerca* for the consumption of the Monastery, and are consequently obliged to purchase it from time to time. For the great festival, an additional stock was requisite, the conventual cellars had run low, and consequently the provident Superior

had got a friend to buy two butts near the Torre dell' Annunziata, where the wine is better and cheaper than at Sorrento: the affair now in hand was to get this wine to the convent without paying the customary duties. An exemption is made in favour of the Franciscans, who are considered as mendicants, possessing no money of their own; but it is necessary to produce a paper from the Padre Provinciale, giving assurance to this effect: our worthy friends had received this paper, but unfortunately some mistake had happened respecting the destination of the wine, and this occasioned the debates we have mentioned. The council was broken up by the Superior's deciding that he would go in person to Castellamare, where the Provinciale resided, and get the mistake rectified, and the wine *spedito*: as there was no time to be lost, he prepared for his departure, and a little before sun-set the monastery boat was launched, and the Padre Samuele, accompanied by a lay-brother, and two fishermen whom they took to row the boat, set off on their expedition.

On the following day, while we were sitting in the refectory, all of a sudden a voice and a *halloo* rose from the sea below; they were both unknown to us; but the Vicario, who was sitting by our side, immediately recognised them as the Superior's, and dispatched two lay-brothers to assist him to land, and to accompany him in his ascent. In a few minutes we heard Don Samuele's loud voice; he spoke now to one, and now to another, and presently he flung open the door of the refectory, and entered with great state; his gait was always rather a swaggering one, and his head was always a little inclined to one side; but at present his gait was much more swaggering than usual, and his head still more indirect and pendent; his face was somewhat flushed, the lower parts of it being as usual covered with snuff, but at the same time it exhibited a good-humoured grin, which did not announce any sinister tidings. He had one of his hands full of papers, which waved to and fro as he walked up the refectory to his seat, and on reaching *the table* he threw them down on it,

and put his hand on them with a great slap, which was intended probably to rouse attention; after this he saluted us, and then in a twinkling dispatched an enormous pinch of snuff, a good part of which as usual went to adorn his countenance; he had indeed a peculiar jerk in taking snuff, which seemed to have been studied with a view to take the greatest practicable quantity in the least possible time; it must be confessed, his method, whatever might be its other merits, was not very cleanly, but he cared very little about that, being indeed the most slovenly man in his convent. As soon as he had sat down, he turned his attention to a large plate of macaroni, which a lay-brother had brought immediately on his entrance. He was very eager to discuss this, but he was at the same time struggling with the pangs of an untold story; he took a mouthful or two of his macaroni, and gave us a sentence or two of his tale, then passed a censure on the cook, and began to eat again; and the whole of his discourse was plentifully sprinkled, according to his laudable custom, with expletives, which enabled him to recollect himself, and to proceed without stopping. The story ran on thus, "*E così vedete il Provinciale—subito chè—nè questi macaroni sono freddi—sicchè dunque,*" &c. &c. The story lasted out the macaroni, and the fish, and the salad, and indeed his whole dinner; the sum of it was, that he had seen the Provinciale, had received the necessary documents, and that the wine would arrive early on the following morning.

The next morning accordingly the wine arrived in the *marina* of Sorrento, and was landed as a present sent to the Franciscan monks, who, on presenting their papers, received it without paying the *gabella*, which would have been about two dollars. At dinner the same day one of the butts was broached, and the wine served round in the refectory. It was amusing to see the anxiety of Don Samuele on this occasion; for as it was his purchase, he seemed to consider his honour implicated in the matter; he asked one how he liked it, then another, and another, and so all round, not excepting even the novices and lay brothers. One replied,

"*eh! non c'è male,*" another "*eh è un buon vino poi mà-mù mi pare un poco asciutto.*" To this insinuation the Superior immediately replied with infinite eagerness, *mà figlio mio, per carità! cosa volete? Questo vino è un vino, &c.* The wine, however, upon the whole, seemed to be much approved, and, as we did not refuse our applause, the Superior was quite happy, and for a considerable time he did not lose any opportunity of making honourable mention of his *vino stupendo*.

The important day on which so much honour was to be done to Saint Francis, was ushered in by a discharge of the *spari*, which were ranged in two long lines in front of the church; we, who in this serious moment were lying a-bed, were thoroughly roused by the discharge, which continued several minutes, and was sweetly seconded by a noisy abominable bell. Immediately after, we heard the voices of the monks rising in chorus from the church, and we could even then distinguish the treble of the zealous Don Samuelo. We soon got up, and on going into the corridor, we found a lay brother waiting to conduct us to see the ceremonies; we declined this, however, until we had had some breakfast, and then we went with some of the novices up into the choir: when we arrived there, one of the novices looked through the balustrades, and observing that there were but few people in the church, exclaimed with an air of great disappointment, "*Madonna mia! non c'è gran gente per veder la festa;*" and then very discontentedly went to take his place in the choir, and we filed off to where the Superior stood, with a little book in one hand, a pinch of snuff in the other, and a well-filled snuff-box lying open before him—we found him, indeed, in a complete ecstasy of music, and devotion, and snuff-taking. He had placed himself close to the organist, having undertaken to manage the stops himself; and we remarked, that when he had to sing a *solo* passage, he always took care that the organ should speak with a soft low voice, but when the monks sung in chorus, he pulled out the loudest stops, and let the instrument roar to the top of its lungs. In this manœuvre he had a double object—he lessened the tone

of the organ for himself, that his own good singing might not be lost, and he increased it for the others, that their bad singing might not be observed. The duties of the day were rather complicated, and several of the monks were not very perfect in their parts, but more particularly our old friend Michael Angelo, who officiated in chief in the body of the church, and who was probably thinking more of his law-suit than of his Saint: he, poor man, in spite of the hints given him by little bells, and by numerous *zit-zits*, would frequently persist in singing on, without the smallest remorse of voice, long after he ought to have given way to us in the upper-house;—our only resource in this dilemma was, to pull out all the stops of the organ and to sing away altogether like mad, so that at length the good father below, not being able to hear himself at all, might, by stopping a little, give an opportunity to a lay brother who had been dispatched for that purpose to hint him his cue. But words cannot do justice to the agony of the Superior during the continuance of these disorders; his ejaculations were numerous and rapid, and almost loud enough to be heard by the congregation below, "*mà Santo dio! che fà quel Michael Angelo! che fà—che fà! ci guasta la festa! O! Madonna mia, senti come stuona!*" These exclamations were repeated in accents of horror by the monks who stood around, and especially by old Torpietro, who pettishly added that the Superior ought not to have put the old dotard there; to this remark the Superior would fain have made a reply, but time pressed, and he could only contrive to get out an emphatic *Ah!* which he was obliged to follow up immediately by a quavering *ora pro nobis*. As the ceremonies went on, the church gradually filled, and before Torpietro, who had to pronounce the eulogy of San Francesco, ascended the pulpit, a pretty numerous congregation had assembled. The old man, who was ambitious of the character of an orator, had received with great pleasure the intimation of the Superior that he was to perform this duty: several days had been given him to prepare his discourse, and the zeal which he felt to distinguish himself made him

stay up studying in his cell some hours after the other monks had retired to rest. The fruit of this extraordinary labour did by no means satisfy the expectations which had been entertained; and the discourse was pronounced *secco* by all the monks: the Superior, always anxious to excuse, observed kindly, "*Torpietro è un buonissimo uomo, e dotto assai, ma però è un poco vecchio.*" The general discontent did not reach the ears of the solemn Torpietro, who indeed congratulated himself very much on the success of his harangue, and observed with great pride and satisfaction, at dinner-time, that he had given the people such a *sosso* (shake) as they had not had for some time, and not scrupling to say that there was no person in the Monastery so capable of doing it as he.

After the dry discourse, the singing and praying were renewed, and we remarked now, as well as on many other occasions, the art with which the Catholic ceremonies are arranged; the singing, the muttered prayers, the tinkling of little bells, the sweet smoke of the incense rising in clouds from the silver censer, habits, put on and put off, the gaudy genuflections, the marching backward and forward, the loud and unexpected explosion of the little artillery without, the solemn peals of the organ, the full choruses, and now and then the hurried tolling of the deep bell in the tower above—are all calculated to startle the spirits, and to awaken and seduce the senses.

The festival was dignified by the presence of the Bishop of Sorrento, an old man, tottering upon the brink of the grave, who concluded the whole by kneeling down on an embroidered cloth in the middle of the church, and praying aloud for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all good Catholics; after which, rising, he proceeded down the middle of the church, with his mitre on his head, his pastoral crook in his hand, and his long train held up by two priests, bestowing his benediction on the kneeling crowd.

The *festa* ended a short time before dinner; the people dispersed, and the monks returned into the Monastery, where they consumed half an hour in sauntering up and down the corridor, discoursing proudly of

the glories of the morning, and somewhat sorrowfully on the expence of the same; we learned then, that the *spari* alone, for which they engaged per hundred shot, cost the serious sum of three ducats; and the man who furnished and hung up the *apparata*, which consisted of a great quantity of silk hangings for the pulpit, the altar, and the sides of the church, and two images, one of San Francesco, and one of the Madonna, in gilt cases, with glass fronts and silk drapery, was paid six piastres for the hire of his finery. Besides this, a great expence had been incurred for wax lights, of which a profusion had been employed, and the musician who played the organ received four carlins besides being entertained at dinner. The regret for the expence seemed pretty well to balance the pleasure of the *festa*, towards which the people had not contributed at all liberally; and the monks had been obliged to pinch themselves to maintain the accustomed dignity. But discontent vanished at the sound of the dinner bell; and we all flocked to the refectory, where our number was increased by several visitors, one of whom was no less a personage than the Commissary of Police, a paltry, vain-glorious Neapolitan, who thought proper to consider himself the lord of the hall. His estimation of his own importance was heightened by the comparison he made between himself and the poor monks, whose humble accommodations were to him a source of continual mirth and derision. He did not think proper to dine on the common fare, but had his *maccaroni* prepared apart, and made several other petty distinctions, in which there was a good deal of appearance, but very little reality; his wine, which he had provided himself, and which, to our knowledge, cost him only five grains a bottle, was displayed in a Bohemian decanter; and his fruit was put to cool in a pitcher of water, in which there was two grains' worth of ice. His voice was frequently heard, and he gave many unnecessary directions to his valet, a dirty ragged boy about twelve years old, who was also the common butt of his wit. Our repast was rather better than usual, and the supplementary glass of good wine went

round at the conclusion; this the Commissary did not think proper to decline, and when the glasses were all filled, the Vicario rose, with two hems to call attention, and drank a health *à tutta la buona compagnia*. After dinner, the Commissary got up from his seat in a very jocose humour, and approached the Vicario. We must here mention that the Vicario was the most finical man in the society; he had several little conveniences that were not common to the rest, and among other things he had a glass to pour his wine into, instead of drinking it out of the usual earthen jug; it certainly was not a very handsome glass, but still it was highly prized by the poor monk who looked upon it as an indication of his superior rank, and pleased himself in imagining that it gave him a sort of consequence in the eyes of his fellows, as none but the Superior, the Lettore, and he, enjoyed this distinction. The Commissary seized this glass, and began making very merry with its humble appearance. "What a thing this is," said he; "I should be ashamed to drink out of such a glass; look at mine! &c." To this the monk modestly replied, that the Commissary was a *Signore*, but that he, himself, was a poor Franciscan, and must be content with any thing; he appeared, however, to be deeply mortified at being thus insulted in the face of the whole community, and especially on the subject of one of his little vanities. The Commissary, however, was not content with this, but made several feints, as though he intended to throw the glass down, enjoying the anxiety with which the monk sought to prevent him; at first, probably, he had no intention of breaking the glass, but at length being piqued by observing that the Vicario, who grew tired of this, did not attempt to prevent him any longer, he actually threw it down and broke it. The monk's visage fell, and his colour went and came, but he did not dare to express his resentment to a person of such consequence, though, if he had chosen, for he was a very strong man, he might have thrown the spindle-shanked Commissary out of the window with ease; but he was a monk, and a mendicant, and had been long drilled into humiliation

and forbearance. After a minute's pause, during which the Commissary laughed with affected heartiness, looking round at the same time rather wistfully to see whether any person enjoyed this joke, the monk ventured to say, he hoped the *Signor Commissario* would give him a glass in lieu of the one he had broken; this the great man refused in pretended sportiveness; but in fact, his refusal was very much in earnest, for he never made the monk any amends.

Thus ended the *festa* of Saint Francis, and the next day the monks returned to their usual employments.

The monks, in their individual habits, are eminently unfriendly and even unsocial; in fact, there seems to exist an attraction of repulsion among them: there are several persons in the convent who have lived together nearly forty years, and their indifference to each other seems to have increased by time and to have ripened into a durable dislike; a dislike not angry, not active, but frozen and fixed, and increasing from year to year, like an ice-berg in a polar sea. There are many little causes which conspire in producing this; as little jealousies respecting the division of labour, and the enjoyment of advantages; envious feelings of differences of dignity, and many other things which may be easily imagined. The monk, cut off for ever from indulging in those affections which wind closest about the human heart, always liable to removal of place, and compelled by his vow of submission to be ready to sacrifice every little taste, every little suggestion of genius, every hobby-horse which he might cherish in the absence of something better, to the caprice of an unsympathising Superior; liable to be torn from every thing that habit had endeared to him, as his whitewashed cell, his village, his acquaintance—in short, all he could cling to as *his own*, at length locks up his breast, and learns to love the solitude of an unoccupied heart.

It is not in the power of any institutions to make man virtuous beyond the capacities of his nature; the monk, commanded to love all men, sinks under the impossibility, and loves no one; it is in vain that wife and children are not permitted to him, that

he is moved from place to place to prevent him from forming particular friendships ; the human heart cannot expand to embrace the whole race of man ; and if it is not warmed and nourished by a reflected love, not supported by a practicable attachment, it dies in the breast. It is in vain, also, that the monk is forbidden to possess any property ; the love of property is almost as firmly fixed in

our natures as the love of life itself. The monk cannot have gold or silver, or houses or lands ; but his love of property is not destroyed, but distorted ; and not being able to possess valuable things, his avarice hoards up the meanest trifles, and he sets an irrational value on such contemptible things as a piece of cake, a little fruit, or a bottle of wine. Farewell !

NUMBER OF MEMBERS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

We have drawn up the following comparative statement of the numbers on the books of each college at the present period, compared with those in 1813, in the hope that it may prove an acceptable document to our University friends. It forms an appropriate supplement to the official Census lately published by the House of Commons, as that volume contains no distinct enumeration of the Universities ; and we shall be happy to print a similar paper on the sister University, if any of our Cambridge readers will furnish us with the means from sources equally authentic.

COLLEGES.	Members in 1813.	Members in 1823.
All Souls.....	78	92
Balliol	106	194
Brasenose	280	405
Christ Church.....	633	736
Corpus.....	81	112
Exeter.....	153	221
Hertford	1	Dissolved in 1816.
Jesus.....	123	148
St. John's.	166	214
Lincoln.....	63	90
Magdalen.....	134	166
Merton.....	102	117
New	115	124
Oriel.....	190	253
Pembroke	77	143
Queen's	170	280
Trinity	147	201
University.....	155	192
Wadham.....	124	166
Worcester	121	186
	3019	4049
HALLS.		
Alban.....	19	78
Edmund	69	96
Magdalen.....	72	133
St. Mary	42	74
New Inn	1	1
Total in 1813,	3222	In 1823, 4431

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE political world is not at the present moment split into more divisions than the musical—first, we have the English composers and professors, who, like the owners and occupiers of land, are complaining of the neglect with which they are

treated by the public ; next we have the foreigners, who thrive like the Jews and stock-jobbers ; then we have the Ancient Concert, the Philharmonic, and the theatres, which, like the manufacturers, go on swimmingly with their occupations ; and,

lastly, we have Mr. Bochsa and his oratorios, the objects of as much hatred and envy as the Spaniards. And what dire portent does all this indicate? Why, exactly this—that the world will be pleased in its own way.

We shall leave these jarring elements to leap to their several stations by the power of their own harmony, and confine ourselves at present to the case of Mr. Bochsa. Mr. Bochsa, in particular, is decried, first, for usurping the two great winter theatres for the Lent season; and secondly, for the hybrid selections, half English, half foreign, part sacred and more profane, which he gives: that is to say, he is accused of being so wicked, as to pocket the money and corrupt the taste and the morals of this most classic and virtuous metropolis. Heavy charges these, but let us look a little closer into the matter.

The oratorios for many years had been connected with the general theatrical management, if we rightly recollect, when the proprietors thought it better to commit the conduct entirely to musical men; and they accordingly *let* their houses. What does this demonstrate,—but such a decay of profit, as caused the managers to look to some error in the government of affairs for the causes of failure and to shift the burden to persons whom they deemed to be more capable? What then ensues? Professors take up the scheme, and the last two who were at the head, Sir George Smart and Mr. Bishop, are as able men in every respect as can any where be found—they are thoroughly acquainted with the whole chart of professional life, and not less deeply versed in the temper of the English public. Well, they exhausted their ingenuity; they combined every species of musical composition; they engaged every performer, whether vocal or instrumental, of ability or repute; they racked their invention for novelty—one got twelve, and the other thirteen harps; nay, one of them (Mr. Bishop) even went so far as to introduce, one night, no less than *nineteen principal singers*, comprising all that were in London; so vast an assemblage of talent was never before concentrated: he allotted to them, according to their several excellencies, the most sub-

lime and the most captivating compositions of the most esteemed English and foreign authors. Yet, after all these uncommon efforts, both these gentlemen, with all their opportunities, direct and indirect, of advancing themselves by such a concern, *relinquished the enterprize*. Now, as both continue in the profession, there could be but one possible cause for their thus abandoning this great undertaking. The profit was inadequate to the labour and the risk. No other reasonable ground can be assigned.

With such accumulated proofs of the unprofitable nature of the undertaking, a man must have more than common reliance upon his powers to enter voluntarily on a task which, for so long, even pre-eminent abilities had been found inadequate to turn to a sufficiently good purpose. It is not, indeed, improbable that the public would have been deprived of these *popular* concerts (which in music are somewhat of the nature of a *concio ad plebem*) but for the courage of Mr. Bochsa. So far then, instead of incurring the censure, he merits the support of the English nation, and of the profession especially. But for him, the one would have lost the means of hearing excellent music in the *cheapest* and most diffusive manner known to this country; and the other, a series of engagements which are a great help to many by the mere pay, and to more, by the love of art which these concerts so extensively propagate. Thus circumstanced, what was it incumbent on a man of common prudence to do? Why, his *very first object* must be to fortify himself against effective opposition. It had been clearly shown that the town would not maintain two oratorios, even on alternate nights. Mr. Bochsa then very wisely threw the hire of the second theatre into his risk, a measure dictated by sound reason, and one of which the public can have no ground whatever to complain; because the conclusion held, that had competition been carried but a very little further, the town would have had no oratorios upon a grand scale at all.

We come next to the selections. And here we do not mean to prejudice the judgment so often pronounced, that the oratorios prevent an un-

malous farrago of all sorts of heterogeneous ingredients; that they have, in point of fact, wholly departed from their original design, and so far from being a sacred performance, are a disgraceful proof of the most debasing hypocrisy. So far as the season of Lent and Christianity are concerned, it matters little, whether the Drama of *Life in London*, or selections from *Il Don Giovanni*, and *Il Turco in Italia*, be said or sung. Of the two, it is certainly most revolting to religious feeling to hear, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," immediately succeeded by *Vedrai carino*, a song which is at best but *double entendre*, flavoured to the palate by exquisite melody. But the question we are to discuss is, how far is Mr. Bochsa amenable to the censure such a state of things must necessarily incur?

And here again we must look back. The custom of such commixture has now so long obtained, that it is scarcely possible to remember the time when it was absolutely otherwise, although the impurity has continually been on the increase. Former conductors tried to stem the torrent, till their pockets were emptied; for instance, Sir George Smart got up *Israel in Egypt*, with great care, and it produced, comparatively speaking, no receipts. Mr. Bochsa found a corrupted age, and if his management be impartially surveyed, he has done something rather to reform than to multiply abuse. In the first place, he associated to his own the long tried experience of Sir George himself. He produced in his first season an oratorio from his own hand. The world will have Rossini. Good!—He took the best serious works of this master, his *Mose in Egitto*, and endeavoured by its employment to diminish the necessity for miscellaneous and profane selection. He has this year brought out his *Cyrus in Babylon*, and he has confined, as far as he possibly or consistently could, his engagements to English vocalists. We have eight English females; Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Goodall, Miss Halland, Miss Forde, Miss M. Tree, Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, who though she bears a foreign name, is an English woman: the only foreign additions are Madame Camporesc, a name quite as much entitled to the respect

of the English nation as any of those which precede it, and Madame Bulgari, the novelty most fresh. Amongst the men, Curioni is the only foreigner. What could Mr. Bochsa do more? or what could he do better in the way of engagements? If it be maintained, that an oratorio should consist entirely of English music, none but bigots would support such an opinion. Ought the compositions of Jomelli, Pergolesi, Graun, Haydn, and Mozart, to be excluded? and if not, why should not they be sung by foreigners, who ought to understand the traditional manner of performing them, at least, as well as ourselves?

But the English public is not so ungenerous, not so exclusive, not, we will add, so absurd. What even our *ultras* complain of is, a too great deference to foreign talent; and the most judicious lament the idle intermixture of frivolous and profane with solemn and sacred subjects. But here is no ground for the first accusation, though, certainly, more than we could wish for the last. Even this, however, is extenuated, so far as Mr. Bochsa is concerned, by long previous usage, and by the gradual delight the audiences are found to take in light Italian compositions. Five out of six encores were given last year to Italian comic concerted pieces. All that Mr. Bochsa, or any *entrepreneur* can now do, is, to endeavour gradually to lead the public back to a more chaste judgment. We, therefore, should counsel an application to English composers. Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*, for example, may be said to be almost unknown even to his own countrymen, and it is to be hoped, that the Dr. will relent from the enormous sum he has hitherto asked for the use of the score, and the liberty of performing it, when he sees that he absolutely excludes himself from his well deserved share of the applauses of his own times. Novelty and excellence, we will venture to affirm, may be had without objectionable subjects. It will be well for Mr. Bochsa to conciliate esteem; and to silence and shame his personal adversaries by such legitimate means.

Cyrus in Babylon is a serious opera, not a sacred oratorio. It partakes of the excellencies and the defects of

Rossini's compositions, who is not a sacred, nor even a serious composer, though his music is universally impressed with deep feeling. With the exception of *Mi manca la voce*, we recollect no one of his compositions that is touched with holy fire. *Cyrus* seems to have fallen "ineffectual." The truth is, that whenever the word oratorio is prefixed, the English think they have a right, derived from Handel, to sublimity and pathos; indeed, to all the high and solemn affections this species of composition addresses. Even Haydn's Creation would have pleased better, had it been called a sacred opera.

The King's theatre is at a very low ebb indeed. Madame Borgondio, who has appeared in *Tancredi*, is a failure. Signor Reyna is only a third rate. So far then as novel excellence is to be considered as desirable, there is yet Signor Porto alone to satisfy the appetite. He improves upon us, and verifies the opinion we gave at his first appearance in *La Gazza Ladra*.

The first concert of the Philharmonic took place on the 17th February. It is as numerously supported as ever, although the deviation towards vocal music is quite as perceptible as last year. Mr. Spagnoletti led. Mr. Cramer conducted. The singers were, Mrs. Salmon, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Kellner.

The contributions raised by music for charitable purposes are amongst the most easy of collection, at the same time that they diffuse pleasure and science. Choral societies, after the manner, if not after the example of that at Birmingham, are multiplying. At Lane End, Staffordshire, a performance of this kind, by the members of such a society, produced a large sum last month. These facts, for the honour and the extension of the science, and for the promotion of benevolent objects, cannot be too much known.

Mr. Moore's fourth Number of National Airs is out. The melodies themselves are nearly equal to those of the first number, which is as much in the way of praise as can be said. To describe would be to lower them: they must be heard to be felt; and if heard, they will be felt through the whole train of bright and tender emotions,

of brilliant and twilight recollections. Mr. Moore has judiciously made his duets (which by the bye are amongst the most exquisite things in the set) separate compositions,—not duplicates of the airs, as in former numbers. Mr. Bishop writes the symphonies and accompaniments, and we know of nothing of his, great as his genius is, that manifests so fine a tact and so delicate a fancy, as these *nugæ*. "O be his tomb as lead to lead" upon the dull head of the amateur who will not buy these exquisite gems.

Mr. Cramer has published an Introduction and new Rondo of great elegance. It is full of melody and taste.

Mr. Kalkbrenner's Military Rondo is in a bold and powerful style, enriched with passages of science and imagination. His rondo introducing the duet from "*Maid Marian*," is of a lighter and easier description; both pieces are highly worthy of the student's attention.

Mr. Moscheles has applied his great talents to the benefit of beginners, in his *Bonbonniere Musicale*, being a series of most excellent early fingered lessons, calculated to form the taste and style of the student, in the best manner; and we, therefore, strongly recommend them to masters.

Mr. Holder has arranged *Cede à l'amour*, with variations, for the pianoforte; they are light and agreeable.

Mr. Ries's Rondo on Bishop's duet, *As it fell upon a day*, is a composition of great ease, spirit, and animation. Mr. Ries has been particularly happy in his conversion of this beautiful duet into a very interesting and elegant pianoforte lesson.

Mr. Bochsa has been equally successful in his adaptation of Bishop's round from the Miller and his Men, *When the wind blows*, for the harp. He has preserved the original spirit of the subject, while he has infused into the whole composition the brilliancy and strength peculiar to his style.

Chipp's Hanoverian air, with variations for the harp, very much follows in the beaten track, but it is not without merit.

Dussek's *Partant pour la Syrie*, for the same instrument, has less pretension, but will be found serviceable to beginners.

Mr. Nicholson has arranged Mayseder's celebrated Polonaise for the violin, as a solo for the flute and pianoforte. It is difficult, but extremely beautiful.

The third and fourth numbers of the Beauties of Rossini, consisting of selections from *Il Turco in Italia* and *Tancredi*, have appeared. This work, when completed, will form a valuable collection of the best and most popular of Rossini's works.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

Nigel; or the Crown Jewels.

The Great Unknown, Sir Walter Scott, no sooner prints a new novel, than the whole dramatic world is thrown into bustle and confusion. The modern play-house *Restaurateur* begins immediately to hack it into little bits, and make mince-meat of it for the mouths of the players.—Mr. Bishop forthwith turns to the crotchets in his brain, and picks out all the Scotch notes he can lay his hands upon; Mr. Grieve, and assistants, dip five-and-forty brushes in their brimming paint-pots, and paint yards of canvas (to use the wholesome language of a lease) “inside and out, twice or oftener, with good oil-colour;” the tailors “above-board” snip and slice at the eternal plaid, and plan and construct every description of garment, excepting *inexpressibles*; the tartan is your only dress to which the tailor’s blood warms; Mr. Abbott, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Horrebow prepare to reap fresh laurels in the North Countree; and bad English, and worse Scotch, are married on the stage to pleasure the good foolish people of this mad metropolis. Truly the rules of Bedlam are more extensive than those of the Bench. They include more theatres than the Surrey.

That some of the early novels of the great Scotch writer are calculated to furnish forth palatable cold meats for the drama’s tables, we are disposed to admit; but that all the productions are equally well qualified to afford such supply, we cannot allow. There is a *bookishness* in many of the later novels, which is quite fatal to their dramatic existence. When the author turns to history, and not to history’s prey, which is mankind, he gives us, not a copy from the life, but the copy of a copy, and, therefore, the characters which he draws are not flesh and blood people—but clever creations of a well-informed mind—the children of books and reading,—portraits, at full length, of admirable lay-figures. The Heart of Mid-Lothian was a story told from the heart to the heart—its characters grew on *Scottish ground*; its romance, its hor-

rors, its stern religion, its evil love, its pathos, were all home-bred, things of life. *Douce David* is no dead man—he breathed when the author drew him, he breathes in the author’s words. Jeanie Deans is not sketched out of a book, but drawn from a real Scottish girl’s face, form, mind and heart. Effie is no lay-figure! Could her first wild innocence—her subsequent daring love—and desperate trial be got out of books? Oh no! Then Dumbiedikes is as much alive as he can be,—with his leek-green eyes and eloquent cocked hat!—his poney too—Scotch as ever it can stare,—is not from *Stubbs*, but from the stable. What exquisite perversity!—What truth in his canter!—What sturdy strength!—Talk of taking off the tax from him!—Why, marry! he could have borne the burthen of the Chancellor’s whole budget. Rob Roy is the same forcible picture of life; the Antiquary is the same; Guy Mannering the same: but the Pirate, the Abbott, Kenilworth, Peveril of the Peak, are books culled from books, and cannot of necessity be as good as new. Even *Ivanhoe*, the reading of which is similar to the looking into one of Dr. Brewster’s Kaleidoscopes, is utterly unfit for the stage—its splendours are evidently reflected from the early tales and romances of the chivalrous ages. The armour is sufficiently burnished,—the spears and falchions glitter and flash right brilliantly, but the man is not seen through the steel. It is only like seeing the armour in the Tower set in motion. In short, we fear, that the theatres have already got all that is worth getting from the great Scotch Novelist. Mr. Terry, fortunately, made hay while the great unknown sun shone; and other dramatists, envying him his crops, have set about mowing in winter, and spreading out withered grass to dry, on barren ground.

Having thus expressed our opinion of the unfitness of the recent Scotch novels for theatrical purposes, it may be expected that we should not think or speak very favourably of *Nigel, or the Crown Jewels*; a play hammered out of that exceedingly tame novel, *The Fortunes of Nigel*. As a consi-

derable deal of trouble and attention has, however, been wasted upon this production, and as the failure has been proportionately more disastrous, we shall not condemn it without going into evidence to justify our sentence. In the first place, none but an inexperienced writer would have selected Nigel as a subject, whilst Waverley remained untouched. Mr. Terry had set his seal upon Guy Mannering and the Antiquary, we believe; and some other person had secured Rob Roy. But Waverley, the first, and perhaps the best of the novels, was not yet stage-struck. Waverley was, as yet, out of the sound of Mr. Ware's agitated fiddle. What writer, then, but the most undramatic dramatist, would ever have passed Waverley by, and put his inexperienced hand upon *The Fortunes of Nigel*. At any rate, if the plots of these novels be the most eligible for the purposes of the dramatist, we think it shows an ill taste in the writer to distort the incidents with shreds and patches of a plot of his own conceiving; and to seek, by a little disingenuous alteration, to establish a claim to originality. The novels either should or should not be followed: a partial use of them is neither for the advantage of the novelist nor the dramatist. Crowds swarm round the money-taker at the pit-door, and pay their way into the presence of Rob Roy, or Dominie Sampson, because they have been introduced to those celebrated gentlemen by the Great Unknown; and, upon that introduction, claim an old and established acquaintance. The Scottish audiences (and we will warrant that the northern bodies are plentiful in the pit on Scotch novel nights) do not pay their hard cash to be betrayed out of the true novel path by the ambitious dramatist:—No,—they go to see Mr. Constable's books acted, and nothing else. They know every scene—every incident—every expression—every Scotticism,—and “the oure true tale” is all they want to witness. In the play of *Nigel, or the Crown Jewels*, the author has foolishly enough sought to reap more fame than could of right belong to him. He has not only twisted the plot into a thousand fantastic shapes, but he has straightened the dialogue into

hard blank verse, and loaded the characters with the dreadful burthen of a double dull originality. The characters are neither fish nor flesh, like poor Mrs. Quickly, and a man knows not where to have them.

The author of Nigel (we mean the lesser great unknown) can have no right to complain of the manager, or of those who execute the scenery, dresses, and machinery—for as far as it was possible to decorate dull lines with the splendours of the painter, or to give to the life the costume of the time—the play could boast of the utmost attention being paid to it. It was also admirably acted—but the best of acting will not sustain nonsense long; and, in a night or two, therefore, the whole five acts were gathered to their long home, in spite of Mr. Abbott and Miss Lacy—both of whom exerted their talents in an ordinary manner. But before we speak of the actors, let us have a few words upon the drama itself, the merits of which, we rather think, are about as difficult of discovery as the North-West Passage.

Perhaps one of the best speeches is that which is confided to the mouth of the Lord Dalgarno. It is written somewhat in the good style of old—and we rush to it, as we should to the Oasis in the desert!

Dalg. I have known no prank
Compass'd, since first I made this fellowship
With my star-wandering boys, my night
 companions—
Nay, none that high-born minion of the
 moon
Or taking rogue e'er did, in merrier times,
When mad prince Hal cried “Stand,” to
 Gadshill trav'lers,
Or Robin Huntingdon took toll in Sher-
 wood
From portly priests,—more fraught with
 golden issues
Than this night's enterprize! The jewels
 gain'd,
I bar my Scot of his pawn'd heritage,
Drive him a beggar from this girl's idolatry,
And crush the only influence that could
 claim
The windfall of these northern forfeitures.
O, that 'twere dead o'night, and the deed
 done!
For darkness is the dawn of brave men's
 fortunes,
The menstruum of the real alchymy!

This character, the Lord Dalgarno, is much abused, as are the characters of old Trapbois—his daughter Max-

garet, and King James. *Sin Vin*, poor fellow, is absolutely lost in the hands of the dramatist—master Herriot has all his gold rubbed off in the play—and several parts of a feeble interest are introduced for no other purpose than to gain, if possible, a character of originality for the playwright. Nigel only, cold, tame, feeble Nigel—preserves his novel insipidity unimpaired, and walks the stage, as he walks Mr. Constable's book, with the dull measured pace of a regular proser. The blank verse throughout, with the exception of a few glimmering passages, is dim indeed. The crown jewels shine with the valueless lustre of Bristol stones. The music of the poetry is as the chime of St. Dunstan's bells.

We had intended to give evidence,—that is,—we had resolved upon venturing into *extract*,—but having extended our remarks already beyond the length which our usual limits prescribe, we must content ourselves with merely referring to the published play, which affords as much weak verse for three shillings as any liberal publisher can be expected to sanction. The prologue, or *induction*, as it is facetiously termed, is in dialogue—and a very long discourse it is.—The epilogue goes alone—and for arrant folly and extravagance it stands alone.

We have but few words to say of the performance of this piece. Mr. Abbott acted Nigel in the true spirit of the novel and the play, and we could only grieve that his fortunes were so fair in Alsatia! Skourlie, an old rascally scrivener and an interloper, was well played by Mr. Farren; who, however, gave in it a faint copy of Munden's Mar-all, even to the dress. Blanchard, in Trapbois, acted with that sharp truth and earnest vigour which characterize all his performances. This gentleman is very nearly the first actor on the stage. His miser-death in this play, aided as it was by his strong hatchet face and *profile*-style of acting, was quite as forcible a delineation of plain hard agony as was ever attempted. Farley, in Peppercole, a cowardly bully, blustered behind a red nose with admirable fooling; and Taylor, the singer, played much above his usual pitch. We have reserved the *two best morsels* to the last,—Bart-

ley's King James, and Mr. C. Kemble's Lord Dalgarno,—both of which were spirited and excellent. Bartley hit off the royal cowardice and vulgar learning of the king with infinite nonchalance; and C. Kemble, in one of the handsomest dresses we ever saw, carried villainy to as delightful a height as heart could desire. The ladies—but we reverence the sex,—Miss Lacy was as serious as one of Blair's discourses;—Miss Foote no longer trusted to her beauty, and was wrecked upon a song; and Mrs. Chatterley was cast away in Bridget!—The author has much to answer for!

The scenery was beautiful, particularly the Tower of London, with the Thames and City beyond it. Mr. Grieve may not disown the spirit of his name, when he meets with such authors as the one before us to ruin his fine productions.

It is a curious fact, that Nigel can boast of a *great unknown*, and a *little unknown*. The novelist hides himself from an acknowledgment of it, and the dramatist betakes himself to his minor mystery; thus realizing the old proverb, "as the old cock crows, so crows the young one." We cannot lift the curtain from either star:—unsuccessful anonymous productions have seldom any fathers! Some malicious person, we trust not the author, ascribed it to Mrs. C. Kemble—but we are quite sure that this lady's pen is innocent of such absurdity. The style of certain parts of the dialogue makes the accusation extremely cruel and base—and the next thing to having written the play, which we should blush to have to answer for, would be to have originated so evil and unmanly a report. Nigel, however, perchance as a novel, and certainly as a play, is, we apprehend, gone for ever from the eyes and hearts of men—and, in a few months, we shall all have forgotten that the Crown Jewels were once disgraced in Covent Garden. They were held out as extremely valuable—but we fear they must be classed with the other *unredeemed pledges*, which are eternally knocked down to the public, near the Piazzas.

The Marriage of Figaro.

It is said that there has been a great quarrel between Miss M. Tree and Miss Paton; and that the one

lady disputes the singing of the other. We are not disposed to interfere in a pitiful squabble, in which these ladies question which ought to raise the voice the highest; but we must seriously observe to them, that if such idle differences are long encouraged, the public will set the couple of warblers at rest for ever. Why should they quarrel about singing with each other?—Miss Tree's voice is no more like Miss Paton's, than we are like Miss Foote!—Miss Tree is all depth—earnestness—delicacy—feeling; Miss Paton is grace—light—felicity—skill—brilliancy; Miss Tree's voice broods over its own music like the heart of the nightingale at midnight; Miss Paton's notes chase each other with a joyous volubility, like the airy freedom and spirit of the morning lark. The soul of Miss Tree seems to dwell in sweet sadness and hushed sorrows; the life of Miss Paton appears to take wing upon her volatile voice, and to start upon its airy career, full of merriment, gracefulness, and liberty. Instead of marring each other, they should aid each other. The strife is good for the fame of both. If we were called upon (which we are not) to say which singer pleased us best, we should whisper, Miss Tree; though we are pretty sure that that young lady has taken the most graceless part in the contest, and that Miss Paton has been compelled into a difference against her own will and disposition.

The Marriage of Figaro, for the sake of Mozart's music, has been solemnized here, and, as far as music goes, well solemnized. But we are no friends to the distorted effects and fantastic intrigues of Italian operas done into English. Miss Tree and Miss Paton sang delightfully, particularly a duet. The bravura of Miss Paton was a piece of admirable skill; but we did not join in the encore. The extreme anxiety of this young lady to "sing it all over again," was too much in "the port if you please" style, to satisfy us. We had scarcely put our innocent unconscious palms together, at the end of the flourish, before she was taking the hint, and marching again in the face of the symphony.—The third act of this opera has the merit

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of being the very dullest that ever staggered under music; and that is saying a bold word.

The Duel: or, my Two Nephews.

That merry pleasant author of the English Opera House, Mr. R. B. Peake, has at length ventured to make people laugh in winter:—and really, it is no bad thing to stretch one's jaws after the long tedious Nigel hours. No one understands the stage, or what is technically called situation, so well as Mr. Peake;—and therefore, no one can so safely be trusted with a good comic company as this gentleman. He shuffles Farren, Jones, Connor, Keeley (a most amazing *minor*!) and Blanchard, together with admirable sleight of hand, and turns them all up,—trumps! He knows what *contrast* is;—he knows what to touch; he knows what to hint at; he knows what to avoid. He was brought up, like Mr. Daw, behind the scenes, and first saw lamp, and not day-light. We should not be surprised if he had been hatched in the orchestra, and suckled in a *fly*!—He suits Mr. Farren with a rare stiff old formidable patron of politeness:—he gives buoyant wings to the spirit of Jones, and fills him with the Fancy!—He brings out the cut of Mr. Connor's visage and the trained calf of his leg to a miracle; he qualifies Blanchard with a piece of cunning age and formal humour—as he was never qualified before; and he measures Mr. Keeley for such a suit of clothes, as no dramatic habit-maker ever before fitted him with. The new Farce—*The Duel: or, my Two Nephews*, is made for good actors and rich laughers. The plot is a good plain perplexed one, something as follows. Sir Pryer Oldencourt has two nephews—the one a lieutenant in the navy, who has engaged in a duel—the other a lad of the Fancy, who has a pugilist in training. The one is in debt, the other in danger; and both fly to the uncle's wing. The Corinthian, not being aware of his brother being in the neighbourhood, disguises himself as the lieutenant, and takes O'Mawley (the Irish pugilist) with him "as his friend, the surgeon." Much fun is produced by the contrast of the old school with the new;—of the polished manners of Sir Pryer,

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who is ever talking of his late elegant friend, Lord Chesterfield, with the lively slang of the fancy nephew, and the awkward manners of the fighting man. There is also much pleasantry created by the appearance of a tailor and his bailiff, in the second act, coming in search of Mr. Buoyant (Jones). The piece was admirably, — inimitably acted. Mr. Farrow was no modern man—but a leaf actually torn out of Lord Chesterfield. Jones rattled through his scenes with a spirit well becoming his calling—and Connor, with his plush coat, stout legs, high-lows, smooth hair, broad face, and white hat,—might at any time safely shy up his castor in the sun of Moulsey Hurst, and shake hands with the best man in the ring. Keeley, in the tailor, was the sublimity of impoverished manhood;—the true ninth part of a man! Nothing could exceed his acting. We must say, that Mr. Peake has reason to be satisfied with his company; and we must say, the company have reason to be satisfied with Mr. Peake. We drink to their better acquaintance!—The fault (we must find fault)—is length—and O'Mawley would have told the

author, that there is no fighting against superior weight and length.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

There has been very little novelty at this house during the month. Miss Stephens has made her first faint,* and finding the audience “to her faults a little blind,” she has been singing at Mr. Braham's fatherly side ever since. Mr. Kean has, either of his own good taste, or by the hazarding direction of the manager, restored Shakspeare's *Lear* to his original tremendous pathos and death. And the thrilling attention of crowds attests the wisdom of the restoration. Mr. Liston has been worked in *Dominie Sampson*, *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, *Apollo Belvi*—and, indeed, in all his own old characters—but, with the exception of one flimsy part in a farce which has been dying from its birth, he has not been trusted with any novelty. The new farce of “*Deaf as a Post*” is decidedly a dead thing. It met with a most outrageous reception on the first night; though Liston's face has dragged it along a little further. We do not know the author—but we rather think it must be Mr. Winston's production.

* Query—faint?—O'Mawley.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

ALTHOUGH many and important events have taken place in the political world since our last notice, still it appears that the question of peace and war is almost as problematical as ever. Every day brings some fresh report, and each either contradicts or qualifies that which preceded it. Of course, it cannot be expected that we should revive rumours which appear to have had not any, or at best but a momentary foundation. We shall take the safer course of adverting to such documents as, being officially published, cannot err, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. It seems that the representatives of the Allied powers at Madrid did not at all relish the answers given by the Spanish minister, San Miguel, to the remonstrance of their courts,

and they accordingly determined on the extreme measure of withdrawing their legations. On demanding their passports, however, they thought proper to address respective notes to the minister, assigning their motives for such a step. These notes, together with the answers returned, are exceedingly curious, and certainly form a “new æra” in diplomacy. There were but few periods in the good old times of ancient legitimacy, when one of these answers at least would not have been considered tantamount to a hostile declaration. The first in order, and the least offensive, is the note of the Prussian ambassador; it declares that the observations which he had the honour to submit “having been replied to in a manner far from conformable to

the wishes of his court, he finds himself under the necessity of executing a very peremptory order of the king, his master, by declaring to the Spanish minister that his Prussian Majesty can no longer maintain with Spain relations, which, in the present circumstances, would be as little conformable to their object as to the sentiments of friendship and interest which the king has invariably manifested towards his Catholic Majesty. In obeying this order, the undersigned has also to make his assurances, that the king, his august Sovereign, will never cease to put up the most sincere prayers for the happiness of a nation, which his Majesty, with the deepest sorrow, perceives to be in the road to ruin, and plunged into all the horrors of anarchy and civil war." The note concludes with a formal but polite demand of his passports, which are transmitted, with a reply that "the wishes of the government of his Most Catholic Majesty, for the happiness of the Prussian states, are not less ardent than those manifested by his Majesty, the King of Prussia, towards Spain." This, of course, is a decisive step on both sides, but still there is nothing in the correspondence at all to trench upon the usual etiquette observed on such occasions. The next in order, and certainly rising also a little in vehemence, is the note of the Austrian ambassador. He also observes upon the previous communication which he made to San Miguel, according to the resolution of the Congress of Verona, and adds that "the reply which his Excellency gave to this verbal communication, proves that the intentions of his Majesty have been misunderstood, and his offers undervalued. The undersigned will not descend to the point of refuting the calumnious insinuations by which it has been endeavoured to distort his real meaning. Very soon Spain and all Europe will be enabled to judge of this. But the Court of Austria is of opinion that the disapproval of the causes of the evils which oppress a noble and generous nation for which it professes so much esteem, and for which it feels so much interest, would not be sufficiently declared if it continued to

maintain diplomatic relations with the Spanish government." San Miguel, in acknowledging this note, merely adds, that "the government of his Catholic Majesty is indifferent whether it maintains relations or not with the Court of Vienna." This reply is certainly a note higher than that addressed to the ambassador of Prussia; but still, before we visit San Miguel with any imputation of rudeness, we are bound to remember that the dispatch to which he referred was not quite in the tone of diplomatic courtesy. The Austrian minister knew perfectly well that the aspersions which he flung upon the government of Madrid were directly personal to San Miguel and his friends. The Russian correspondence, however, rises at once into alt, and does exhibit a style of sincerity very unusual amongst the personages of an embassy. But it must speak for itself—it is quite a curiosity. After referring to the topics with which the other notes commenced, the Count de Bulgara adds, that "with respect to the determinations announced in the note of his Excellency Senor San Miguel, all the responsibility will fall on the heads of those persons who are to be considered as the sole authors; and while the same persons deprive their legitimate Sovereign of his liberty—while they deliver up Spain to all the evils of a sanguinary anarchy, and, by means of keeping up a culpable understanding, endeavour to extend to other states the calamities in which they have involved their own country, Russia can maintain no relation with authorities which tolerate and even excite such disorders!" This is followed up by a demand of passports for himself, and all the personages connected with his legation; to which demand San Miguel replies as follows—the answer is short, but, indeed, even were it longer, it would be a pity to curtail it. "I have received the very insolent note which your Excellency transmitted to me, dated yesterday, the 10th, and limiting myself for my sole reply, to stating that you have shamefully abused (perhaps through ignorance) the law of nations, which is always respectable in the eyes of the Spanish government, I transmit, by or-

der of his Majesty, the passports you desire, hoping that your Excellency will be pleased to leave this capital with as little delay as possible. I am, Evaristo San Miguel." This is a document which clearly baffles all comment. It is the *ne plus ultra* of diplomatic sincerity. We need scarcely add, that hints like these could not well be mistaken; and, accordingly, the three ambassadors took their immediate departure from Madrid. The French envoy, the Count Lagarde, followed; and such was the popular feeling in the capital, that he found it prudent to depart on horseback, with only a single attendant, as if he had been setting out upon a morning's excursion. Indeed, the journey of all the diplomatists appears to have been sufficiently perilous, as the roads are beset with bandit detachments from all sides and parties, who rob foreigners, natives, ultras, and patriots, with equal impartiality. These departures were naturally considered as the prelude to an invasion, and the authorities in Spain lost no time in making every preparation to meet it; still, however, war was not actually declared, and the pacific party fondly indulged the hope that even yet it might be avoided. This hope was soon utterly extinguished by the speech of Louis, delivered from the throne, on the opening of the French parliament. It is a curious fact, that in order to pronounce this fulminating declaration, the poor old speaker was actually obliged to *be rolled by a machine into the chamber!* There is no danger, at all events, of his running away. Although we are not generally in the habit of inserting foreign documents, still this speech is of far too much importance to come under our general head of exclusion. In all probability, we are on the eve of a general convulsion, and this speech may be considered as its signal: we will extract therefore those parts of it which relate to Spain.

France owed to Europe the example of prosperity, which people cannot obtain but by a return to religion, to legitimacy, to order, to true liberty; this salutary example she this day presents.

But Divine Justice permits that, after having made other nations long experience *the terrible effects* of our discord, we should

be ourselves exposed to dangers, which the like calamities among a neighbouring people bring with them.

I have tried every thing, in order to guarantee the security of my people, and preserve Spain herself from the last misfortunes. The blindness with which they have rejected the representations made at Madrid, leaves little hope of preserving peace. I have ordered the recal of my Minister. One hundred thousand French, commanded by a Prince of my family—by him whom my heart is delighted to call my son—are ready to march, invoking the God of St. Louis, in order to secure the throne of Spain to a grandson of Henry IV, to preserve that fine kingdom from ruin, and reconcile it with Europe.

Our stations will be reinforced in every quarter where our maritime commerce stands in need of this protection. Cruisers will be appointed in every place where our coasts are likely to be menaced.

If war be inevitable, I will direct all my cares to circumscribe its circle, and limit its duration. It will only be undertaken to conquer peace, which the state of Spain would render it impossible to attain.

Let Ferdinand the Seventh be free to give to his people institutions, which they cannot hold but from him, and which, by insuring their repose, would dissipate the just inquietudes of France, and from that moment hostilities shall cease. I undertake before you, Gentlemen, the solemn engagement of this. I was bound to place before you the state of our external affairs. It was my duty to deliberate, and I have done so, after mature consideration. I have consulted the dignity of my Crown, and the honour and security of France. We are Frenchmen, Gentlemen, and will ever be unanimous in the defence of such interests.

This speech seems to have produced a very strong effect,—at least, on the generals and the stock-jobbers who were present. The Duke D'Angoulême is, it seems, the hero, designated to be the leader of the hundred thousand men, who were to restore Ferdinand to his political rights; on the allusion being made to him, he clapped his hand upon the hilt of his sword and looked most valiant. The Duke of Belluno (Victor) was the person whom public rumour pointed out as the guide of his Royal Highness; and Mr. Rothschild, the great financial negotiator, was supposed to have lost very considerably by the hostile denunciation. In allusion to this, a pleasant *bon mot* (and Sterne says, a *bon mot*

is worth something in France) is related: an old Ultra rejoicing at the declaration, turned exultingly to one of the opposite party and exclaimed,—"Well---what think you of legitimacy now?"—"What think I," replied the other, "why, I think it has received its downfall—it has established the sacred *tri-color* even within this chamber—D'Angoulême looks *red*—Belluno looks *white*—and Rothschild looks *blue*." Upon the project of an address to Louis, in answer to his speech, being proposed by the Duke de Levis, a debate arose. An amendment in favour of peace was proposed, and supported amongst others by an energetic speech from Talleyrand, who said, remarkably enough, that on a former occasion, he had the *misfortune* to differ with the man who then ruled the world as to the invasion of Spain; he added, with some degree of naïveté (considering his character) that he was ruined by his *sincerity*!! The amendment was opposed by Villele and Chateaubriand, and finally lost by a majority of 90 to 53. This determination seems to have been confirmed by the departure of all kinds of warlike munition in the direction of Bayonne; and amongst others, no less than eight waggons are said to have departed, filled with the baggage of the Duke D'Angoulême! Times are certainly altered in Paris; it was not thus that the good Parisians were accustomed to see Napoleon depart for the frontiers. The account of the King's Speech seems to have produced a most extensive effect in Spain. All parties (like the Patricians and Plebeians of old in Rome) appear to have united at the menace of a common invading enemy. The small remnant of the army of the faith had almost totally disappeared, and the national militia was organizing in all the provinces. The last attempt made by the ultra partisans was that headed by Bessieres, who, after sustaining many defeats, rallied his partisans, and swelling his numbers to the amount of 6 or 7000, with all the discontented he could recruit, advanced by a forced march upon the capital, apparently with the design of carrying off Ferdinand. He was, however, completely defeated by the national militia of Madrid, and is

now reduced to the situation of a wanderer.

A proposal for the removal of Ferdinand and the Spanish Royal family to Cadiz, was said to be under the deliberation of the ministers, but it had not yet been submitted to the Cortes, and naturally enough did not exactly suit the wishes of Ferdinand. On the 5th of February, the Secretaries of State brought a message from the government, calling on the Cortes for the means necessary to resist the invaders. They seemed quite aware of the magnitude of the danger, and the measures immediately resolved on were---1. A new levy of 30,000 men, to place the army on the full war establishment, by completing a total of 124,579 men. 2. A number of enactments, giving the government authority to recal into service soldiers who had completed their service, to suspend approaching dangers, &c. &c. 3. Authority to build or purchase 150 gun-boats for the defence of the coasts, and to raise 3,300 seamen. The government was also authorized to enlist foreigners into the army, and it was understood that an Italian and a French legion were to be organized. Some of the speeches delivered by the members of the Cortes were full of enthusiasm, and Arguelles, as usual, particularly distinguished himself. After giving a series of replies to the menaces of the Allied Powers he thus concludes---"And finally, if the dearly beloved son of the King of France be the commander of the troops advancing against us, we shall show him the Casa de los Lujanes, where he will find the tower in which a French king (Francis I.) was imprisoned. At last, let us declare, that it is not against the French nation but against its cabinet, seduced by a fanatical faction, that the Spaniards, who are resolved not to be slaves, invoke the God of justice, through whom they will obtain the victory." The consequence of all this is said to have been even a determination on the part of the Spanish government not to wait a regular declaration of war. Letters of marque are actually reported to have been granted to forty persons. This, however, though likely enough, wants confirmation at present---it of course would amount of

itself to actual hostilities. A Portuguese contingent to the amount of 30,000 men is stated to have been granted.

In the Brazils, the Coronation of the Emperor took place on the 1st, amid the enthusiasm of the people. Two decrees were issued, which may be regarded as preliminary to active hostilities against Portugal. The first lays an embargo on all vessels bound to the Portuguese dominions in Europe; the second orders the sequestration of all property in Brazil belonging to native Portuguese.

From Greece we have little intelligence, but that little is good. Napoli di Romani, the strongest fortress of Turkey in Europe, has fallen into the hands of the Greeks after a desperate resistance. Of 600 Turkish soldiers, only forty were left alive; but the aged, the women, and the children, were treated with the greatest moderation by the conquerors. Ali Bey, who conducted the last invasion of the Peninsula, was among the prisoners. There is a secure harbour for shipping, and the Greek government removed its seat to the town, which is considered the Cadiz of Greece.

The official statement of the finances of the United States has been published, and gives a most flourishing account of the state of their revenue. We have not room for their details, but the total is thus summed up. The estimate for 1823 includes

Receipts, with former	£.
surplus	5,175,000
Expenditure	3,375,000
Calculated surplus on	
Jan. 1, 1824	1,800,000

The amount of the funded debt on the first of January, 1823, was 20,500,000*l*. The income from the customs in future years may, it is supposed, decrease; on which account, the secretary of the treasury recommends to Congress to augment the duties on certain articles of foreign importation, with a view to increase the revenue.

Such is the summary of our foreign intelligence for this month, which indeed may rather be said to be one of expectation than of certainty. Every thing, however, announces that next

month must produce most important events.

In our domestic abstract, the opening of parliament forms the chief, indeed the only feature. We lament to say, that his Majesty's late severe indisposition rendered his personal presence impossible; and, of course, it was opened by commission. The following is the speech pronounced by the commissioners—it certainly promises a liberal and enlarged system of policy.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that since he last met you in parliament, his Majesty's efforts have been unrenittingly exerted to preserve the peace of Europe.—Faithful to the principles which his Majesty has promulgated to the world as constituting the rule of his conduct, his Majesty declined being party to any proceedings at Verona which could be deemed an interference in the internal concerns of Spain on the part of foreign powers. And his Majesty has since used, and continues to use, his most anxious endeavours and good offices to allay the irritation unhappily subsisting between the French and Spanish governments; and to avert, if possible, the calamity of war between France and Spain.—In the east of Europe his Majesty flatters himself that peace will be preserved, and his Majesty continues to receive from his Allies, and generally from other powers, assurances of their unaltered disposition to cultivate with his Majesty those friendly relations which it is equally his Majesty's object on his part to maintain.—We are further commanded to apprise you, that discussions having long been pending with the Court of Madrid, respecting depredations committed on the commerce of his Majesty's subjects in the West Indian Seas, and other grievances of which his Majesty had been under the necessity of complaining, those discussions have terminated in an admission by the Spanish government of the justice of his Majesty's complaints, and in an engagement for satisfactory reparation.—We are commanded to assure you, that his Majesty has not been unmindful of the addresses presented to him by the two houses of parliament, with respect to the foreign slave trade. Propositions for the more effectual suppression of that evil were brought forward by his Majesty's Plenipotentiary in the conferences at Verona, and there have been added to the treaties upon this subject, already concluded between his Majesty and the Governments of Spain and the Netherlands, articles which will extend the operation of those treaties, and greatly facilitate their execution.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

His Majesty has directed the estimates of the current year to be laid before you. They have been framed with every attention to economy; and the total expenditure will be found to be materially below that of last year.—This diminution of charge, combined with the progressive improvement of the revenue, has produced a surplus exceeding his Majesty's expectation. His Majesty trusts, therefore, that you will be able, after providing for the services of the year, and without affecting public credit, to make a further considerable reduction in the burdens of his people.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

His Majesty has commanded us to state to you, that the manifestations of loyalty and attachment to his person and government, which his Majesty received in his late visit to Scotland, have made the deepest impression upon his heart.—The provision which you made in the last Session of Parliament, for the relief of the distresses in considerable districts in Ireland, has been productive of the happiest effects, and his Majesty recommends to your consideration such measures of internal regulation as may be calculated to promote and secure the tranquillity of that country, and to improve the habits and condition of the people.—Deeply as his Majesty regrets the continued depression of the agricultural interest, the satisfaction with which his Majesty contemplates the increasing activity which pervades the manufacturing districts, and the flourishing condition of our commerce, in most of its principal branches, is greatly enhanced by the confident persuasion that the progressive prosperity of so many of the interests of the country cannot fail to contribute to the gradual improvement of that great interest, which is the most important of them all.

In the House of Peers an amendment was proposed by Lord Stanhope, pledging parliament to an immediate inquiry into the distresses of the country; only three members supported it against an opposite division of sixty-two. In the House of Commons there was no division; but a very splendid speech, which produced a powerful impression, was pronounced by Mr. Brougham—its object was, to promote a liberal view of foreign policy, and the universal echo which it met with from all sides proved fully that the object was accomplished. Indeed, the views of Mr. Canning on this subject are no secret, and a speaking proof of his intentions may be found in the fact, that the Order in Council prohibiting

the importation of arms and ammunition into Spain has been repealed. No discussion of any great importance has hitherto taken place, with the exception of that upon the budget, which has been already brought forward by Mr. Robinson, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Vansittart has retired from office, and taken a seat in the House of Lords, with the title of Baron Bexley. The maiden official statement of the new Finance Minister is an auspicious one at all events. Taxes to the amount of two millions and a quarter yearly have been repealed. This has been effected in some articles by a total, and in others by a partial, repeal. The taxes on occasional servants, on jobbing gardeners, taxed-carts, ponies, on small horses employed by tradesmen who are also farmers, and on the ground-floor windows of all shops, are totally abolished. A deduction of fifty *per cent.* is made from the following:—on windows, male servants, clerks, shopmen, and travellers, four-wheeled carriages, two-wheeled carriages, horses, and mules. In Ireland, the assessed taxes are abolished altogether, as it was supposed the saving of the collection would fully equal the amount of the present produce. A speedy alleviation of the duty on spirits, and a much wanted amendment of the distillery laws, are also promised. This is, indeed, a gratifying statement; and we are happy to find both Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning so far concurring in it as to declare, that the country is well able to meet the pressure of a war, if it should be forced on us.—So many petitions have poured in from all sides against the new marriage act, that even its authors now see the necessity of amending it.—A vote of 4000 additional seamen has passed, and such active preparations are taking place in the naval dock-yards, that some event seems to be in anticipation.

Various rumours are afloat of serious dissensions in the cabinet, and it is supposed that some changes must take place. Ireland, disturbed herself, and fated to disturb every thing else, is the subject. The popular ferment in Dublin is quite dreadful; and some, even of the very highest authorities, are so exasperat-

ed against each other, that they will not sit in the same room together. Surely this cannot last.

Mr. Huskisson has been returned for Liverpool, in the room of Mr. Canning; his speeches, pronounced at the election, leave no doubt as to the line of foreign policy which England is prepared to adopt, in case of emergency.

COMMERCE.

The state of the markets for the last month has been, on the whole, such as we represented in our last report—that is, materially affected by the approaching war between France and Spain. The speech of the King of France having put an end to all doubts respecting the hostile intentions entertained towards Spain, all articles of colonial produce continued to rise. We will mention a few instances:—At the commencement of this month, rum advanced 2*d.* to 3*d.* per gallon—saltpetre from 26*s.* to 33*s.*—white Bengal rice from 11*s.* to 15*s.* or 16*s.* per cwt.—sugars, raw and refined, fully 4*s.* per cwt.—coffee from 5*s.* to 8*s.* per cwt.—naval stores, and all other articles likely to be affected, advanced materially—hemp from £38 to £41, &c. The prices of all East and West India produce have since continued to advance, and intense interest respecting the war still agitates the market: this interest is much heightened by the very different opinions entertained of its probable duration; some persons anticipating a conflict, long, obstinate, and sanguinary, like the late Peninsular war, while others expect to see the French enter Spain with as much facility as the Austrians did Naples. We may add, that the unanimous feeling of all parties in this country in favour of Spain, and the high probability, amounting almost to certainty, that England will remain at peace, contribute to give great stability to mercantile speculations.

AGRICULTURE.

The rigours of the frost have benefited the fallows and other ploughed lands, while the preparation for sowing spring corn has been actively

begun since the weather has been open. During its severity, greater than has been experienced for many preceding winters, stock has required the protecting warmth of farm-yards and feeding-houses. On this account straw is become scarce, and dearer considerably when it is to be had; and the hay-stacks are reduced no little. In the mean time, the wheats have suffered no sort of injury, but the turnips are greatly damaged; and, should the spring be delayed by more severe cold or frost, the farmer will be much pinched for food for his cattle. Wool remains nearly stationary at about 26*s.* per tod. Horses, in some counties, are plentiful, but the inferior almost unsaleable. Lean beasts and sheep are not so much in demand as a month ago. Both beef and mutton in Smithfield are, however, dearer than last month, and the trade pretty fair. Prime cutters fetched 4*s.* 4*d.* a stone, both on the 10th of February and 17th. Pork is also dearer, though lean pigs do not fetch quite so much money.

The prices of corn continue much the same. Keeping our eyes upon the quantity sent to Mark-lane, from which alone a judgment can be formed of the relation of general supply to demand, now becoming every day more important as we recede from the period of the great importations, we perceive that the supply is vastly less than at the same period last year. The first seven weeks of 1822 sent up 75,773 quarters of wheat—the first seven of 1823 have transmitted only 43,973; very little more than half the quantity. The supply of flour has been for the same period last year 81,692—this year 60,827 sacks. These differences indicate, we cannot help thinking, that the future markets will be more scantily supplied than usual, and tend to augment our belief, that it will not be long before England will be compelled to have recourse to importation. If so, the price must rise considerably; a most momentous matter for all classes, and the farmers especially, who will be exposed anew to the dangers of fluctuation.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication, a Memoir of her Father, the late Dr. Aikin, with a selection of such of his Works as have not before appeared collectively.

Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, has undertaken to write an Account of the Life of the late Dr. Jenner, and to arrange his numerous Manuscripts for publication.

The Seventh volume of Mr. W. Daniell's Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain, will comprise the range of Coast from the Nore to Weymouth; and the Eighth, from that place to the Land's End, will complete the work. Vol. 7. is nearly ready for delivery.

An Engraving by Mr. Meyer, from Kidd's Picture of the Stolen Kiss, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Wiffen is about to publish a Translation into English Verse, of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, with an Historical and Critical Essay on Spanish Poetry.

Mr. Bowditch has made arrangements for the speedy publication of a Sketch of the Portuguese Establishments in Congo, Angola, and Benquela, with some Account of the modern discoveries of the Portuguese in the interior of Angola and Mozambique, with a Map of the Coast and Interior.

The following works are in the Press:—

Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis, a Reprint of Scarce and Curious Tracts relating to the County and City of Gloucester, published during the Civil War. To be published in Parts.

Poetical Memoirs, by Mr. Bird, Author of the Vale of Slaughden.

Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, in Numbers, each containing 7 Plates.

The Ionian, or Woman in the 19th Century.

Britton's Illustrations, Graphic and Literary, of Fonthill Abbey, with 12 Engravings.

Body and Soul. Vol. 2, in 8vo.

An English Translation of the Gulistan,

from the Persian Text of Gontius, with an Essay on the Life and Genius of Sadi the Author. By James Rose, Esq.

An Appeal for Religion to the best Sentiments and Interests of Mankind. By the Rev. Edward Irving, AM. Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, in 1 vol. 8vo.

A Treatise on Mental Derangement. By Francis Willis, MD. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.

The King of the Peak; a Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo.

A Third Volume of Lectures on comparative Anatomy. By Sir Everard Home, Bart.

The Lives of Corregio and Parmegiano. Major Long's Exploratory Travels to the Rocky Mountains of America, in 3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with Maps and Plates.

A Poem, entitled the Judgment of Hubert.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1819, and 1820, are nearly ready for publication.

Fables for the Holy Alliance; with other Poems, &c. By Thomas Brown the Younger.

A Practical Treatise on the Symptoms, Causes, Discrimination, and Treatment of some of the most important Complaints that affect the Secretion and Excretion of the Urine. The whole exhibiting a comprehensive View of the various diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland, and Urethra. By John Howship, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London. In 8vo. illustrated with numerous Cases and Engravings.

The Parent's Latin Grammar, by the Author of the Student's Manual, with an Essay on the Formation of Latin Verbs. By J. B. Gilchrist, LL.D.

The Art of Valuing Rents and Tillages, explaining the manner of Valuing the Tenant's Right on entering and quitting Farms in Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties. By J. S. Bayldon.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Education.

Travels in Asia (from modern Writers), with Remarks and Observations, exhibiting a connected View of the Geography and present State of that Quarter of the Globe. By the Rev. W. Bingley. 7s. boards.

Stories from Roman History, 12mo. half-bound. 6s.

An Epitome of Chronology, from the Creation to the present Period. By Elizabeth Maydwell, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

A New Vocabulary of French Verbs. By Elizabeth Billard, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

History and Biography.

The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Year 1783 to 1822. By Edward Pelham Brenton, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy. Two Vols. 17. 16s. boards.

Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren. By J. Elmes, Architect, 4to. Portrait and 10 Plates. 3l. 3s.

Memoirs, including Journals, Letters, Papers, and Antiquarian Tracts of C. A.

Stothard. By Mrs. C. Stothard, 8vo. 15s. boards.

Memoir of the Life and Memoirs of John Gordon, MD. By Daniel Ellis, FRSE. foolscap. 6s.

Edinburgh Annual Register, 1819. Vol. 12, Parts 1 and 2. 21s. boards.

Public Characters of all Nations, Biographical Memoirs of nearly 3000 eminent Contemporaries, alphabetically arranged, with Portraits, 3 Vols. 2l. 2s. boards.

Memoirs of the private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France and Navarre. By Madame Campan, First Femme de Chambre to the Queen, 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

Medicine.

History of the Method and Cure of Epilepsy. By John Cooke, MD. 12s.

Thoughts on the present Character and Constitution of the Medical Profession. By T. C. Spur, MD. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Advice to Young Mothers on the physical Education of Children. By a Grandmother, 12mo.

Miscellaneous.

History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature. By Frederick Bouterwek, translated from the German. By Thomasina Ross. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Conversations on Botany. Fourth Edition, coloured 10s. 6d. plain 7s. 6d.

The Linnean System of Conchology, describing the Orders, Genera, and Species of Shells, arranged into Divisions and Families. By John Mawe, 8vo. coloured 2l. 12s. 6d. plain 1l. 1s.

Highways and Byways; or Tales of the Road Side, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman, 8vo. 13s.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Vol. 7, New Series, Royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Letters upon the Art of Miniature Painting. By L. Mansion. 7s.

Plain Englishman, comprehending original Compositions and Selections from the best Writers. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.

Thomson's Scottish Melodies, Royal 8vo. Vol. 3 and 4. 12s. each.

A Universal Technological Dictionary; or Exposition of all the Terms used in all Arts and Sciences. By George Crabb, AM. 2 Vols. 4to. with Plates. 5l. 8s.

A Journal of the Siege of Lathom House, in Lancashire; defended by Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, against Sir Thomas Fairfax, in 1644. 3s.

Britton's "History and Antiquities of Canterbury Cathedral," in One Vol. 4to. with 26 Engravings, a History and Description of the Building, Account of the Monuments, Anecdotes of the Archbishops, &c.

Pugin's "Specimens of Gothic Architecture." Vol. 11, with 54 Engravings.

The Description, by Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Lincoln, 2 Vols. 4to.

Novel.

Valperga; or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca. By the Author of Frankenstein. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.

Poetry.

The Son of Erin; or the Cause of the Greeks, a Play in Five Acts. By a Native of Bengal, George Burges, AM. Trin. Coll. Cambridge, boards. 6s.

Poems. By Helen Maria Williams, 8vo. 12s.

Political Economy.

A Second Letter to the Marquis of Landsdowne, on the reputed Excess and Depreciation of Bank Notes; on the Nature and Operations of Coins; and on the Consequences of the New Metallic Currency. By Daniel Beaumont Payne, Esq. 8vo. 2s.

Thoughts and Details on the high and low Prices of the last 30 Years. Part I. On the Alterations of the Currency. By Thomas Tooke, Esq. FRS. 6s.

Observations on the present State of Landed Property. By David Low, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Theology.

Lloyd's Horæ Theologicæ; or a Series of Essays, on Subjects interesting and important, embracing Physics, Morals, and Theology. 10s. 6d.

Voyages, &c.

Travels in New England and New York. By Timothy Dwight, STD. LL.D. late President of Yale College, Author of Theology explained and defended. 4 Vols. with Maps. 2l. 2s.

Ireland exhibited to England on a political and moral Survey of her Population, and on a statistical and scenographic Tour of certain Districts. By A. Atkinson, Esq. late of Dublin. 2 Vols. 8vo. 26s. boards.

The World in Miniature. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. 4 Vols. 18mo. containing Russia. 12s.

Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in 1821, 1822. By a Field-Officer of Cavalry. 10s. 6d.

Letters Literary and Political on Poland; comprising Observations on Russia, and other Slavonian Nations and Tribes, 8vo. 1l. 12s. boards.

Juarro's History of the Kingdom of Guatimalà. By Lieut. Bailly, RM. 16s. boards.

Travels in Ireland, in the Year 1822. By Thomas Reid, 8vo. 12s.

An Expedition from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains, in 1819-20, by Order of the United States. By Edwin James. 3 Vols. 8vo. with Plates. 1l. 16s.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. Black, to the vicarage of Gray's Trench, Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. M. Wilson.—The Rev. Jeremy Pratt, B.A. to the emolument rectory of Dinty and Thimblethorpe, Norfolk, Patron, Sir Jacob Astley, Bart.—The Rev. J. Leppiers, to the rectory of Newton St. Patrick, Devon.—The Rev. W. Acton, LL.D. of St. John's, Cambridge, to the rectory of Apult St. Lawrence, Herts, Patron, Lionel Lyde, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.—The Rev. J. Jenkins, of Wotton, Herefordshire, to the rectory of Kall, Herefordshire, Patron, Mrs. Garrett Walsham, of Kall Court.—The Rev. Hugh Owen, LL.D. Master of the Grammar School at Berwick, to the rectory of that place; Patron, the Earl of Unstod.—The Rev. Thomas Sam. Trotman, B.A. to the vicarage of

Dollington, Northamptonshire, and the rectory of Stoke Goldington and Grayhurst, Bucks; Patron, John A. B. Wright, of Sidmouth.—The Rev. J. Mayo, to the vicarage of Avebury Villa.—The Rev. G. Gunning, to the rectory of Deeping, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. H. Trevellan, Jan. M.A. to the vicarage of Milverton Priory, with the chapel of Longford Badville annexed, in the county of Somerset.—The Rev. F. J. Carpenter, to the vicarage of Cluder, Cornwall.—The Rev. J. Burrow, to the rectory of Lopham, Norfolk.

The Rev. Norvald Heber, M.A. appointed Lord Bishop of Calcutta, vice the late Dr. Middleton.

CALIPHULAT.—The subject of the Armenian Prize Poem for the present year is—Corushee.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 22, 1822.—At Torquay, Devonshire, the lady of Sir Theo. Whelan, a son.
23. At Standish Hall, Mrs. Standish, a son and heir.
24. In Vigo-lane, the lady of Miss Hickey, Esq. a daughter.
27. In Berners-street, the lady of Fran. Vincent Marins Marins, Esq. a daughter.
28. At Cockayne, Hatley, Beds. the Rt. Hon. Lady Anne Maria Com. a daughter.
31. At Bath, the lady of G. T. Williams, Esq. a son and heir.
Feb. 3.—Mrs. Stephen Child, of Walsworth, a son.
18. At Planchy Lodge, Berks, the lady of James Elmslie, Esq. a son.
—In Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, the Hon. Mrs. Chas. Beulson, a daughter.
—In Upper Cadogan-place, Mrs. Thomas Broadwood, a son.
—In Keppel-street, the lady of Humphry Wm. Woolrych, Esq. of Cranley House, Herts, and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, a son.
11. In Queen-street, May Fair, the lady of Samuel Paine, Esq. a daughter.
—In Stratton-street, Lady Jane Peel, a son.
21. In Hill-street, the lady of W. W. Roberts, MP. a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Chapel-roo, Kilmoney, the lady of John O'Sullivan, Esq. three daughters.

ABROAD.

At Naples, the lady of Alexander Thompson, Esq. a daughter.
At Abberville, the lady of Lieut.-Col. John Austin, Commander of the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, and Brigadier General in his most Faithful Majesty's Service, a daughter.
At Florence, the lady of Herbert Barrett Curteis, eldest son of Edward Curteis, Esq. of Windmill Hill, Sussex, a son and heir.
At Florence, the lady of Dr. Seymour, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 22.—At Knutsford, Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Hilbert, Esq. of Britton Hall, Cheshire, and Chalfont House, Bucks, to Caroline Henrietta, eldest daughter of Charles Cholmondeley, Esq. of Knutsford, and niece to Lord Delamere.
24. At Ellam, Staffordshire, John Butler Yardy Butler, Esq. of Lupton House, Devonshire, and Delborne Hall, Staffordshire, to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Wilson, Esq. of Wootton Park, Staffordshire, and Bank Hall, in the County of Lancaster.
25. At Wootton, Wm. Walters, Esq. of Girdlers Hall to Harriet Matilda, youngest daughter of the late George Detmar, Esq. of Blake Hall, Wootton.
—Wm. Plunkett, Esq. of Southampton, to Mary Anne Pown, of Lymington, Hants, third daughter of the late Rich. Brown, Esq. of Littlethorpe, in the County of York, Post Captain in the Royal Navy.
27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John, eldest son of John Kermichael, Esq. of Newbarn, Yorkshire, to Harriet, relict of Frederick P. Robinson, Esq.
28. At Woolwich, J. F. Brown, Esq. to Elizabeth Frances, daughter of Colonel Griffiths, of the Royal Artillery.

29. At West Bergholt, the Rev. Arthur Crichton of Sudbourn, Kent, to Susan, daughter of the Rev. W. K. Dunn, Rector of West Bergholt, Essex, and of Tuft and Downham, Norfolk.

30. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, George Hart, Esq. son of the late Adam Hart, MD of Calcutta, to Sophia Victoria, youngest daughter of the late Jas. Hopkins, MD, Queen's-square.

31. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Nathaniel Wells, Esq. of Peterfield, to Esther, third daughter of the late Rev. J. Owen, of Fulham, and Rector of Poyntonham, Dorset.

Feb. 4.—The Rev. Charles Chisholm, Rector of Eastwell, and Vicar of Preston, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. R. C. Tylden Patterson, of Ighite, Kent, and Rector of Frinton and Millstead.

6. At St. Pancras, the Rev. H. West, Rector of Berwick and Vicar of Loughton, in the County of Essex, to Louisa, daughter of the late Sir Robt. Barker, Bart.

—Richard, eldest son of Mr. Richard Phillips, to Matilda, only child of Thomas Bacon, Esq. of Claine, in the County of Worcester.

—Major Sir Charles Angler, Bart. of St. John's Lodge, Herts, to Catherine Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Pitt-Rivers, of Halls, Rector of Richard's Castle, in the Diocese of Hereford, and grand daughter of the late Bishop of St. Asaph.

8. At Froyle, Hants, R. R. Norwood, Esq. of Tisbury, in the Island of Dominica, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Norton Lee, Esq. of Coldray, Hants.

By special licence, at her Ladyship's House, by the Rev. Chas. Grant, Vicar of West Barham, and Minister of Duke-street Chapel, Westminster, Barry Pittman, Esq. to Lady Leigh.

Lately, at Bramfield, Norfolk, Andrew Lawson, Esq. of Aldborough Lodge, Yorkshire, to Mary Anne Maria, daughter of Thomas Sherlock Gough, Esq. MP. for Bedford.

12. At Bow Church, by the Rev. Dr. Marleed, Rector of St. Ann's, Westminster, and afterwards at Grove Hall, in the presence of his Excellency the Swedish Ambassador, by the Rev. J. P. Wills, Chaplain to the Embassy, Capt. C. R. Nordenskiöld, eldest son of Baron Nordenskiöld, of Forby, in Sweden, and Mäby, in Finland, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Lindsay, of Grove Hall.

13. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Dean of Carlisle, Charles Arth. Gore, Esq. of the First Life Guards, to Cath. Frances, younger daughter of the late Chas. Monty, Esq.

—Lately, at Warrington, Mr. Edward Robert Payne, of Bath, to Helen, third daughter of Richard Turner, Esq. of Warrington.

ABROAD.

At Hanover, Captain Charles Best, of the Royal Hanoverian Grenadier Guards, to Louisa, only daughter of the late Captain Robertson, of the second Light Battalion, King's German Legion.

DEATHS.

Jan. 17.—In his 73d year, George Edwards, MD, of Harward Castle, in the County of Durham, author of various political publications and writings relative to the improvement of National Affairs.

18. Aged 64, R. Dumas, Esq. of the White Temple, Harforden-street.

- At the Hotwells, Mrs. Judith Barry, aged 80; and on the 22d, her sister, Mrs. Catherine Barry, aged 90. Both of them underwent the operation of couching in 1813, from which time they retained their sight perfectly.
21. Louisa, eldest daughter of Robert Blagden, Esq. of Sackville-street.
- At Fairlight Lodge, near Hastings, in her 66th year, Anne, the lady of Dr. Batty.
22. At Richmond, in his 71st year, the Hon. and Rev. Harbottle Bucknall, Rector of Pitmarsh, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.
23. The Right Hon. Lady Aston, daughter of the first and sister and coheir of the second Earl of Northington, and relict of Sir Willoughby Aston, aged 74.
- At Ramsgate, Henry Stephenson Ashton, Esq. of Salters Buildings, Walthamstow, aged 36.
24. At Nottingham, aged 78, Mrs. Henrietta Tempest, third sister of the late Major Tempest, and Grand-daughter of the late Sir George Tempest, of Tong Hall, Yorkshire.
- In his 78d year, John Finlay, Esq. late MP. for the County of Dublin, and Lieut.-Colonel of the County of Dublin Militia.
25. The Hon. Thos. Mullins, third son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Ventry, of Barnham, in the County of Kerry, Ireland.
- Aged 72, Sarah, relict of Wm. Winchester, Esq. of Cecil-street, Strand.
- At Willesden-house, Middlesex, Sir Rupert George, Bart. aged 74.
- Suddenly, in a carriage in which he was going to the Opera, Peter Bayley, Esq. of Cumberland-place, New Road, Editor of the "Museum." It was deposed on the Coroner's Inquest, that his death was occasioned by the bursting of an aneurism of the aorta, from which an effusion of nearly two pints of blood had taken place in the chest. Mr. Bayley was author of a poem entitled, "Sketches from St. George's Fields," a production exhibiting no ordinary powers, either of versification, or forcible description; to the Fine Arts, particularly music and painting, he was enthusiastically attached, and was an able judge of the merits of both.
27. At his house, in Bedford-row, in his 86th year, Charles Hutton, LL.D. FRS. one of the most distinguished characters in the arduous walk of mathematical science that the present day can show. Dr. Hutton has been before the public as an author for the long period of sixty years; during forty of these he held the important situation of Professor of Mathematics, at the Royal Military College, at Woolwich, with the highest honour to himself, and advantage to his country. Military tactics have been much benefited by his important labours, for it is by him that our artillery, and system of engineering have been brought to that perfection which they are universally admitted to possess. As a proof how little his extraordinary abilities were impaired, either by advanced age or the languor of illness, it may be mentioned that almost in his very last moments he replied to the scientific questions proposed to him by the Bridge House Committee, relative to the curves most proper to be employed for the arches of the projected New London Bridge: and this paper is allowed to be a very valuable mathematical document. The immediate cause of his decease was a cold, that affected his lungs, and carried him off apparently without pain. His remains were interred on February 4, in the family vault at Charlton, in Kent.
26. At his house, at Berkeley, in his 76th year, Edward Jenner, MD. FRS. &c. Among the benefactors of the human race, gratitude will assign a distinguished situation to this venerable individual, who by the discovery of Vaccination, has contributed greatly toward the complete suppression of one of the most terrible of its scourges. His remains were interred at Berkeley, Feb. 3d, followed by an immense concourse of persons, among whom were many of the highest respectability. Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, has been applied to by the family, who have supplied him with authentic documents for that purpose, to arrange for publication his numerous papers and manuscripts.
27. In Fuston-square, Martha, wife of Thomas Hodgson, Esq.
27. At Lee, in Kent, aged 20, Catherine Anna, eldest daughter of the late Adam Baildon, MD. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, St. Helena.
29. At Woodlands, Blackheath, at the advanced age of 91, John Julius Angerstein, Esq. of Pall-Mall, well known to the admirers of the Fine Arts by his admirable taste in painting, and as the possessor of one of the very finest private galleries in the empire. It is reported that the collection is about to come to the hammer; and that his Majesty has expressed a wish to become the purchaser of the Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo.
- At his residence, in the Regent's Park, Lucas Concannon, Esq. MP. for Winchelsea.
31. At her house, at St. Stephen's, near St. Alban's, Miss Sheffield, daughter of the late Sir Charles Sheffield, and aunt to the present Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart. Normanby-hall, Lincolnshire.
- At York, Ann, wife of the Rev. C. Wellbeloved.
- At his seat, Harold house, Bedfordshire, in his 68th year, Thomas Alston, Esq. of apoplexy. Feb. 1. At North Cray, Kent, in his 86th year, the Rev. Thomas Moore, Rector for fifty-seven years of that parish, and the adjoining one of Foot's Cray.
2. In Piccadilly, Magdalene Countess Dowager of Dysart.
- At Coln, St. Aldwin's, near Fairford, Gloucestershire, in his 70th year, General Lister, late Colonel of the 45th regt. and Governor of Languard Fort.
3. In Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, in his 92d year, the Rev. James Jones, DD. Chancellor of the Diocese of Hereford.
- Aged 80, the Rev. J. Cooke, DD. nearly forty years President of Corpus Christi College, Rector of Wood Eaton and Beckbrooke, and for about fifty years an active magistrate for the county of Oxford.
5. In Cork-street, Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. of Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire, aged 71.
- In Harley-street, Lady Rumbold, relict of Sir Thomas Rumbold, Bart. and daughter of Dr. Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle.
- Mrs. Williamson, relict of John Williamson, Esq. of Roby Hall, Lancashire.
6. Frances, lady of Richard Lewis, Esq. of Llan-tilio, Monmouthshire, and daughter of the late W. Owen, Bristock of Blaenpent, Cardiganshire, and Glynn Abbey, Carmarthenshire.
- At Dawlish, in Devonshire, James Browne, Esq. of Brighton.
7. At Hampton-court, R. T. Mostyn, Esq.
- At Hemdon, W. Lewis, Esq.
- At Pimlico, Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, Authoress of the celebrated Romances, of the Mysteries of Udolpho, and the Italian, and some other works of fiction.
8. At his father's, at Hammersmith, Jonathan Skelton, Esq. LLB. of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.
- Robert Blake, Esq. MP. for Arundel.
- At Ella Combe, near Torquay, Devonshire, Marianne, the lady of Francis Garratt, Esq.
10. In John-street, Belford-row, aged 47, John Gregory Shaddick, Esq. late one of the sworn clerks in the Court of Chancery.
- In Finsbury-square, in her 40th year, Julia, wife of Philip Samuel, Esq. and daughter of the late Asher Goldsmid, Esq.
- At Moria-place, Southampton, aged 70, Mrs. Young, relict of the late John Young, Esq. Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow.
14. At Camberwell, James Poole, Esq. of the Seal office, Inner Temple.
- In Gullford-street, in her 81st year, Mrs. Tooke, relict of the late Rev. W. Tooke.
15. At his mother's, Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, George Brummell, Esq.
- In Bryanstone-square, aged 94, the Rev. Richard Roberts, DD. late Head Master of St. Paul's school.

ABROAD.

- At Paris, in his 61st year, Henry Gray McNab, MD. Physician to the late Duke of Kent.
- At Passage West, near Cork, Wm. Parker D'Esterre, Esq. late Commander of the Hon. Company's Ships, the United Kingdom, and Fairlie.
- Near Madras, the lady of Lieut. Charles Highmore Potts, aged 28.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1823.

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LONDON:

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THE LION'S HEAD.

OUR friends, we are sure, will regret the cause which has robbed our pages this month of the continuation of the interesting Letters by the English Opium Eater. Their re-appearance, in our next Number, will, we trust, afford the most welcome bulletin that can be given of his recovery. The following note from him has just been received:

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I send you as much of my fourth letter as I have been able to write: that it is not completed, you must impute to no neglect of mine, but to an inflammatory complaint attended with pain, which for the last ten or twelve days has rendered all attempt to compose very laborious to me, and at length fruitless. It is due to yourself, who have attached so much more weight to these letters than I fear they can deserve, to let you know that this temporary interruption of the series is caused by no want of exertion on my part up to the latest time at which it could have been available for the present number. For your readers in general, I suspect, that they will rejoice to find that you have “lightened ships” for one month by discharging some of your heaviest lading.

March 27.

Very faithfully your's,
X. Y. Z.

Time and space will not allow Lion's Head to enter at large upon the subject of Doctor B.'s Letter; but he will submit the following considerations, for their novelty, “to the serious attention of parents” and poets.

Another objection, Sir, I have to make to our Juvenile Literature, is, that in its youthful poems the rhyme is not strictly attended to. Rhymes are to children the very signs of poetry; they read them with emphasis, and remember them tenaciously; and, therefore, it is of the first importance, that they should chime correctly, in order that the infant tongue may not acquire a bad and vicious pronunciation. And in this particular I know of no juvenile author so faulty as the Rev. Dr. Watts; who, although a very good and pious man in other respects, was a very bad rhymist, and is not, therefore, as Dr. Johnson says of him in his Life, ‘one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased.’ The Doctor too truly objects, elsewhere, ‘that his rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent.’ Thus, in his Divine and Moral Songs for Children you meet continually with such flagrant examples as these:—

How skilfully she builds each cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

Or ‘makes,’ which is a Scottish pronunciation, and even to the offspring of that country would make no rhyme with the antecedent word, which they would call ‘wor.’

God quickly sent two raging bears
To stop their wicked breath,
That tore them limb from limb, with tears,
And blood, and groans, to death.

To tear them with tears (tares) is tautology, and to read it tears (tears) would require it to be raging, or foaming, *beers*.

I might, Sir, trouble you with innumerable other instances, but the present are sufficient to show the evil consequences that must result from such errors to the juvenile mind, which, till it begins to reason, attaches so much importance to rhyme.

We thank our Dublin Correspondent for his kind offer; but we fear we can scarcely advise him to carry his project into execution.

TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

By the Author of "The River Derwent."

I.—1.

MINSTREL of other days ! if stranger's hand
May to thy name attune a votive lay,
Thee, worthy as thou art of crown of bay,
And all the wealth Parnassian fields command,
Fain would I hail ! For thou, as with a wand
Of magic, hast call'd up, in proud array,
Scenes which had passed confusedly away
To the dim confines of tradition's land !

I.—2.

Thee, on whose mind imaginative powers
Have shed the blessing and the pomp of song,
Long may Joy keep in her elysian bowers,
And Fancy lead in her immortal throng !
May spirits lap thee in Castalia's tide,
And give thee wings, upon the winds to ride,—

II.—1.

That from the halls which in the heavens arise,
Where day-light ever smiles on happy Time,
From the bright meads of the ethereal clime,
Hereafter thou may'st win the glorious prize
Which shall thy name and verse immortalize,—
That gift which shall reward thy gorgeous rhyme—
Thy faired strains—and genius sublime,
And lift thee to thy mansion in the skies !

II.—2.

Proceed, sweet minstrel ! Charm us yet awhile
With grateful tales, from Cumbrian legends cull'd,
And from thy country's annals. Thee the smile
Of Britain welcomes, in seclusion lull'd
Amid the worthies of those distant years,
To whom thy page a welcome tribute rears.

III.—1.

The mighty bard of Albion's glens and hills,
(He who hath conjured up, as in a dream,
Visions which floated on oblivion's stream,
And taught the feelings which the Muse instils ;
Whether she lingers by the modest rills,
Or lists the trumpet and the eagle's scream
On fields of war :) not more hath felt the gleam—
The warmth—the fire which thy conception fills.

III.—2.

Bard, thou, of other days—beloved in these !
Though thine own valleys vibrate with thy name ;
Let not a distant sound of praise displease,
From one who envies thee the wreath of Fame.
Receive my thanks, and proud my verse shall be
Thus to acknowledge thy sweet minstrelsy.

December, 1822.

THE
London Magazine.

APRIL, 1823.

DEATH OF A GERMAN GREAT MAN.

Was Herder a great man? I protest, I cannot say. He is called the German Plato. I will not be so satirical as Mr. Coleridge, who, being told by the pastor of Ratzeburg, that Klopstock was the German Milton, said to himself, "Yes,—a very *German* Milton." The truth is, Plato himself is but an idea to most men; nay, even to most scholars; nay, even to most Platonic scholars.* Still, for that very reason, the word "Plato" has a grandeur to the mind—which better acquaintance, if it did not impair, would tend at least to humanise and to make less seraphic. As it is, with the advantage, on Plato's side, of this *ideal* existence, and the disadvantage on Herder's of a language so anti-Grecian as the German in every thing except its extent, the contest is too unequal. Making allowances for this, however, I still find it difficult to form any judgment of an author so "many-sided" (to borrow a German expression)—so poly-morphous as Herder: there is the same sort of difficulty in making an estimate of his merits, as there would be to a political economist in appraising the strength and weakness of an empire like the Chinese, or like the Roman under Trajan: to be just, it must be a representative estimate—and therefore abstracted from works, not only

many but also various, and far asunder in purpose and tendency. Upon the whole, the best notion I can give of Herder to the English reader, is to say that he is the German Coleridge; having the same all-grasping erudition, the same spirit of universal research, the same occasional superficiality and inaccuracy, the same indeterminateness of object, the same obscure and fanciful mysticism (*schwärmerey*), the same plethoric fulness of thought, the same fine sense of the beautiful—and (I think) the same incapacity for dealing with simple and austere grandeur. I must add, however, that in fineness and compass of understanding, our English philosopher appears to me to have greatly the advantage. In another point they agree,—both are men of infinite title pages. I have heard Mr. Coleridge acknowledge that his title pages alone (titles, that is, of works meditated but unexecuted) would fill a large volume: and, it is clear that, if Herder's power had been commensurate with his will, all other authors must have been put down: many generations would have been unable to read to the end of his works. The weakest point about Herder that I know of was his admiration of Ossian—a weakness from which, I should think, Mr. Coleridge must have been pre-

* As, for example, to our English translators, who make the Attic bee talk like an old drone both as to sense and expression. See, too, for a specimen of what Plato does *not* mean, the "*Geist der Speculativen Philosophie*," by a tedious man—one Tiedemann.

served,* if by nothing else, by his much more accurate acquaintance with the face and appearances, fixed and changing, of external nature.

I have been lately much interested by a life of Herder, edited by Professor J. G. Müller, but fortunately written (or chiefly so) by a person far more competent to speak of him with love and knowledge: viz. Maria Caroline, the widow of Herder. Herder had the unspeakable blessing in this world of an angelic wife, whose company was his consolation under a good deal of worldly distress from secret malice and open hostility. She was admirably fitted to be the wife of a philosopher; for, whilst her excellent sense and her innocent heart enabled her to sympathise fully with the general spirit of Herder's labours, she never appears for a moment to have forgotten her feminine character, but declines all attempt to judge of abstruse questions in philosophy—whatever weight of polemic interest may belong to them in a life of Herder. Her work is very unpretending, and, perhaps, may not have been designed for the public: for it was not published until more than ten years after her death. The title of the book is *Erinnerungen aus dem Leben Joh. Gottfrieds von Herder* (Recollections from the Life of J. G. Herder). 2 vols. Tübingen, 1820.

It appears that Herder rose from the very humblest rank; and, of necessity, therefore, in his youth, but afterwards from inclination, led a life of most exemplary temperance: this is not denied by those who have attacked him. He was never once intoxicated in his whole life: a fact of very equivocal construction! his nerves would not allow him to drink tea; and, of coffee, though very agreeable to him, he allowed himself but little. All this temperance, however, led to nothing: for he died when he was but four months advanced in his sixtieth year. Surely, if he had been a drunkard or an opium-eater, he might have contrived to weather the point of sixty years. In fact, opium would, perhaps, have been of service to him.

For all his sufferings were derived from a most exquisite and morbid delicacy of nervous temperament: and of this it was that he died. With more judicious medical advice, he might have been alive at this hour. His nervous system had the sensitive delicacy of Cowper's and of Rousseau's, but with some peculiarities that belong (in my judgment) exclusively to German temperaments. I cannot explain myself fully on this occasion: but, in general, I will say, that from much observation of the German literature, I perceive a voluptuousness—an animal glow—almost a sensuality in the very intellectual sensibilities of the German, such as I find in the people of no other nation. The French, it will be said, are sensual. Yes: sensual enough. But theirs is a factitious sensuality: a sensual direction is given to their sensibilities by the tone of a vicious literature—and a tone of public and domestic life certainly not virtuous. The fault however in the French is the want of depth and simplicity in their feelings. But, in Germany, the life and habits of the people are generally innocent and simple. Sensuality is no where less tolerated: intellectual pleasures no where more valued. Yet, in the most intellectual of their feelings, there is still a taint of luxury and animal fervour. Let me give one illustration:—in the *Paradise Lost*, that man must have an impure mind who finds the least descent into sensuality in any parts which relate to our first parents in Eden: in no part of his divine works does the purity of Milton's mind shine forth more bright and unsullied: but there is one infirm passage; viz. where Raphael is made to blush on Adam's questioning him about the loves of the heavenly host. The question, in fact, was highly improper, as implying an irregular and unhallowed curiosity not incident to a paradisiacal state. But to make the archangel blush, is to load him with a sin-born shame from which even Adam was free. Now this passage, this single infirm thought of Milton's, is entirely to

* There is, indeed, a metrical version of *Niny*—what? "Ninithoma," or *Niny*—something in Mr. Coleridge's earliest volume of *Poems*: but that was a very juvenile performance.

the taste of Germany; and Klopstock even, who is supposed to support the Hebraic—sublime—and unsensualizing nature against the more Grecian—voluptuous—and beautiful nature of Wieland, &c. yet indulges in this sensualism to excess.

But, to return to Herder: his letters to his wife and children (of which many are given in this work) are delightful; especially those to the former, as they show the infinite—the immeasurable depth of affection which united them. Seldom, indeed, on this earth can there have been a fireside more hallowed by love and pure domestic affections than that of Herder. He wanted only freedom from the cares which oppressed him, and perhaps a little well-boiled opium, combined with a good deal of lemonade or orangeade (of which, as of all fruits, Herder's elegance of taste made him exceedingly fond), to have been the happiest man in Germany. With an angel of a wife, with the love and sympathy of all Germany, and with a medicine for his nerves,—what more could the heart of man desire? Yet not having the last, the others were flung away upon him; and, in his latter years, he panted after the invisible world, merely because the visible (as he often declared) ceased to stimulate him. That worst and most widely-spread of all diseases, weariness of daily life—inirritability of the nerves to the common stimulants which life supplies, seized upon him to his very heart's core: he was sick of the endless revolution upon his eyes of the same dull unimpassioned spectacle: *tædet me harum quotidianarum formarum*, was the spirit of his ceaseless outcry. He fought with this soul-consuming evil, he wrestled with it as a maniac. Change of scene was suggested; undoubtedly one of the best nervous medicines. Change of scene he tried: he left his home at Weimar, and went to Dresden. There one would think the magnificent library was alone sufficient to stir the nerves even of a paralytic. And so it proved. Herder grew much better: the library, the picture gallery, the cathedral service, all tended to regenerate him: he received the most flattering attentions: the Elector of that day (1803) expressed a wish to see him. Herder went, and was honoured with a pri-

vate interview; in the course of which, the Elector, who was a prince of great talents and information, paid him a very high and just compliment. "The impression which the noble-minded prince made upon Herder," says Mrs. Herder, "was deep and memorable. On his part, the Elector was highly pleased with Herder, as we have learned from the best authority; and is represented as having afterwards consulted a minister on the possibility of drawing him into his service." From Dresden Herder returned home in high spirits, but soon began to droop again. His last illness and death soon followed; which I shall translate from the beautiful narrative of Mrs. Herder.

"Full of gratitude, and with many delightful remembrances, did Herder leave Dresden. The three last weeks of his residence in that city were the last sun-gleam that illumined his life. He purposed for the future to spend a few weeks there every now and then, in order to make use of the superb library. On the 18th of September he arrived at home happy and in high spirits. He found our William with us, and gave him such consolation as he could upon the loss of his Amelia. William had come, as if sent from heaven, to our support in the months of affliction which succeeded, and to tend the sick-bed of his father with Godfrey, Emilius, and Louisa. Herder was full of plans of intense labour for the approaching winter, such as the consolidation of the secondary schools; the third part of the spirit of the Hebrew poetry; and the letters from Persepolis; of all which, however, it was the will of God that nothing was ever to be accomplished. Sometimes, even up to the last weeks of his life, he confessed to me a strange misgiving, seated in the very depths of his heart—that he should soon be summoned away from Weimar.—On the last day of September he held an examination for orders, and in a tone of extraordinary elevation of mind, as all who were present afterwards declared. The subject was—*Upon the Heavenly Hierarchies*. The tenth No. of the *Adrastea* (a periodical work conducted by Herder) was almost arranged and written, in the former half, when the first attack of indisposition seized him (on the 17th or

18th of October). He soon recovered, and did not keep his bed. At favourable opportunities he continued to labour upon the *Adrastea* up to that impressive passage with which that number concludes."

[This passage speaks of the Northern mythology as given in the Edda, and closes with a few verses describing the awe-stricken state of a human spirit on its first entrance into the presence of God. Mrs. Herder, whose tenderness makes her superstitious, sees in this, as in other incidents of this period, ominous signs of Herder's approaching death.]

"Something it was his intention to have added, and so the sheet lay open on his writing-table. Our dear Godfrey saw that prophetic leaf daily, which was constantly drawing nearer to its fulfilment, with an anxious and foreboding heart, as he afterwards told me. Two months long did the conflict last between his powerful nature and his debilitated and shattered nerves. All his old complaints were re-awakened. If the physicians prescribed remedies for them, then it irritated his nerves; and so *vice versa*. At length a total atony of all the vital functions came on, which was susceptible of no relief from medicine. And thus he witnessed all his powers sinking, in the fulness of his consciousness, in perfect possession of his intellectual faculties, and in daily hopes of amendment. Except Godfrey, (for whose attendance he yearned with inexpressible anxiety,) and our own family circle, he would see nobody,—at least, not with pleasure. To read, or

to hear another read, was his dearest consolation. Among the books which were at that time read aloud at his request, I still remember these which follow:—Ossian, Lipsius *De Constantia*, Thorild's *Maximum* (but this was soon laid aside, because it affected him too much), G. Müller's *Remains*, and the Bible, especially the *Prophets*. These we exchanged by turns for other works of a more amusing class that would less affect his head; but we never advanced far in any, being soon obliged to lay them by: reading, we found, must not be persevered in for any length of time; so we varied it with talking and with silence. Even the harpsichord, for which he longed so often, affected him too powerfully; and we were soon obliged to interrupt the performance.—Often, in the first weeks of his illness, often did he say: 'Oh! if some original, some grand, some spiritual idea would but come to me from whatsoever quarter, would but possess and penetrate my soul, I should be well in a moment.' Yet this feeling was unsteady and often fluctuated. When his sleepless and agitated nights continued, he said, 'My complaint is quite incomprehensible to me; my mind is well, and nothing but my body sick: could I but quit my bed, oh! what labours I would go through!' Certainly he would most gladly have lived, if but for a short time longer, for the sake of executing many designs; at any rate, to give utterance once again fully and finally to the thoughts which lay nearest to his heart.*

* This is more fully expressed by Mrs. Herder upon another occasion, viz. at p. 219, vol. ii. in the course of the interesting account she gives of Herder's gigantic plans and sketches:—"A few only of his later works were written not altogether from any strong impulse of his own nature, but chiefly with a view to the benefit of others. Hence, alas! more important labours went unfinished—labours that lay near to his inmost heart. In the last day of his life he said to our Godfrey, "He wished he might be permitted to write but two Numbers more of the *Adrastea*: those two should be his last and consummate labour; in them he would deliver his entire Confession of Faith, seeing that many subjects now appeared to him in a far different light." He complained that "He had accomplished so little in his life;" said "that men pitched the tone of their investigations too high and too artificial, when yet human nature lay broad and open before our eyes—like an unrolled manuscript: nothing was required of us but that we should read; instead of which, we fancy and devise all sorts of difficulties."

It may be judged, from all this, how straitened in point of time Herder must have found himself: so delusive is the impression which Mr. Coleridge has sought to convey in his *Biographia Literaria*, that Herder had found his various duties, as a man of business, reconcilable with his higher duties as an intellectual being, working for his own age and posterity! Indeed, of no man who ever lived, is this more emphatically untrue: but of a hundred similar complaints, in the same passionate style, I select two by way of correcting the misrepresentation of Mr. Coleridge. 1. At p. 214, Mrs. Herder says

This feeling he confessed to the physician, Dr. Stark, and to Godfrey. Often did he fling his arms about dear Godfrey's neck, and said, 'Oh! friend, oh! most beloved friend, deliver me—even yet save me, if it be possible.' Ah! heavens! what a spectacle of anguish for us all! Our hopes, though continually weaker, did not wholly decline, up to the last day: not until, after a mighty struggle of pain in his breast, he fell into his final slumber on Sunday morning, December 18. The whole day through he slept in profound tranquillity; nor in this world ever woke again; but at half past eleven at night, gently and without a groan, slumbered away into the arms of God. Oh! tears and anguish that could never waken him again! him that was the only one for whom we lived—our guardian-angel that lived for us. Oh! counsels of the unfathomable God!—But

thou, heavenly Father, wilt take away the veil from my eyes: all will be revealed; and, perhaps, in no long * period of time!"

Having expressed my inability to adjust the balance of Herder's claims, even to my own satisfaction, it will gratify the reader to see this deficiency supplied by one of the most original men of any age—John Paul Richter, the Rousseau and the Sterne of Germany; whose opportunities for judging of Herder were great beyond those of any other contemporary, with talents equal to the task. Herder was in the habit of holding weekly *conversazioni* to save his own time from unprofitable interruptions: but John Paul was so select a favourite, that, on his visits to Weimar, he seldom attended the public nights, being a privileged guest in the family circle at all times, and when others were excluded. "Of this dear friend," says Mrs. Herder, "I must

"How often would he ejaculate—'Ah that I had but time—time—time!' His heart was ready to break at the thought of how much that he wished to communicate must be sealed up with himself in the grave." 2. (p. 224) "Many a time in company, when the conversation happened to turn upon confinement in a fortress, he would say pleasantly, but at the same time earnestly—'For my part, I envy the man who is thrown into a dungeon, provided he has a good conscience, and knows how to employ his time. To me no greater service could be rendered, than just to shut me up for some years in a fortress, with permission to pursue my labours and to procure the books I might want. Oh! never was poor soul more wearied out than I am with this hurry of business amongst crowds.' " If, therefore, Herder contrived to do a great deal of business in the common sense of the word, combined with a great deal of intellectual work, he did it only by sacrificing just that proportion of the latter: to do that which any stout man might have been hired to do far better for a guinea a day, he left undone that which only intellectual men, sometimes only himself, could have done. Mr. Coleridge's object could not have been to show us that by a sacrifice to that extent a man might gain time for ordinary business: *that* had never been doubted. His thesis was, that the performance of this ordinary business might be so managed as not only to subtract nothing from the higher employments, but even greatly to assist them: and Herder's case was alleged as a proof and an illustration; with what countenance from Herder himself we here see.

How immense were Herder's plans, may be judged by the reader, when he is informed that the following are but a slight fraction of his entire scheme of outlines:

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|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Spanish Literature..... | } to be exhibited on a great scale. |
| 2. Hebrew; the elder, and the latter Jewish Literature..... | |
| 3. Icelandic..... | |
| 4. Grecian Mythology to be delivered and interpreted. | |
| 5. Natural Philosophy to be studied for some years: this plan was much ripened and extended on occasion of the discovery of galvanism—of his personal acquaintance with Werner, who explained to him in conversation his system of geology—and on occasion of Dr. Gall's Craniological Lectures. | |
| 6. Select Tragedies from Shakspeare and from the Greek | } to be translated. |
| 7. Horace..... | |
| 8. Pindar..... | |
| 9. The Bible..... | |
| 10. Ossian..... | |
| 11. A History of Poetry | } to be composed: in 4to. of course. |
| 12. A Life of Luther | |

* She died about two years after writing this passage.

make a separate mention. He first came to Weimar in the latter half of the year 1790, as if sent by Providence for the especial consolation of Herder, at a time when he was universally misrepresented, and by some people actually shunned, on account of the political and philosophic principles ascribed to him. Different as were their views in regard to many subjects, yet in principle and in feeling they were thoroughly united. The high moral tone of both writers, and their rank as great intellectual physicians for their own age, furnished a natural ground of sympathy with each other, that led to the closest friendship. Herder soon loved his young friend; and his reverence for the great endowments of his mind increased daily. The happy evenings which Richter spent with us, the serenity and youthful freshness of his mind, his burning eloquence, and the inexhaustible life, humour, and originality of his conversation upon every thing that came before him, reanimated Herder's existence. Oh! how often has the genial humour of this great favourite of Germany, in the course of an evening's walk or ride to Ettersburg, beguiled Herder of a world of sad thoughts, and cheated him into smiles and cheerfulness! In many respects, it is true, that Herder did not approve of John Paul's style and manner: and their amicable differences on this point often led to very instructive conversations. But, for all that, Herder esteemed his native genius, and the teeming creativeness of his poetic spirit, far above the unfeeling and purely *statuesque* poetry

of the day, in which every thing was sacrificed to mere beauty of *form*; and in reference to certain poets of the age" (no doubt Mrs. Herder alludes chiefly to Wieland), "who applied the greatest gift of God to the injury of religion and good morals, thus abusing the divinity of their art to the abasement and brutalising of man's nature, Herder would often say with a noble scorn—'Above all such poets our dear friend John Paul stands at an immeasurable elevation: I willingly pardon him his want of ordonnance and of metre, in consideration of his high-toned virtue—his living world—his profound heart—his creative and plastic intellect. He is a true poet, fresh from the hands of God; and brings new life, truth, virtue, and reality, into our vitiated and emasculated poetry.'"

The passages in which John Paul * speaks of Herder, are many: two in particular I remember of great beauty, one in the "Flegel-jahre," the other in his last work, "Der Comet" (1821); but, not having those works at hand, I shall translate that which is cited by the editor of Mrs. Herder's Memoirs, omitting only such parts as would be unintelligible without explanations of disproportionate length.

"Alike in all the changing periods of his own life, and by the most hostile parties, it was the fate of this great spirit to be misunderstood; and (to speak candidly) not altogether without his own fault. For he had this defect—that he was no star, whether of the first, second, or any other magnitude—but a whole cluster and fasciculus of stars, out of

* I call him *John Paul*, because he is universally known by that familiar appellation throughout Germany; just as Rousseau is called *Jean Jaques*. Let me take this opportunity of mentioning, that in a hasty sketch of John Paul, which I drew up for the London Magazine (December, 1821), I did him great injustice; for, working, unfortunately, at a pace of almost furious speed, I was obliged to content myself with such specimens as I had at hand: and with respect to one of these (the Swedish Priest), I sent to the press a translation executed in part twelve years ago, when I was less intimately acquainted with the German: the consequence is, that on lately revising it, I perceived one mistake as to the sense. A more important oversight was, that I forgot to prefix an explanation, apprising the reader, that the whole portrait of the Swedish Parish Priest is supposed to come from a boy; which explanation would at once have converted into a *characteristic* grace that air of romantic sentiment which otherwise seems childish. John Paul is a sealed author to all but those who are adepts in the German language—manners—customs—and even local usages; and fifty times more difficult to translate than any metrical writer whatsoever. Hereafter, and under more favourable circumstances, I will communicate, through the London Magazine, a better selection from this most original of all German writers—executed in the most finished style that I can command.

which it is for every one to compose at pleasure a constellation shaped after his own preconception. Monodynamic men, men of a single talent, are rarely misapprehended; men of multitudinous powers almost always. —If he was no poet—as he would himself often protest, measuring his own pretensions by the Homeric and Shakspearian * standard—he was, however, something still better, namely, a *Poet*, an Indico-Grecian Epopee, fashioned by some divinest and purest architect: how else, or by what analytic skill, should I express the nature of this harmonious soul—in which, as in a poem, all was reconciled and fused; in which the good, the beautiful, and the true, were blended and indivisible? Greece was to him the supreme object of devotion—the pole to which his final aspirations pointed; and, universally as he was disposed by his cosmopolitan taste to find and to honour merit, yet did he from his inmost soul yearn, in the very midst of the blooming lands through which he strayed, like any far-travelled Ulysses, for his restoration to a Grecian home; more especially in his latter years. Herder was designed as it were from some breathing Grecian model. Thence came his Grecian reverence for life in all its gradations: like a Brahmin, with a divine Spinozism of the heart, he loved the humblest reptile—the meanest insect—and every blossom of the woods. Thence came the epic style of all his works, which, like a philosophic epos, with the mighty hand and with the impartiality of a God, brought up before the eye † of centuries, and upon a stage of vastest proportions, all times, forms, nations, spirits. Thence also came his Grecian disgust towards all excess, disproportion, or disturbance of equilibrium this way or that. Thence was it that like a Grecian poem he drew by anticipation round

about every feeling and emotion a severe line of beauty, which not even the most impassioned was allowed to overstep.

“Few minds have been learned upon the same grand scale as Herder. The major part pursue only what is most rare and least familiar in science: he, on the contrary, could receive only the great and Catholic streams of every science into the mighty depths of his own heaven-reflecting ocean, that impressed upon them all its own motion and fluctuation. Others are fastened upon by their own learning as by a withering and strangling ivy; but *his* hung about him as gracefully as the tendrils of a vine, and adorned him with fruit as with clusters of grapes.——How magnificently, how irreconcilably, did he blaze into indignation against the creeping and crawling vermin of the times—against German coarseness of taste—against all sceptres in brutal paws—and against the snakes of the age! But would you hear the sweetest of voices, it was *his* voice in the utterance of love—whether for a little child, or for poetry, or for music, or in the tones of mercy and forbearance towards the weak. In general he has been little weighed or appraised, and in parts only—never as a whole. His due valuation he will first find in the diamond scales of posterity; into which scales will assuredly not be admitted the pebbles with which he was pelted by the coarse critics of his days, and the still coarser disciples of Kant.——Two sayings of his survive, which may seem trifling to others; me they never fail to impress profoundly: one was, that on some occasion, whilst listening to choral music that streamed from a neighbouring church as from the bosom of some distant century, he wished, with a sorrowful allusion to the cold frosty spirit of these times, that he

* For the sake of English readers I must mention (to those who know any thing of the German literature it is superfluous to mention) that Herder, in common with every man of eminence in modern Germany, paid almost divine honours to Shakspeare: his wife tells us in her interesting *Memoirs* of him, that he could repeat *Hamlet* by heart.

† In the original “*vor das Säkularische ange*,” and in the true meaning of the word “*secular*,” as it is exhibited by Milton in the fine expression — “*A secular bird*,” meaning the phoenix, I might have translated it—before the secular eye: but the vulgar theologic sense of the word in English would have led to a misinterpretation of the meaning. No other equivalent term occurs to me, except *Aseonian*; and *that* is too uncommon to be generally intelligible.

had been born in the middle ages. The other, and a far different, sentiment was—that he would gladly communicate with an apparition from the spiritual world, and that he neither felt nor foreboded any thing of the usual awe connected with such a communication. O! the pure soul that already held commerce with spirits! To such a soul this was possible, poetical as *that* soul was; and though it be true that just such souls it is that shudder with the deepest awe before the noiseless and inaudible mysteries that dwell and walk on the other side of death,—to his soul it was possible; for the soul of Herder was itself an apparition upon this earth, and never forgot its native world. At this moment I think I see him; and, potent as death is otherwise to glorify the images of men with saintly transfiguration—yet, methinks, that from the abyss of distance and of sumless elevation, he appears not more radiant or divine than he did here below; and I think of him, far aloft in the heavens and behind the stars, as in his *natural* place; and as of one but little altered from what he was, except by the blotting out of his earthly sorrows.”

What is said of the disciples of Kant in the above extract, is to be explained thus: Herder, when a

young man, had studied at Königsberg; and, in consideration of his poverty, Kant had allowed him to attend his lectures gratis. Herder was sensible (though from the style of his own mind insufficiently sensible) of Kant's greatness; and in after-life often spoke publicly of Kant with great reverence. Kant, on the other hand, admired his pupil, and augured well of his future success; but never dissembled his disapprobation of what he considered crazy and visionary enthusiasm (*Schwärmerey*.) This feeling, openly and frankly expressed, seems in youth to have given Herder little offence: but in after life, being repeated to him, perhaps with some ill-natured aggravations, so wounded his own self-esteem, that he attempted to avenge himself by an attack upon Kant's great work, the “*Kritik der R. Vernunft*,” in a *Metakritik*. Of this attack, which was in truth perfectly feeble, Kant took no sort of notice: and it fell into immediate contempt. But the followers of Kant throughout Germany could not forgive the insult offered to their master; and too often allowed themselves, in their indignation at this instance of infirmity in Herder, to forget his real services to literature and philosophy.

X. Y. Z.

ANTIQUITY.

ANTIQUITY! thou dark sublime!
 Though Mystery wakes thy song,
 Thou dateless child of hoary Time,
 Thy name shall linger long!
 In vain Age bares Destruction's arm
 To blight thy strength and fame;
 Learning still keeps thy embers warm,
 And kindles them to flame.

Nay, Learning's self may turn to dust,
 And Ignorance again
 May leave its glimmering lamp to rust;
 Antiquity shall reign!
 Creation's self thy date shall be,
 And Earth's age be as thine;
 The Sun and Moon are types of thee,
 Nor shall they longer shine.

Though Time may o'er thy memory leap,
 And Ruin's frowns encroach;
 Eternity shall start from sleep
 To hear thy near approach.

Though bounds are for thy station set,
Still, ere those bounds are past,
Thy fame with Time shall struggle yet,
And die with Time the last.

Whene'er I walk where thou hast been,
And still art doom'd to be,
Reflection wakens at the scene,
As at eternity ;—
To think what days in millions by
Have bade suns rise and set,
O'er thy unwearied gazing eye,
And left thee looking yet !

While those that raised thy early fame
With Hope's persisting hand,
During as marble left thy name,
And graved their own on sand ;
That same sun did its smiles impart,
In that same spreading sky,
When thou wert left, and here thou art,
Like one that cannot die !

On the first page that Time unfurl'd,
Thy childhood did appear,
And now thy volume is the World,
And thou art—every where.
Each leaf is fill'd with many a doom
Of kingdoms past away,
Where tyrant Power in little room
Records its own decay.

Thy Roman fame o'er England still
Swells many a lingering scar,
Where Cæsars led, with conquering skill,
Their legions on to war :
And camps and stations still abide
On many a sloping hill ;
Though Time hath done its all to hide,—
Thy presence guards them still.

The moss that crowns the mountain stone,
The grass that greens the plain,
All love to make thy haunts their own,
And with thy steps remain.
And ivy, as thy lasting bower,
In gloomy grandeur creeps,
And, careless of life's passing hour,
Its endless summer keeps.

I walk with thee my native plains,
As in a nobler clime,
Rapt where thy memory still remains,
Disciple unto Time,
Whose foot in ruins crush'd Power's fame,
And left its print behind,
Till Ruin, weary of its name,
Their fate to thee resign'd.

And 'neath thy care, in mists sublime,
They reign and linger still ;—
Though ivy finds no wall to climb,
Grass crowns each swelling hill ;

Where slumbering Time will often find
His rebel deeds again,
And turn a wondering look behind
To see them still remain.

Thus through the past thy name appears,
All hoary and sublime,
Unburied in the grave of years,
To run its race with Time;
While some, as sun-beams gild the brook,
Shine till a cloud comes on,
And then, ere Time a stride hath took,
Their name and all is gone.

Temple and tower of mighty name,
And monumental bust,
Neglect the errands of their fame,
And mingle with the dust:
The clouds of ruin soon efface
What pride had told in vain;
But still thy genius haunts the place,
And long thy steps remain.

Lorn Silence o'er their mystery dreams,
And round them Nature blooms
Sad, as a May-flower's dwelling seems
With solitary tombs!
'Round where their buried memory sleeps
Spring spreads its dewy sky,
In tender mood, as one that weeps
Life's faded majesty.

Time's frost may crumble stubborn towers,
Fame once believed its own;
Thou still art reigning past his powers,
And Ruin builds thy throne:
When all is past, the very ground
Is sacred unto thee;
When dust and weeds hide all around,
That dust thy home shall be.

JOHN CLARE.

A SHIPWRECK.

ON the 26th of last November, late in the day, a solitary vessel was discovered off ———, on the coast of Sussex, whose broad, round, and elevated bows and stern, bespoke her plainly to be Dutch. She was loitering on the waters, as these Dutch vessels are apt to do, while her general movements and conduct, in relation to the shore under her lee, the state of the tide, and the coming night, indicated the doubts and embarrassments of a stranger. She was an object of deep interest to a little group of fishermen, assembled at their ordinary evening council at the capstan, and the opinion among them was, that evil awaited her. The

appearances of the weather were fearful: the sky was foul with vapour, and the sun, low in the west, stood staring through the mist with a pale, rayless, and portentous face, that told of approaching danger and disaster. There was little wind, but the sea roared loudly, and came rolling in with an agitated swell, which, old John Read remarked, denoted that the gale was already up to windward, and would soon be upon us. He was right; before dark it blew a storm, and the last time the stranger-ship was seen from the land afloat, she was bending down to her beam ends under a press of sail, doing her utmost to gain an offing, and

weather Beachy Head. It was not to be. At ten o'clock, and at about high-water, the wind blowing dimly, and a monstrous sea on, she came ashore, running nearly close up under the lofty chalk cliffs, half a mile east of ———. The crew were speedily relieved from all apprehensions about their safety, by the retiring of the tide, when all hands on board combined with all ———, in the anxious labour of saving what they could of the cargo, before the coming on of the next flood. The vessel proved to be *De Jonge Nicolaas*, of two hundred tons burthen, laden with wine and brandy from *Cette*, and bound to *Amsterdam*.

Dutch ships bear a reasonable resemblance to Dutch men, and are to the ships of most other nations, what dull, plodding, steady men are to men of genius and quick passions. They sail slowly and heavily, but they are safe sea-boats, and derive many and great advantages, in the various vicissitudes of a voyage, from the peculiarities of mould and construction, which will not allow them to be swift and lively. As they draw very little water, they drift away broadside to leeward when sailing near the wind; and for their head-way, their bows are about as well formed for cutting through the water, as their broadsides. Thus appointed, the Dutchman, in a fleet of all flags, will inevitably bring up the rear; but he bears this distinction in a spirit of quietism that keeps his ship quite in countenance; and replies to your ridicule by letting you know, that he can walk his fore-castle and quarter-deck in a gale with dry shoes, while you shall be plunging your fine front bowsprit-under,—or can make a small harbour, or ground on the main and step ashore, while you must keep the sea, or strike in deep water and be drowned. To fit your ships rather for encountering the shore than the sea, is not in the highest spirit of enterprise; but we must remember, that if, under such a system of prudential preparation, Columbus had not discovered America, Perouse, perhaps, had not been lost. The difference, after all, is only as between dispatch and delay. The Dutch do all, or are in a course of doing all, that other nations do; and

as nothing is denied to perseverance, they will, before doomsday, do all that is to be done. It is not their way to push themselves forwards into the foremost ranks, as discoverers and inventors; yet they are not idle; they are always following, and, only let them choose their own century, they will not always be behind. If they are to act extempore, you must at least give them time.

I went forth at daylight to see the unfortunate *Nicolaas*, and was just in time to witness her last battle with sea and storm, and her final overthrow. I have often thought, that a gibbet on the beach at ——— would make it, as a picture of desolation, quite complete. An effect of as much force, perhaps, was supplied by the masts and tattered rigging of the wreck, which were just distinguishable through the mist of the surf, and combining with the natural bleakness and dreariness of the place, gave a depth of meaning to the gloom of a black November morning, which went at once to the heart. The gale had abated considerably, but it had left its signs. Vast, lowering, bloated clouds, full of wrath and mischief, darkened the sky; and the sea, swollen by a spring flood, was bordered to the distance of half a mile from the shore with tiers of hurrying, foaming, crashing breakers, on the verge of which the devoted ship stood, like a criminal before his executioners. She had as yet suffered no material damage visibly, and looked altogether so sound and compact, that there were some hopes and more fears, that she might live through the battery of another flood, and, if more moderate weather should succeed before night, be got afloat again, and even (who could tell?) show her old hull in *Amsterdam* once more. An unprejudiced spectator, however, could scarcely observe the character and action of the sea that was rapidly advancing, and calculate upon any other result than her destruction.

A great concourse of people from the neighbouring villages and farms had been brought to the spot by tidings of the accident; shopkeepers, great and small; artisans, high and low; farmers, ploughmen, shepherds, and fishermen—everybody, and his wife and children too—all of whom

conceived that they had, at least, a contingent interest in the vessel and her rich contents. No one could possibly stay at home on so tempting an occasion. Withered and forgotten old women, not seen abroad twice in a twelvemonth, emerged into life and were out in the world again; mothers with infants in their arms, and large families clinging to their aprons—veteran paupers from the poor-house, stumping about on sticks and crutches—all found time, and strength, and resolution, enough, to join the crowd, on this great day of invitation. The inhabitants of the coast look upon a wreck as a largess of the elements, which it would be almost a sin not to receive with grateful alacrity. They sally out to enjoy the good things provided for them by such a visitation, with precisely the same sense of general right and welcome, as they might do, were it to please the skies to rain bread, and cheese, and beer.

I followed the various throng up to the top of the cliff,—a smooth-shaven, perpendicular precipice, from whence we had a clear view of the vessel, lying at the depth of a hundred and fifty feet beneath us, and heard, or thought we heard, the cracking of her planks and timbers, and could note the effect of every wave that burst over her, through the whole progress of her ruin. How magnified in our apprehension was the mightiness of the ocean by the interposition of this victim, which it was destroying before our eyes! As the heavy, beetling seas came roaring on to the attack, they seemed, in our fancies, to be raging with a savage joy, like monsters over their prey. It was like looking upon wild beasts at feeding-time. I could not help feeling, as the vessel from time to time showed her shattered deck through the parting foam, a sort of pity and sympathy for her, as though she had been, not a thing of wood and iron only, but of life and sensation; and the same sentiment was obviously shared by the crowd about me—a momentary mercy—a “natural tear”—prevailing over the selfishness of their final hopes and wishes. It was not the loss of property that any body felt or cared for: it was the ship—the *Nicolaas*—that we deplored, the friend

and companion of man, his home and helpmate, through many a day of danger and distress, now cast forth to perish without a hand to aid her. “Poor thing!” said a woman near me; “Lord help her!” drawled out another. There were four or five strangers present, heavy, ruddy, fat-faced men, bulkily clothed in Flushing jackets and trowsers, who were remarkable among the anxious crowd, as preserving countenances untouched by the lightest sign of curiosity or disturbance. Sleep might have closed their eyes, but could scarcely have added to the calmness and repose of their looks. These were Dutchmen, the crew of the vessel—and what was it all to them? They had their pipes; and if they smoked on the top of a cliff in Sussex, on board the *Nicolaas*, or on the borders of one of their own dikes—where was the mighty difference.”

After the vessel had been exposed for about half an hour to the full range of the sea, her masts, loosened from the bottom, and carrying all before them, descended slowly, and with a crashing noise, to the water. This was a fatal signal: the next sea completed her destruction at a blow; it struck her, and she disappeared, scattered into fragments, like a cask with the hoops knocked off; no vestige of her whole bulk being again visible, except now and then a timber-head, sticking up like a black post in the hollow of a sea. At this final act of the catastrophe I looked up wistfully into the face of one of the Dutchmen, shook my head, and so, in my best Dutch, told him, how sincerely I condoled with him. He evidently understood me, for he took his pipe from his mouth—ejected a cataract of saliva over his shoulder—shook out the ashes—rammed down the remaining charge with a tawny, broken-nailed thumb—replaced the pipe between his teeth—blew out a cloud of smoke with three or four sharp, sudden, puffs—found all right—and thereupon looked, not as if the *Nicolaas* was not, but as if she had never been. I quite hated the fellow for his barbarous resignation. He and his shipmates, with mute sobriety, now returned to the town, where they at once seemed as used to the place, and as little moved and wondering, as the posts. These are

your men for troublesome times: a revolution that moved them, would move the hills. An earthquake, nothing less, could put them out of their way.

On the ebbing of the tide, there was "a rush," as at the opening of the doors at the theatre, for good places or prizes under the cliffs, and we immediately found ourselves amidst the ruinous litter of the wreck. No one asked now—where is she?—She was every where. I never saw a vessel in so short a time so completely broken up. To the extent of a mile and a half, the beach directly under the cliff was strewn, without the clear space of a yard, with her fragments and her cargo. A person not familiar with such sights would have supposed that here were materials for a dozen ships; and the pipes of wine, three hundred in number, lying in clusters of four and five, as far as the eye could see them along the beach, seemed cargo enough to have filled them. A little wreck, as they say of a little blood, makes a great show; and in a state of dispersion gives a very deceitful account to the eye of its actual quantity.

As there were no lives to be lost or saved, it may be imagined that, as a spectacle, the mere rubbish of broken beams and timbers must have been dull and insignificant. But this was by no means the case. A wreck, as a sign only of the power and danger of the sea, is always an impressive sight; and, though the crew may have been only Dutchmen, is full of associations connected with human interests, which will not allow us to look upon it without emotion. The ruins of a house, destroyed by fire, are always an object of earnest curiosity; we gaze anxiously amongst the blackened ruins upon every trace of our old acquaintance, rooms, and their furniture; a stove and a poker, a bit of papered wall, or any such familiar images of domestic comfort and security, become full of a deep and melancholy interest. It is the same with a wreck: every poor cast-away plank has its story—every remnant of deck and cabin something to say in its desolation, that may stop a man for a moment to think and to sigh. I observed the cook's huge black boiler, full of sand, pebbles, and sea-weed, lying in dis-

mal companionship with the vessel's figure-head, a goggle-eyed gentleman with flowing locks and a three-cornered hat, radiant all over with green and gold. Ah! what did all this coxcombry avail him now? Pieces of rope and ragged canvas, bedding, coats, boxes, lay jumbled together with the splintered fragments of the ship amongst the beach and weeds; a blanket stuck upon the jagged points of a broken mast—here and there was a *drowned* hat and a shoe, not to forget a pair of blue breeches, of the true Batavian mould, pasted out in full dimensions against the white face of a chalk rock,—a striking example of the mixed ludicrous and pathetic.

I had wandered about for an hour, keeping at a distance from the people and their noise, that I might enjoy, if I may say so, the natural circumstances of the scene without disturbance; and was on my return, when I met a man lustily singing out a jovial song, tumbling about, and snapping his fingers with an emphasis that clearly showed he cared not a fig for the world. Such manners produced in me an unpleasant revulsion of feeling, for they certainly were not in harmony with dreadful precipices, the awful voice of the sea, and the mournful memorials of its fury that lay in my path. Aye (said I to myself), this rascal has been moralizing for his part over the contents of one of the wine-casks, having eluded, no doubt, the vigilance of the guards. Presently I met another exactly in the same plight; and "a third, whose air was like the former;" till, on rounding a projecting point of rock, I had the whole company again before me—all revolutionized since I had last seen them, and brought by the same means to the same likeness. The devil could not have added a more artful bait to the ordinary temptations of a wreck than this provoking cargo. It was irresistible: flesh and blood, in Sussex at least, literally could not stand against it. I never saw drunkenness on such a scale, or in such variety before. One has seen at a fair considerable numbers very fully drunk, but still they were the exceptions—the minority, and served rather, like the red flowers in a corn field, to diversify the crowd,

than to mark its general character and condition. Here, on the contrary, in a multitude of four or five hundred people, the sober man was the rarity, and so much so, that, like one bonnet in the "pit," he was quite lost in the reeling tumult by which he was surrounded. The whole history of getting drunk was here exhibited at one point of time; from the earliest symptoms of innovation, up all the steps to the very top of the ascending flight—and then down again on the other side, lower and lower, even to the bottom—the level "dead drunk." The chattering, the laughing, the singing, the bawling, the jigging, the quarrelling, the challenging, the fighting, the staring, the silent, the sulky, the sentimental, the rolling, the falling, the fallen—were all confounded together, and composed certainly as wild a set of figures for a picture of the sea-beach at noon-day, as the most riotous imagination could desire. You might go through all Cook's Voyages, I fancy, and not find for it a worthy companion-piece. The women confined themselves principally to dancing and singing, clamorously beset by a host of squalling children—drunk too, poor little sufferers; the boys, of all sizes, were kicking one another's hats into the sea, pulling off the women's caps, huzzaing at a fight, or shouting and laughing at some methodistical old beldame, who would be preaching in her cups; while the men, every one who was not absolutely *felo de se*, and quiet at his length, were at work—or enacting every extravagance of Bedlamites, as they played at rolling casks into carts. And were there no superintendants to check such doings? Oh! yes—fifty, if there was one; but, somehow or other, these men of authority were, of all the persons on their legs, the most helplessly drunk; having arms in their hands, it appeared to me, for no other purpose, but that they might themselves drink without stint or question. At the top of every loaded cart that moved away, you beheld one of these "safe-conducts," an officer they called him, *lolloping* about with a drawn sword, and a face of solemn incompetency, his whole surviving powers being insufficient for the maintenance

of his seat, let alone his dignity, for any two minutes of his journey. We had half a dozen dragoons too, galloping along the beach, and slashing the air with their sabres, and rolling about in their saddles, with a freedom that must have ended in twenty tumbles, had they been any thing less than drunk—and dragoons. There were still higher powers, even guagers and supervisors, who had been equally open to the seductions of the "rosy god." The rabble had accomplished their sly potations in holes and corners, with a bladder, a hat, or a shoe, for a goblet; but, with the magistracy, all was done openly and becomingly—such are the advantages of authority.

In the course of my ramble, I joined a little group who had assembled round a mighty cask, and taken it into their heads that it was necessary they should pronounce upon the nature of its contents. A large can, holding some quarts by way of sample, was filled and handed over to the chief man, already much *disguised*, though capable of much more. He collected himself, as a collector should, on receiving the rich measure, swallowed a mouthful, and continued for a minute deliberately smacking his lips, with his head declined a little, and his eyes fixed in a profound, calculating, judicial stare; then another mouthful, with smacking as before, and another, and another,—till, tired of this dribbling and doubting, he determined to have a fair taste at once; and, with the help of both hands, began gulping down a horse-like draught, which lasted as long as his breath, when the can, splashing and swashing, was redeemed from his unsteady grasp, and with a crapulous hiccup, he announced that it was—"port, de—de—decidedly port." The can was then filled and emptied again and again, as it performed its rounds among the whole jury of inquisitors, who came to the same verdict, that it could be nothing but port, and all "for the benefit of the underwriters."

There was one cask at a considerable distance from the rest, which I found under the special charge of a sailor belonging to the *Preventive Service*, who, remote from the general tumult, was abiding here "in single blessedness," about as happy

and helpless as it is in the power of wine to make a man. Not knowing with what command I might be commissioned, he thought it necessary, on seeing me, to put on a grave, superintending face; and, as he stood *minuting* before the cask, with a cutlass in his hand, and the brass knob of a huge pistol staring out from his breast, he formed altogether the most ludicrously contradictory figure I ever beheld. "What cheer, mate, what cheer?" said I: "All's well," said he; and immediately fell flat upon his back. Now, thought I, he must certainly acknowledge his delinquency: but no: after much uncalled-for plunging and sprawling, for which he damned himself soundly, he contrived to bring himself to a perpendicular again, and, to my amazement, fixed upon me the same official, responsible face, as before, which would have me to know, that he was as sober as a judge. I could resist the appeal no longer, but burst out into a loud laugh, in which the poor fellow at last very cordially joined me; though the approach of his commanding officer soon spoiled the joke, and I left him to authenticate his temperance with what success he might.

There were two hundred casks of wine, as they called it, saved, and of these, it was in due time discovered, there was not a single one which had not been tapped and *tasted*. It was three days before the whole cargo was deposited in a store-house; and though, after the first day, it was protected against any general violence, there were still such opportunities of indulgence through the milkiness, or *wininess*, rather, of the sentinels, that not a man in the town was quite himself, as long as there was a cask left. They began early; there is nothing like it. I met many most despotically drunk before sun-rise; which, indeed, is not to be wondered at, when we consider that they had been drinking all night. Cold, sour, turbid, wine, drunk out of a rusty tin can, in the open air, at seven o'clock, on a wet morning, in November! How I envy them their stomachs! Some bruised heads, and a few broken legs, were among the results of this Bacchanalian jollity; and black eyes, fist-made, are to this

hour still traceable in their last livery of blue and yellow.

It had occurred to me on the first day of the revels, as I looked upon so many senseless carcasses, lying like corpses on the strand, that darkness and the flowing tide might bring some of them into peril, from which they were little in a condition to escape; and had it not been for the exertions of sisters almost sober, and wives only half-drunk, it might have proved a sad day for ——— indeed. As it was, only one fatal accident occurred.

A dragoon, a fine young man, with his horse, was found drowned on the following morning, by some mischance or misconduct which nobody could explain. He was observed late in the night quite frantic with drink, and, unfortunately, the spectators themselves were too much elevated for thoughts of danger or precaution. By what strange mysterious ties is our death sometimes related to events, remote, one might have thought, from all possible connexion with it! I had seen this man, on the evening when the vessel first appeared, talking with some of his comrades about her distress; and he retired with them, no doubt, to his snug quarters, blessing himself in his enjoyments and security. His story was plain and intelligible enough when it was all over; but how inconceivable would he have thought it, had he been told, at the moment when he was pitying the labouring ship, that she would bring death to only one—and that the one would be himself!

I should be happy to find out some grounds of excuse, or palliation at least, for the spirit of plunder that prevails on our coasts, and is so general, indeed, that it may almost be imputed to us as a national reproach. At no very distant period, the business of "wrecking" was often combined with acts of merciless violence and ferocity, that the Cossacks or the Malays might have been ashamed to acknowledge. People were not then satisfied with robbing the ship, but would fall upon the unfortunate crew, carry off their little property, tear their clothes from their backs, and, if they resisted, knock them on the head. Such barbarities are now, thank God, seldom heard of. I have

witnessed many shipwrecks on various parts of the coast, but certainly never saw ill-usage or inhumanity of any kind extended towards the crews. On the contrary, the first consideration, with all denominations of people, even those who would be most forward to plunder when the season came, was invariably to make every effort in their power for the preservation of lives. In this generous labour, which is engaged in without a thought of reward, I have seen so many examples of the noblest courage and self-devotedness on the part of the "rogues and vagrants" of the sea-side, that I am almost willing to forgive them the ordinary trespasses of their trade. As the Reviewer said of Lord Byron's Corsair, they have "every virtue under heaven except common honesty." It is the ship and her cargo alone that they regard with hostility; and even these, in the present improved state of feeling on such subjects, are not condemned till they have had, what is considered, a fair trial. As long as a vessel holds together, and can be called a ship, they admit that it fairly belongs to its proprietors; but as soon as it is broken up and scattered in fragments along the shore, it is nothing—its identity is gone for ever. In this state of dissolution, they consider it as at once emancipated from all exclusive claims of ownership, and cast, beyond all recognized boundaries of law and right, upon some waste element, as it were, or scramble-land, open to any adventurer who fears not the sea and surf. They do not feel that plunder in such a case is chargeable with any degree of cruelty and injustice: the sea, they say, has done all the mischief; we only take what it pleases to send us; and, whether it be lobsters and flat-fish, or pieces of plank and coils of rope, we hold ourselves equally innocent. You might tell them, that a considerable part of a wreck might be collected for the benefit of the owners; but you cannot tell them what part; and, as they know that a considerable proportion of it is likely to be swept away by the sea, they choose to think that all which they save is justly made their own. A certain quantity may or may not be recovered---nothing can be more doubtful---and in the meantime, the

whole lies in so loose a state, so unnoticed and unguarded, so much in short like something lost, that they cannot help believing that it belongs to any body who will stoop to pick it up. "We found it," they say, "and there can be no harm in that." You may tell them too, that if there is no other owner, the lord of the manor has the first turn; but the reasonableness of his priority is quite beyond their comprehension, and, to speak honestly, I do not wonder at it. His estate, they think, terminates with the land, and has no continuity, as far as interest and authority are concerned, with the shore: *that* belongs to the sea, which belongs, they contend, to every body. How far does the lord paramount push his dominions? To low-water mark? *High-water* mark is his natural frontier according to the popular opinion, and I am greatly inclined to agree with it. If he has a just title to every old cask and plank that is cast on the shore by the sea, he may with equal propriety, as it appears to me, claim all its natural produce, the fish, as far as I know not what mark; and in this manner, our sovereign squires round the kingdom might come to the grace of parcelling out the ocean among themselves, as they have parcelled out the air, and make it as criminal to pick up a periwinkle, as to shoot a partridge.

The occasional interference of lords of manors, with their arrogant and unintelligible pretensions, tends rather to quicken, than restrain, the general eagerness for plunder. "If you come to that, what business has he with it more than another?" I have been often asked by some of these rapacious people, and I never could answer them to their satisfaction or my own. Convince them that "wrecking" is robbery, and they will cheerfully desist from the practice. It is by no means the needy and knavish alone whom you may see hovering with eager eyes and ready hands about a stranded ship: men of substance and character, who hold their heads high in the world, attend vestries, and sit upon juries, join in the pursuit without scruple or shame. The baker, the butcher, the grocer, the whole aristocracy of the village, are perfectly prepared to pick up any little portable God-send

on the sea-shore, that may come in their way; though they are all, undoubtedly, people, who would scorn to soil their hands by any of the vulgar modes of plain and admitted dishonesty. Mr. ———, our respectable blacksmith and bell-hanger, would not hesitate to *find* property belonging to a wreck, to the amount of twenty or thirty pounds, or more, if he could be so lucky; but he would sooner die, I am sure, than pick a neighbour's pocket of a penny, and would combine with all honest men to hoot down the wretch who could be guilty of such a deed, as too infamous for this earth.

Ignorance and prejudice, confirmed and endeared by immemorial habit, are the cause of these moral inconsistencies; and they are the more obstinate, no doubt, as they happen to have a little present profit on their side. All such blinds will eventually be cleared away, I trust, by that "growing intelligence of the age," which we hear so much of just now, but which has not yet got quite so far as the coast. Severe laws and violent punishments would have no effect: as they would not enlighten

the minds of "wreckers," they would be regarded only, like the game-laws and the penalties against smuggling, as tyrannical exertions of authority against the poor man's right of a livelihood. The victory will not be speedy or easy, whatever are the means applied; as any one may convince himself, who will take the trouble to reason a little with a "wrecker" on the nature of his opinions. I have done *my* best, as a good subject, to open the eyes of such offenders as have fallen in my way; but, whatever I may be fit for, I have not discovered in myself any gift of making converts amongst them. I talk to them of doing as they would be done by; and they answer me, that they will have no such new-fangled doctrines on the sea-shore; and that what was no sin with their fathers before them, can scarcely be sin in them. What! not let a man take what the sea sends?—there will be no living in England then, if this is to be law. They talk of a good wreck-season, as of a good herring-season, and thank Providence for both.

R. A.

A ROAD TO PREFERMENT IN PERSIA.

IN a city of Irak dwelt Allaverdi, who, little fulfilling the hopes of his namegiver, or verifying the propriety of his appellation (God-sent), seemed a true emissary of the demon, sent into the world for the torment of his poor, fond, widowed mother, and the annoyance of the whole neighbourhood. A wayward headstrong boy, scarcely ever contradicted at home, he soon assumed a tone of authority abroad unbecoming his years and situation, which involved him in perpetual disputes and quarrels with his juvenile companions, and excluded him from mingling in their childish sports. Despising the monotonous quiet of his mother's house, he daily frequented it less; and, although only just of age to leave the women's apartments for the society of men, he spent most of his time

loitering about the bazaars and caravanserais, where he picked up a few pieces of money, by executing little commissions for merchants or travellers. His mother, always delighted to see him return home, seldom inquired how he obtained possession of various little articles of dress, which from time to time he produced; till one day he appeared with a new Kirmanshah shawl round his waist—too material an acquisition to be overlooked, and requiring some explanation: this, however, the son endeavoured to avoid by the most concise replies, and, during the interrogation, even let fall a hint, that it became women mightily to refrain from all interference in the affairs of men (he was then thirteen); adding that, as far as he could understand, indiscreet curiosity was the

principal failing of the female sex. The old woman was for a moment thunderstruck; but recovering her wits as quickly as she lost her patience, she snatched up the ass's bridle, and bestowed a few hearty stripes with it on the back of her aspiring son. The contest ended without any explanation, by her accepting of the shawl as a present, and believing, on his own repeated assertion, that her darling boy was a clever, active, industrious youth of great promise. He continued this loose desultory kind of life for a few years subsequent to the preceding scene, seldom returning home without some addition to his stores, often received as recompense for his labour from the merchants he served, and, sorry I am to add, not unfrequently purloined from the packages which he was engaged to cord. A few discoveries of this latter practice, with the chastisement that followed, gave rather too great notoriety to his name and character among his usual employers in the *cavanserais*; the day was often passed in idleness without profit; but as he had accumulated a tolerable supply of money and goods, and had his mother's house for home, this gave him little concern. During these frequent intervals of leisure, his mind dwelt more on subjects of recreation and sport than formerly. He was at that age when the blood flows quick, and the heart beats high, at the anticipation of scenes as yet untried; when a Persian imagination strews flowers and jewels in the path towards beauty, and clothes the barren rocks and sterile plains of his poor desolate country with groves, fountains, and a gaudy population of wealthy, joyous inhabitants. Allaverdi was now more frequently seen in his own quarter of the town, generally with a hawk upon his hand, in company with the falconer of a neighbouring Khan, by whose advice and example he treated his bird. Flying carrier-pigeons was another of his favourite occupations, noticed with considerable inquietude by several of his married neighbours, and became the subject of most serious though unavailing complaints to his mother, who no longer retained the slightest control over his actions.

When thus engaged on the terraced roof of the house with his pigeons, the usual and welcome accident of the younger ones straying and setting upon the roofs of other houses would occur; he then saw himself constrained, as it were, to clamber over the walls and roofs of his neighbours, and could not avoid catching a glimpse of their unveiled wives and daughters occupied in the court yards of their own apartments. A word of civil inquiry after his bird announced his presence and pursuit to a solitary young beauty; a half-suppressed gentle laugh and modest gesture, indicative of retiring, intimated to a youthful party that they were overlooked; the veils were seldom closely drawn or secured, when the graceful movements and smiling beardless countenance of the really handsome intruder were perceived; whilst the busy whispering, stolen glance, and respondent laugh, assured him of their forgiveness this time, and encouraged a hope that a similar encroachment on their privacy would be tolerated, should his affairs again lead him over the roof of their house: but, if he discovered one or more elderly ladies present, a most precipitate retreat out of sight marked his deference, and unwillingness to violate the sacred mysteries of the Harem Khonar. One day, whilst exercising his pigeons, they took flight, but returned no more: he whistled, and chirruped, and cooed, but all in vain; the insubordinate favourites were too busily occupied in devouring some Indian corn, which had been laid out in the sun previous to cleaning; and turned a deaf ear, as indeed he hoped they would, to all his allurements. Nimble scrambling over all obstacles, Allaverdi soon reached the spot where his fugitives were continuing their depredations. He had scarce reclaimed them, when he perceived that the sound of his voice had attracted the attention of others besides his pigeons,—a very pretty young female face just peeped above the parapet wall, and disappeared. Allaverdi, immediately commencing his usual mode of approach and attack, crept towards the edge of the roof to reconnoitre the court below, and was delighted to behold the lovely fair one alone, steadfastly gazing

on the very spot where he stood. He could not inquire after his birds, having them already in his possession; but some apology for his sudden appearance and intrusion was absolutely necessary; and he-commenced one in his very best style of eloquence, sprinkling here and there a few Arabic verses, which neither he nor his hearer understood; but as the Mirza from whom they were learned had employed them in similar circumstances, he judged them appropriate. During his harangue, which was most favourably received, he had full time to contemplate and admire the person to whom it was addressed: she was of the middle size, and young; her jetty hair, neatly braided, streamed in numerous small plaits down her back and over her shoulders; in front, two large curls only were visible, from beneath the turban, waving on each side of her face, and adding increased brilliancy to her highly rouged complexion; her eyelashes, and the borders of her eyelids, shone with the blackest hue that powdered antimony could communicate; a gentle shading of the same sable tint extended over the upper part of her cheek, under her eye, and formed a most pleasing contrast to her orange-stained nails and fingers, which she displayed in the manner of a fan or pervious skreen: her mouth, as she smiled, might be compared to a coral box, half open, to disclose the treasure of pearl within: a short coat, or tunic, of faded green velvet, with a tarnished gold binding, fastened round the waist by a belt and ponderous silver clasps, but open at the bosom to display the red silk chemise buttoning close round her throat, only partially concealed her diagonally striped cotton trowsers, which, with short stockings wrought in a curious pattern, and green slippers, completed the essential part of her dress. In addition, she wore across her forehead a string of large gold coins, and a rich necklace, and bracelets of Dutch ducats. Allaverdi was fascinated to the spot, nor thought of quitting it, till the young beauty completed her conquest over his heart and eyes, by expressing to his ears, in dulcet accents, her fears for his safety, if he attempted retracing his

airy path over the house-tops, embarrassed as he then was by his pigeons: she finally, in the sweetest terms imaginable, begged him to descend the step ladder into her court, and return by the safer road through the streets. Lost in amazement at the condescension of this perfection of excellence, as he gallantly termed her, Allaverdi obeyed, and descended the ladder. They now stood together on the same pavement; but scarcely had his foot touched the ground, when the sudden recollection of his critical situation, and what consequences might ensue if detected by the men of the family, dispelled the charm, and left him impressed only with the sense of his danger.

Marie (so the youthful beauty was called) perceived his embarrassment, and hastened to calm his fears, by explaining that she was a lone woman, mistress of her own house, and an Armenian, as her dress might indicate; her husband was an English corporal, who had come into the country with the ambassador, and had since died in India, leaving her a poor widow, which her dress and appearance by no means confirmed, to struggle with the busy world. Allaverdi, once more reassured, resumed his strain of compliments, and, following his engaging hostess into the house, quaffed, with a prayer for her happiness, the copious goblet of wine which she pressed on his acceptance. On continuing the conversation, it appeared that his mother's aunt had been on terms of most friendly intercourse with her grandmother, although of different religions. In order to renew this intimate family connexion, the blooming Marie invited her accidental guest to return and partake of their evening repast, when her brother, she could affirm, would be most happy to receive him, in remembrance of their dear departed grandmother. It required no great power of persuasion to induce Allaverdi, always disposed for a frolic, to accept of the proffered invitation. They then separated, under the promise of soon meeting again. Allaverdi, as he slowly returned towards his mother's house, reflected on the singularity of his adventure: the wine that he had swallowed (unaccus-

tomed as he was to strong drink) during the day, had rather confused his intellects; still it occurred to him as an extraordinary circumstance, that a female, young and lovely as Marie, should live so independently alone; should receive him as a stranger, dropt as it were from the clouds, into her house; and, upon the mere recollection of some traditional friendship between a mother's aunt and a grandmother, should invite him to dinner. At all events, he determined to elucidate the mystery, by attending the summons at sunset; and, in the mean time, to say nothing to any one, more particularly to his mother, who would be scandalised at his eating with Christians, and drinking wine.

Never had a week appeared to Allaverdi of equal duration with the remainder of this day. At length the sun set, the evening prayer was called, and objects, but little distant, were already rapidly disappearing in the gloom of the fast approaching darkness; when he once more bent his steps towards the habitation of the hospitable Marie. On entering, he found the hostess engaged in deep conversation with her brother, who, to his surprise, bore rather the appearance of a middle-aged Courd, than of an Armenian, the brother of so youthful a sister. He was well received, however, by both, and was seated in the place of honour, beside three or four more guests, daring looking young fellows, who quaffed their whet of arrack before dinner with the assurance of Christians, though their gay dress, and the rich daggers which shone in their girdles, declared them Mussulmans. Allaverdi, by no means a scrupulous observer of the Koran precepts of abstinence, willingly imitated the exhilarating example of jovial associates; he accepted the cup of the forbidden liquor when offered; he listened with pleasure to the glowing descriptions of their feasts in cities, and of their adventurous exploits in the mountains, all terminating with one general conclusion,—immense gain and advantage to themselves; and he sighed to think that his own prowess had hitherto been confined within the narrow precincts of the town, and his profits to

the paltry acquisition of a few bangles, which his present companions assured him would scarcely be accepted by one of their servants as pay for a single excursion. They commended his manly looks and athletic figure; they praised the acuteness of his remarks, the brilliancy of his replies, the ingenuity of his anecdotes---till he himself felt astonished that so many rare perfections of body and mind had hitherto remained unnoticed; above all, they rivalled each other in expressing their admiration of his aspiring genius, and their prayers that one day he might shine a distinguished character among them in the black tents. He was about to ask some explanation, when dinner was served, and put a stop to his inquiries. He had never witnessed a similar repast: the profusion, the excellence of the various dishes, he believed could only be equalled in the Prince's kitchen. The delicious flavour of the pillau, the delicacy of the sherbet, and the mellow richness of the wine, as Marie, blooming as a Houri of Paradise, presented him the cup, seemed too much for mortal enjoyment; and he could with difficulty persuade himself that the scene was actually real, and not the delusion of a pleasing dream. After dinner, a beautiful kaleoon was placed by him; from its tube he inhaled the fragrant vapour of the finest Shiraz tobacco, tempered to a grateful freshness by passing through cool rose-water. Thus occupied, he remained lost in a most pleasing reverie, till attracted by the sound of the Gourka, and the entrance of a dancing boy from the inner room, moving in slow cadence as he gracefully waved his long flowing hair around his shoulders. Allaverdi testified his delight by repeated exclamations of admiration and applause, during this exhibition, which he conceived inimitable; when Marie, suddenly snatching up a small tambourine, and throwing herself into a most alluring attitude, stood smiling before him, beating a continued roll upon the instrument to engage his attention. She then performed a dance, composed of a variety of gestures, but scarcely moving from the spot where she commenced: at the conclusion, dexterously balancing the whirling tambourine on

one hand, and gracefully waving the other in gentle adieu to her guests, she vanished into the inner apartment. Allaverdi forgot the company; the feast, the dancing boy, all disappeared; his breath came thick and short, his heart beat quick, tears filled his eyes, whilst ecstatic rapture swelled his breast, and vainly sought articulate utterance in speech. How long he might have remained thus transported is uncertain, as he was roused by the Court brother offering him a cup of wine, in honour of his sister's performance: most devoutly was it received by the fascinated youth. The rest of the party sitting themselves down to play at draughts, the brother and Allaverdi remained alone, and occupied the time in mutual explanations as to their actual situation and future views in life: during these communications the visitor learned that Marie regarded him with eyes of partiality, but that she would never receive a man into favour who did not draw the sword and wield the spear: he was further informed that the brother, in common with several other worshippers of pleasure, despised servitude, commerce, and all other servile tedious methods of acquiring wealth; and preferred the more expeditious, though more precarious method, of obtaining it in the mountain passes with spear and pistol; that their young friend had long been remarked among them as a bold enterprising spirit, unsubservient to the trammels of ordinary characters; and finally, if he would join them, that he was master of a horse, arms, and ammunition. No proposal could be more congenial to the feelings of Allaverdi: daring, active, unprincipled, and luxurious by nature, he saw himself placed in a situation to gratify all his desires; he willingly promised, in the most solemn manner, good faith to the community, and devotion to its service: he was then formally introduced to his other associates then present, as a new member of their brotherhood. The wine flowed plentifully in celebration of this event, and a cordial interchange of mutual fidelity cemented the bond between them. Marie reappeared, smiling applause at the transaction, and with her Syren voice

in song contributed to increase the general hilarity of the assembly. The players again drew near the draught board, when Allaverdi for the first time with astonishment observed (so occupied had he been with his own affairs) the heaps of silver which formed their stake. Every thing around appeared enchantment; wealth, beauty, all the enjoyments of this world, beyond what his fondest fancy had ever portrayed, were at once displayed before him and offered to his acceptance. The party separated at a late hour, after due arrangements where and when to meet the following day, to prepare for the first expedition of their new brother.

From this day the appearance of Allaverdi improved rapidly, without any one being able to assign the cause: he was more indifferent to occupation, when offered to him, than ever; spending his time in town almost exclusively with his hawks, pigeons, and greyhounds, which he now also possessed. A handsome dagger decorated his girdle, supported by a brace of silver mounted pistols, when he rode abroad, or retired to some garden in the suburbs to enjoy the amusement of shooting at a mark. The horse which first entered his stable as belonging to a friend, and only lent to him for a time, he soon called his own, and paid in fair pieces of gold for the ornamental saddle with embroidered housing that graced its back. He was now frequently absent two or three days at a time: where he went no one knew: when questioned by his mother, his constant reply was "To the chase." She was surprised that her son should so indefatigably return to this chase, which invariably proved unproductive; for during the two years that he had spent some days, every week, sometimes the entire week, in this pursuit, she had only seen him bring home three quails and a desert partridge. Still his ardour was unabated, notwithstanding this poor success, and the untoward accidents which occasionally befell him: his musquet was once discharged by a sudden jerk of the horse, and inflicted a very severe wound in his leg, which the old lady, on inspection (see

she was something of a doctress) would have decidedly pronounced a bullet wound, had she not been aware that shot only was used in killing birds. Another time he returned with a deep gash upon his head, bearing every appearance of a sabre wound, which was occasioned, she was informed, by a sharp splinter of rock falling from the summit of a precipice upon him, as he watched the dogs from the ravine below.

A report was now generally circulated that the neighbouring district was infested by a daring band of plunderers, few in number, but desperate in their attacks on travellers of all descriptions when not united in large bodies. Numerous complaints, in consequence, poured in from all the adjacent country to the ministers: they were heard for some time with coolness and indifference; till at length a few liberal presents, judiciously distributed, procured an order for four hundred horsemen to proceed in pursuit of the offenders. During the preparation, absence, and researches of these troops, Allaverdi's passion for the chase totally subsided; he never mounted his horse but to exercise him, or quitted the town beyond the limits of a very moderate ride. The Defta, that general rendezvous for men of all ranks and conditions, became his favourite resort; news of every kind was there first reported, commented on, and from thence dispersed through the city. The most interesting themes of conversation, at present, were the fearful exploits and horrid barbarities practised by the notorious followers of Abdullah, the reputed chief of the banditti, to extort confession from travellers where their treasures were secreted. An involuntary burst of exultation which escaped him, whilst others deplored the hitherto bad success of the Prince's troops in detecting the transgressors---and his hasty denial of some cruelty attributed to them, with the imprudent dispute which followed--warned him, on cooler reflection, to support a less conspicuous character in similar discussions. One day, after suffering for some time in silence a martyrdom, by listening to maliciously exaggerated misrepresentations, which he dared not contradict, though well

acquainted with the minutest circumstance of the transaction---having been indeed himself the leader of the enterprise,---he arose and quitted the society; fearing, that indignation at the reiterated prayers for the capture, destruction, and death of the whole troop, might subdue his better judgment, and, by a rash exposure of his anxiety for their welfare, his knowledge of their transactions, and resentment against their enemies, might betray his intimate connection with the outlaws, and involve him in ruin, which prudent silence might in all probability avert. As he slowly traversed the great Maidoon, he was overtaken by the old Mullah, Hadji Ismael, then on his way to the adjoining mosque to call mid-day prayers: after mutual salutations, the Mullah invited him to ascend the mosque, if not better engaged, extolling the beauty of the general prospect, and above all the dark groves of the gardens of the Prince's Harem, which it partly overlooked. Allaverdi, pleased with any variety of objects which might dissipate his unpleasant reflections, willingly assented, and they mounted together the narrow dark stairs which led to the roof of the poor mud edifice, dignified by the name of a mosque: little elevated as this was, it overtopped the neighbouring houses, generally only about fifteen or eighteen feet in height, and afforded a view of the surrounding country. Whilst the Mullah called the hour, his companion carelessly cast his eyes over the monotonous and unseemly display of terraced mud roofs and walls which lay extended before him, relieved only here and there by a tall acacia rising from some intervening court-yard, and delightfully contrasting the graceful waving of its verdant foliage, with the straight lines, sharp angles, and dreary hue of every other object. His attention was directed by the Mullah to that earthly Paradise, in his estimation, the gardens of the Prince's Harem, which, however, only consisted of long formal walks, and borders producing rose trees, and a very few other flowers, symmetrically arranged in rows; some apricot, peach, and other fruit trees, with a few grafted elms, by the side of a diminutive artificial

rivulet or gutter, serving to irrigate the garden with its waters, formed the shady groves and sparkling fountains of this boasted scene. The old Hadji was well acquainted with the various windings and intricacies of the Harem, having seen it built; and delighted to communicate his knowledge somewhat diffusely to others, as his present auditor rather impatiently experienced. "There," he continued, "there is the casket which contains the choicest jewel of our lord and master, the fairest blossom of his blooming parterre, the pillar round which twine the glowing wreaths of his affections, the all-excellent and all-excelling Fetmah." Allaverdi immediately turned his eyes towards this most unpromising husk which concealed so rich a fruit. It was at no great distance, and connected even with the building on which they stood, by the wall surrounding its court-yard, and the roofs of some inferior houses. At this instant, the recollection of his first meeting with Marie flashed across his mind, and was hailed by him as an omen of success in some approaching adventure in which a lady and himself would be concerned. Hadji Ismael, too much occupied with the charms of his own descriptive powers, noticed not the abstraction of his hearer; but pursued his minute survey with an accuracy that scarcely left a single portion of roof, beneath which an old woman could spread her bed, without assigning the express purpose of the spot it covered. Both parties remained thus absorbed in themselves, till a sudden exclamation from the Hadji, of "Am I not a beast?" catching the ear of Allaverdi, excited a smile, and directed his eyes to the wreaths of roses partially appearing above the walls of Fetmah's apartments, as the poles which supported them were moved about by those below. "Am I not a beast," he went on, "to forget the festival of to-morrow, when the Prince will appear in all his glo-

rious apparel, and not present to your mind some image of the splendour which your young eyes have never beheld? See! they are already preparing the chamber of the Queen of beauty, for the joyful solemnity of the coming morn; where the son of the King will condescend to enter, and taste of the collation prepared by the hands of his lovely and loving handmaids, and adorn himself with the glowing jewels entrusted only to the hands of the favourite Fetmah, previous to his public appearance. This evening will the banquet be spread in the great hall yonder, in readiness for the earliest dawn. The rose of the Harem, surrounded with all the radiant treasures of her lord, reposes this night beneath the roof, just behind that wall which advances towards us, and prevents our seeing the entrance of her apartments: there are but the stairs to the terrace between it and the corner. What a transcendent spectacle will there be presented to the enraptured eyes of her happy attendants! the fairest of celestial beauties reposing amidst the most gorgeous of worldly treasures!" A confused idea of a desperate act occurred, and rapidly developed itself in the mind of Allaverdi: no longer absent or distracted, he frequently and minutely inquired as to the localities of the Harem, with an earnestness that captivated his informer, little accustomed to see his communications excite such lively interest. They at length descended; and Allaverdi, thanking his babbling garrulous companion for the agreeable moments he had lately passed, and asserting that darkness was fast falling, and that day would not again dawn for him till illumined by the light of his friend's presence, wandered slowly through the cemetery towards the gardens, to meditate in solitude, and maturely digest the plan of his projected enterprise.

(The remainder in our next Number.)

A COMMENT ON THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE.*

(Continued from our last Number.)

17. V. 42. Word for word the line is "because the wicked could acquire no glory from them;" and this is metamorphosed by Mr. Cary into what seems diametrically opposite, viz. that their presence would confer glory on the wicked.

——lest the accursed tribe
Should glory thence with exultation vain.

Mr. Cary will certainly plead in his excuse, that the expounder must be still under the influence of his *amabilis insania*, since he could not otherwise have supposed that, "for the wicked to glory with vain exultation" is, or seems to be, the same thing as "to have glory conferred upon them;" and that though he may allow the explanation recently given to this line, by Monti and Biagioli,† to be plausible and even striking:—

Ch'alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli.

"Because the wicked could acquire no glory from them!" yct he has followed his usual guides, Landino, Velutello, Venturi, and Lombardi, who are here unanimous.

18. V. 60. Mr. Cary is inexact; *viltà* does not mean base *fear* here, but baseness of soul in general: not menaces, but craft was employed; it was the head rather than the heart of Celestine that failed.

Mr. Cary will, no doubt, have the hardihood to maintain that *cowardice* is the proper translation of *viltà*; that even granting what is here said of Celestine, there may be a fear of the intellect as well as of the affections; and that the learned expounder himself speaks of the *timidity* of Celestine (p. 188), and of his baseness of spirit (p. 194).

19. Ibid. If Mr. Cary had confined himself to pointing out Celestine, without entering at all into the controversy, there would be no blaming him; but when he allows Lombardi's invention to take up so much precious space as four‡ entire lines in his little notes, one regrets that he omits (what from its antiquity alone deserves more notice) the hypothesis of Esau. I think it false, certainly; but it seems to have existed among Dante's contempo-

raries—judging by the *ut credo* of Peter Alighieri (for as to him and his Comment they have been too long received as genuine, to fall before the arguments of Dionisi, Serie di Anneddoti, Num. ii.), and by the *chi costui si fosse cc.* of Boccaccio; while the Imolese, who was almost contemporaneous with our poet, absolutely asserts he meant Esau—*Dico brevis quod fuit Esau.* (Benvenuti Imol. Com. ap. Mur. Antiq. Ital. vol. i. p. 1029.) It is, moreover, a pity Mr. Cary did not word his translation so as to be susceptible, like the original, of any of the above explanations; but his making *viltà* "base *fear*," prevents the possibility of applying the passage either to Esau or Diocletian.

Possibly Mr. Cary will plead his ignorance of the "artful beauty of Ascensius;" will avow himself too happy in having the learned expounder on his side, with regard to the falseness of the hypothesis about Esau, which manifest falseness made it unnecessary to perplex the reader by mentioning it, or to frame the expression so as to include it; and will hint his doubt, whether a note of seventeen pages (like that of the expounder) on a matter of very trifling importance would have answered any good purpose.

20. V. 85. Nothing can be clearer than the original, "Never hope to see heaven;" "*Non isperate mai veder lo cielo.*" "Heaven" is here not a mere Latinism, synonymous with sky, or day; but evidently means Paradise: for to tell the souls they shall never see day, has no Christian propriety; but to pronounce their eternal exile from Paradise, is a fearful, orthodox malediction. It is strange a divine should so misconceive it; but Mr. Cary not only translates *cielo*, *sky*, but interpolates an *again*; so that if he gives the passage any meaning, it is, at least, totally different from what the author wrote.

Hope not

Ever to see the sky again!

This might do in Virgil's hell, where such a return to life was held possible; but what has it in common with this catholic poem?

Mr. Cary will, doubtless, excul-

* Since these remarks were printed, we have learnt from a contemporary journal, that the author of the Comment is a Mr. Taaffe, who is indebted to his Lordship, not only for his double rhymes, but for his press also.

† We use these names merely on the authority of the expounder, but own, that while his head is disturbed by the three ladies, we are a little afraid of trusting his recollection.

‡ The learned expounder is requested to measure them over again.

pate himself as well as he can from this reflection on his orthodoxy, by stating, that though a divine, he did not think himself bound to maintain the orthodoxy of Charon; that though a divine, he does not believe that Dante always means Paradise by the word *cielo*, seeing he sometimes employs it to denote the sky, as at the end of the Inferno,

Tanto ch'vo vidi delle cose belle,
Che porta'l ciel, per un pertugio tondo :

And that the "again" appears to be warranted by the difference which Charon makes in this respect between Dante and the other spirits: they were never to see the heaven or the sky more; Dante did behold it again, as he tells us in the last line of the Inferno,

E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle,
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.
And in this respect his hell is like Virgil's.

21. V. 111. S'adagia a sedere o in altra guisa (Boccaccio Comento, vol. i. p. 155)—not *linger*, as Mr. Cary has it. The ghosts, far from lingering, were pressing to embark—di trapassar si pronte.

Mr. Cary will be forced to confess, that it does not appear to him that the spirits are yet in the boat, and that he, therefore, thinks Boccaccio himself wrong in supposing that they attempt to sit down in it. He will even be compelled to own his ignorance that *trapassar* means to *embark*, and will, perhaps, plead the impossibility of his learning these new significations of words without ever having been in Italy. Let him make what haste he can thither, if it be not too late.

22. V. 117. Mr. Cary, whose version is "as falcon at his call," cites *Velutello* as his authority; but he might have cited a far better one, Boccaccio (Comento, vol. i. p. 155). But Boccaccio was no fowler, nor Mr. Cary an Italian one, or he would have known that the common explanation is what I have given, and not as his note avers, "as a bird that is enticed to the cage by the call of another." One bird inveigling another to the cage would be as liable, as a falconer with his hawk, to the objection of individualizing what was meant to be general. They would equally reduce the simile within inadequate dimensions. Had he even consulted his dictionary, he would have learned that neither *paretajo* nor *boschetto* means *cage*, but the place where nets are placed to catch birds—dove

si distendono le reti per prendere uccelletti. (Vocabolario.)

Mr. Cary had no right to give the preference to that interpretation which he thought the best. He ought to have known better the manner of fowling in Italy, though Boccaccio did not; he ought to know that the expounder, though he a long while ago called Boccaccio's the very best possible authority, considers his own still better; he ought to have supposed the bird to be loose in the *paretajo* or *boschetto*, and not to be in his cage or cabin, when he is enticing the others; and all this, though the sagacious expounder owns "he might himself have remained unaware of the peculiar justness of the figure as it is usually received, had he never been out fowling with Tuscans." Fie! fie! Mr. Cary, to pretend to understand Dante without ever having been out fowling with Tuscans!

23. V. 133. Mr. Cary preserves the personification, by borrowing a phrase from Dryden: "Groans the sad earth."

Mr. Cary may reduce his debt to Dryden from four words, to three, as he has not taken from him his "groans."

The expounder (at p. 205,) has taken a good deal more of Mr. Cary's translation, without any acknowledgment.

24. Canto 4. V. 29. Mr. Cary, by translating "*men, women, and infants*," and, indeed, by his whole version, confounds these two divisions, which are easily traced in the text. The first is this; the second begins to be seen at *vidi un fuoco*, cc. (v. 68.) He seems to have been totally unaware of the existence of any such divisions, and, therefore, mixed them together past distinguishing. But, in truth, they form two rings, or circlets, into which this first circle is divided all round—per tutta la estensione (all the parts of Dante's hell being thus circular, as Lombardi justly observes), and are separated regularly by a stream and seven walls. (V. 107.)

It may be doubted whether Mr. Cary, even if he had seen the expounder's plate of "a Bird's Eye-view of the first circle of hell," would have had sense enough to perceive that the words,

—le turbe, ch'eran molte e grandi
D'infanti, e di femmine, e di viri—

could possibly be understood otherwise than he has translated them;

or that the latter line could possibly be twisted so as to mean, "babies, males, and maids," as the ingenious expounder has rendered it.

24. V. 123. Mr. Cary, by making *occhi grifagni* "hawk's eye," puts the species for the variety.

It is a mercy that it is no worse. He should have said, "soarage eyes," it seems. What it is to have been out fowling with Tuscans! But, however, he is not so bad as Boccaccio, "the very best possible authority," who also "was no fowler," and misinterprets *occhi grifagni*, "eyes of a grifon."

25. V. 125. Mr. Cary's *fierce* "the soldan fierce" is an interpolation, and quite out of the spirit of the original. For *solo*, *alone*, is the only epithet in it.

Solo in parte vidi 'l Saladino; and it is accompanied by the definite article, which in Italian is like a title of nobility, well agreeing with that Saracen's rank and virtues:

The lonely, lordly Saladin.

Mr. Cary has no right to interpolate a word, though it may describe a part of the Soldan's character, which is mentioned by historians—namely, that he was "the greatest terror" of the Christians. (Knolles's History of the Turks.)

The learned expositor is at full liberty to supply whatever may be necessary to fill up his verse, provided he denies it the fine heroic complement; and yet, perhaps the Soldan might have challenged an Alexandrine of five.

26. Canto 5. V. 25. For the first words of my translation of it, I must crave excuse; they do not literally construe "*perche pur gride*." But this simple check, when taken with the context, conveys such sense of mild command, that I, in three instances, found it forcibly recall to those perusing this canto for the first time (in the original I mean) the repulse given by our Saviour to Satan—"Get thee behind me:" so that despairing of suggesting that venerable association of ideas by any other means, I was at last emboldened to introduce our Saviour's own words; and since I could not retain both the expressions and the spirit of my author, I surrendered the former, in the hope of being able to preserve the latter. Mr. Cary's "wherefore exclaimest?" preserves neither the one nor the other; for it does not render *pur* (which has much signification here); and it is quite devoid of majesty.

Mr. Cary, a divine, and hesitate

to put our Saviour's words into the mouth of Minos in hell? He ought to have known better, and borrowed the whole sentence from the Bible, when he was unable to find an expletive in his own language to answer the word *pur*; and the learned expounder has served him quite right in not telling him any thing about its meaning. Men who have lived many years in Italy, and have been out fowling with Tuscans, and have the honour to be personally acquainted with Signor Bardi, and Chevalier Monti, and the Marchese Malaspina, go to, and who have, moreover, Alexandrines of their own, and use double rhymes at pleasure, like his lordship, are not quite so communicative.

27. V. 78. *Per quell' amor ch'ei mena*. Mr. Cary's "love which carries them along" is as deficient as the French version.

The expounder amply compensates the deficiency of all former versions and commentaries. He translates the words, "fondness which drew them on to their ruin, and of which they shall never be rid!" "Mena," he says, "has nearly forty significations, many of which convey sense of infliction." It is very considerate of him to inflict only two of these on his readers, and not to employ the "artful beauty of Ascensius," which would have exposed them to the whole forty. "Mena" implies sense of infliction, as "give" implies it when joined with certain other words, as "to give a blow;" "to give a beating."

28. V. 82. Mr. Cary's "by fond desire invited" is less exceptionable (than M. Ginguen  s); yet inasmuch as it may be referred to sexual desire, it is wrong.

It is something not to be the worst. Occupet extremum scabies. When the learned expounder gives (*quere*, has the word the force of *inflicts* here?) his own translation, we shall, perhaps, know what is the best.

29. V. 98. There is in the text a trait which I endeavour to retain by the word *beset*, and which is not at all to be discovered in Ginguen  s's version, *o   le Po descend pour s'y reposer avec les fleuves qui le suivent*; nor, indeed, in Mr. Cary's "To rest in ocean with his sequent streams."

We should not wonder if M. Ginguen   and Mr. Cary, being kept in

countenance by each other, and supported by all the commentators whom we know of, should snap their fingers at this. The expounder here gives his translation, in a note upon the note upon his translation, which he omits:

The placid main which sheltereth Po
When by his rapid rills beset.

30. V. 99. *S'apprende* means precisely *kindle* (see Vocabolario, § iv.), so that Mr. Cary's "love that in gentle heart is quickly learnt," conveys nothing of the metaphor; yet *s'apprendere*, in the sense of *catching fire*, is common in Italian; as, *un fuoco s'apprese in casa*.

We know what Mr. Cary will say to this; that *s'apprende* does not mean *kindle*, but *catch*; that it is, therefore, a metaphor, even when applied to fire itself; and that he has a note upon this line, to which he would have taken it civil of the expounder if he had referred.

31. V. 112. M. Ginguené and the other translators with whom I am acquainted, interpolate a *lui*, or something equivalent (as Mr. Cary's "I, in answer"); words that are, I believe, directly in opposition with the spirit of the original.

This note is too long to transcribe. It ends by telling us, that in consequence of a remark of the chief Italian poet of this day, the Chevalier Monti, the expounder "took the liberty of inserting" (*quere*, omitting) "a syllable, and changed 'And, answering, I begun,' into 'And I, in answer's lieu,' as it at present stands." Mr. Cary stands too; and as he has one syllable less, he goes up.

32. V. 120. "Dubbiosi desiri," "dubious desires," is the original. "In the season of sweet sighs," is the original, and it means in the spring of life: so that, to interpolate *your*, as that gentleman (M. Ginguené) and Mr. Cary do, is to injure the image by obliterating its generalization.

Lombardi is the only commentator we know of, who has a note on this passage; and he is for M. Ginguené and Mr. Cary. "Al tempo ch'ognun di voi sospirava per amorofo fuoco, senza manifestarvelo l'un l'altro."

33. V. 137. After what I have said in my preface, I refrain from ever noticing Mr. Cary's translation, excepting when I find it *literally defective*; yet on this one occasion it may be allowed me, in justice to my author, to regret that it is possible for

such *literal exactness* to co-exist with so complete a dearth of the *spirit* and *melody* of the original.

Think thyself fortunate, man, that there is only one occasion on which so profound a critic notices a complete dearth of spirit and melody of the original in thy translation, after he has "most solemnly protested against thy metre, thy want of harmony, thy paraphrases; and, in fine, all that appertains to style, as totally inadequate to convey the remotest resemblance to the poetry of thy original;" which he calls "doing justice to his author once for all." How like is this to the proceeding of Apollo.

Aurem

Vellit, et admonuit!

He gives thee one pluck; no more.

34. V. 138. Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo avanti. The feebleness of Mr. Cary's translation here proceeds from the *verbal* infidelity; for he interpolates "in its leaves," which gives the line a verbosity quite in contrast with the characteristic simplicity of the original. M. Ginguené succeeds better; for he follows it verbatim, *ce jour-là nous n'en lumes pas d'avantage*.

In its leaves

That day we read no more.

"That day we did not read it more," is the original, word for word.

Mr. Cary ought not to have been so *verbose* as to put nine words where the ingenious expounder can make eight (in prose) serve. M. Ginguené has the most *concision*, who gets it into ten. Mr. Cary ought to have known that all the dictionaries and grammars are wrong in their interpretation of the word *vi*, and that it has been lately discovered in Tuscany to be a pronoun answering to *lo* in Italian, and *it* in English.

35. V. 69. Mr. Cary, in explaining it "Charles of Valois," is not to be blamed; for many of the commentators do the same, even the last, M. Biagioli.

36. V. 79. Tegghiajo must be pronounced as a word of only two syllables, the *iajo* being a double diphthong. Mr. Cary is guilty of a false quantity, for he makes it a word of three syllables.

We know Mr. Cary's obstinacy so well, that he will insist on the impossibility of pronouncing it as a word of only two.

37. V. 99. Whether Mr. Cary

taped to make the voice of the Eternal, instead of echoing throughout illimitable space, have the specific effect of rending the vaults of the dead, I do not know: but his version bears that aspect;

And hear the eternal *doom* re-echoing rend
The vault——

and it is not certainly the figure given by Dante, nor (in my opinion) half so majestic as his. How poor is *doom*, instead of *his—quel*! For I translate verbatim “Shall hear *him* who echoes through eternity;” making *quel* mean colui, or Iddio (God), and not *quel suono*, which last word is considered by some commentators as understood, but unnecessarily; and, I think, most injudiciously.

Mr. Cary will probably ask the expounder whether, when Milton speaks of

A shout that tore hell's concave,

P. L. l. 541.

he means, that the shout had the specific effect of tearing the concave of hell; or whether, when Hamlet, in Shakspeare, warns the players against splitting the ears of the groundlings, he means, that they should not perform that specific operation upon the ears of the audience. Our expositor here obliges us with one of his own double-rhymed Alexandrines,

His voice that rolls
Echoing through ages—through the age
unending;—

a translation which is the more to be admired as it gives that kind of sense to *quel* which he has just pronounced to be wrong.

38. Canto 7. V. 21. The verse is printed as an interrogation in the Cominiana, and all the most esteemed editions; as, indeed, the particle *chi* requires. Yet Mr. Cary translates it like a mere exclamation, adducing Landino as his authority, who makes *chi* the same as *che*. Landino's words are not very clear.

Mr. Cary will, to be sure, cling to his favourite Landino, who, he says, in his preface, “appears to enter most thoroughly into the mind of the poet;” a preference which he would scarcely have given, if he had first seen this learned Comment.

39. V. 24. Mr. Cary, in translating *onda* not a mass of billows, but “a billow,” diminishes much the propriety of the metaphor; and the more so, because Dante, by *onda s'intoppa*, alluded to a characteristic phenomenon of the straits of Messina, which he must have observed when he was ambassador in Sicily.

Mr. Cary will be forced to confess his ignorance, that “*onda*” is used as a metaphor, or that it can possibly mean “a mass of billows;” for both which discoveries he will give full credit to the learned expounder, whose own translation of these three lines is too excellent not to be noticed.

Not wild Charibdis; when the wildest
masses
Of breakers combat in its pool renown'd,
Chafe like the innumerable troop that
waltzes.

If all is in this strain, what a loss have the lovers of Dante in not seeing the whole!

40. V. 30. *Perche burla*.—Though Mr. Cary's “why castest thou away,” preserves the sense, it does not the imagery—the poetry of the text.

No; no; leave that to the ingenious expounder. He will give you the imagery, the poetry; though with much modesty he tells you, at the same time, “that the exact history of *burlare* is certainly to be looked for in the east.”

Spinning their weights around, around,
While breasts strike breasts with pangs
condign,
Ho! charge, hurra, jolt, bound, rebound!
Ho! foe to foe, and line to line!
Each cursing each, and madly crying,
“Why closed thy palm?”—“Why
open thine?”

Then thwart the sooty cavern flying,
Still, still they bawdy, railing, raging,
That savage taunt, that fierce replying;
And face about and form—engaging
For ever in that rude, unvaried tilt.

Be the history of *burlare* east or west, we will seek for it—for the veritable burlesque—only in this gentleman's translation, and *Velutello's* comment upon it as referred to by him.

“*Burella*,” in the Lombard dialect, means, a little ball usually tied to the tail of a monkey to prevent its running away; whence the proverb, “wherever the monkey goes, there goes the *burella*.”

41. V. 40. *Guerchi della mente*. Mr. Cary does not even attempt preserving this fine expression. Shakspeare might have emboldened him to do so.

Ham. Methinks I see my father.

Hor. O where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Act I. sc. 2.

Guerchi della mente is by the learned expounder translated “mentally.”

blind." Hamlet then was "mentally blind," when he saw his father in his mind's eye. When he has done with Dante, the ingenious commentator must elucidate Shakspeare for us. We have not the least doubt of his making such discoveries as are not now dreamt of. We apprise the English reader of Italian, that he is to blot out the meaning "squint-eyed," which he will find affixed to "guercio," in his dictionary, and substitute "blind," on the authority of the gentleman. Mr. C. was not enough emboldened by Shakspeare's example to write "squint-eyed of mind," which was the only meaning of "guerci della mente" before this discovery; and he has therefore made it

————— in mind
All these were so distorted.*

42. V. 48. *Soperchio*. Mr. Cary leaves out this metaphor. Neither does he introduce the characteristic term *ton-sures* (*chercuti*) any where in his version of this passage.

Mr. Cary, if he had a mind to answer this politely, would first wipe his spectacles, and gently setting them astride the commentator's nose, beg him to look out "*chercuti*" in his Italian dictionary, and "*ton-sures*" in his English one, and then to tell him whether one word is a translation of the other, and whether "these whose heads are shorn," is not as *exemplary* a translation as can be made of "*questi chercuti*." By the same process, he may satisfy himself as to the synonymes he talks of in page 436. But Mr. Cary must needs acknowledge that he has dropped a metaphor (if metaphor it can be called) implied in the word *soperchio*, which did not seem to be transferable into his own language. The words literally rendered are "in whom avarice uses its excess."

43. V. 120. The word is *pullulare*, and is a figurative expression drawn from the bourgeoning of plants. Mr. Cary attends not to the metaphor.

Into these bubbles make the surface heave, is Mr. Cary's translation.

It must have required as great a master of our language as the learned expounder himself to render the metaphor tolerable in English.

44. C. 8. V. 7. "So I, turning to the sea of all wisdom," is the text; and it is a bold and most Dantesque manner of designating Virgil. Indeed, the variety of appellations which he is given, is a distinguishing trait of the Divine Comedy. No writer of verse or prose (in any language), not even Mr. Gibbon, rivals its fertility in this particular; Mr. Cary, as afraid of the boldness of the expression, replaces it with the commonplace one—"turning to the deep source of knowledge." Yet *mar di tutto 'l senno*, has I know not what of peculiar poignancy; which a literal version best conveys.

What a mortification must it be to Mr. Cary not to have satisfied such a critic! But let him be comforted; for how could he hope to emulate a fertility unrivalled *even by Mr. Gibbon*? A poignancy scarcely understood even by the learned critic himself.

—————
Having detained our reader so long in considering all the objections which are here made to Mr. Cary's translation, we shall take up no more of his time than will be necessary for remarking a few of the instances, wherein the expounder himself appears to have fallen into those errors from which no man, however wise and learned, is entirely exempt.

The writer, having an hypothesis of his own on the allegory in the first canto, is, with the true zeal of a system-maker, very anxious to remove out of sight anything that may weaken it.

The forest, (he tells us,) by other commentators is represented as meaning simply and abstractly vice and error; and by some the vice of Dante himself. But as to these latter, they are at variance with the fact of his having been reputed one of the most moral of mankind, and no other of his works discovering any thing like the confession of ambition, voluptuousness, and avarice, which they would put into his mouth here: and as to the former, they surely set their author somewhat at variance, not only with the common language of ethics, and with the Bible, but even with him-

* Landino has a good note on this: "Non guardando diricto non seppono discernere el vero; e vedere la misura, la quale contiene la virtu: ma guatando bieccamente presono gli estremi."—Ediz. 1484. "Not looking straight, they knew not to discern the truth, and to behold the measure in which virtue is contained; but looking askance, they took the extremes."

self; for vice is mostly said to be a gay alluring walk of flowers, though leading to ruin: when the path of truth is termed *strait* and *narrow*, we conclude that its opposite is *wide* and *easy*, and far from *black* and *brambly*; and so this scriptural phrase, *strait* and *narrow*, occurring in the third line of Dante's poem—*dritta via*,—a similar conclusion ensues.*

Here the commentator is either so ignorant of the language he pretends to interpret, as not to understand the meaning of the word *diritta*, and therefore, looking out for it in his dictionary, mistakes *straight*, *direct*, for *strait*, *narrow*; or else is so weak, as to suppose that he can pass off one word for the other. But this, whether mistake or contrivance, will not avail him further than to puzzle some unpractised or unwary reader. Dante says he lost the *diritta via*, lost, that is, the straight forward road of truth, the *verace via*, as he calls it in the twelfth line; and found himself in error, ignorance, and perplexity—all which are so plainly figured by a dark wood, wild, and rough, and strong—

——— una selva oscura

.....

—Selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte;

that scarcely any reader of common understanding, if left to himself, could fail to discover the meaning of the allegory. Yet this same "wood," according to our present commentator, signifies "sanguinary faction," which he terms "a particular species of vice." Thus, according to him, vice is in general "a gay alluring walk of flowers, wide and easy;" and one part of "this gay alluring walk of flowers," is "a dark wood, black and brambly," or, as he elsewhere calls it, "a bleak desert." Having, however, made out the "wood" to be "sanguinary faction," he concludes that the three beasts which he meets, the panther, the lion, and the wolf, cannot mean, as they have been hitherto understood, the three vices, which beset man in consequence of his error and ignorance, one after another, in youth,

manhood, and old age, namely—Pleasure, Ambition, and Avarice; but that they are the City of Florence, the King of France, and the Court of Rome. Mr. Cary has remarked of Lombardi, one of the latest commentators, that "his zeal to do something new often leads him to do something that is not over wise."† Lombardi can no longer, in this respect, claim a pre-eminence over the other commentators.

There is a passage in the *Cratylus* of Plato, by which this allegory is well explained.

Τὸ δὲ ἀναγκαῖον‡ καὶ ἀντίτυπον, κατὰ τὴν βουλήσιν ὄν, τὸ περὶ τὴν ἀμαρτίαν ἂν εἴη καὶ ἀμαθίαν. ἀπείκασται δὲ τῇ κατὰ τὰ ἄγκη πορείᾳ, ὅτι δύσπορα καὶ τραχία καὶ λάσια ὄντα ἴσχει τοῦ ἵεναι. ἐντεῦθεν οὖν ἴσως ἐκλήθη ἀναγκαῖον, τῇ διὰ τοῦ ἄγκους ἀπείκασθ' ἐν πορείᾳ.

Bipont. Ed. vol. iii. p. 306.

"The necessary and the resisting, since they are contrary to the will, must subsist about guilt and ignorance. But they are assimilated to a progression through a valley; because, on account of their being passed through with difficulty, and their rough and dense nature, like a place thickly planted with trees, they impede progression. And hence, perhaps, necessity was denominated from an assimilation to a progression through a valley."—Taylor's Translation.

In a note to his comment on c. i. v. 101, he says, "The odd prophecy of Landino having seemingly attracted no notice in the thickly printed volume wherein it occurs, I had the curiosity to try how it could be applied." Where then did it attract notice, if not in the thickly printed volume wherein it occurs? or how did it happen that the knowledge of it came down to Sterne, who "ridicules it," as the commentator himself tells us? The oral tradition from Landino to Sterne is much more difficult to imagine than the possibility of this prophecy having attracted the notice of some one reader in the thickly printed volume

* P. 9. If *Dritta* be not an error of the press, we should like to know in what edition the commentator here found *diritta* thus abbreviated. The whole line is

Che la diritta via era smarrita.

† Preface, p. 50.

‡ For a different etymology of ἄγκη, see Aristotle, Περὶ Ἐξέμευ cap. vii.

wherein it occurs, before our learned expounder met with it there.

P. 91. He promulgates it as his own discovery, that the word "*lontana*" (c. ii. v. 60,) is used as an adjective and not a verb; and then adds, with apparent modesty, "*sed nos hæc cognovimus esse nihil.*" We happen to know something more; that the discovery, such as it is, is Lombardi's. "*E durerà quanto 'l mondo *lontana—cioe lunga. Lontano per lungo* adopera Dante pure nel *Paradiso*, (c. xv. v. 49,) &c. "The common construction," he says, "does not seem to him to furnish clear ideas." Lucky man if he should ever find any that will!

P. 100. He calls "Pope's Ode to Solitude, a solemn disclosure of feelings, more recondite far than Dante's attachment to Beatrice." The expounder has full credit for such a preference. Yet he seriously believes that Dante wrote the beautiful sonnet on Beatrice, beginning—

O ciascun alma presa e gentil core,
at nine years of age. Of this sonnet he says, that it "is really very pretty, and, considering it was the production of a mere child, astonishingly so."†

P. 129. On finding that one of the commentators had supposed Beatrice to be a daughter of an Emperor of Constantinople, he observes, with much *bouhommie*, that, "really the whims and perplexities of the commentators are too tantalizing to unravel them all."

P. 264. "Heraclitus," says he, "I pronounce with the penultimate short, as it is in the original and in Petrarch." It is by throwing up a feather, one sees which way the wind blows. This little instance completely proves how ignorant the commentator is of Dante's metre, though he talks so much of its melody. Nothing is more common both in Dante and Petrarch, than a trochee in the fourth place. In the line preceding this, he would of course read—

Diogenes, Anassägōra, e Tale;
and

E se tu heu la ma Fisica note.

Inf. c. xi. v. 102.

and

Per contrastare a Ruberto Guiscardo.

c. xiii. v. 10.

and

Qual or saria Cincinnato e Corniglia.

Pa. xv. v. 129.

P. 398. We have a discovery of the Abbé Lanci, that the first line of the seventh canto,

Pape Satan, Pape Satan Aleppo;
which has caused so much trouble to the interpreters, is Hebrew,

פפ סטן פפ סטן פפ סטן פפ סטן

which he, or more probably the Abbé Lanci, thus construes, "*Resplendat facies Satani! Resplendat facies Satani primarii!*" "Look out, Satan! Look out in the majesty of thy splendour, princely Satan!" "What venerable concision," adds our interpreter, "is that of the original! Two long lines—

Forth, Satan, forth! Thine awful forehead shine!

O princely Satan, for one gleam of thine! are scarcely a paraphrase." The Hebrew we will leave to Hebraists; but that the "venerable concision" of the original is most strangely cut up, our own senses assure us. Of the expounder's "venerable concision," we have an instance in a note of twenty-one pages on this one verse.

It is not to be wondered, if with the expounder's great knowledge of foreign languages, and the immense labour it must have cost him to acquire them, he should have a little forgotten the grammar and spelling of his own. Thus at p. 435, "it is *them* that our poet, who was truly both a philosopher and a republican, would have reprobated; for the context of all his writings *justify* the assertion." In some words, the violations of orthography may be imputed to the difficulties of a foreign press; but when we find "unvealing" for "unveiling," p. 188, we conclude that the writer himself has been misled by an Hibernian pronunciation.

So much for these precious notes, as he has handsomely called those of "his fair antagonist," Mr. Cary. Pre-

* So Lombardi would read instead of *moto*. His error in supposing *mondo* to be peculiar to the Nidobeatina edition and some MSS. is remarked by Mr. Cary, who passes over the discovery as one of Lombardi's *unwise* novelties.

† For the sonnet itself, and a translation of it, see Mr. Cary's *Life of Dante*, p. 32.

cious, indeed, the reader will find them, or rather the money they will cost him, which, at the rate of the present volume, will be not less than eleven pounds; notes on a translation, which the writer, for some reason best known to himself, has thought fit to suppress. Yet the purchaser will have this consolation, that he may treat them without the smallest ceremony, use them just as he would Montagne's Essays, "take them up, and throw them down, and" (if he likes it) "take them up again;" only

that the exercise will be a little more operose in one instance than the other; for before the Divine Comedy is completely elucidated, he must expect that the Comment will have swelled to twelve octavo volumes and a half, consisting altogether of 6500 pages. If he shall resolve on undertaking so formidable a labour, we conclude by wishing him well through his task of "taking up, and throwing down, and taking up again," in the animating words of his author—
Ho! charge, hutra, jolt, bound, rebound!

ODE.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF FRANCE.

By the Author of the Essays on English Versification.

WHAT moves thee, LOUIS, to forego
The quiet of thy peaceful reign?
Why challenge a reluctant foe,
Rushing to war, war unprovoked again?
Examine well thine own estate,
And check thy hostile march before it be too late.

When first thou wert an exile from thy home,
Unbroken was thy strength, thy health not wasted;
But could'st thou now endure to roam
When both thy health and strength thou hast outlasted?
With peace and plenty to thy throne restored,
Perchance thou deem'st thyself adored:
Thou seest around thee subjects bending low;
But should misfortune now return,
Be sure thou soon shalt know
Thyself their hate, and all thy race their scorn.

Where are thy men-at-arms, they, once who moved
So lively at the warlike trumpet's call?
And where their chiefs, thy mareschals all,
Heroes in many a glorious battle proved?
In stern repose each warrior lies:
As flowers that all the darksome night
Close themselves up, until the day-star rise,
Then ope, and turn, as worshipping his light;
So these, in sullen slumber now reclined,
May soon awake, when thou shalt find
Their worship and their service turn'd and gone
Toward their own Day-star, the young NAPOLEON.

And darest thou, presumptuous, now demand
That Heaven shall speed thy mad career
To spoil an unoffending Land?—
And dare'st thou hope that Heaven will hear?—
Believe it not:—but for thyself beware;
And learn to moderate thy prayer.
Pray that kind Heaven will condescend
To grant thee rest and safety till thine end;
And, for the consummation of thy lot,
That old *St. Denys* will allow thee room
To sleep, uncensured and forgot,
Among thy fathers in a silent tomb.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

If the vicissitudes of ages have scarcely produced a change on the Spanish peasantry, so that they, to whom the inimitable pages of Cervantes are familiar, can see nothing new in the European peninsula;—if the influence of song is still omnipresent and omnipotent;—if the strains of wisdom and eloquence often fall from the lips of the untutored, and the volumes of history appear familiar to the meanest villager;—if a spirit of joy and harmony is spread over mountain and valley—these, and more than these, have been produced by those beautiful and touching compositions, which, grafted on an oriental stock, have been conveyed from tongue to tongue, and have served to transfer from generation to generation, in all their strength, and all their freshness, the events, as well as the sympathies, of other days.

Even in the obscure and trackless recesses, which have scarcely ever been trodden by the foot of a stranger, in spots beyond the influence of civilization, where the mass-book and the lives of the saints make up the sum total of the learning of the most learned; the historical *Romances* have served as the great depositaries, the faithful archives of all that is interesting in the chronicles of Spain, since *Rodrigo el Desdichado* completed the ruin which *Witiza el Ne-fundo* had begun. Was wisdom ever conveyed in a more attractive form than that of these graceful and flowing strains? The recurring music of the *asonante*, that light echo of a rhyme, so much more harmonious than blank-verse, so much less restrained than any species of metrical prosody, adds singularly to the general charm; and depending wholly

for its effect on the simple vowel sounds, whose melody is so much more soft and pure than any thing produced by a combination of letters, it falls on the ear like notes too distant for distinctness, yet producing “a concord of sweet sounds,” whose character can hardly be defined, though it leaves an irresistible emotion of complacency and delight.

A history of Spain, from the fall of the Visigothic monarchy down to the present hour, might be formed from the existing Romances alone. A judicious inquirer would be able to extract a greater sum total of truth, communicated with greater energy and beauty in the Romancers of the peninsula, than in all the chronicles of the convents or of the palace. But this is too extensive to be entered upon.

For the expression of warm and natural sentiments—for genuine pathos and tender feeling—for that impassioned eagerness which finds food for its hopes and fears in every object of thought or sense; in a word, for the eloquence of honest emotions, what is there that can be compared to the Romances of Spain? Could I transplant my readers to the brown mountains of Andalusia, or the valleys of Bastan; could I bid them dwell with me on those delightful recollections of hours, when in the brightest spring-tide of youth I joined the village-dance and listened to the peasant's tale; could I paint that enthusiasm, kindled in every countenance, and spreading like light through every bosom, “it would be something.”

Every happy villager took his turn in the recitation, and such as these were the affecting and beautiful compositions we enjoyed:—

A la sombra de mis cabellos
mi querido amor se durmio,
¿ si le recordare, o no ?
peynaua yo mis cabellos
con cuydado cada dia
y el viento los esparzia
robandome los mas bellos,
y a su soplo y sombra dellos
mi querido se durmio,
¿ si le recordare, o no ?

APRIL, 1823.

dizeme que le da pena
el ser en extremo ingrata
que le da vida y le mata
esta mi color morena,
y llamandome Sirena,
el junto a mi se durmio,
si le, &c.

Primavera de varios Romances,
p. 88. Valencia, 1644.

On my lap he slept, and my raven hair
 Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
 Love! shall I rouse him to tell him so?
 O no! O no!

I comb'd my raven locks, for he
 Looked on these locks with ecstasy,
 Which the wild breezes scattered,
 Stealing the stragglers as they fled—
 He was fann'd by those breezes—my raven hair
 Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
 Love! shall I rouse him to tell him so?
 O no! O no!

He call'd me cruel—but if he knew
 'This heart of mine!—I heard him say;
 My raven locks and my chesnut hue
 Were his life's charm and his life's decay.
 Syren! he cried—and then he flew
 To my lap, where he slept, and my raven hair
 Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
 Love! shall I rouse him and tell him so?
 O no! O no!

Or this old Romance of Cardona:—

Triste estava el cavallero,
 triste esta sin alegria
 con lagrimas y sospiros
 a grandes voces decia
 ¿ que fuerza puede apartarme
 de veros señora mia?
 como vivo siendo ausente
 de la gloria que tenia
 con los ojos de mi alma
 os contemplo noche y dia
 y con estos que os mirava
 lloro el mal que padecia

maldigo la triste ausencia
 alabo mi fantasia
 porque en ella resplandeco
 lo que tanto ver querria
 aqui se avive mi pena
 y esfuerça la mi porfia
 del fuego de mi deseo
 que en mis entrañas ardia.

*Old Silva de Romances,
 (without date.)*

Sad was the noble cavalier,
 Sad, and without a smile was he,
 With many a sigh and many a tear
 He linger'd on his misery:
 O what has driven me, my dear!
 O what has driven me from thee?
 How can I live in exile here,
 Far from all past felicity,
 While memory's eyes in vision clear
 By night and day thy image see?
 And nought is left but shadows drear,
 Of that departed ecstasy.
 O absence sad! O fate severe!
 How busy fancy sports with me,
 And to the sweet maid's worshipper
 Paints the sweet maid resplendently.
 Then bitter woe seems bitterer:—
 In vain I strive with destiny
 And seek through passion's waves to steer,
 For I am whelm'd in passion's sea.

Then some young swain doffed his *montero* bonnet; and, his voice blending with the tones of his guitar—the ever faithful companion of Spanish verse—in low and melancholy tones he sang as follows:—

Di Juan de que murió Blas
tan mozo y tan mal logrado?
—Gil: murió de desamado.—

Y que dijo, di carillo
quando se vió mortal?
—que el mayor de los males
era no poder decillo
jamas quiso descubrillo
mas fué mal galardonado
y murió de desamado.—

Cuando morir se tenía
que dijo de su mala suerte?
—que era menos mal la muerte

que el dolor de que moria
si otra cosa decía
siempre acababa el cuitado
que murió de desamado.—

Que dijo al proster momento
estando ya de partida?
—acabarase mi vida
pero no mi pensamiento:
y sin otro sentimiento
quedó muerto el desgraciado
que murió de desamado.

Conde Claros.

Say, Juan, say, of what he died?—
So young, so pensive, and so fair!
Of unrequited love he died—

What said he, shepherd?—thou wert there
When death stood threatening at his side—
—That of his pains the saddest pain
Was—he could not that pain declare—
He would not speak of that again.
Poor youth! he had been scorn'd by pride—
Of unrequited love he died!

And when he felt the failing breath
Grow weak—what said he of his doom?
—That there are pains far worse than death,
And he had known them—thoughts of gloom
Shadow'd the portals of the tomb—
Some things he said—and none replied—
Of unrequited love he died!

And when the last, last throb drew nigh,
Before the fluttering spirit fled?
—Soon, soon the pilgrim will be dead;
But there are thoughts which cannot die.
No more he felt, no more he said;—
He sleeps upon the valley's side—
Of unrequited love he died!

Nor were the decorations which the charms of nature offer to the enamoured poet forgotten:

Encontrandose dos arroyuelos
al pasar de un verde valle
uno a otro se tiran perlas
rifan, rifien y saltan y bullen
y porque se amansen
meten par cantando las aves.

Bajaba un arroyo manso
de una fuentezilla fria
y otro que por el corria
encontrele en un remanso
y era el valle en descanso

y por qual irá delante
uno á otro se tiran perlas, &c.

Si rifien con tal rigor
por passar dos arroyuelos
como passara sin zelos
quien tiene competidor?
extraña fuerza de amor
Pues por qual irá delante
uno á otro se tiran perlas, &c.

Primavera de Romances, p. 77.

Two little streams o'er plains of green
Roll gently on—the flowers between,
But each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls:

They foam, they rage, they shout,—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.
And melodies of peace are heard
From many a gay and joyous bird.

I saw a melancholy rill
Burst meekly from a clouded hill,
Another roll'd behind—in speed
An eagle, and in strength a steed ;
It reach'd the vale and overtook
Its rival in the deepest nook ;
And each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls.
They foam, they rage, they shout—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.

And if two little streamlets break
The law of love for passion's sake,
How then should I a rival see,
Nor be inflamed by jealousy?
For is not love a mightier power
Than mountain stream, or mountain shower?

Sometimes the Romances of the once adored Gongora were chosen. Gongora, who, in the midst of his exaggeration and bombast, has a mine of natural feeling—a harmony almost unparalleled, and a grace and facility of expression most rare and most delightful.

No son todos ruiseñores,
los que cantan entre las flores,
no son todos ruiseñores,
sino campanitas de plata,
que tocan al alua,
sino campanillas de oro,
que hazen la salua a los soles que adoro.

No todas las voces ledas
son de sirena con plumas,
cuyas humedas espumas,
son las verdes alamedas,
si suspendido te quedas,
de sus suaves clamores,
no son todos, &c.

Lo artificioso, que admira,
y lo dulce que consuela,
no es de aquel violon que buela,
aunque con suaue lyra,
porque otro instrumento tira
a los sentidos mejores,
no son to los, &c.

Las campanitas luzientes,
y los dorados clarines,
en coronados jazmines,
los dos hermosos corrientes,
no solo recuerdan gentes,
sino conuocan amores,
no son todos, &c.

Gongora, Vol. II. p. 51. (Lisbon, 1647.)

They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the flowery vales,
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the winds in the smiling dells,
Magic harps of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Think not the voices in the air
Are from some winged Syrens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees,
Chanting their morning mysteries.
O ! if you listen delighted there
To their music scatter'd o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales,
&c. &c.

O ! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm, of nature to touch the heart.

Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which, play'd
 By passion, fills the forest's shade—
 No! 'tis music's diviner part
 Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails—
 They are not all sweet nightingales,
 &c. &c.

In the eye of love, that all things sees,
 The fragrance-breathing jasmin-trees,
 And the golden flowers, and the sloping hill,
 And the ever melancholy rill,
 Are full of holiest sympathies,
 And tell of love a thousand tales—
 They are not all sweet nightingales
 That fill with songs the cheerful vales,
 But they are little silver bells
 Touch'd by the wind in the smiling dells,
 Harps of gold in the secret grove,
 Making music for her I love.

Or in the old pathetic language of Juan de Linares:—

Zagala, di que harás
 quando veas que soy partido?
 —carillo, quererte mas
 que en mi vida te he querido
 Antes de mi despedida,
 di si sientes lo que siento!
 —el dolor de la partida
 te dirá mi sentimiento—
 dime lo que sentirás.
 descanso de mi sentido?
 —carillo, quererte mas
 que en mi vida te he querido—
 Despues que partido seas
 que harás, di, gloria mia?
 —contemplar por que te vea

los lugares do te via—
 si no me ves que harás
 allá en tu pecho escondido?
 —carillo, quererte mas
 que en mi vida te he querido—
 Como te daré creencia
 que ames mas entonces que ante!
 —zagal no ves que la ausencia
 causa que mas ame la amante—
 pues bien informado estas
 no me pornás en olvido?
 —antes te querre muy mas
 Que en me vida te he querido.
 Cancionero. (MS.)

Shepherdess! say, what wilt thou do
 When thou shalt find me far removed?
 —O! I shall love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

Ere I am sunder'd far from thee
 Say, do my sorrows wound thy breast?
 —Shepherd! the farewell's misery
 Cannot in idle words be drest.
 Tell me thy thoughts, thy feelings too,
 Thou who my sorrow's balm hast proved?
 —O! I shall love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

Tell me, my joy, when I am fled
 What wilt thou do when thinking of me?
 —I will follow thy fancied shade
 Wheresoever I followed thee.
 But if time from thy distant view
 Drive the thoughts of him who roved—
 —Nay! I will love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

How shall I credit thee—how conceive
 That thou wilt love as loving now?
 —Silly shepherd! O! rather believe
 Absence fans the lover's glow.

Heavenly sounds—sure one who knew
 Love's art so well, ne'er faithless proved !
 —No ! I will love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

Such are some of the memorials which days of early happiness confided to memory. Every now and then they rush upon the mind "redolent of joy and youth." To criticise the sources of pure and peaceful pleasure were most idle—I choose not to ask whether such compositions as these are conformable to the rules of the Stagyrice. To me they are sacred. They are part of my young devotion—of my faith and my creed. If happiness be the end of living, these have been to me the elements of happiness. A thousand pleasurable associations still mingle

with the vibrations of these touching and natural *Romances*. With him, who cannot feel their beauty, I choose not to dispute—he is not to be envied, scarcely to be loved. I rejoice that I have a storehouse of pleasure whose portals are locked up to him—a storehouse crowded with real and substantial *good*—with enjoyment gathered in from the purest sources, assuming the fairest forms—throwing over days of sorrow a charm of composing tenderness, and mellowing hours of joy into a staid and sober lustre. B.

KATE OF WINDIEWA'S.

SHE was a young and dainty one, more sweet
 Than is the spring-time treasure of the bee
 Suck'd from the fresh-blown violets—tenderer far
 Than the blue ring-dove in its golden down
 Ere it forsakes its mother's wing, and fair
 As summer's unsunn'd buds. O, I could sit
 A July day and talk of her—and speak
 Of nought save her dark eyes. It was in June,
 The three and twentieth day i' the old style,
 When I first saw her—the scarce risen sun
 Had yet but touch'd the green-hill heads, the vales
 Lay moist in dew, when down the hill she came,
 Even hand in hand with the glad morning sun—
 For light and loveliness are sisters twin.
 The flowers, beneath the touch of her light foot,
 Shower'd out their fragrance, and the wanton sun
 Ran underneath her parting locks, and kiss'd
 All her neck lilies. Me she saw, and threw
 Her fleecy tresses o'er her white arm thus—
 And, holding them above her ivory brow,
 Sent forth on me the light of two such eyes
 As ne'er blest man before.

The scene of my story lies in a little cold and nameless nook of ground, which nature has neglected or refused to embellish; and as I have no wish to be wiser than nature, I shall let the green, and the purple, and the golden tints of gay description make beds of roses, and bowers of jasmine, and banks of flowers, for other stories that may need them; for I shall adhere to the honest and homely hues of the land—the standing colours of nature, each beautiful in its place,

as snow is in its season. The ground indeed is as old as other ground, and the same sun shines on it which warms more noted places; it lies too in the midst of a populous county, and nigh an old and opulent town; but near it no blood has ever been spilt, no lordly person has lived, and no poet has thought its daughters—and some of them were lovely, and all modest—worth one passing perishable verse. Thus is the place without a name; and to the eye of a stranger it has few attractions. Im-

gine a little round knoll studded with cabins of stone, rising like an island amid an immense morass, with a long winding and miry way leading into it from the mainland—a few idle mothers dandling their offspring on their knees, and sitting each on her own threshold sending the tale of merriment or malice round; while their husbands, towards nightfall, may be seen plodding their way homeward along the narrow foot-paths which intersect the moss; and as they approach, you may hear the yell and the cry with which a numerous progeny of children, barefooted and bareheaded, hail the sight of their fathers. The cry of the lapwing and the bittern may be mentioned, in the absence of the music of the lark and the thristle; and there were seen the wild swan and the heron—the former feeding amid the herbage on the banks of a deep and sluggish brook, and the latter standing with his body drawn stately up, his neck arched, his bill downward, and his eye intent on the waters—the presence of these two beautiful creatures, which seclusion and a marsh can only purchase, made some atonement for the cold scene of irreclaimable barrenness which lay around. In summer, indeed, the swelling parts of the morass waved purple with heath-blossom, and the blossom again hung brown with bees—in the brook, and the little lakes, the wild duck sailed, among the reeds and the rushes, with her orange tawny brood—the lapwing skimmed along, brushing with its wings the white heads of canna; while the distant song of the country maiden might be heard, as she turned the fuel to the wind and sun, which her lover's spade had cut; or she might be seen gathering cranberries, or plucking the meadow queen, and the marsh-iris. Truth will allow me to do no more for this little nameless nook; and I may not unaptly conclude my notice with the advice which a crazy vagrant gave to a company of miners, who were exploring the land for coal: "I advise ye to dig," said he, "in Glenlochar-moss; if ye dinna get coals, ye'll get peats."

Fame is a fickle lady, and I love her for it—she has no hereditary attachments—we cannot secure a monopoly of the capricious will-o-wisp

light which she sheds at pleasure on the lofty and the low. The spot on which she displays her banner, and winds her horn, to-day, is made into pasture for geese, and pens for swine, to-morrow; and the name round which she now twines her bays, and showers her honours, will descend to oblivion soon, as some names have descended, which, short while ago, wore fortune's chiefest favours in their caps, while some little barren spot will shine in its turn, and stand consecrated for a time. And even so it fared with the lonely nook of earth where my tale must find a resting-place—the fame which it failed to find from the wisdom of its sons, and the frugality of its daughters, was obtained for it by a gay and a giddy girl—minstrel's song and menial's story are now busy with the barren place—and the inhabitants date all their legendary renown from the day on which they saw Kate of Windiewa's.

It befel between summer and harvest, when men feel the edge of their sickles, and the farmer goes shoulder deep among his standing corn, rubbing the ripe heads between his hands, and tasting the quality of his crop, that a sudden thunder-shower dispersed the reapers, who had assembled on the skirts of the first ripe field in the district; and as there was no immediate shelter, they sought the readiest way to their several homes. Our story must follow the steps of one of the reapers—a young man some twenty years old, and the son of two old cottagers who lived in the little village of Glenlochar; I think I see him standing before me, in the same dress, and with the same looks, he wore when his name pointed the proverb, and his story ministered mirth to the district. Well made, and tall, with a smooth and a ruddy face—fair hair, which his mother loved much, and himself more—for he carried it curled to all the fairs, and preachings, and dancings, in the country side—distinguished in the parish church for his contests in psalmody with the precentor; and in fairs for his two vests of sky-blue and scarlet, and a curling superabundance of locks—he thought every fair face fancied him, and every dark eye desired him. He complained that blue eyes robbed

him of his rest, and that black eyes disturbed his dreams; and as he walked to church or market, he would eye his shadow in the sun, and think himself a handsome youth. When the girls walked before him, he thought it was for the purpose of glancing over their left shoulder to admire his face—if they walked behind him, it was to look at his well-made leg—if they walked beside him, it was for the sake of his company, and from an admiration of his person and his wit. And it must be confessed that he was frequently present in maiden's thoughts. They would cross his way at a country fair, saying, "Come, let us wile a fairing from soft Sandie Roseboro."

He united, as was common in more primitive times, the pursuits of farmer and mechanic—he could make a plough, and plough with it—he could sow a field, and he could reap it—he made the flail with which he thrashed his corn, and he built the barn in which he winnowed it. With the sons of the ploughshare his merits were summed up in a sagacious saying, since become proverbial—"It's like the ploughmanship of Sandie Roseboro—there's more whistling than red land:"—it was imagined that his promise always exceeded performance. Nor with the mechanics and rustics of the district did his merits stand much higher—the old masons shook their heads, and said he was "scrimp to the gage"—the pavior eyed him as he walked past, and said, "He'll no stand the rammer:" the shoemaker who made his shoes said he had not sense to spit over the awls: and the gardener declared he lacked wit to keep the worms from the kale. Even one of the witty maidens of the parish—young Bess of Brandylford, said, "Silly Sandie Roseboro—I sat by his side for a stricken hour, and he had nae the sense to snuff out the candle."

As Alexander hastened home, the cloud shifted, the thunder grew more remote, and the plashing shower was succeeded by large drops, each of a minute's interval—the benediction of the departing storm. He had reached the place where he was obliged to part with the public road, and dive into the long and winding mossy way which led to his father's

house. A milestone stood by the way-side, and on it was seated a fair young woman—dressed somewhat more gaily than was at that time common to country maidens. A hat and feathers, a long flowered mantle, and striped slippers, seemed utterly out of keeping, as painters express it, with the bleak expanse before her, and the miry way on which she was travelling. The thunder-plump, as the peasantry call a thunder shower, had indeed somewhat disordered her finery—the feathers, and the scarf of silk, afforded small shelter from such a pelting blast: and now, as the rain had passed away, and the four o'clock sun shone from beneath the moving cloud, the maiden began to shake off the moisture, and replume herself for her journey. When Sandie beheld this apparition, he began to edge towards the side of the way—the flowered scarf betokened riches—and the feathers spoke of rank: he had never before seen, as he afterwards declared, long feathers in any other place than the peacock's tail and Lady Dashawa's bonnet—and no wonder that a strange awe came o'er him. As he glided along, he managed to steal a look or two at this gorgeous dame, and every glance diminished his awe for her supposed rank and visible beauty: he saw her eyes—two large blue ones, and deeply fringed with long dark seductive eyelashes, following after him with a look of as much love as supplication—---he made not altogether a halt and turn, but he moved in a kind of circuitous route towards her—like a lark under the influence of an adder's fascination: the saints above, and the maidens below, forgive me for this unwary comparison. She busied herself with her scarf, adjusted her bonnet and feather on the summit of a bushel of curled locks, abundance of which she allowed to escape down her neck, and over her temples; and then, standing up fair and stately, she confronted the rustic, whose heart smote hard at his side, and whose knees nearly knocked against each other—so far did the presence of this lady of imagined rank overpower him. "Young man," said the wandering damsel, "how far am I from a city, or a gentleman's house? I am weary, having wan-

dered far, and suffered much, and still dreading lest I may be pursued and overtaken ;"—and then she looked along the road, and said, "Is that the sound of chariot wheels I hear coming? If my father finds me, my peace is over on earth. Is there no place, young peasant, where I can conceal myself for a time? I shall have it in my power, when I am twenty-one, and that will be soon, to requite such kindness largely." And she looked Sandie full in the face; and the nodding of her feathers, and the rustling of her scarf, and the sparkling of a treble string of bugle beads, each as valuable in his sight as the diamond eye which Crusoe purloined from the brow of the great Chinese God Chou-Chong-Thougon; and above all, the persuasion of two moist blue eyes, a face oval and regular, and a neck which needed no rank to recommend it—round, and long, and white—all combined to influence the mind of honest Sandie Roseboro; and he faltered forth, in what he called his best Bible English, something which sounded like an invitation to his father's house. "And yet," said he, relapsing somewhat into homely provincial as, side by side, he walked with the maiden along the way to Glenlochar, "I'm no so sure that my mother will make ye mair than welcome—for shining silks, and rustling satins, and plumed bonnets, she holds as abominations, and as matters which entice youths astray—it was but lately that in the very middle of the kirk, when charity came from people's pockets to the poor's-box like thaw from the north—drop by drop; and who so backward as one or two of our gaudy madams; my mother started up, and exclaimed, 'Haud the ladle to their nose there—they come here shining in silks and in scarlets, and never a penny in their pocket to poor Lazarus. Haud the ladle to their nose there!'—So ye see she is a bauld body, and outspoken—and now I think on't, it's a mercy ye have nothing red in your dress, else she might fling her bible at yere feathers, and cry, 'Out of my house, thou scarlet abomination'—it's a mercy the colour of your cloak is not scarlet—it's as much as I can manage to wear a scarlet waistcoat once a

week—and I am her only begotten son."

The maiden smiled at the apprehensions of her conductor, and said; "Be ye not afraid—I shall seek thy mother's hearth like a wayfarer of old—to wash my feet—to taste of her bread, and drink of her milk, and rest, and bless the house in the morning, and continue my flight. Are ye sure, young man, that the sound we hear is not the prancing of horses, and the rattling of chariot wheels?" "Chariot wheels!" said Sandie; "a chariot wheel never rolled among our quagmires; and unless your pursuers are winged like geese, and web-footed like wild ducks, they will never follow you into Glenlochar." "Let us go forward, then," said she; "I would rather wed the meanest peasant that cuts turf in that desert than marry the man of my father's choice, though he offered me a head-dress of diamonds that would buy a lord's land, and a bridal garment that would stand alone with beaten gold. I would spin wool—comb flax—cut corn and ted hay, and at night lie down with one I love on a bed of rushes, rather than dine in gold plate and lie down in misery." Sandie stopt—chafed his hard palms together, till they almost smoked with friction—gazed at her from the plume to the slipper, and from the slipper to the plume, and then said, "Aye, aye; talk that way, madam—or whatever I should call you—that's the way to go to my mother's heart, and open the door of her cupboard:" and with such like discourse they reached Glenlochar.

Old Ekspa, his mother, was seated by her hearth-fire—a plaid pinned about her shoulders, a pair of spectacles on her nose—while before her was spread, in all the extent of folio, the works of that sound and mysterious divine, Richard Flavel—she sighed when she came to passages too deep and too full of meaning to be readily understood—and she sighed often—and was heard to exclaim, "Heh, sirs, he's a dark and a terrible divine." She heard the sound of feet, and the conference of tongues, on the threshold; and without lifting her head, she said, "What young woman's foot is that which comes with thine, Alexander? A. —"

be that giddy and dancing damsel Jenny Proudfoot, the wrong side of my door be to her—but if it be that douce lass Peggy Cameron, let her come ben—her name is a dear name—and a bold name was it in a back-sliding time, and a kind welcome shall it aye have frae me. But, God protect his poor handmaid, what's to happen now? Here's silks, and satins, and fine twined linen—three rows of precious stones round the neck, and a plume of feathers aboon the brow, high enough to disturb the spiders in my poor home. What's to happen now?" And, rising from her seat, she looked on the stranger with an eye of respectful, but suspicious, scrutiny, "Happen now, mother!" said her only son—"Here's a young lady escaped from the castle of Windiewa's, and all because she refused to marry an old knight—with hollow eyes and sapless bones—preferring, as a lady should, a handsome man in hose and doublet to a death's-head and thigh bones served up in embroidered sheets. Dust down the best chair, and lay something soft upon it, that she may be seated—and thraw the neck of my grey hen, and make something warm and nourishing. I ken what it is to run a long road myself, rather than wed against my will. There was the time," said he to the stranger, "when my mother there wanted me to wed old Peg Crummie—with one eye, three teeth, and threescore acres of land. First I was so smothered with anger that I knocked our big pot till it gave over ringing—and then I was so touched with grief, that I ran wild round the moss for two days and nights, and baptized foot could not overtake me; and, lastly, I grew wicked, and, who will believe it? I fell into a great ramble for three days and three nights, and spent four-pence halfpenny."

"Charm thy tongue, Sandie," said the old woman, "and let me talk to this maiden—it's no her painted dress, and her plume of feathers, and three rows of shining beads, that will make her pass for a lady with me. An she be lady born, and lady brought up, I have the charm that will try her—hand me thy father's bible. The good book of a good man, miss or madam—printed in black print in the times of the

persecution—and it's high time that ye saw it, if ye never saw it before. Here—before ye take a seat, touch bread, or taste milk, in my house, read me—and read it clear and lady-like—this precious passage of the prophet where he lifts up his voice against the pride and abomination of woman's dress—never was his voice so much wanted in the land as now. I saw James Johnstone's daughter, with three rows of ruffles round her neck and seven round her kirtle, at the kirk on Sunday, and the very minister could na expound the word for looking at her—read it, I say; and read it without a mistake or a stumble, an thou be a lady."

The young woman took the book with a reverent hand and a devout look, and she laid fingers long and white and plump over the pages stained by smoke and long use, with an awe worthy of a divine. "I should hold myself undeserving of shelter in a godly person's house," said she, "if I could do no more than read the celebrated prophecy against the enormity of woman's apparel. The word was not taught me in a way so remiss—take, therefore, the book again, and I will repeat thee the passage, word for word, with a precision like a priest, and a tone befitting a lady." And closing the Bible, she proceeded with her task.

"Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires, like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the bouquets and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands and the tablets and the earrings; the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and the wimples and the crisping pins, the glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods and the vails. And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell, there shall be ———."

"Enough, enough!" said the old woman; "ye have repeated the word more like a minister of the gospel than a lady—be seated, therefore, and feel that yere seat be softer

and Sandie, my lad, go chase and slay the fat hen, and ye shall see how I can serve a lady, and one who has such a lady-like hand too, and repeats Scripture with a grace exceeding even the Reverend Elihu Gowlawa—a preacher I hearkened to in my youth.” And away Sandie flew in delight, in pursuit of the grey hen; his mother trimmed her hearth fire, and strove to give her homely dwelling the look of a place fit for the reception of a lady: and the lady herself removed her mantle and bonnet, bound up her ringlets with a fillet of silk, and assumed a meek sedateness of deportment, worthy of one who had learned by heart the chapter of denunciation against female extravagance.

The news soon flew over moss and moorland, that a young lady—a miracle of beauty—clothed in silk, and shining in diamonds, had fled from her father's house, and the embrace of an ancient bridegroom, and was now to be seen in the little smoky cottage of Sandie Roseboro, in the miry village of Glenlochar. A runaway lady, and more particularly a runaway bride, is always an object of curiosity; and when beauty, and riches, and a spirit of humility and modesty, formed some of the attributes of the fair fugitive, who could resist the wish of beholding her? and little pride must pertain to that heart which wished not to be distinguished by one of her kindest looks, and by words whispered in secret. And so it fared with the young men of the neighbouring district. The long narrow lane, which led through the morass, presented a succession of woovers equal in extent to a flight of wild geese; and their marchings, and watchings, and whisperings, around the house which contained the fair stranger, might be compared to the aforesaid geese when they descend from the snowy cloud, and, alighting in pairs on the margin of the brook, raise such a clang and a din that all the meadows resound. But the prudent and devout mother of Alexander Roseboro had too much respect for the fame of a young lady, whose gift at reciting scripture rivalled Elihu Gowlawa, to allow the profane youth of the land to enter her dwelling; besides, the old woman, pious as she was, and weaned

from the things of this life as much as a woman of fifty may well be, thought, as she looked on her fair visitor, that she was but flesh and blood—an heir of corruption, and, what was better, an heir of riches—had an eye, a kind of bright John-come-woo-me-now eye—and, as a daughter of Eve, must have a strong inclination towards matrimony. And then she looked on her own son—a hale and a ruddy youth; and she observed with joy that the eyes of the young lady sometimes glanced the same way—and she called to mind that love was a thing which dropt as the dew does, on all alike—that marriage she had ever said, and so had sound divines, was an affair of destiny—and if it was ordained that the rich young lady should fall in love with her son, who could repine against such a dispensation? There was Lady Kipples fell in love with serjeant Macraw, and bought him out of the Scots Fusileers, and married him in spite of all her kin—and Alexander Roseboro, praised be the Maker, was a finished piece of work compared to the love of Lady Kipples.

Now the local advantages of Sandie were fully felt by the young men who were anxious to become his rivals—but who could make love through a stone wall? A casual glimpse of her person was all they could obtain, as they passed and repassed the window. One saw the moving of a white hand—a second, the glancing of a bright blue eye—a third, the waving of a multitude of curls—and a fourth heard the sound of her voice, sweet and low—two blessed properties—as, face to face, she replied to the rapturous love speeches of Sandie. Rumour too came every hour, and whispered pieces of her history, a chequered and ever varying tale: she was, said nine o'clock, the daughter of a great English lord, and sole heiress to half the county of Cumberland—and the sound rang for an hour; but up spoke ten o'clock, and said, she is the daughter of a great knight on the border, and the man that marries her will wed more red gold than a thousand horse can carry—and the story of the gold triumphed till eleven o'clock came, and declared, that no one knew her name, her lineage,

or her character—that, though she was fair, she might be false; and though modest, her name might have found its way into the kirk session book—and it would be wise in young men to beware of her—and so the hour flew on, and then came twelve, and said, her name is Kate, and she comes from Crawford-moor, and her father is knight of two good whistles and a staff—and so the hours flew on, mingling truth with falsehood, and falsehood with truth, and the young men loved her more and more.—But the rumour of next day came with vexation and sorrow, for it was told that the fair young lady Katherine of Windiewa's, a house of old standing, had come in disguise to see her love, and that she was wooed and won—and a wedding feast would soon be spread equal to the rapacity of three parishes. All the dames of the district now busied themselves imagining dresses for the bride; and seventeen fiddlers began to examine their strings and think on the hour when the wine cup flowed and the dance went round.

Meanwhile old Elspa observed the work of love to go what she called bonnilie on; and she became more and more studious of pleasing a soft and a nice dame, ordained, she believed, to pave her future path in life with silver and gold. She persuaded her husband to consult one of the burning and shining lights of the parish on the propriety of introducing a more exalted mode of blessing the creature-comforts of dinner and supper; and to render her table worthy of such a classical benison, she assembled all the rustic luxuries which the district afforded—white bread, fatted chickens, new-laid eggs, bregwort, and honey. She even ventured to entreat Lady Ganderland for the names of such dainties as might be set before a lord's daughter—porridge she imagined was a vulgar food—broth was only fit for barnmen, and brose for moorland shepherds; but she prayed for insight regarding the tender delicacies to which her fair guest had doubtless been accustomed in her father's castle of Windiewa's. Nor did she omit, after dropping her voice down to the lowest note in the scale of humility, to insinuate that the *ways of Providence* were wondrous,

and of a surety he had his own wise purposes in all he ordained—that she was one who regarded little the shining dross, and the glittering stones, and the acres of dust on which men set their hearts, and of which this world was composed, but as she had endured the privation of a cottage, her head would not be turned by dwelling in a nobleman's mansion. During this speech, Lady Ganderland gathered herself up in her chair—lowered down her whole front into frowns, and poured upon the pious Elspa such a torrent of exalted wrath, that she fled from her presence, and, descending the stairs, issued upon the lawn; then turning round, she held out her withered hands towards her adversary's house, and thus she addressed it: “A plague and a curse upon thy house, say I—for thy fulness there shall be fasting—for thy pride there shall be penury, and for thy scorn there shall be sorrow. For thy costly couch there shall be a grassy grave, and the fellowship of worms—for thy scarlets and thy silks there shall be patchings and rags—the topmost stone of thy dwelling shall be made the lowest, and thy name shall pass away in scorn from the land.”—And having uttered this denunciation, and relieved her heart, she hastened home.

When she arrived within sight of the window lights of her own little lonely village, she observed a man wrapt in a plaid, and with a staff in his hand, moving slowly along, and bearing what seemed an instrument of music. The road was soft, and she came close to the stranger before he seemed aware—he was muttering and talking aloud, and the first words she could distinguish were,—“O wilful man, wilful man!—I have had a fine lesson—I have sinned against good counsel—I have fought in a far land, and spilt some blood—and now, lame of a leg, and blind of an eye, I maun seek my bread from door to door—without ae friend in the wide world, save this little sweet instrument. — But, alas! there is no knight's lady, nor baron's daughter, to listen, in this wild place, to its pleasant sounds. Ah! where shall I find a lady with a hand so white and so liberal as the Earl of Moonland's daughter, who

gave me a new mantle and a new hood—this is but a land of peasant churls—sorrow on the ploughshare, say I.” Old Elspa made a full pause as she came to his side, and thus she addressed him: “Music is but a matter of mere vanity, and song is a sweet snare—but mourn not thy lot, therefore, nor lament that this is a land of churls. The sweetest water drops from the roughest rock; the richest fruit grows on the rudest tree; and nothing shines so lovely as a single star in a troubled sky. There is a fairer face, and a nobler maiden, to listen thy music than ye wot of—and if ye will enter into my cottage porch, and be seated reverently, and touch, as ye call it, a tender string, I will give ye the piece of crooked coin which men call a sixpence—and a drink of that liquid which women love, called bregwort.” He bowed, and followed, and, seating himself on a block of wood in the passage, began to prepare his instrument, while the old woman went into the chamber; and thus she described to her son, and the Lady of Windiewa's, the success of her mission.

“I wish, young lady, that all who wear silks and scarlets were modest and humble, like thee—but I have endured much scorn to-day in thy service, and have been mocked with much mocking, and called foolish names. It is my wish to honour and serve thee in my homely dwelling—but, saving a fattened hen, and two pies of cranberries, and some honey from the comb, nothing have I got worthy of setting before thee. This simple food will I prepare for supper; but, alas, ye cannot sup, as in your father's hall, to the sound of flute and dulcimer, and all manner of music; for I am not gifted with the power of uttering sweet sounds myself; and all the tunes our Sandie can sing are, Dundee, and Stroudwater.”—“Mother,” said the runaway lady, “riches cannot give happiness, nor broad lands peace to the heart. I have, in the three days I have dwelt under your roof, found piety and peace ever with you; there are virtues in lowly life that deserve the embroidered robe, and the herald to march before them—but it becomes me not to say more. When a few days are past,

my father's anger will be gone, and he will receive me, and the young man whom I have chosen for my husband, with joy and gladness.” And she looked down and was silent. Not so Alexander; he chafed his hands together—looked to the roof, looked to the floor and cried,—“Lord, send it soon and sudden—I could swear I never loved a woman sae well before; there was Jenny Jamieson—but she ran away with a marching regiment; there was Peg Macmurdie—but she slighted sixteen of us, and took up with Corporal Crimp—my curse upon scarlet and shoulder knots, say I—and there was—let me see—aye—Mary Carruthers—a saft lass and fair, and weel sought after; she had nineteen lads and a chacer—an e that never lost sight of her—and I was the chacer myself—But what were they all to bonnie Lady Katherine of the castle of Windiewa's—a crow to a swan—a crow to a swan. Mother, are ye sure I will keep in my senses till the bridal-day comes? had I no better slip over to my uncle's, at Snipefloss, and haud myself quiet and cool?”

Sore, sore, strove old Elspa to stay the torrent of words which came gushing like a regular stream from the lips of her son—she was afraid his tongue would undo the labours of her wit and his own smooth ruddy look. But if she succeeded in staying his tongue, it was only to cast his enthusiastic folly into other members. He chafed his hands, and laughed loud and long—ran round about like a check-reel—first against the course of the sun, and then with it—leaped rafter high, and shouted, “A coach every day, and a clean sark—men to bow to me, and a lady to love me—bonnie Sandie Roseboro, was ever the like heard of?”—The maiden, who was the cause of all this rapture, sat with a look as demure as marble; but one might see, by the roguish glimmer of her eye, and something like a suppressed smile which once or twice curled her lips, that she largely enjoyed his folly. Any casualty would have been deemed by his mother a happy event that served to stay this stream of extravagance; and I question if she ever heard a psalm—even her favourite twenty-third, sung in the presence of Elihu Gowlawa himself.

with half the joy that she hailed the sound of voice and instrument from the passage where she had stationed her wandering minstrel. His mother smiled, and motioned silence with her finger; Alexander stared

with huge eyes and wide parted lips—a perfect statue of vulgar astonishment, while the following song was sung by a tongue not unaccustomed to melody.

THE DEEPEST SNOW WILL DROP AWAY WITH THE SUN.

The deepest snow will drop away with the sun;
The thickest ice will melt ere the summer is begun;
But love devout, and warmth of heart, and prayer, and constancy,
Cannot win ae kind blink from a fair maiden's ee.

Her sweet looks would wile the wild bird from the breer;
The music of her tongue, O it charms me for to hear;
She is straight, tall, and bonnie, as the new budded tree;
And welcome as the summer to the whole countree.

She wears a snowy hat, with a feather in the crown;
With clasps of beaten gold to her waist and her shoon;
With silver nets, and pearly springs, to bind aboon her bree,
And the pride has grown richer that sparkles in her ee.

Though her hose were of silk, and with silver was she shod;
Though her forehead was rubies, and her ringlets beaten gold;
Though her mind was a mine of new-minted monie,
She is poor with them a' when pride's in her ee.

The gentle bird builds in the humble bower tree;
On the top of the grove loves the foolish bird to be;
And the hawk takes the high one, and lets the low one flee,
And so goes the maiden who has pride in her ee.

O, she loved me once, and vow'd to be tender and true
As the flower to the sunshine—to twilight the dew;
But her love it wore away like the leaf from the tree,
Yet she menses even pride with her bonnie black ee.

Long before the song was concluded, Sandie Roseboro had started to his feet; and with a forward step, and a clenched hand, boded no better largesse than blows to this travelling songster. His mother fastened one hand in his bosom, and anchored the other in his hair, and so succeeded in staying him till the ballad ended; but with the close of the verses came a truce to his forbearance. Leaving some of his hair and a part of his vest—scarlet bound with blue ribbon—in his mother's tenacious hands, away he broke, exclaiming, "De'il douke me in his brimstone dub, if Dick Bell of Gotterbie shall wile away my love with the glamour of a fool sang, like black Johnnie Faa;" and the clamour of hot words was heard, and the sound of earnest blows, and all the din and disturbance of a sharp scuffle in a dark and narrow place. Old Elspa held up her hands, and cried, "Oh,

the audacious youth, smite him hard, Sandie, and spare not; for he deceived thy mother with a fause tale; and mickle harm he meant to thee. But again I say, my bairn; remember he bears God's image—be moderate in your wrath. I am not sure we are authorised to mar and bruise his workmanship, so be gentle in thy blows, I say—oh! the wilful creature, he heeds me not, but strikes like a mere heathen." "A mere heathen!" said Sandie, returning from the scuffle—his clothes soiled and rent, and his hair hanging about his shoulders like a half-thrashed sheaf of corn—"faith, it was high time to be heathenish when the hallanshaker made the lights dance in dozens before both my een with every blow he gave me. But he carries away as hard strokes as he left—deed, my bonnie lady," said he, turning to her of the Windlewa's, "I have had a stark fight for

ye, and ye maith wēd me soon; for I am no that sure I have long to live, I shall have a battle to fight every day with a Bell, and there's a parish full of them,—all strapping lads, and ringing deevils."

It was now late, the lady of Windlewa's retired to a little nest or closet—dignified by the name of chamber, and thus the mother addressed her son, "My bairn, you are now about to become a great man; for the lady of Windlewa's loves you, her een cannot conceal the secret—so hearken to a mother's counsel; cast aside your rustic ways, and speak English—Bible English—the best of English, and dance no more with Peg Wilson, nor run about the stackyards with Kate Davison, nor hunt fowmarts with Rob Burgess—nor sing Stroudwater in opposition to the kirk-precentor—and, above all, cease your moon-struck hop-step-and-leap ways, and come in nae mair in the mornings, shouting, 'Holing wi' hunger—holing wi' hunger—O for a cog of brose and a ramhorn spoon.'—All these things, my son, ye will forget—and put on the outward man of a gentle—there's nought mair easy. Ye will no longer lay stones in mortar—square freestone with hammer and chisel—hang a plummet, nor stretch a line—you will wear gloves—cast aside the sheep-skin apron—and make me the mother of a finished gentleman."

"Mother," said Sandie, "I have taken a handsome farewell of hammer and of trowel—of plumb and level—square, and rule, and mallet, and chisel—fortune made me for something grand, and I never was a witch at masonry. It was late last night I carried them to the middle of Glenlochar bridge—and down I dropped them into the deep pool among the moonlight water. O, but they looked bonnie—splash went my hammer—my plummet followed, and I thought the very banks laughed out, and cried 'Down wi' them, Sandie!'—and down they went—and may they never be lifted again till the fiend fishes them up to build a new stone and lime march-dyke between the bottomless pit and purgatory."

"Oh, my bairn," said his mother, "your deeds were rash and your words are sinful—though I wot weel ye cannot be a perfect gentle-

man without speaking of fiends and brimstone—yet lean to the homely side of gentility, and swear but when ye see it is useful to support your station. Are ye sure no one saw ye cast away your tools? It was but an ill-advised deed, and mickle fair money might have been made of them." "Ill-advised!" said her son; "what can be ill-advised that my own wit wysed me to!—and besides my own counsel, I had the unlooked-for aid of a very considerate person." "Of whom? in the name of HHA whom I dare na name," said Elspa. "Ye shall hear," said her son; "as I stood looking at the moving of the moonlight water over my best hammer—I heard a voice cry, 'Weel done, Sandie; cast them away, the thriftless looms—and let fools work, who have nae the sense to be gentlemen.' I looked about, and who was at my hand but daft Meg Meldrum; with her lang staff, and dishevelled hair; and a loud laugh raised she, and pushed o'er the last of my tools, and cried, 'Gallant Sandie—come to my side, let us take the road, and I will sing sangs and ye shall tell stories; and where will men see such a pair, for I am mair of a lady I trow than souple Kate of Windlewa's. Gowk, what do you glower at? will ye scorn me? will ye gang with the black cat, and slight the gray one? Weel, weel, away, man, away! but when the wives of Dumfries hold up their bairns as ye gang by, and bid them look at the silly soft lad who fell in love with souple Kate—and when the mason stops to laugh at ye, even when he groans beneath a load, and all the shoemakers of the Longvennel cast awl and strap aside, and, filling door and window with rosined hands and laughing faces, make the old town ring from port to port with the cry of Souple Kate—Souple Kate, ye will think on her whom ye slight now.'" "And did ye no fling the limmer after your tools?" interrupted Elspa; "she shall never darken my doors again—daft! she's crafty by nature, but she's daft by design—and her feigned frenzy gets her more kindness than what comes to honest hot-browed industry."

The reign of the lady of Windlewa's continued for a full week, and the delusion of honest Sandie continued much longer. He went with

her to the dance—and danced till day-light, and bore her safely home, after another battle with Dick Bell. “In all things,” said the lad of Gorterbie, “this Sandie is a born fool, save in the matter of hard blows, and gore! he strikes sairer than a wiser man.” He carried her to the kirk—and the feathers about her head might have nearly flown away with her body, as an old man said, who described her to me, and she behaved with much decorum after hearing a hard contest in psalmody between her lover and the precentor. On their way home, the lads laughed, and the maidens tittered, and the old women sighed, for the silly bairn of douce Elspa Roseboro—all these matters, though they shook not the belief of honest Sandie, made an impression upon the lady of Windiewa's; and when she got home she began to plume herself for flight.

Sandie sat down by her side, and spoke of the pangs of delayed love, and of the bridal-day. “Alas!” said Kate, “shall I do an unwise thing? Let us go and beg my father's blessing—what hope of happiness can I have if I am undutiful?” “Ye are as wise as ye are bonnie,” said Elspa; “on the morrow shall my son go with you, even to your father's abode—and may your errand be blessed.” “Even so let it be,” said the maiden. Before the sun rose they were on their way, and, wandering till noon, they sat down by the side of a small stream overhung with hazels, and ate some bread and honey. “When we are married,” said Sandie, “we will build a little hut where these two burns meet, and watch sheep, and pull blackberries, and lie soft on beds of brekan—and, oh, the rich ewe-milk-cheese we shall eat, and the reeking curds and cream we shall sup.” “In good time is the wish uttered,” said the maiden; “for we are on the limits of my father's hunting land—and, lo! here comes my father himself with his two servants by his side; up, Alexander Roseboro, an ye be a man, and let us humble ourselves before him.” “Before whom?” said Sandie, in amazement;—“I see no lord, but an old white headed man, shaking his locks at thee, and two sheep-dogs by his side.” “Aweel, my lad,” said she of the Windiewa's,

“he is my father, nevertheless, and these are his servants—noble vassals to him by dale and moor.—Rover and Yarrow, here, lads, and offer your services to honest Sandie.” And the dogs, at the sound of her well-known voice, came leaping around her. Her father came—his reverend brow flushed with anger and shame, and the tears glistening in his eyes. “Alas, Katherine,” he said, “ye went innocent to Glasgow, and ye came graceless back. I took ye back a torn and stray lamb, bleeding as ye were left by the fox, and I nourished ye in my old fond bosom, and my heart was glad when your bloom returned again. But ye were born to bring down these gray hairs to a sudden grave. I shall tell thee no more of thy evil ways, and of thy wicked wanderings—for I see thee smile—and there is no hope for her who smiles in a sorrowing father's face. Go into my hut, I say—thou hast no longer a mother to make joyful or sad—when she saw thy new betrayer carry thee off, she held up her head no more—Aye, aye, laughing again. And for thee, young man, return to thine own home—when a woman has been betrayed, she becomes in her turn the betrayer, and seeks to ensnare such innocents as thee. Return to thy home, I say—seek not the curse of a broken-hearted man—it clings, and it stings, and nought can cast it from thee save the grace of heaven.”

It would fill a book to relate the thousand satirical welcomes which hailed the return of Alexander Roseboro. It seemed as if his tale had taken wings, and flown to every cot and village, and that all the laud had come forth, old and young, to laugh and make mirth at his misfortune. Long afterwards, when the story had died away—had again revived—and after giving place to more fleeting pleasantries, held up its head once more as brilliant as ever, I happened to pass along the road to Glenlochar. Two fresh dark-eyed girls were trying their wit on a quiet youth who walked between them. “He's a sharp lad,” said one; “he could catch a wife in the rain like Sandie Roseboro.” “And throw his wits into the water out of love, like Souple Kate,” said the other—and so the tale of Kate of Windiewa's lives on.

NALLA

A POET'S THANKS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

NAY! let not sorrow cloud thy brow, nor thus in thought repine,
Because thou see'st my vigour bow, my drooping health decline;
This heart is yet in love unchill'd, my spirit is as free,
My feelings, still, as fondly thrill'd whene'er I turn to thee.

I know, although thou speak'st them not, the thoughts which fill thy mind;
Thou think'st thy minstrel's earthly lot unworthily assign'd;
Could wish of thine that lot dictate, much brighter it would be,
Yet far from cheerless is his fate who finds a friend like thee.

I own I should rejoice to share what poorest peasants do,
To breathe heaven's heart-reviving air, and hail its vault of blue;
To see great Nature's soul awake in flow'ret, bush, and tree,
And childhood's early joys partake in quiet haunts with thee.

Yet more, far more, 'twould soothe my soul with thee, dear friend, to stray,
Where ocean's murmuring billows roll in some secluded bay;
The silent cliffs, the speaking main, the breezes blowing free,
These could not look, speak, breathe in vain, if felt and shared with thee.

Yet though such luxuries as these remain to us unknown,
We from our scanty store may seize some joys of tend'rest tone;
Proudest Prosperity had brought no purer bliss to me,
Than bleak Adversity has caught in darkest hours from thee.

Had Fortune on our prospects smiled and sunshine round us flung,
Had flowers alone our path beguiled, where many a thorn has sprung,—
That thornless path, those sun-bright skies, though lovely they might be,
Could ne'er have taught my heart to prize what most I prize in thee.

The bird whose soft and plaintive song is heard alone at night,
Whose note outvies the warbling throng that hail day's garish light,—
The flower that spreads, in wilds remote, its blossom to the bee,—
These, these the touching charms denote which I discern in thee.

Thy voice in care, in grief, in pain, has been to me as dear
As Nature owns that night-bird's strain in watches dark and drear;
What to the bee that flow'ret's bloom, or sun-light to the sea,—
All this and more, in hours of gloom, have I oft found in thee.

While some, as every joy decreas'd, their sympathy denied,
Or like the Levite, and the priest, pass'd on the other side;
My cares Thou didst not coldly scan, nor from my sorrows flee;
The kind, the good Samaritan was still a type of thee.

Though I may darkly pass away, as in the noon of life,
And sink, by premature decay, from being's feverish strife;
Yet thou, at least, hast been a friend, a noble friend to me,
Nor with my mortal life can end the tribute due to thee.

Believe it not! the love that gives to life its truest zest,
The warm affection that outlives the sunshine of the breast,—
These, these are boons surpassing far what bends the worldling's knee;
These, which the world can never mar, I owe, dear friend, to thee.

And should some fragments of my song, which thy applause endears,
Borne on the stream of time along, survive to distant years;
May such around thy cherish'd name a fadeless garland be,
And with the poet's purest fame be twined his love for thee.

EXPEDITION FROM PITTSBURGH TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.*

WITHIN the last half century, the most important and valuable additions have been made to the geography of the New World. Before that period, indeed, the operations of war and policy, and the speculations of trade, had laid open many of its wilds and recesses; but still some of its most prominent features were involved in obscurity, and the mind dwelt, with a species of awe, on its mighty waters, whose volume proclaimed the length of their course, and its interminable forests--the haunts of a race, whose very name was inseparably associated with ideas of craft, rapine, and cruelty. The skill and enterprise of different navigators have been successfully employed, in tracing the vast outline of its shores; while efforts no less persevering, and, in many cases, equally successful, have been made to explore its interior. In these attempts the American government has been honourably conspicuous; and its exertions have been at once stimulated and aided, by the progress of population in the Western States, and the acquisition of Louisiana from France, which placed at its command a rich and varied territory, inexhaustible in natural resources, and almost indefinite in extent.

Between 1803, the date of this transfer, and 1807, three exploratory parties were sent out by the executive government of the United States. Major Pike first proceeded northward, to trace the current of the Mississippi towards its source; and afterwards directing his steps westerly, endeavoured to ascertain the courses of the Arkansa and Red River. In this journey he approached the stupendous Alpine chain, distinguished by the name of the Rocky Mountains, which is evidently a continuation of the Andes in the south, and may be said to traverse the whole northern Continent, and form a peculiar and striking lineament in its geography. But his researches

were stopped by the Spaniards; and he was compelled to desist, without fulfilling the purpose of his employers. At a later period, another party, under Captain Sparkes, endeavoured to ascend the Red River, from its confluence with the Mississippi. When, however, they had proceeded nearly three hundred miles, they were met by a strong detachment of Spaniards, and deemed it prudent to return. The most remarkable of these enterprises, and, in fact, one of the most memorable in the annals of modern discovery, was that of Captains Lewis and Clarke, in 1804, 1805, and 1806. These gentlemen explored the Missouri to its source, traversed the stupendous barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and in their descent towards the coast of the North Pacific Ocean, dispelled the doubts which had been long entertained, respecting the origin and direction of the Columbia River. They were so fortunate as to effect their return, after a dangerous and toilsome journey of nearly 9,000 miles, without any serious casualty.

Still anxious to acquire a more accurate knowledge of the chain of Rocky Mountains, and of the different streams which, from that elevated region, pour their tributary waters into the Mississippi, the American government confided to Major Long the direction of the present Expedition, composed of men of science, spirit, and enterprise, and accompanied by riflemen, hunters, and assistants. Embarking on board a steam boat at Pittsburgh, they proceeded by the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, to Fort Osage, a military post, established in 1808, which may be considered as the utmost limit of civilized population in this quarter. From hence, while the boat ascended the Missouri, to the point designated in the journey of Lewis and Clarke, by the name of Council Bluff, a detachment was ordered to penetrate westward, a-

* Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the Years 1819 and 1820, by order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the command of Major S. H. Long, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers. Compiled from the notes of Major Long, Mr. T. Say, and other gentlemen of the party. By Edwin James, Botanist and Geologist to the Expedition. 3 Vols. 8vo. London, 1823.

cross the Konzas, and taking the nearest route to the Platte, to descend that stream, to its confluence with the Missouri. The water party experienced considerable difficulty in struggling against the current of this powerful river, and found essential changes both in its banks and channel, from the effect of inundations, since the voyage of Lewis and Clarke; but they attained their destined station on the 9th of September. The detachment was, however, less fortunate; for, after reaching the Konzas, and receiving a hospitable welcome from the Indians on that river, they were met and plundered by a war party of Pawnees, and had no other resource than to rejoin their companions with the utmost expedition.

The commencement of October was spent in different councils and negotiations, with the neighbouring tribes of Indians, under the direction of Major O'Fallan, the Indian agent of the American government, whose representations were effectually supported by the vicinity of a military force. In the meantime, the exploring party prepared for their winter residence, which was fixed in a spot, called Engineer Cantonment, a short distance from Council Bluff. The necessary arrangements being completed, Major Long returned to Washington, leaving orders for a more particular examination of the surrounding country in his absence. Such a sojourn enabled the party to study the habits, customs, and character of the Indians; and to collect much curious information with respect to the Pawnees, Konzas, Omawhaws, Sioux, and other native tribes, who frequent the upper course of the Missouri. This part of the work will be perused with interest, by those who delight to contemplate mankind in the various stages of savage life.

Early in spring Major Long returned, and, in his route, crossed a part of the country, little known, by proceeding in a direct line on the eastern side of the Missouri, from Fort Charaton to Council Bluff. On the 6th of June they commenced the second and most arduous part of their journey, by diverging westward into a vast wilderness, remote from all the aids and comforts of

civilized society, and compelled to depend, for their chief subsistence, on their skill and fortune in hunting. Their portable provisions consisted only of a supply of biscuit and Indian corn parched; and their instruments, for ascertaining and directing their course, of a sextant of five inches radius, a box sextant, an artificial horizon, three travelling compasses, and a patent lever watch. Their mode of travelling was not adapted to the conveyance of a barometer, which would have been highly useful; but they had two thermometers, to ascertain the temperature of the air. The party were provided with a competent number of horses and mules, with tents for shelter, arms and ammunition, and a small supply of Indian goods for presents.

Their route was first directed towards the Pawnee villages, situated on the Loup fork, a little above its confluence with the Platte. They transported their baggage across the Elkhorn in a species of canoe, of Indian invention, formed of a bison's skin, drawn into the shape of a basin, by a rope, and kept distended by its contents. They then traversed the extensive prairie of the Platte, catching a distant view of the narrow line of wood, which marks its course; and, on the 11th of June, reached the dwellings of the Pawnees, from whom they expected information for their future guidance. Their reception here was, however, far from gracious; and no representation appears to have been spared, which was likely to deter them from their purpose. At length they procured three guides, who were not only well acquainted with the languages and habits of the Indians, in this quarter, but also with the language of signs—an acquirement which, from the number and diversity of the different dialects, is often an indispensable medium of communication. On the 14th of June they drew towards the Platte, and directed their course up its northern bank. They found the scenery uninteresting and monotonous: on either side an unvaried plain, from two to ten miles wide, bounded by higher ground, the surface of which was undulating, and incurably sterile; the river broad and shallow;

fordable at every point, when not swollen by floods; the bed sandy, and the range from low to high water not exceeding eight feet. From these peculiarities it derives its name of the Platte or Flat River. On the 22d of June they reached the confluence of the north and south forks, where they forded both streams, without dismounting, though the breadth of the latter was not less than 900 yards; and pursued their course up the southern bank. Such was the scarcity of wood, that they here found a difficulty in collecting sufficient to light a fire. Their vicinity to what are called the salt licks, was announced by herds of bisons, wild horses, deer, and other animals, swarming in every direction; and their curiosity was excited by a variety of curious and interesting plants, scattered over the plain.

On the 26th, a diminution of the heat, which had hitherto been oppressive, was considered as indicating their approach to the mountains; and, on the 30th, in the morning, they had the satisfaction of catching the first view of this magnificent natural barrier. At first seen faintly like distant clouds, its outline was soon marked in bold indentations on the luminous margin of the sky; and in the midst appeared a point, divided into three summits, which is distinguished by Lieutenant Pike as the highest peak. At this period of the journey, the evaporation was so rapid, as to produce a *mirage*, like that observed in the deserts of Egypt; and the effect so beautiful and perfect, as to deceive the whole of the party. Here commenced the first of their privations; for their stock of biscuit being nearly exhausted, was supplied by parched maize, of which a gill was distributed to each man daily. They calculated on attaining the limit of their journey by the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence; but they were obliged to hold their course over the same monotonous surface till the 6th, when they at length reached the base of the mountains, after a weary progress of nearly a thousand miles. They found the plain terminated by a range of naked and almost perpendicular sandstone rocks, rising abruptly to

the height of 150 or 200 feet, and serving as a species of skreen to the grand Alpine mass behind. They fixed their camp opposite to a chasm, which affords egress to the waters of the Platte.

On a nearer examination of the sand-stone range, they observed such different degrees of obliquity in its strata, as induced them to conclude, that it had been detached by some powerful agent from the horizontal strata found on the plains. It is separated from the primitive granitic range by a valley about a mile in width, through which are scattered numerous insulated columnar rocks, sometimes of a snowy white, and interspersed with mounds, formed by the decomposition of similar masses. The lower parts contain exclusive beds of conglomerate, or pudding stone, often of a reddish hue; and in the more compact portions are found the remains of sub-marine animals. This stony rampart is intersected by all the large streams which descend into the plain. The Platte is here about twenty-five yards wide, with an average depth of three feet, the waters clear and cool, and the current rapid.

On the 7th of July they crossed the Platte, in order to climb the mountain. Passing the rampart of sandstone, they began to ascend the primitive range, under an oppressive degree of heat, and found the rocks more abrupt than they expected. The surface was destitute of vegetation, except the prickly pear and yucca, and a few stunted oaks or junipers: the mass an aggregate of felspar and hornblende, approaching in character to sienite. Advancing westward, the hornblende became more and more predominant, and the fissures between the lamina nearly perpendicular, giving it the columnar structure of trap. A few interesting insects and plants were discovered; and occasionally appeared a hardy ever-green, whose short and knarled trunk, and recurved branches, showed the force and frequency of the storms it had withstood. After climbing several ridges successively, each of which they supposed to be the summit, they still found others beyond, more lofty and rugged. They halted to rest; and placing the thermometer under the shade of a

large rock, found the temperature 72° , while in the camp below it was 86° . From this elevation the Platte appeared like a small brook, formed of two branches, one descending from the north-west, and the other from the south, and uniting a short distance before its exit from the chasm, in the mural precipice of sandstone.

At noon they began to descend, and experienced no less fatigue than in their ascent, being exhausted with heat, and oppressed with thirst. At length quitting the precipitous parts, they traversed a rugged tract, encumbered by fragments detached from above, and in a narrow ravine were gratified to find shelter, and a spring of cool water. Here one of the party was seized with a sudden and violent indisposition, which they attributed to some ripe currants, gathered and eaten on the mountain. While another was despatched to the camp for assistance, they heard a loud noise, as if some large animal was mounting the defile. They presently saw a huge bear advancing towards them at full speed; but giving him a volley with their rifles, he sprang up an almost perpendicular precipice, and disappeared in an instant. The sick man recovering, they returned slowly, and reached the camp late in the evening. Another party afterwards penetrated on the left bank of the Platte, and ascended a primitive mountain, which appeared of superior elevation, but found the horizon to the west still bounded by succeeding heights, towering majestically above. Looking towards the plain, on the east, its undulations disappeared, and it stretched like a map before them. The Platte, and other streams, either meandered amidst slight fringes of wood, or glittered like silver in the sun-beams, while light and feathery clouds, flitting over the surface of heaven, cast their shadows on the earth, and enhanced the beauty of the scene.

On the 9th of July they directed their steps southward, traversed the ridge dividing the waters of the Platte from those of the Arkansa, and proceeded along the base of the mountain, having on the left the sandstone ridge, and on the right the brown and naked granite, rising above in shapeless masses. Occasionally they caught, through fis-

tures worn by the torrents, a view of the distant summits glittering with eternal snow. Winding their way with considerable exertion, amidst precipitous ledges of rock, they approached the point where the Arkansa emerges, and established their camp for a stay sufficiently long to ascertain the height of the mountains in this quarter.

While some of the detachment were employed in a trigonometrical measurement, others engaged in a new ascent. They first visited what are called the boiling springs, and found them resembling, in taste and effect, the highly aerated mineral waters. The ebullition appeared to be caused by a considerable discharge of gas, and the temperature was about 68° . Mounting upwards, they observed the same succession of rocks as before; but their progress was much more laborious, not only from the steepness of the ascent, but from the loose and dangerous footing it afforded. After thus toiling, for the space of two miles, they were compelled to pass the night in a spot where they could no otherwise secure themselves from rolling down the precipice, than by placing a pole against two trees. The next day, resuming their efforts, they at length attained a distinct view of the peak, which was the object of their ambition; but it still appeared distant, and the ascent steep. Here the character of the rock changed to a fine grained aggregate of quartz, felspar, and hornblende---the latter in small proportion. Continuing to ascend, they passed the region of wood, which formed a definite line encircling the peak; and though from the plain it appeared near the summit, was now found scarcely to reach half its elevation. Above, they entered a tract of peculiar beauty, and equal interest, for its botanical productions. The intervals of soil were clothed with a carpet of low but brilliantly coloured alpine plants, chiefly with matted procumbent stems, and, including the flower, scarcely more than an inch in height. The prevailing tint was a deep blue. After a short halt, they determined to proceed, at the risk of passing the night on the mountain. They collected numerous unknown plants, but vegetation ceased entirely as they approached the summit, which con-

tained an area of ten or fifteen acres. It was covered with splintery fragments, which, on removing, they found to rest on a deep bed of ice, as permanent, perhaps, as the rock itself. To the north-west and west the view rested on innumerable mountains, white with snow; while below flowed the Arkansa, whose course could be traced for sixty miles. On the north, was a stupendous mass of snow and ice; and on the east, lay an extensive plain, rising as it receded, till it appeared to melt into the sky. At this elevation they were astonished to find the air filled, in every direction, with clouds of grasshoppers, which appeared to extend upwards, to the utmost limit of vision, as their wings sparkled in the sun. The thermometer sunk to 42° , while in the camp below it stood at 96° ; and the elevation of the peak, according to the scale annexed to the map, amounted to about 10,000 feet. To this point they gave the name of James's Peak, in honour of the botanist and zoologist of the expedition. The latitude of the camp below was found to be $38^{\circ} 18' 19''$ north, and longitude $105^{\circ} 39' 44''$ west, from Greenwich.

On the 16th of July they moved towards the Arkansa, over a loose, stony, and barren soil; their sufferings from heat, thirst, and fatigue, aggravated by the contemplation of the dreary scenery before them. Thermometer in the shade from 90° to 100° . Approaching at length the ridge, overlooking the river, they descended to its base, and found themselves in a beautiful level plain, diversified with scattered cotton-wood and willow-trees. On the 19th they turned back finally from the mountains, and quitted the grand objects they had been contemplating, with a feeling of regret, which was rather heightened than diminished, by the prospect of a long and wearisome pilgrimage. From one of their guides they learnt, that the region lying west of the first range of rocky mountains, between the sources of the Yellow Stone River, on the north, and Santa Fé on the south, is composed of numerous ridges and spurs, intersected by vallies. The ridges are abrupt, and often towering into inaccessible peaks, covered with perpetual snow; and the inner ranges the most elevated. The vallies are

extensive, stretching, in width, from ten to thirty miles, and watered by beautiful streams: the soil deep, and the surface undulating, and well adapted to cultivation.

Having obtained from a solitary Kaskaia Indian some information respecting the route to the Red River, the Expedition separated on the 24th of July. Captain Bell, with one party, was left to descend the Arkansa; and Major Long, with ten men, six horses, and eight mules, proceeded southward in order to reach the Red River. With infinite labour and difficulty they traversed the ridge between these two streams, by ascending and descending deep, gloomy, and rugged ravines, worn by the tributary waters on either side, and suffering at the same time from heat and fatigue, hunger and thirst. On the 4th of August they at length descried the river, which they deemed the object of their search; and its appearance seemed to justify the supposition. Its bed was sixty yards wide, forty of which were naked sand; and the water, which was about ten inches deep, was intensely red, and of the temperature of new milk. It was not, however, unpleasant to drink, and produced no disagreeable effect. The valley through which it flowed was bounded by hills, from 100 to 200 feet high, with a deep sandy soil. In their progress downwards, they encountered, on the 9th of August, a party of Kaskaia Indians, amounting, with women and children, to 250; provided with numerous horses, and armed with bows and arrows. By these people they were informed, that they were on the Red River, and at their invitation passed the night in their camp; but the next morning it appeared that these attentions only covered a purpose of plunder; from which the savages were at length deterred by the dread of their rifles. From the 12th to the 16th of August they continued their toilsome journey, parching under the rays of a vertical sun; with a temperature from 100° to 105° , which seemed to dry the scanty vegetation to ashes, and annoyed by showers of drifted burning sand, which penetrated through every part of their dress, and almost deprived them of the power of guiding their horses. The bed of the river, in some places, was

expanded to a width of 1400 yards; but the water was diminished to a few stagnant pools, rendered loathsome, both to the sight and smell, by the excrement of bisons and other animals.

On the 17th they halted in a small valley, which presented a more cheering aspect. The low elms, with which it was tufted, were bending under the weight of innumerable grape vines, laden with such a profusion of purple clusters, as to give colour to the landscape. On the opposite side of the river was a range of low sand hills, fringed with vines, which appeared to rise not more than eighteen inches above the surface. On examination, they found these hills produced by accumulations of sand, which, burying every part, except the upper branches, had performed the office of the pruning knife. The clusters of grapes were so abundant as to hide the stems, and the fruit surpassed in richness and flavour that of any native or exotic of the United States.

From the 18th to the 24th, the country began to improve in appearance, and a succession of showers occasionally tempered the heat of the air. Their supply of meal, or parched maize, being at this period entirely exhausted, they had no other alternative than to eat their bison flesh or venison, without salt or condiment of any kind. They suffered also considerable inconvenience from the scarcity of water. By digging in the sand, they had procured sufficient for drinking, and for the purposes of cookery; but the want of the means of ablution, during so long a period, was severely felt.

On the 29th of August they found the hills based on a variety of sandstone, differing from the glaring red rock, which had marked their progress from the mountains. The elevations now became higher and more abrupt, the woods more extensive, the streams of water more frequent, and the aspect of the country in general indicated their approach to a more mountainous region. Their annoyances were augmented by swarms of blowing flies, which scarcely permitted them even to dress their meat; and by multitudes of minute wood ticks, which penetrated the feet and legs, and produced intolerable itching, pain, and inflammation.

On the 5th of September they observed, for the first time, a regular current of water in the bed of the river, and a few miles below, reached the confluence of the great North fork, which discharged a considerable stream. Continuing their progress, they passed several rapids, and at length, on the 9th, they found the river, which they had traced for nearly 800 miles, flowing into the Arkansa. This confirmed the suspicions they already began to entertain, that they had mistaken the Canadian for the Red River. The disappointment arising from this error was the more deeply felt, from their utter inability to remedy it, in their wearied and exhausted condition. After penetrating through a thick forest, they had the satisfaction of emerging near the haunts of men, on the 13th of September; and at Fort Smith, situated on the Arkansa, in the heart of the Ozark mountains, they experienced that kindness and attention which their fatigues and privations rendered doubly welcome.

We now revert to the party who followed the course of the Arkansa, under the direction of Captain Bell. On the 26th of August they met a considerable body of Indians, from whom they experienced much savage hospitality. This horde consisted of Kiawas, Kaskaias, Shiennes, and Arrapahoes, and differed in stature, features, and habits, from the tribes on the Missouri. For three years they had been without any settled habitation, wandering about the head waters and tributaries of the Red River; and they decamped with a degree of rapidity, method, and alertness, which proved them accustomed to the habits of a vagrant life.

As the party descended, the stream dilated, and was occasionally studded with small islands. The general aspect of the country was, however, sterile and uninteresting. Nothing occurred, to give character to their journey, except meeting with two parties of Indians, till the 5th of August, when they found themselves surrounded with countless herds of bisons and antelopes; the loud and dissonant sounds of the former making one continued roar, not ill associated with the idea of barren and inhospitable wastes. On the 7th, having passed the range of the great Indian war tracks, they dis-

missed their guides, who departed on a pathless journey of 300 miles to the Pawnee villages on the Platte. Hitherto the soil consisted of a deep light sand, which rendered travelling laborious; and timber was so scarce, that their fuel had chiefly consisted of driftwood.

From the 12th to the 15th of August the grass grew more luxuriant, but wood was still scarce. The temperature was the highest they had yet experienced, being 99°; but the heat was extremely oppressive. They had now exhausted their little stock of meal, which they had husbanded with the utmost frugality. From this time to the 31st, they continued their progress, occasionally endeavouring, but in vain, to quit the confined valley of the river, and make their way over the prairie, and higher ground. The country became gradually more wooded, till they found themselves entangled in a thick forest. At this period they suffered a severe loss, in consequence of the desertion of three of their soldiers, who robbed them of some of their manuscript journals, and three of their best horses. They were also in want of provisions, and greatly debilitated by privations and fatigue.

On the 1st of September they were visited by a party of Indians, from a village in the vicinity, who supplied them with refreshments, and offered to assist in apprehending the deserters; but proved more intent on plunder, than on fulfilling their promises. They therefore continued their route, and on the 5th reached a trading house, near the Ver-

digrise river, where they once more enjoyed some of the comforts of civilized life. On the 9th, they concluded their peregrination at Fort Smith, the appointed place of rendezvous.

Some account is afterwards given of an excursion to the hot springs of the Waschita, and to Cape Girardeau, and a brief description of the Red River, as far as its course has been traced. Annexed is also a general description of the country, traversed by the Expedition, in an official report from Major Long to the Secretary of War; and, finally, a Series of Observations on the Mineralogy and Geology of the Regions west of the Mississippi. The work is illustrated with a map, and a few aquatinta plates, very indifferently executed.

In closing these volumes, we cannot but applaud the zeal, perseverance, and intelligence of the gentlemen composing the Expedition; and though the narrative is presented in the unstudied form of a diary, we have no hesitation in saying that it will be perused with pleasure and satisfaction, and will supply an ample fund of information on many points, to which the limits of this analysis will scarcely permit us even to advert. We think it necessary, however, to add, that we have had before us only the London edition; and we are informed by a gentleman on whose authority we can rely, that this is but a mutilated reprint of the American edition, which is much volume copious, and illustrated by a atlas of plates; and that even the map has been copied in a very imperfect manner.

SONNET.

FAITH.

It is a glorious thing, when all is said,
 To give one's soul up to some large belief.
 For me, I would much rather be a leaf,—
 Frail traveller with the winds, and by them led
 To those dim summits where the clouds are bred—
 Than scorn *all* creeds; or on the wild sea foam
 Be driven, a weed, from home to unknown home;
 Or like some gentle river fountain-fed
 Lapsing away and lost. These things in mirth
 Live, though they know not whence they come, or go:—
 I, with more knowledge but less wisdom, flow
 A melancholy sound,—yet from dull earth
 Borne on the wings of angels, or bright dreams,
 Sometimes, from perilous thoughts to Heaven-convincing themes. B.

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

No. IV.

OF THE COMBINATIONS OF VERSES (*continued*).

THE other combinations are those of different kinds of verse; viz. the iambic with the three others; the trochaic with the anapestic and dactylic; and the two last together.

These combinations are made according to the fancy of the writer, in a variety of degrees; sometimes no greater than single verses, or even parts of a verse; as in this of Dryden's Ode, the anapestic with the iambic:

And amazed | he stares | around.

Another line in the same ode is of ambiguous measure. The latter half is anapestic; so the first may be, but it reads and scans better as trochaic:

These are | Grecian | ghosts | that in battle were slain.

Such combinations are to be observed as matters of curiosity rather than imitated.

The two following lines exhibit a combination of the anapestic with the dactylic:

More sweet than the pleasure the muses can give;
Come, smile, daisies of Cardigan.—*Sir William Jones.*

The ode just quoted has, within the compass of six lines, half as many combinations:

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand;
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due.

In the poems attributed to Shakspeare is a lyric piece, intitled, *Love's Labour Lost*: the stanza is formed by a curious combination of verses; some of them of a measure very uncommon; being trochaics of five feet, the last curtailed:

	Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not, Green plants bring not forth their dye: Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping, Nymphs black peeping fearfully.
Trochaic five feet.	{ All our pleasure known to us poor swains, All our merry meetings on the plains, All our evening sport from us is fled; All our love is lost, for love is dead.
	Farewell, sweet love, thy like ne'er was, For as sweet content, the cause of all my woe; Poor Coridon must live alone, Other help for him, I see, that there is none.

But the most extraordinary combination of English verse that is, perhaps, any where to be found, is this song by T. Campion, whom we have had occasion to quote already. Campion was eminent as a musician, as well as a poet; which may account for so singular a specimen of metre.

What if a day, or a month, or a year,
Crown thy delights with a thousand wish'd contentings;
Cannot a chance of a night, or an hour,
Cross thy delights with a thousand sad tormentings?
Fortune, honour, beauty, youth, are but blossoms dying;
Wanton pleasure, doting love, are but shadows flying.
All our joys are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving;
None hath power, of an hour,
In their live bereaving.

Alcs. Giff. Logonomia Anglica, p. 11.

Other combinations of larger portions than these are sometimes made; which it is needless, for the present, to specify.*

In every combination there should be a design of producing some effect: to introduce a combination without any design is a mark of carelessness, or inability to keep the just rules of versification. The effect designed may be merely to please, by a change of the measure, for the sake of variety; but the change is made more properly, when it is done to accommodate the verse to the sentiments; to express, for example, what is grave by a suitable kind, as the iambic; what is sprightly by the trochaic, and the like. Gray, in his Ode on the Progress of Poesy, has produced a very striking and happy effect by such a combination of verses: the tripping measure which represents the *frisky dance* of the Cupids, is finely contrasted with the smooth iambic which describes the gentle gait of Venus.

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare:
In gliding state she wins her easy way.

But combinations would produce a disagreeable effect, if they were made contrariwise to this: i. e. if, in this instance, the trochaic and iambic should change places.

Again, combinations may be esteemed good or bad, according as they preserve, or break, the measure and flow of the verse. The following is good:

The listening muses all around her
Think 'tis Phœbus' strains they hear.—*Hughes.*

Here is an iambic line, with a redundant syllable, followed by a trochaic. This satisfies the ear; for the verses flow smoothly on to the end of the period, because the iambic measure is continued unbroken. The combination below is bad:

A mind that's truly brave
Stands despising
Storms arising,
And can't be made a slave.

The last line, being an iambic, which follows a trochaic, (not curtailed; but full) produces an unpleasing effect; for it seems to have a syllable too much. It offends the ear, because the measure is broken: strike out that syllable, and the offence will be removed; the trochaic measure will be preserved to the end.

In fact, the objectionable line is owing to a mistake of Bysshe. In his Art of Poetry, he quoted the passage from Dryden incorrectly: in that author, the last line runs thus:

And can ne'er be made a slave,

which is a trochaic verse, and gives the measure contended for.

In serious poetry the combination is bad (generally speaking) which subjoins a short line to a long one, especially if they rhyme together; as,

Be thou thine own approver: honest praise
Oft nobly sways
Ingenuous youth.—*Akenside.*

* Such combinations fill up the poem called the Cantata; where the recitative is in one kind of verse, and the airs in some other: they are not unfrequently made in the drama, by the introduction of lyrical verses for music: in the epic they are not allowable; though Cowley has admitted them into his *Davideis*, without "authority or example," as he acknowledges. But here we may refer to Aristotle, who condemns such a practice, and gives his reason for it. "To write a long narrative poem (he means an epic) in any other verse than hexameter, or in a variety of measures, would be evidently improper; for the hexameter is the most stately and majestic of all." *Treatise on Poetry*, Sect. 41. Now what the hexameter was to the Greeks, the iambic of five feet is to us; viz. the most stately verse in which an English poem can be written.

One reason is, that such a combination wants dignity; which is the more apparent, in this instance, because the preceding line is the stately heroic verse. To give another example:

By Euphrates' flowery side
We did bide;

and

When poor Sion's doleful state,
Desolate.—*Donne.*

In these lines the quick return of the rhyme nearly destroys the gravity of the matter.

Another reason why these combinations are bad, is the disproportion between the length of the lines. And, upon this account, if lines as disproportionate as these were set in a contrary order, the combination would be faulty; as here:

As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flow the flaming wall,
As once it shall,

Should gape immense, and, rushing down, o'erwhelm this nether ball.—*Dryden.*

But a good combination is made by two lines, or more, increasing, as they proceed, in a moderate degree: i. e. by one or two feet; example:

All real here the bard had seen
The glories of his pictured queen:
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere.—*T. Warton.*

It is this gradual increase above the preceding lines which makes the alexandrine so graceful in the close; for it has no beauty if set in the beginning of a poem, or stanza, as it has been by some of our poets, particularly Ambrose Philips.

After this manner the verse of fourteen syllables may be brought in, and follow the alexandrine with good effect:

The sylvans to their shades retire;
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.—*Dryden.*

A singular example of the gradation we mean occurs in Sir John Beaumont's Epithalamium to the Lord Marquis of Buckingham:

Severe and serious Muse,
Whose quill the name of love declines,
Be not too nice, nor this dear work refuse;
Here Venus lights no flame, nor Cupid guides thy lines,
But modest Hymen shakes his torch, and chaste Lucina shines.

The lighter sorts of poetry are not to be considered as necessarily subject to this rule. In epigrams, for instance, where wit is often most happily expressed by brevity, the point or concluding line may very properly be shorter than the preceding; as in this:

What a frail thing is beauty! says Baron le Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more enraged, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage proved the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye and broke it.—*Prior.*

OF RHYME.

Hitherto we have been occupied with the constituent parts of verse: we now come to the ornamental; the principal of which is generally taken to be rhyme. rhymes we mean syllables or words corresponding in sound; as, *dale, bale, ale.* To describe these rhymes more in detail, they are partly the same, and partly different, in sound.

The terms rhyme and rhymes have various significations, which, for the present, do not concern us. By They are the same in the vowel *a*, and all that follows it, and they are different in what precedes it: that

difference is, first, between the consonants *d* and *b*: second, between having some consonant there and none; *bale, ale*. Rhymes then are syllables or words similar in sound, but not identical.

Rhymes are of one syllable, or more; which latter are called double rhymes, and will be separately considered hereafter.

The great and extensive use of rhymes makes it necessary to treat of them under divers heads; and first of their quality.

SECTION I.

Of the Quality of Rhymes.

It might seem, from the description of rhymes just given, that it is easy to decide upon all syllables which may be brought into question, that they are either rhymes, or not; and that to class them accordingly would be sufficient. But the difficulty of rhyming in English is such, that some indulgence is due to words which profess to be rhyme, though they do not exactly answer that description. To distinguish, according to their quality, the rhymes which offer themselves to notice, in the works of our poets, it will be proper to divide them into those which are disallowed and bad; those which are defective, but admissible; and those which are good and perfect.

SECTION II.

Of bad Rhymes.

Of rhymes which cannot be allowed are, first, those that are widely different in the vowel sound; as,

*Beauty and youth, and wealth and luxury,
And sprightly hope, and short-enduring
joy.—Dryden.*

or which are different, both in the vowel sound and in the consonants which follow it; as,

*All trades of death that deal in steel for
gains*

*Were there; the butcher, armorer, and
smith,
Who forges sharpen'd falchions, or the
scythe.—Ibid.*

Second, those in which the consonants preceding the vowel are of the same sound; as,

*But this bold lord, with manly strength
endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued.
Pope.*

These are called identical rhymes: they were allowed, and common, in our early poetry.*

Third, those in which the preceding consonants have the same sound, but the vowel, and what follows it, differ in sound; as,

*And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censured for't with more unlucky sense.
Butler upon Critics. See Chalmers,
vol. viii. p. 199.*

In this example that part is identical which should differ, and that which should be identical differs. It would be hard to produce any thing which passes for a rhyme, that is more exceptionable than this.

Other rhymes which are not allowed are those made by polysyllables; as,

*Upon his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,
Which he had got abroad by purchase cri-
minal.—Spencer.*

There may be an exception to this, when the last syllables of such words are long; and, at least, one of them accented: but it is a case that very rarely happens. Here is an instance:

*By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
Shakespeare.*

SECTION III.

Of Rhymes defective but admissible.

We now proceed to another spe-

* We are inclined to think that identical rhymes were dismissed from English poetry rather by fashion than any other cause: by fashion, we mean the custom of poets. For at one time they were in frequent use, and admitted without scruple: and if another custom of rhyming had not prevailed to exclude them, they might have been still as agreeable to an English ear as to a Frenchman's; with whom, to make identical rhymes, is called rhyming *richly*. The reason of our opinion is, that identical rhymes are sometimes found in our most correct versifiers, as in Pope repeatedly. Whether or not they were unperceived by his ear, may be a doubt; but certainly they did not offend it. We believe that Cowley is the latest who avows the use of these rhymes; at the same time, however, he apologizes for it, saying, that he admits them only into his free kind of poetry (his Pindaric Odes), and there into triplets, when, beside the identical rhyme, he has put another.

cies of rhymes; viz. such as are admissible into verse, but are not of the best quality. These form a most extensive class; they are found in the works of all our poets, and into some of them they enter very largely. They are admissible; but they generally labour under some defect: either they want the proper correspondence of sound, or they are made of little insignificant words, or they are stale and hackneyed. Examples will be given of all these.

According to what has been already said of rhyme, it is evident that a word may fail of making an exact one, in three parts; first, in the letters which go before the vowel; second, in the vowel itself; third, in the letters (if any) that follow it. By failing in the first part, viz. by making no difference before the

vowel, the rhyme will be inadmissible, because it will be identical, or worse: a failure in either of the other parts may yet leave a rhyme which is passable, though defective. And as it is this particular defect, more than any other inaccuracy, which marks the rhymes of our poetry, it will not be unfit to enlarge upon this head; and, at the same time, to show what an extensive choice of rhymes our language is capable of supplying.

The vowel sounds in English, the long and short being divided, and the diphthongs included, amount to sixteen: we have, besides these, nineteen consonants; not, indeed, represented in the alphabet by as many characters, but making nineteen different sounds in combination with a vowel.

The long vowel sounds are:—a, as in psalm, of which the short is, a, as in Sam.

a, ale, e, ell.
a, hall, o, holly.
e, seen, i, sin.
i, file	} no short.
o, hole	
u, written pool, u, pull.

The short vowel sounds are:—a, as in Sam.

e, pen.
i, sin.
o, on.
u, pull.

u, pun, of which there is no long.

The diphthongs are:—ew, as in Jew, adieu, June,

oi, toil,

ou, out.

There are then five vowels, each having two sounds; three vowels and three diphthongs, with one sound each, making in all sixteen.

The consonants are:—b l s, as in his. th, as in bath. sh, as in ash.
d m t, th, baths. zh, azure.
f n v, ng, sing.
g p z, his.
k r

Now to make a round computation upon these letters: sixteen vowels being capable of forming syllables with nineteen consonants, each with each gives above three hundred for the sum; and this without including the syllables that might be made, if the vowel were followed by more than one consonant, or by none; which would increase the number to more than double. So that every writer, who sits down to compose in rhyme, has at least six hundred to take from; yet, notwithstanding this ample field for choice and variety, there will not be found one, among all our poets, who, within the compass of thirty rhymes, does not usually make some repetition; who cer-

tainly does make it, upon an average taken of the whole of his works in rhyme.

To prove this assertion, which, perhaps, may surprise some readers, we will exhibit a specific account of such repetitions, and also of imperfect rhymes, taken from a considerable number of poets, the most celebrated, indeed, from Dryden to the present age. These we have pitched upon for two reasons; one, to obviate what otherwise might be objected, that such faults do not occur in our best versifiers; the other, to prevent young writers from being misled by examples of such high and deserved authority.

The table subjoined shows the

number of repeated rhymes, and of those which are imperfect, in the works of the authors, whose names are in the margin, taken from the first sixty rhymes of the pieces there specified.

<i>Authors.</i>	<i>Pieces, Translations.</i>	<i>Rhymes repeated.</i>	<i>Rhymes imperfect.</i>
Dryden.....	Translation of Homer's Iliad, B. 1.....	18.....	9
Pope.....	Do.....	24.....	6
Dryden.....	Do..... Virgil's Æneid, B. 1.....	19.....	10
Pitt.....	Do.....	24.....	14
Rowe.....	Do..... Lucan's Pharsalia, B. 1.....	18.....	14
Lewis.....	Do..... Statius's Theb. B. 1.....	21.....	4
Fawkes.....	Do..... Apollon. Rhod. B. 1.....	21.....	5
Grainger.....	Do..... Tibullus, Eleg. 2d and 3d.....	21.....	1
Francis.....	Do..... Horace, Epist. to Augustus.....	23.....	6
Hoole.....	Do..... Tasso's Jerusal. Delivered, B. 1.....	22.....	12
Mickle.....	Do..... Camoens's Lusiad. B. 1.....	19.....	5

Originals.

Dryden.....	Knight's Tale, 1st 60 rhymes.....	21.....	13
Pope.....	Moral Essays, Epist. 1, do.....	19.....	9
Swift.....	Baucis and Philemon, do.....	10.....	2
Prior.....	Solomon, do.....	18.....	11
Goldsmith.....	Traveller, do.....	26.....	2
T. Warton.....	Oxford Verses to Pitt and to the Queen, do.....	16.....	2
Beattie.....	Hares, do.....	10.....	9
Cowper.....	Retirement, do.....	15.....	2
Sir W. Jones.....	Laura, do.....	22.....	1

This selection has been made from pieces written in couplets, because, in such pieces, the rhymes being unconnected with other rhymes or lines, the versifier is less restricted in his choice than he would be if composing in any kind of stanza. The repetitions are, nevertheless, very frequent. In stating the imperfections, the smallest have been taken into account. They are, generally, a difference in the vowel sound; which, in most cases, is less offensive to the ear than a difference in the consonants. The imperfect rhymes in the extract from Pope's original piece are these: — gross, moss; view, do; desert, heart; charron, buffoon; revere, star; impell'd, field; breast, east; retreat, great; and one identical, known, none.

Some of these imperfections are very slight; and none of them less tolerable than this in the consonants:

For Britain's empire, boundless as the
main,

Will guard at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.

Whithead.

But when there is a double imperfection, and the vowel-sound and consonant are both different, as in this couplet, the rhyme cannot be allowed:

Nor did your crutch give battle to your
duns,

And hold it out where you had built a
sconce.

Butler.

From a review of the abstract given above, it will appear that, in the points under consideration, our modern versifiers, to speak of them generally, have improved upon those of a century ago, with an exception to Swift alone; who, as a correct rhymers, has never been excelled by any.

The introduction of little insignificant words to make rhyme, is a neglect which is not often chargeable on our modern poets: it was very common before the beginning of the last century; nor do such rhymes appear to have been considered then as any imperfection. The instances are numerous:

Who with his word commanded all to be,
And all obey'd him, for that word was he:
Only he spoke, and every thing that is
From out the womb of fertile Nothing ris'.

Cowley.

A frequent rhyme in Waller is the word *so*, which has been noted and censured by Dr. Johnson:

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those arrows which confound
us so:

A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit,
Those curious nets thy slender fingers knit.

Verses to Saccharissa's Maid.

Who, naming me, doth warm his courage
so,
Shows for my sake what his bold hand
would do.

Verses for drinking healths.

We find in Dryden rhymes of the same class:

The Panther smiled at this, "and when,"
 said she,
 "Were those first councils disallow'd by
 me?"
 'Tis dangerous climbing; to your sons and
 you

I leave the ladder, and its omen too.—
 Why all these wars to win the book, if we
 Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
Hind and Panther, Part 2.

They occur more frequently in his prologues and epilogues; but examples enough have been given; for they are not introduced for the purpose of censure, but only to show what, in the present day, ought to be avoided.

Another defect in this part of versification is the employment of such rhymes as are become hackneyed by overmuch use. What these rhymes are, is described and exemplified by Pope: he calls them "the sure returns of still-expected rhymes;" as in this couplet:

Where'er you find the cooling western
 breeze,
 In the next line it whispers through the
 trees.—*Essay on Criticism.**

There are some rhymes (and also some ends of verses) so hackneyed, that we might, at the first recital of them, do in the same manner as Demetrius Phalereus informs us the Athenians did sometimes, towards those orators who composed their speeches in studied and artificial periods. "The hearers were disgusted (says he), and being well aware how the sentence would end, they would often forestal the speaker, and utter it aloud."†

Many subjects for verse have these common rhymes accompanying, and, as it were, belonging to them. For example, in prologues and epilogues, it is, perhaps, necessary to mention the *stage*; this, being a very easy word to rhyme with, is readily taken; and then its partner shall be *age* or *rage*, and stand with it after this manner:

The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
 Methinks, resemble the distracted age.

While you turn players on the world's
 great stage,
 And act yourselves the farce of your own
 age.—*Dryden.*

In his prologues and epilogues, which are about forty, these two words rhyme above a dozen times. In the same pieces the term *play* occurs as naturally as *stage*, and is made as serviceable as a rhyme; for its termination in *ay* affords as many rhymes as any in the language.

Pope's Prologue to Cato is another instance in point. It consists of twenty-three couplets, in which we find these rhymes: stage, age; stage, rage; fate, state; great, state; draws, was; cause, laws; laws, cause.

It may happen that a writer shall use a word to make rhyme so often that it appears hackneyed in his particular works. This was remarked of Pope in his repeated rhyming with the term *kings*. A repetition of the same kind, much more frequent and censurable, may be seen in the poems of Churchill. These were all satirical; and, therefore, the author had continual occasion to speak of *man*. To rhyme with this he seldom had any word but *plan*; and these two are paired together at least fifty times in his verses.

SECTION IV.

Of good Rhymes.

It remains to state what rhymes are to be accounted perfect and good.

They are, first, such as have an exact consonance in the vowel, and consonants (if any) that follow it, e. g.

Among the numbers who employ
 Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
 Dear Harley, generous youth, admit
 What friendship dictates more than wit.

Swift.

2. Such as have a marked and sensible difference between the conso-

* His own verses fall under this censure:

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees.

In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.—*Fourth Pastoral.*

The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.—*Eloisa to Abclard.*

† *Treatise de Elocut. sect. 15.*

nants preceding the vowel: that is, consonants not of the same class, like these, *b, p; d, t; c, g; f, v; s, z;* which would rhyme in *bit, pit; den, ten; come, gum; fan, van; seal, zeal.* Such rhymes differ, indeed, in the sound preceding the vowel, and therefore, strictly taken, are regular; but the difference is so slight that they are not to be commended.*

The want of sufficient difference is likewise perceptible in such rhymes as *bled, bed; pray, pay;* where the second consonant is dropped, and both words begin with the same letter: but the rhymes, *bled, led; pray, ray;* are perfectly good, because the consonants with which they begin are different.

3. Such as are made by syllables that are long, and full-sounding, in preference to their opposites; among which last are the terminations of polysyllabic words. We refer to the

lines last quoted for an example; the second couplet of which, though the rhymes are regular and good, is yet inferior to the other, in that it has not such a long and full-sounding termination as is given by the diphthongs.

The observations of Mitford on this topic of good rhymes are well worthy of attention. The substance of them, extracted from his *Treatise on the Harmony of Language*, will be found below.† We are not to expect that such good and approved rhymes as have been here described should constitute the major part in any composition. The difficulty of rhyming well, and the propriety of sacrificing what is ornamental (as rhyme) to what is more important, may always plead for as much indulgence as can be granted, without a gross violation of its necessary rules. C.

* In the words *sound* and *resound*, the difference of the *s* is very plainly to be heard; yet our writers of the present day avoid taking them together, and prefer *rebound* for a rhyme to the first; though it seldom expresses their sense so well. But Dryden more than once rhymes with the words *serve* and *deserve*, where the same letter, with the same difference, occurs:

Theirs is the toil, and he, who well has served
His country, has his country's wealth deserved.

Sigismunda and Guiscarda.

Dr. Johnson, in one of his poems, has used a very uncommon rhyme:

Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world.

Vanity of Human Wishes.

One of these words is aspirated and the other not; so that here is a difference; and, therefore, both these couplets are to be acknowledged for legitimate rhymes: but they make the nearest approaches to identity that can be allowed, or, indeed, that can be uttered.

† “According to our preceding definitions, euphony and cacophony, in language, mean sound, pleasing and unpleasing. English speech has rarely any material cacophony in the middle of words, but in terminations it too certainly abounds. A well-earred poet will avoid cacophony in rhymes, and in the conspicuous parts, especially the last syllable, of any verse. Pope has had general credit for what are called rich rhymes; though his higher respect, justly directed to that powerful closeness of phrase, in which he singularly excels, has led him to admit some rhymes rather cacophonous. The word *king* is certainly not euphonous, nor of dignified sound: the vowel is short and close, and the following consonant, one consonant expressed by two characters, the most cacophonous in our pronunciation. Whether it was for the dignity of the idea conveyed, or for the opposite quality of the sound, that Pope chose it for the first rhyme of his *Essay on Man*, with cacophony doubled by an added *s*, appears doubtful. He has, indeed, not scrupled the termination in *ing*, for the first rhyme of his translation of the *Iliad*; but the example is not to be recommended. Terminations in a long vowel, or a liquid consonant preceded by a long vowel, will be most euphonous. The termination in a liquid consonant preceded by a short vowel, though less rich, will make a pleasant variety. That of a mute preceded by a long vowel will be wholly unobjectionable, rich without any cacophony, if a vowel begin the following word, as in the first verse of *Paradise Lost*. These, however, would, in our language, be limits too narrow for the poet: and the ear practised in our versification will take no offence at the conclusion of the second line of *Paradise Lost*, where a long vowel is followed by two consonants within the same syllable, and two consonants begin the next verse. The judicious poet, however, will be sparing of such accumulation of consonants.” Sect. 16, second edition.

M. TULLII CICERONIS DE RE PUBLICA QUÆ SUPERSUNT.

EDENTE ANGELO MAIO, VATICANÆ BIBLIOTHECÆ PRÆFECTO.*

WHEN the rapid disappearance of manuscripts, containing the most admired productions of classical antiquity, had excited the alarm of a few scholars in Europe, none of them was sought for with more avidity and less success than the Dialogues of Cicero on a Commonwealth. That a treasure which had escaped the diligent researches of Petrarch in the fourteenth, and of Poggio in the fifteenth century, should at this distance of time be recovered, even in part, is an occurrence equally fortunate and extraordinary.

Some of our readers may not, perhaps, be aware of a practice which in the middle ages contributed, among other causes, to deprive the literary world of its most valuable possessions. This was the custom of erasing what had been already written on parchments, in order to make them fit for use a second time. To materials thus prepared the name of palimpsest† was given in the age of Cicero himself. In the instance before us, a parchment, on which the Dialogues on a Commonwealth had been inscribed, according to the editor's conjecture, as early perhaps as the second century, was employed as a palimpsest for Saint Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms. The

first letters, however, in defiance of the washing or scraping which they underwent, were not so far effaced but that they still remain, for the most part, legible; and had not the parchment been, in other respects, roughly handled, so as to accommodate it to its new purpose, without any regard to the old one, by placing the sheets in a different order, folding them in other creases, and cutting down the margins, the labours of the decypherer and editor would have been much lessened. As it is, he tells us that it sometimes takes a good hour to make out a line, or even a single word; and that it is necessary to wait for a fine day, in order that the scrutiny may be pursued with the advantage of a full sunlight. To add to these difficulties, a great portion of this manuscript of Augustine's Commentary, and consequently of the Dialogues over which it was written, has been lost. That which remains of them being, as the editor supposes, a fourth part; or, if we include the fragments which he has collected from other writers, a third part of the whole, ought to be received with gratitude, both as a precious boon in hand, and a happy omen of what hereafter may be expected from similar sources.‡

* Impressum Romæ; denuo impressum Londini; impensis J. Mawman, 1823.

† From the two Greek words *πάλιν* *ψηστὶν*, *wiped*, or *rubbed, over again*.

‡ We learn from the preface that this palimpsest was brought, with other manuscripts, from the monastery at Bobbio, to the Vatican, and, as the editor supposes, about the beginning of the seventeenth century; at the time when Cardinal Frederic Borromeo purchased at a great expense several manuscripts from the same religious house for the Ambrosian library at Milan. From these latter, in the year 1814, the editor, who was then attached to the Ambrosian library, as he is now superintendent of the Vatican, published "*M. Tullii Ciceronis Sex Orationum Fragmenta inedita, cum Commentariis antiquis item ineditis. Invenit, recensuit, notis illustravit, Angelus Maius, Bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ, a Linguis Orientalibus.*" This has been re-published by Mr. Mawman, with a few additional remarks by C. J. B. (Dr. Blomfield, the learned editor of *Æschylus*). The fragments have scarcely enough in them to engage the attention of any except scholars. The most curious thing in the book is a sentence from a speech, by C. Gracchus, at p. 77. The editor's rapture when he discovered these relics was so hearty, that we cannot read his description of it without partaking his feelings. See p. 12 of his Preface.

The Benedictine Monastery of Bobbio, in Liguria, amongst the Apennines, was founded by Saint Columbanus, in 612. In the tenth century, Gerbert, who was afterwards Pope Silvester the Second, and whose uncommon learning caused him to be taken for a conjuror, was made Abbot. Muratori (*Antiq. Ital. Med. Æv. T. 3, Dissert. 43, p. 818*) has given a catalogue of the library, supposed to be drawn up about that date. There is now preparing, a catalogue of all the Bobbio manuscripts scattered over Italy. "*Porro Bobiensium codicum, quotquot utilibet in Italia sunt, exoptatum catalogum a clarissimo viro Amadeo Peyrono propediem expectare licet.*"—*Preface to the Republ. p. 25.*

Not to disappoint the just curiosity of our English readers, we shall give a short account of the fragments before us, with a translation of a few passages in them, which have appeared to us more peculiarly deserving of attention.

The style, we should premise, is not quite in Cicero's usual manner. It is somewhat less flowing and round, more measured and stately; which he probably thought suited the subject best. After one of his usual proœmiums, the opening of which is lost, Cicero reminds a friend, to whom the Dialogues are addressed, but whose name also has disappeared, of a conversation which had been related to them, when they had been in their younger days together at Smyrna, by Publius Rutilius Rufus. This conversation, which forms the substance of the work, was brought about in the following manner. When Scipio Africanus Minor had retired from Rome to spend certain holidays in his suburban villa, there came to him early one morning Q. Tubero, the eldest son of his sister. After the exchange of a few civilities, Tubero asks his uncle what he thought of the parhællon, "*isto altero sole*," the appearance of which had been lately announced in the senate; and when Scipio excuses himself, on the authority of Socrates, for not having given much of his attention to such matters, Tubero reminds him how often Plato had introduced the Athenian sage discoursing on the like questions; whereupon Scipio remarks, that Plato, out of his zeal for the honour of Socrates, had attributed to him much of what he had himself learnt after the death of his beloved master, in Egypt, and Italy, and Sicily; from Archytas the Tarentine, and Timæus the Locrian; from the commentaries of Philolaus, and from the Pythagorean philosophers. At this time, L. Furius Philus and R. Rutilius enter; and when the former expresses his fear that they have broken in on their conversation, Scipio tells him what they had been talking of, and asks what his opinion was of these two suns. Again, he is interrupted by the approach of Lælius, accompanied by C. Fannius and Q. Scævola, the two sons-in-law of Lælius, and Mummius, his friend. After rising up to

meet them in the portico, and saluting them, Scipio, in turning about, contrives to put Lælius in the middle, the place of honour; and when they have taken one or two turns, talking together, proposes that they should adjourn to a sunny part of a little meadow near (for it was winter), and seat themselves there; which being agreed on, their party is further increased by the arrival of M. Manilius, a man beloved by all present, who takes his place next to Lælius.

The general discourse, which now ensues, is opened by Lælius, who, on learning what subject had been started before he came, asks whether every thing that pertained to their own homes and to the commonwealth had been inquired into, that they were seeking what was carrying on in the heavens; to which Philus prettily answers:

Do you not think that it pertains to our own homes to know what is doing at home; that home I mean, not which is included in these walls, but in this whole world, which the gods have given as a dwelling-place, and a country common to us with themselves?

After a joke passed by Lælius upon Manilius, who was a lawyer, about an order being made to secure these two suns in possession; Philus, with a view of explaining the phenomenon, proceeds to describe a sphere constructed by Archimedes, resembling, as it would seem, what we call an orrery, which Marcellus had got possession of at the taking of Syracuse. In the midst of this description, there is a defect in the manuscript. When we recover it, Scipio is speaking of what he remembered to have happened when he was serving under his father in the Macedonian war; which was, that the same man, C. Sulpicius Gallus, by whom this sphere was shown to Philus, had freed the army from the terror occasioned by an eclipse of the moon, of which Sulpicius explained to them the cause on scientific principles. Tubero inquires how Sulpicius could venture to do this, when he had those to deal with who were little removed from ignorant rustics. At his answer, the manuscript again breaks off; but the hiatus is probably small, as where it is resumed, Scipio is still vindicating Sulpicius. He then goes on to remark a like instance of vag-

city in Pericles, and to observe, from a passage in Ennius, that the real cause of eclipses was not unknown to their own ancestors in Rome. The manuscript again deserts us in an interesting part, where Tubero is reminding Scipio of his having a little while before undervalued studies of this kind. It would appear that Scipio in the interval had disavowed any such intention; for, when he appears again, he is making an eulogium on the excellence of knowledge. Lælius, in reply, suggests that there are more noble and useful studies than those to which Scipio has adverted; and, on Tubero's inquiring what they are, answers that they are those by which they may learn how it had come to pass that, through the factions introduced by the Gracchi, there were two senates, and almost two people in Rome; a matter of much more consequence to them than the appearance of two suns in the sky. This observation leads to an entreaty that Scipio would unfold to them the true principles of policy. Here then we enter on the subject of the dialogue. Africanus begins by saying, that it is necessary to define what it is of which he is about to speak; and this he does, not like Aristotle, by tracing up society to its first elements, but in a summary manner, thus:

A commonwealth is the affair or concern of the people: by the people, I do not mean an assembly of men brought together in any way whatever it may be, but the assembly of a multitude associated by consent of right and communion of interest.*

The three kinds of government, regal, aristocratical, and popular, are all liable to objection if unqualified.

In the changes and vicissitudes of states, there are wonderful circuits and revolutions; which, as it is the part of a wise man to know, so, in the government of a state, to foresee them when they are impending, to moderate their course, and to exercise a

certain power in the direction of them, belongs to one who is not only a great statesman, but endowed with a faculty little short of divine. "I perceive," continues Scipio, "that there is a fourth kind of state, or commonwealth, which results from the mixture and blending together of the three, and which is to be preferred to them all."†

If there is such a thing as an axiom in politics, we take it to be the truth contained in this last sentence; and to the authorities referred to by the editor‡ in confirmation of it, from the writings of the ancients, Archytas (in Stobæus), Aristotle, Plato, Polybius, and Tacitus, we will add, out of a host of moderns, those of two only—Macchiavelli and Algernon Sidney.

Havendo quelli che prudentemente ordinano leggi, conosciuto questo difetto, fuggendo ciascuno di questi modi per se stesso, n'elessero uno che partecipasse di tutti, giudicandolo piu fermo, e piu stabile, perche l'uno guarda l'altro, sendo in una medesima città, il principato li ottimati, ed il governo popolare.

Discorsi, l. i. cap. 2.

If I should undertake to say, there never was a good government in the world that did not consist of the three simple species of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, I think I could make it good.

Discourses on Government, ch. ii. § 16.

In speaking of the changes to which the kingly form of government is liable, Scipio makes these excellent observations.

When a king has begun to act unjustly, that kind of government forthwith changes to a tyranny; a very evil kind, though bordering on a very good one. If the nobles succeed in crushing him, which usually happens, then follows an aristocracy, which is the next to a monarchy; for there is something resembling the power of a good king in a council of the chief men, advising for the welfare of the people. But if the people of themselves have put to death or banished the tyrant, as long as they retain sense and discretion, so long they act moderately, rejoice in that which they have

* *Eat igitur, inquit Africanus, res publica res populi; populus autem non omnis hominum cœtus quoquo modo congregatus, sed cœtus multitudinis juris consensu et utilitatis communione sociatus.* Lib. i. § 25.

† *Mirique sunt orbes et quasi circuitus in rebus publicis commutationum et vicissitudinum: quos cum cognoscere sapientis est, tum vero prospicere impendentis in gubernanda re publica moderantem cursum atque in sua potestate retinentem magni cujusdam civis et divini pœne est viri. Itaque quartum quoddam genus rei publicæ maxime probandum esse sentio, quod est ex his, quæ prima dixi, moderatum et permixtum tribus.* L. i. § 29.

‡ P. 79.

themselves achieved, and are willing to preserve a commonwealth, which has been of their own establishing. Not so, if they have done violence to a just king, or spoiled him of his kingdom; or even, as hath frequently fallen out, have tasted the blood of the nobles, and trampled the whole state under their feet; then beware, lest thou suppose it easier to still the raging of the sea, or to arrest the progress of a conflagration, than to put a stop to the fury of an unbridled multitude.*

Then follows, from the eighth book of Plato's Republic, the admirable description of a thorough ochlocracy; for it is no more to be termed a democracy, than a despotism is to be called a monarchy. From the extreme of popular liberty the natural transition is to as extreme a servitude under either one or a few.

Thus a government is tossed about and caught up, like a ball, from one to another; from kings to tyrants; from them again to the nobles or the people; from whom either factions or tyrants again receive it; so that it whirls round and round in a perpetual change.†

The conclusion is that,

Although of the three simple kinds of government, the kingly is much the best; yet this also will be excelled by the government which is equally mixed up and tempered of the three. For in a commonwealth it is well that something should be pre-eminent and royal; that something should be assigned to the authority of the principal men; that certain points should

be reserved for the will and judgment of the multitude. This constitution, in the first place, has a certain equability of right, which free men will not long be contented to want; and in the next, it has firmness and stability, because the other kinds of government are easily convertible into their opposite faults; so that out of a king we have a despot, from an aristocracy a faction, and from a democracy a misrule and anarchy; and that the kinds themselves are easily changeable into each other; which in that tempered and blended system does not happen, except it be through some great mismanagement of the principal men in a state. For here is no cause for change, where each is firmly settled in his own place and degree, and has nothing beneath that may slip from under, and betray him to his downfall and ruin.‡

In the second book of these Dialogues, there is a distinction made between a state in which the three kinds are mixed, and one in which they are not only mixed but blended together. He seems to think, that although a perpetual (and if a perpetual much more an hereditary) monarchy may be mixed with the other two forms, yet it cannot be blended with them.|| The reason of this supposed impossibility may be discovered in what Montesquieu has observed,—that the ancients were unacquainted with the right distribution of the three kinds of power, the legislative, the judicial, and the executive, under a kingly government, and therefore could not form to them-

* Cum rex injustus esse cœperit, perit illud ilico (*sic*) genus, et est idem ille tyrannus, deterrimum genus et finitimum optimo: quem si optimates oppresserunt, quod ferre evenit, habet statum respublica de tribus secundarium: est enim quasi regium, id est patrium consilium populo bene consulentium principum. Sin per se populus interfecit aut eiecit tyrannum, est moderatior quoad sentit et sapit, et sua re gesta lætatur, tuerique vult per se constitutam rempublicam. Si quando aut regi justo vim populus attulerit regnove eum spoliavit; aut etiam, id quod evenit sæpius, optimatum sanguinem gustavit, ac totam rempublicam substravit libidini suæ; cave putes autem mare ullum aut flamam (*sic*) esse tantam, quam non facilius sit sedare, quam effrenatam insolentia multitudinem. L. i. § 42.

† Sic tanquam pilam rapiunt inter se reipublicæ statum, tyranni ab regibus; ab illis autem principes aut populi; a quibus aut factiones aut tyranni: nec diutius unquam tenetur idem reipublicæ modus. L. i. § 44.

‡ Quod ita cum sit, tribus primis generibus longe præstat mea sententia regium; regio autem ipsi præstabit id quod erit æquatum et temperatum ex tribus optimis rerum-publicarum modis. Placet enim esse quiddam in republica præstans et regale; esse aliud (*sic*) auctoritate principum partum ac tributum; esse quasdam res servatas iudicio voluntatique multitudinis. Hæc constitutio primum habet æquabilitatem quandam magnam, qua carere diutius vix possunt liberi; deinde firmitudinem, quod et illa prima facile in contraria vitia convertuntur, ut existat ex rege dominus, ex optimatibus factio, ex populo turba et confusio; quodque ipsa genera generibus sæpe commutantur novis. Hoc in hac juncta moderateque permixta conformatione reipublicæ non ferre sine magnis principum vitiis evenit. Non est enim causa conversionis, ubi in suo quisque est gradu firmiter collocatus, et non subest quo præcipitet et decidat. L. i. § 45.

// L. ii. § 23.

selves a just idea of a monarchy.* Hume, who, in the English constitution, saw what Cicero supposed impracticable,—the three forms of government, not only mixed but fused together under an hereditary monarchy, saw in it also this just distribution of the three kinds of power; and was accordingly led to conclude, and that not without reason, that an hereditary prince, a nobility without vassals, and a people voting by their representatives, form the best monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy.†

In this second book, of which there remains much less than of the first, Scipio traces the Roman government through its different stages. We shall do no more than extract a few of the most remarkable sentences in it.

Cato said of the Roman government, that it excelled that of other states, inasmuch, as it had not, like them, been the contrivance of a single man, but the result of the combined wisdom of many men, and the experience of many ages. ‡

The editor observes in a note, that “the same is said by the Britons of their commonwealth.” “Sic fere Britanni politici de suâ republicâ loquuntur:” and we trust they say it with truth.

This is the very main point of civil prudence; to discern the turns and windings in the career of a commonwealth; so that when you are thoroughly acquainted with all its bearings, you may be able to keep it in its course, and not be at a loss in any emergency, but provide beforehand for the occurrences as they shall arise. ||

L. Brutus shook off from his fellow ci-

tizens that hard yoke of unjust servitude; who, though he was a private man, held up the whole commonwealth; and first taught us that in this city we are none of us private men.**

We do not much admire the editor's note on this latter passage, though it is well enough adapted to the meridian in which it was produced.

As soon as this king (he has been speaking of a just king) has turned aside to an unjust exercise of his power, he immediately becomes a tyrant, than which no animal can be conceived more foul and loathsome, and detestable in the sight of gods and men; who, though he be in shape a man, yet, in the fierceness and heinousness of his demeanour, surpasses the wildest beast upon the earth. For how can he be properly termed a man, who acknowledges no communion of right with any of human kind—who would fain have nothing to associate him with humanity? ††

In the character of L. Valerius Potitus and M. Horatius Barbatus, we have in five words a description of the most valuable members of a free state. “Hominum concordie causâ sapienter popularium.” Men who for the sake of maintaining the general agreement, preserve, without forfeiting their wisdom, the favour of the people.

Do not let that escape you, which I said at the beginning; that unless there be this equable balancing of right, and office, and duty, so that there be power enough with the magistrates, authority in the council of the principal men, and liberty in the people, it is not possible for a state to be secured from revolution and change. ‡‡

* L'Esprit des Loix, L. ii. c. 10.

† Essay iv. Politics & Science.

‡ Is dicere solebat, ob hanc causam præstare nostræ civitatis statum ceteris civitatibus, quod in illis singuli fuissent fere, quorum suam quisque rempublicam constituissent legibus atque institutis suis; nostra autem respublica non unius esset ingenio sed multorum; nec una hominis vita, sed aliquot constituta sæculis et ætatibus, &c. L. ii. § 1.

|| Id enim est caput civilis prudentiæ, in qua omnis hæc nostra versatur oratio, videre itinera flexusque rerumpublicarum, ut cum sciatis quo quæque res inclinet, retinere aut ante positis (possitis) occurrere. L. ii. § 25.

** L. Brutus depulit a civibus suis injustum illud (sic) duræ servitutis jugum: qui cum privatus esset, totam rempublicam sustinuit; primusque in hac civitate docuit, in conservanda civium libertate esse privatum neminem. Ibid.

†† Simulatque enim se inflexit hic rex in dominatum injustiorem, fit continuo tyrannus, quo neque tætrius neque foedius nec dis hominibusque invistus, animal ullum cogitari potest: qui quamquam figura est hominis, morum tamen immanitate vastissimas vincit belluas. Quis enim hunc hominem rite dixerit, qui sibi cum suis civibus, qui denique cum omni hominum genere nullam juris communionem, nullam humanitatis societatem velit? L. ii. § 26.

‡‡ Id enim tenetote quod initio dixi, nisi æquabilis hæc in civitate compensatio sit et juris et officii et muneris, ut et potestatis satis in magistratibus, et auctoritatis in principum concilio, et libertatis in populo sit, non posse hunc incommutabilem reipublicæ conservari statum. L. ii. § 33.

There are but few fragments of the third and fourth books remaining in the manuscript. They were taken up with the second day of the Dialogue, during which Fannius appears to have been absent. In the third, the speakers were engaged in a discussion on the abstract principles of justice, which Plato with more propriety made the introduction to his ideal Republic than Cicero subjoined to his account of a real one. The truth is, that Cicero was to Plato nearly what Virgil was to Homer. He was willing to take from him as much as he could; but scarcely knew where to bestow his borrowed riches when he had got them. In the fourth book, the conversation turned on the manners and discipline in a state.

The fifth and sixth comprised the third and last day of the discourse. In the fifth the relics become inconsiderable indeed. Of the other, which it appears from one of Cicero's letters to Atticus, contained instructions for a statesman, there is nothing left here: but the dream of Scipio,* probably the best part of it, has come down to us through other channels.

The editor has illustrated the text with notes, which are equally creditable to his diligence and learning. He has further endeavoured to supply some of the deficiencies in the Dialogues by extracts from Lactantius, Augustine, Nonius, and other writers, by whom they had been explained, or referred to in particular passages and words; but candidly

owns his belief, that there are yet other remains of them to be discovered in the writings of those two fathers of the church. Much, however as we respect the industry and erudition which have been here employed, we should recommend the printing of the fragments without any addition, and the dispersing of them widely through those nations on the continent of Europe, which have most need to be reminded of the great truths which they enforce. They seem to have emerged at the present juncture almost providentially to admonish all parties of those first principles of policy; that as, on the one hand, legitimate power cannot long be retained without wise concessions to the will and judgment of the people—for that it will otherwise inevitably lead to despotism, debasing to all, but most of all to those by whom it is exercised—so on the other, the popular will and judgment, if they be not moderated and directed by the counsels of those whose station in life, intellectual attainments, and virtues, entitle them to the name of "principes," can be productive only of universal confusion and misery.

It may naturally be asked whether every one does not already know this to be very true? No doubt every one does; but it is one thing to know this, and another to hear Cicero starting up in the Vatican from a sleep of near 2000 years, and proclaiming it afresh to the world.

* It was also imitated from the Vision of Er in the last book of Plato's Republic, an inedited Commentary on which, by Proclus, is promised us by the editor in one of his notes. P. 311.

ANGLO-GERMAN DICTIONARIES.

THE German dictionaries, compiled for the use of Englishmen studying that language, are all bad enough, I doubt not, even in this year 1823; but those of a century back are the most ludicrous books that ever mortal read: *read*, I say, for they are well worth reading, being often as good as a jest book. In some instances, I am convinced that the compilers (Germans living in Germany) had a downright hoax put upon them by some facetious Briton whom they had consulted; what is

given as the English equivalent for the German word being not seldom a pure coinage that never had any existence out of Germany. Other instances there are, in which the words, though not of foreign manufacture, are almost as useless to the English student as if they were; slang-words, I mean, from the slang vocabulary, current about the latter end of the seventeenth century. These must have been laboriously culled from the works of Tom Brown, Sir Roger L'Estrange, Ech-

ard, Jeremy Collier, and others, from 1660 to 1700, who were the great masters of this *vernacular* English (as it might emphatically be called, with a reference to the primary* meaning of the word *vernacular*): and I verily believe, that, if any part of this slang has become, or ever should become a dead language to the English critic, his best guide to the recovery of its true meaning will be the German dictionaries of Bailey, Arnold, &c. in their earliest editions. By one of these, the word *Potztausend* (a common German oath) is translated, to the best of my remembrance, thus:—“Udzooks, Udswiggers, Udswooggers, Bublikins, Boblikins, Splitterkins,” &c. and so on, with a large choice of other elegant varieties. Here, I take it, our friend the hoaxer had been at work: but the drollest example I have met with of their slang is in the following story told to me by Mr. Coleridge. About the year 1794, a German, recently imported into Bristol, had happened to hear of Mrs. X. a wealthy widow. He thought it would be a good speculation to offer himself to the lady’s notice as well qualified to “succeed” to the late Mr. X.; and accordingly waited on the lady with that intention. Having no great familiarity with English, he provided himself with a copy of one of the dictionaries I have mentioned; and, on being announced to the lady, he determined to open his proposal with this introductory sentence—Madam, having heard that Mr. X., late your husband, is dead: but coming to the last word “gestorben,” (dead,) he was at a loss for the English equivalent; so, hastily pulling out his dictionary (a huge 8vo.), he turned to the word “sterben,” (to die,)—and there found ———; but what he found will be best collected from the dialogue which followed, as reported by the lady:—

German. Madam, hahfing heard that Mein Herr X., late your man, is ———(these words he kept chiming over as if to himself, until he arrived at No. 1 of the interpretations of

“sterben,”—when he roared out, in high glee at his discovery)—is, dat is—has, *kicked de bucket*.

Widow. (With astonishment.)—“Kicked the bucket,” Sir!—what—

German. Ah! mein Gott!—Alway Ich make mistake: I vou’d have said—(beginning again with the same solemnity of tone)—since dat Mein Herr X., late your man, hav——*hopped de twig*—(which words he screamed out with delight, certain that he had now hit the nail upon the head.)

Widow. Upon my word, Sir, I am at a loss to understand you: “Kicked the bucket,” and “hopped the twig!”——

German. (Perspiring with panic.) Ah, Madam! von—two—tree—ten thousand pardon: vat sad, wicket dictionary I haaf, dat alway bring me in trouble: but now you shall hear—(and then, recomposing himself solemnly for a third effort, he began as before)—Madam, since I did hear, or wash hearing, dat Mein Herr X., late your man, haaf—(with a triumphant shout)—haaf, I say, *gone to Davy’s locker*——

Further he would have gone; but the widow could stand no more: this nautical phrase, familiar to the streets of Bristol, allowed her no longer to misunderstand his meaning; and she quitted the room in a tumult of laughter, sending a servant to show her unfortunate suitor out of the house, with his false friend the dictionary; whose help he might, perhaps, invoke for the last time, on making his exit, in the curses—“Udswooggers, Boblikins, Bublikins, Splitterkins!”

N. B. As test words for trying a modern German dictionary, I will advise the student to look for the words—*Beschwichtigen*, *Kulisse*, and *Mansarde*. The last is originally French, but the first is a true German word; and, on a question arising about its etymology, at the house of a gentleman in Edinburgh, could not be found in any one, out of five or six modern Anglo-German dictionaries.

* What I mean is this. Vernacular (from *verna*, a slave born in his master’s house). 1. The homely idiomatic language in opposition to any mixed jargon, or lingua franca, spoken by an imported slave:—2. Hence, generally, the pure mother-tongue as opposed to the same tongue corrupted by false refinement. By vernacular English, therefore, in the primary sense, and I mean, such homely English as is banished from books and polite conversation to Billingsgate and Wapping.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO MR. GEORGE THICKNESSE (FORMERLY MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL).

THE following letter will be read with interest by those who think they see in the writer the author of the *Letters of Junius*. There are passages in it which will help to confirm them in that opinion. But it has much higher merit than that of a polished style—merit that will give it interest with all readers---simplicity of manner, kind-heartedness, and delicacy of feeling. It was written soon after the return of Sir Philip Francis from India, at the time when the impeachment of Warren Hastings was proceeding with all its vigour; and some would think it as unlikely to have sprung from the heart of Sir Philip

Francis at this period, as from that of Junius at any time: in their opinion, “Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.” They are, however, equally mistaken in both cases: the whole spirit of the Letter is redolent of Junius; witness, in particular, some of his private notes to Woodfall.

It is proper to add, that this Letter would not have seen the light, but for the gratitude of the gentleman to whom it is addressed; and that some parts of it furnished those *fac similes* of handwriting which were made use of to prove the identity of Junius with Sir Philip Francis.

Upper Harley-street, 20th Jan. 1785.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received the favour of your letter with a real sensation of pleasure, but not unmixed with some uneasiness. I cannot but feel that it was my part and duty to have recalled myself long ago to your remembrance. But though I condemn myself for neglect, believe me, I have never ceased to think of you, as of my friend and benefactor. You have the best claim to my gratitude, and a right to every service in my power.

I called at your brother's lodgings yesterday, wishing to see him before I answered your letter; but he was not at home. Not knowing the situation of his son, I have no idea how I can be of use to him. You will easily conceive, that, in the present circumstances, I can have no interest with the Admiralty; and, I assure you, that my interest at the India-house is worse than negative. In that quarter I and all who belong to me are proscribed. I did what I could to save the body corporate from ruin; and that^d was not the way to gain the friendship of individuals. Mr. Hastings took the opposite course, and has succeeded accordingly.

I cannot but be touched with the account you give me of your own situation. I well know how heavily the public burthens press, in every sense and direction, on moderate and even upon considerable fortunes; at least, such as used to be thought so. The idea of your being forced to quit a house which, I am told, you find comfortable, makes me very uneasy; and you will do me a very great favour, if you will allow me to obviate the necessity of a step, which, I seriously believe, you would not feel more than I should. For the purpose of answering these last taxes, I have taken the liberty of enclosing to you a bank note of twenty pounds, which, in future, as long as you and I live, you shall regularly receive in the beginning of every year. I entreat you not to refuse this little mark of my gratitude and affection for you; and much more earnestly do I entreat you, not to attribute this offer to any motive that ought to disincline you to me.

I shall learn from your brother what parts of my speeches he has sent you, in order that I may supply you with the remainder. If there be any thing good in them, I deem it to be principally due to your early instructions.

I mean to send you, from time to time, any thing that may be worth your notice, or likely to amuse you.

I am, with the sincerest affection and esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

P. FRANCIS.

I beg of you to make whatever use of my privilege you think fit, without the smallest scruple.

To Mr. George Thicknesse.

RITSON *versus* JOHN SCOTT THE QUAKER.

Critics I read on other men,
And Hypers upon them again.—Prior.

I HAVE in my possession Scott's "Critical Essays on some of the Poems of several English Poets,"—a handsome octavo, bought at the sale of Ritson's books; and enriched (or deformed, as some would think it) with MS. annotations in the handwriting of that redoubted Censor. I shall transcribe a few, which seem most characteristic of both the writers—Scott, feeble, but amiable—Ritson, coarse, caustic, clever; and, I am to suppose, not amiable. But they have proved some amusement to me; and, I hope, will produce some to the reader, this rainy season, which really damps a gentleman's wings for any original flight, and obliges him to ransack his shelves, and miscellaneous reading, to furnish an occasional or make-shift paper. If the sky clears up, and the sun dances this Easter (as they say he is wont to do), the town may be troubled with something more in his own way the ensuing month from its poor servant to command.

ELIA.

DYER'S RUINS OF ROME.

———— The pilgrim oft
At dead of night 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of time disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the
moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of ever falling waters.

Scott.

There is a very bold transposition in this passage. A superficial reader, not attending to the sense of the epithet *ever*, might be ready to suppose that the *intervals* intended were those between the *falling of the waters*, instead of those between the *falling of the towers*.

Ritson.

A beauty, as in Thomson's Winter—
———— Cheerless towns, far distant, never
blest,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
With news of human kind.*

A superficial person—Mr. Scott, for instance, would be apt to connect the last clause in this period with the line foregoing—"bends to the coast of Cathay with news," &c. But has a reader nothing to do but to sit passive, while the connexion is to glide into his ears like oil?

DENHAM'S COOPER'S HILL.

The stream is so transparent, pure, and
clear,
That, had the self-enamour'd youth gazed
here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.

Scott.

The last two lines have more music than Denham's can possibly boast.

Ritson.

May I have leave to conjecture, that in the very last line of all, the word "the" has erroneously crept in? I am persuaded that the poet wrote "his." To my mind, at least, this reading, in a surprising degree, heightens the idea of the extreme clearness and transparency of the stream, where a man might see *more than his face* (as it were) in it.

COLLINS'S ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

Scott.

The second of these little pieces, called Hassan, or the Camel Driver, is of superior character. This poem contradicts history in one principal instance; the merchants of the east travel in numerous caravans, but Hassan is introduced travelling alone

* May I have leave to notice an instance of the same agreeable discontinuity in my friend Lloyd's admirable poem on Christmas?

———— Where the broad-beam'd hills,
Swept with perpetual clouds, of Scotland rise,
Me fate compels to tarry.

in the desert. But this circumstance detracts little from our author's merit; adherence to historical fact is *seldom* required in poetry.

Ritson.

It is *always*, where the poet unnecessarily transports you to the ends of the world. If he must plague you with exotic scenery, you have a right to exact strict local imagery and costume. Why must I learn Arabic, to read nothing after all but Gay's Fables in another language?

Scott.

Abra is introduced in a grove, wreathing a flowery chaplet for her hair. Shakspeare himself could not have devised a more natural and pleasing incident, than that of the monarch's attention being attracted by her song:

Great Abbas chanced that fated morn to
stray,
By love conducted from the chase away.
Among the vocal vales he heard her song—

Ritson.

Ch—t?

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly—

Scott.

From the pen of Cowley such an observation as Secander's, that "his feet were no longer friendly to his life," might have been expected; but Collins rarely committed such violations of simplicity.

Ritson.

Pen of Cowley! impudent goose-quill, how darest thou guess what Cowley would have written?

GRAY'S CHURCH-YARD ELEGY.

Save where the beetle wheels—

Scott.

The beetle was introduced into poetry by Shakspeare * * *. Shakspeare has made the most of his description; indeed far too much, considering the occasion:

——— to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hum
Hath rung night's yawning peal.

The imagination must be indeed fertile, which could produce this ill-placed exuberance of imagery. The poet, when composing this passage, must have had in his mind all the remote ideas of Hecate, a heathen

Goddess, of a beetle, of night, of a peal of bells, and of that action of the muscles, commonly called a gape or yawn.

Ritson.

Numbscull! that would limit an infinite head by the square contents of thy own numbscull.

Scott.

The great merit of a poet is not, like Cowley, Donne, and Denham, to say what no man but himself has thought, but what every man besides himself has thought; but no man expressed, or, at least, expressed so well.

Ritson.

In other words, all *that* is poetry, which Mr. Scott has thought, as well as the poet; but *that* cannot be poetry, which was not obvious to Mr. Scott, as well as to Cowley, Donne, and Denham.

Scott.

Mr. Mason observes of the language in this part [the Epitaph], that it has a Doric delicacy. It has, indeed, what I should rather term a *happy rusticity*.

Ritson.

Come, see
Rural felicity.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread.

Scott.

Our author's language, in this place, is very defective in correctness. After mentioning the general privation of the "bloomy flush of life," the exceptionary "all but" includes, as a part of that "bloomy flush," an aged decrepid matron; that is to say, in plain prose, "the bloomy flush of life is all fled but one old woman."

Ritson.

Yet Milton could write:

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bell-man's drowsy charm—

and I dare say he was right. O never let a quaker, or a woman, try

their hand at being witty, any more than a Tom Brown affect to speak by the spirit!

———
Scott.

—Aaron Hill, who, although, in general, a bombastic writer, produced some pieces of merit, particularly the Caveat, an allegorical satire on Pope.

Ritson.

Say rather his verses on John Dennis, beginning “Adieu, unsocial excellence!” which are implicitly a finer satire on Pope than twenty Caveats. All that Pope could or did say against Dennis, is there condensed; and what he should have said, and did not, for him, is there too.*

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Address to the Angler to spare the young fish.

If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw.——

Scott.

The praise bestowed on a preceding passage, cannot be justly

given to this. There is in it an attempt at dignity above the occasion. Pathos seems to have been intended, but affectation only is produced.

Ritson.

It is not affectation, but it is the mock heroic of pathos, introduced purposely and wisely to attract the reader to a proposal, which from the unimportance of the subject—a poor little fish—might else have escaped his attention—as children learn, or may learn, humanity to animals from the mock romantic “Perambulations of a Mouse.”

———
RAYHAMTON.

———*Infant hands*

Trail the long rake; or, with the fragrant load
O'er-charged, amid the kind oppression roll.

Scott.

“Kind oppression” is a phrase of that sort, which one scarcely knows whether to blame or praise: it consists of two words, directly opposite in their signification; and yet, perhaps, no phrase whatever could have better conveyed the idea of an easy uninjurious weight—

Ritson.

—and yet he does not know whether to blame or praise it!

On the Death of Mr. Dennis.

* Adieu, unsocial excellence! at last
Thy foes are vanquish'd, and thy fears are past:
Want, the grim recompense of truth like thine,
Shall now no longer dim thy destined shrine.
The impatient envy, the disdainful air,
The front malignant, and the captious stare,
The furious peevishness, the jealous start,
The mist of frailties that obscured thy heart—
Veil'd in thy grave shall unremember'd lie;
For these were parts of Dennis born to die.
But there's a nobler deity behind;
His reason dies not, and has friends to find:
Though here revenge and pride withheld his praise,
No wrongs shall reach him through his future days;
The rising ages shall redeem his name,
And nations read him into lasting fame.
In his defects untaught, his labour'd page
Shall the slow gratitude of Time engage.
Perhaps some story of his pitied woe,
Mix'd in faint shades, may with his memory go,
To touch fraternity with generous shame,
And backward cast an unavailing blame
On times too cold to taste his strength of art,
Yet warm contemners of too weak a heart.
Rest in thy dust, contented with thy lot,
Thy good remember'd, and thy bad forgot.

* * * * *

SHEEP-SHEARING.

—By many a dog
Compell'd—
• • • •
The clamour much of men, and boys, and
dogs—
• • • •

Scott.

The mention of *dogs* twice was superfluous; it might have been easily avoided.—

Ritson.

Very true—by mentioning them only once.

Scott.

Nature is rich in a variety of minute but striking circumstances; some of which engage the attention of one observer, and some that of another.

Ritson.

This lover of truth never uttered a truer speech. Give me a lie with a spirit in it.

—
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense.—

Scott.

The bombastic “immense smile of air,” &c. better omitted.

Ritson.

Quite Miltonic—“enormous bliss”—and both, I presume, alike *caviare* to the Quaker.

—
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the
power

Of philosophic melancholy comes!
His near approach, the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang,
declare.

Scott.

This fine picture is greatly injured by a few words. The power should have been said to come “upon the breeze;” not “in every breeze;” an expression which indicates a multiplicity of approaches. If he came “in every breeze,” he must have been always coming.—

Ritson.

—and so he was.

— — — The branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and
arms.

Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous
hurl'd

From all the roaring Andes, huge descends

The mighty Orellana. Scarce the muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous
mass

Of rushing water: scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread ex-
panse,

Continuous depth, and wond'rous length of
course,

Our floods are rills. With unabated force
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and bloom-
ing wilds,

And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem,
in vain,

Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe
In their fair bosom many a happy isle,
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes, and Europe's cruel
sons.

Thus pouring on, they proudly seek the
deep,

Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the
shock,

Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe,
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

Scott.

Poets not unfrequently aim at aggrandising their subject, by avowing their inability to describe it. This is a puerile and inadequate expedient. Thomson has here, perhaps inadvertently, descended to this feeble art of exaggeration.

Ritson.

A magnificent passage, in spite of Duns Scotus! The poet says not a word about his “inability to describe,” nor seems to be thinking about his readers at all. He is confessing his own feelings, awe-struck with the contemplation of such o'erwhelming objects; in the same spirit with which he designates the den of the “green serpent” in another place—

—Which ev'n imagination fears to tread—

—A dazzling deluge reigns, and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze—

Scott.

From pole to pole, strictly speaking, is improper. The poet meant, “from one part of the horizon to the other.”

Ritson.

From *his* pole to *thy* pole was a more downward declension than “from the centre thrice,” &c.

Ohe! jam satia.

MR. KEMBLE.

—— He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by time—perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance; a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eyes still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him.—*Sketch Book.*

JOHN KEMBLE is dead!—Alas! Actors have a double mortality and die twice!—First their mental faculties droop and become impaired, and they die from the stage, which is their public life; and then after a few years of inglorious silence and sloth, they catch the common trick of age, and die into dust! The first death is the most severe; for that is the death of grandeur, power, bright popularity,—fame! The poetry of life then expires, and nothing is left but the mere lees of prose! One night—the night of retirement—makes terrible change, and holds a frightful division: on one side we see the pomp of pageant, the measured march, the robe, the gemmed crown, the lighted eye, the crowd, the brilliancy, the shout, the triumphs of well-feigned passion, the beauty of breathed poetry! On the other side all is dark! Life's candles are burnt out—aye, and in one night! We see the by-gone actor, bent down from his pride of place, creeping about in his impoverished state—feeble, dejected, commonly attired, solitary, lost! The past remains to him a pang-like dream! Stripped at once of all his greatness, he wanders about like one walking in his sleep—seeing others usurp his throne in the public heart, or, not daring to abide the misery of such an usurpation, straying solitarily to some distant spot—some foreign shore—there to hear no storm of applause, no deafening shouts of a multitude, but to see quiet sunsets, hear the evening wind die along the waters, and watch the “untumultuous fringe of silver foam,” woven momentarily and monotonously at his feet. He is Lear turned out by his pelican children from pomp to poverty! We will answer for it that John Kemble did *not*, as some one has said, quaff health in the south of France—not

health of the heart—which is the only health worth possessing and cherishing!—that he did *not* find the air that blew over the vine-covered hills of France wholesomer than that of a crowded house; nor the lengthened murmurs of the Mediterranean shores more soothing to the soul than the deep thunders of the pit. He was a grand, meditative, melancholy man; and as the airs and waters of evening toned him down to dreaming thought, he was the one, if ever such one were, to escape into a bright vision of the past—fleet on swift thoughts from the land of France, and be (in the words of his own Penruddock) “in London once again!”

Since the 23d of June, 1817, John Kemble has been no longer John Kemble to us—nor to himself! That one sad night closed a long account between us, in which we find ourselves debtors for many, many hours of brave delight. He retired to the land of Burgundy and tri-coloured flowers, there to waste away his brief days; and we rushed, like persons in despair, to drink intoxicating draughts of fermented Kean, and to drown remembrance in a brimming bowl of Macready! Now, however, that we have heard of the final death of our great favourite, all our recollections of him start into life, and urge us to speak of him, for the last time, with affection and respect; to recal some of those thoughts which attended him during his bright career; to record, as clearly as we may, the triumphs of an actor, who, above all others, embodied to the life the wild, heroic, and matchless characters of Shakspeare. We never met Mr. Kemble but once off the stage, and that was during his last visit to England. His face was as finely cut in its features as ever! and that clear outline reminded us of what we had gazed at in brighter scenes; but

he sat in a large arm chair, bent down, dispirited, and lethargic. He spoke no word, but he sighed heavily; and after drowsing thus for a time he went away, and we never saw him again!

We have alluded to the last sight we had of John Kemble: "of this no more!" Let us call to mind the life and beauty of his bright dramatic existence, and take this sad but fit opportunity of giving a sketch of this noble tragedian in his best days. If we thought we could, in the lovers of the drama yet unborn, awaken an interest for his excellencies, we should indeed rejoice, but we shall be satisfied ourselves in the mere loose which we shall be able, in this paper, to give to our love and gratitude.

Of the youthful days of Mr. Kemble we know little; for he has not turned dramatic Rousseau, as that mad wag Mathews has done, and given a history of his floggings and his fame. The private life too, we conceive, of a public man should always be warily told; for who but the veriest fool would crave to have little failings, detracting peculiarities, helpless faults, recorded minutely, and with the malice of a biographer, against the children of genius? History is hard enough with the hate of the pen; and it would be well if the reader could, in his researches after the dead in literature, find some such check as the epitaph-hunter occasionally stumbles upon in a country church-yard:

Reader pass on, nor idly spend your time
In bad biography, and bitter rhyme;
For what I am—this cumbrous clay in-
sures;
And what I was,—is no affair of yours!

Most Popes have their Bowleses: most Savages have their Johnsons! We do not, however, by these objections to the anatomizing propensity of biography, mean to infer that Mr. Kemble had any peculiar fault or vice which requires oblivion; for his private habits and character might well dare the malice even of friendship: we only mean to protest against that busy and impertinent inquiry which is occasionally made into the darker corners of a man's private life, when, by some power or skill, he has created an interest for himself as a public character. The

few facts we know explain erring or imperfect reports, or refer to Mr. Kemble's first passion for the stage, and to his earliest connection with it; and may safely be told without violation of that propriety which we so much wish to see sacredly maintained.

Mr. Kemble was educated at a Roman Catholic school at Sedgeley, in Staffordshire. His father was the manager of a country company; and wishing, perhaps from experience, to save his children from that pursuit, "which makes calamity of so long life," he sent John Kemble to a foreign university to qualify for one of the learned professions. John, however, became celebrated for his recitations from Shakspeare, and returned to England to betake himself to the stage. Not fifty fathers could have kept such a mind from its darling object.

He first appeared at Wolverhampton, in the *Force of Love*, and made a tolerable impression on the tradesmen there. But the neighbourhood of the coal mines is no very favourable spot for the flights of youthful genius; and the passion for the drama does not rage over-violently in a hammering inland country-town, where the love of fame is superseded by the love of factories. Mr. Kemble, however, had previously, when only ten years old, played with his little sister (since grown, like Jack the Giant Killer's bean, into Mrs. Siddons) in the tragedy of *King Charles the First*!

He next performed the blazing part of Bajazet, at Wolverhampton, and shook his iron chain to the great pleasure of the audience. This play must be always popular with the iron trade; and on the evenings upon which it is played, the founders, no doubt, invariably agree with Mr. Moore, that—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night—that, oh! 'twere
pain
To break its links so soon!

Mr. Kemble played in this, his time, many parts—and in many indifferent villages. But at length he joined that incomparable old man Tate Wilkinson, at York; and delighted the crabbed, aged, good manager with his powers; and this was,

perhaps, the surest warranty of their value. Here Mr. Kemble gave recitations from the poets and prose writers of England, and netted some reputation and profit; though not much of the latter; for the grinding of odes makes but ill bread. The preaching of the Bard---the Passions---the Progress of Music, behind a green baize table---is about as idle an attempt, as cutting the tongue of an eagle with a sixpence to make him sing.

From York Mr. Kemble went to Edinburgh with Old Tate, who had taken the theatre there. This was not *ratting* over to any new manager, which the Patentee, with his vermin antipathies, would have abhorred. In Edinburgh Mr. Kemble delivered a lecture, of his own construction, "on Sacred and Profane Oratory;" and gained much credit in the north, which is rather extraordinary, when it is remembered how mighty the Scotch are in lectures of all descriptions. A great effect was produced, we have no doubt, by Mr. Kemble's mode of delivering his composition; for his style of declamation was always popular in the north.

In 1782 he proceeded to Dublin, and appeared in Hamlet. To perform this divine part was, in that time, considered a courageous and an honourable effort; and laurels reaped in Denmark were greenest of leaf. The time is changed: for it appears by a play bill, very lately put forth by the *Committee of the Western Philanthropic Institution for relieving the Poor*, that Mr. C. Kemble being prevented, by his domestic calamity, from playing in Don John, Mr. Macready had kindly and generously, in their moment of distress, *condescended to perform the character of Hamlet*. Condescended!--condescended to play Hamlet!! ---"Well! what comes next, Mr. Merriman?"

Mr. Kemble, who, by enacting Hamlet, did not conceive he was "relieving the poor," dared nobly, and sent his fame bravely abroad. On the 30th of September, in the next year, he appeared as the Danish Prince, on the boards of Drury-lane, and at once established himself with the town. For a year or two he performed but few characters, as

Mr. Smith was then the hero of the stage; but in 1788, Mr. Kemble was left in full possession of the tragic throne; and he reigned in old Drury some years. He married, and became manager, which falls to the lot of but few lords of the creation!

There is one story pretty generally circulated (for ill-nature is a more active reporter than any employed by the newspapers), and pretty widely believed, which we are anxious to contradict, because it is, of our own knowledge, wholly and maliciously false. At the time that Mr. Kemble married the lady who now survives him---it was asserted that he wedded suddenly at the instigation of a nobleman high in rank, whose daughter had become ardently enamoured of him. It was said that the young lady's attachment could only be checked by its being thus rendered a hopeless one; and that, to insure Mr. Kemble's compliance with the nobleman's wishes, he was promised by his lordship the sum of 4000*l.* as a marriage portion, which, it was asserted (to darken the report), when the wedding was once solemnized, was never paid. The names of the parties have been mentioned---the peer has been fixed upon---the lady has been singled out; but we can positively say that there is not one syllable of truth in all that has been uttered. No offer of the kind was ever made to Mr. Kemble. He was, in fact, attached to the lady he married, when he was very young, and it is believed, that he made her an offer some time before she married Mr. Brereton her first husband, and was then unsuccessful; but on the death of that gentleman he renewed his addresses, and was accepted. It was a marriage of real affection,---and those who knew Mr. Kemble's mind would readily acquit him of being capable of an act so base, so indelicate, as that which black-tongued rumour would attribute to him.

Mr. Kemble continued to preside over Drury-lane for upwards of twelve years, during which period he accomplished many vast improvements in the style of getting up plays, particularly in the costume! In 1802, he travelled---visited and observed the theatres at Paris and Madrid, and formed a friendship

with Talma, the great French tragedian, which lasted throughout Mr. Kemble's life.

In 1803, having purchased a share in Covent-garden (which Mr. C. Kemble now holds), he appeared on the boards of that theatre in his then celebrated performance of Hamlet, and was rapturously received. He revived several of Shakspeare's plays between that year and 1808, and made Covent-garden classic ground; when, in one short morning, the house was consumed by fire. By this fatal event Mr. Kemble was an enormous loser. But the Duke of Northumberland indulged on this occasion in an act of liberality and kindness, nearly unprecedented in the history of peers, which much lessened the manager's loss.*

The circumstances attending this munificent conduct of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, of whose supposed parsimony the world was so fond of whispering, have never been made public; but as they redound so much to the good feeling of Mr. Kemble, and assert so splendidly the Duke's liberality and excellence of heart, we shall correctly detail the facts, upon the genuineness of which we pledge ourselves. When at the York theatre, Mr. Kemble was in need of a few soldiers to enrich certain processions, and he therefore applied to an officer of a regiment stationed in the city, for permission to engage some of the men. The officer rudely refused, declaring that his men had better things to learn than the duties of a theatre. Mr. Kemble, repulsed, but not vanquished, renewed his application to the then Earl Percy, who had higher authority; and his Lordship immediately granted the permission required; and, indeed, directed that the men should assist

Mr. Kemble in any way he could make them serviceable. Several years passed;—the York days were over;—and Mr. Kemble had become the proud favourite of London—when on one occasion, Dr. Raine, the head master of the Charter House, called upon him, and stated that he was commissioned to request, on the behalf of a nobleman, Mr. Kemble's assistance in the education of his son. Mr. Kemble said that he was compelled, from want of time, and on other accounts, to refuse all such requests—and, much as he regretted it, he was compelled to refuse the application of his friend. Dr. Raine observed, as he was leaving the room, that he lamented the refusal, as the Duke of Northumberland would be greatly disappointed. On hearing the name of the nobleman, Mr. Kemble desired the doctor to stay; and immediately said, "The Duke has a right to command me;" at the same time recounting the anecdote we have just stated of His Grace, when he was Earl Percy. Mr. Kemble consented at once to the Duke's request, and attended the present Duke for some time, giving him lessons on elocution. But no apparent satisfactory return for his superintendence seemed to be made, or even to be contemplated by the noble family. Time went on. The day of kindness came. On the very morning upon which the theatre was burned down, His Grace wrote to Mr. Kemble, and proffered him the loan of 10,000*l.* upon his personal security, if it would be a convenience to him. It *was* a convenience. Mr. Kemble accepted the offer with readiness and gratitude—and paid the interest for the time to the steward. On the day, however, upon which the first stone of the new Covent Garden Theatre was laid, the

* The following neat dedication, taken from Mr. Kemble's *Essay on Macbeth and Richard*, published a year or two ago, alludes to the act by which the Duke of Northumberland did really *condescend* (like Mr. Macready) to be great.

"To the Duke of Northumberland.

"My Lord Duke,—Be pleased to accept this tribute of my gratitude: that it is the constant character of your Grace's nature, to conceal the benefits it confers, I well know; and I am fearful lest this offering should offend, where I most anxiously wish it to be received with favour; yet, when a whole happy tenantry are voting public monuments, to perpetuate the remembrance of your Grace's paternal benevolence to them, I hope, my Lord, that I am not any longer forbidden openly to acknowledge my own great obligations to your munificence.

"Your Grace has thought me worthy of your bountiful patronage; and I may not presume to say how little I deserve it. I have, &c."

Duke wrote again to Mr. Kemble, and observed, that no doubt *that* day was one of the proudest of Mr. Kemble's life--and that His Grace was anxious, as far as possible, to make it the happiest. He inclosed the cancelled bond!--at another time, finely declaring, that Mr. Kemble had taught him how to make a return! Was not this nobility?—Ought not such a man to have his memory righted?—Did the name of Percy ever adorn a more princely deed?—One grand, unaffected, quiet act of this nature speaks more for the man than a thousand subscriptions to public charities, whereby a person pays only for advertising his own generosity.

The ruins of the old theatre did not long moulder:—a new theatre was erected as by the hand of magic, but the foundation stone was first laid by the hand of the Prince Regent;* who, as Grand Master Freemason, patted the stone with a silver trowel. All our readers know the beautiful appearance of the building; but all may not remember its first rich and yet chaste interior. It was opened on the 18th of September, 1809, with *Macheth*; but the Proprietors having imprudently increased the store of private boxes, and inflicted an additional sixpence upon the pit admission-price, and a further shilling upon the boxes, the English public danced a rigadon upon the new benches for sixty nights, and behaved with all the well-known brutality of the Bulls. Not a word was heard from the rise to the set of the curtain. The audiences were, nearly to a man, infuriated; each hat was lettered O. P.—The cry was still O. P.—The dance was O. P.—The yell was O. P.—Each managerial heart beat to the truth of Sir Vicary Gibbs's Latin pleasantry, "*effodiuntur ores irritamenta malorum.*" John Kemble appealed to the pit in black; the pit turned a deaf ear,—certainly the only one it could have to turn! Manliness seemed to give way to dastardly hate. Mr. C. Kemble was hooted for being a brother—Mrs. C.

Kemble was yelled at—nay, pelted at with oranges—for being the wife of the brother of a Kemble. Mrs. Siddons was of the Kemble blood; and that was enough. The fight was long, but not doubtful. Dutch Sam was called in, with a large bunch of Jew boxers, but he was *dropped* at the foot of the check-taker; and did no good. At length a compromise was made; the shilling on the boxes was suffered to remain, the private boxes were diminished, and the pit sixpence fell to the ground. The house did not for a long time recover its fortunes or its freshness; and Mr. Kemble could not easily forget his manifold and infamous indignities.

Mr. Kemble quitted Covent-garden in 1812, for a short period, and re-appeared in 1814 in *Coriolanus*; a laurel crown was thrown on the stage, and the audience rose to receive him. In 1817 he took leave of the Scottish audience in *Macheth*, and spoke a farewell address in verse, written by Sir Walter Scott. Poetical farewells are not free from suspicion. He returned and played his best parts in London, up to the 23d of June, 1817,† when, on that night, he took his entire leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*. As we are now brought to the last hour of Mr. Kemble's professional life, we must pause to recal a few of those characters in the representation of which he so eminently excelled.

The *Hamlet* of John Kemble was, in the vigour of his life, his first, best, and favourite character. In the few latter years, time had furrowed that handsome forehead and face deeper than grief even had worn the countenance of *Hamlet*. The pensiveness of the character permitted his languor to overcome him; and he played it, not with the mildness of melancholy and meditation, but with somewhat of the tameness and drowsiness of age. There never was that heyday in his blood that could afford to tame. He was a severe and pensive man in his youth—at least in his theatrical youth. We have, however, seen him in *Hamlet*

* His Majesty, who is well known for his patronage of men of talent, honoured Mr. Kemble, during his residence in London, with many proofs of his Majesty's favour.

† In the same month of June, but with an interval of forty-one years, Garrick retired from the stage. May that pernicious month stand aye accursed in the calendar!

to the very heart! We *have* yearned for the last flourish of the tippling king's trumpets,—for the passing of Mr. Murray and Mrs. Powell,—for the entrance of Mr. Claremont and Mr. Claremont's other self in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. We have yearned for all these; because then, after a pause, came Hamlet!—There he was! The sweet, the graceful, the gentlemanly Hamlet. The scholar's eye shone in him with learned beauty! The soldier's spirit decorated his person! His mourning dress was in unison with the fine severe sorrow of his face; and wisdom and youth seemed holding gracious parley in his countenance. You could not take your eye from the dark intensity of his: you could not look on any meaner form, while his matchless person stood in princely perfection before you. The very blue ribband, that suspended the picture of his father around his neck, had a courtly grace in its disposal. There he stood! and when he spoke that wise music with which Shakspeare has tuned Prince Hamlet's heart, his voice fell in its fine cadences like an echo upon the ear—and you were taken by its tones back with Hamlet to his early days, and over all his griefs, until you stood, like him, isolated in the Danish revel court. The beauty of his performance of Hamlet was its retrospective air—its intensity and abstraction. His youth seemed delivered over to sorrow, and memory was, indeed, with him the warder of the brain. Later actors have played the part with more energy,—walked more in the sun,—dashed more at effects,—piqued themselves more on the jerk of a foil;—but Kemble's sensible, lonely Hamlet has not been surpassed. Hamlet seems to us to be a character that should be played as if in moonlight. He is a sort of link between the ethereal and the corporeal. He stands between the two Fathers, and relieves the too violent transition from the living king, that bruises the heavens with his roaring cups, to the armed spirit that silently walks the forest by the glow-worm's light, and melts away when it “gins to pale its ineffectual fire.” As far as Prince Hamlet *could* be played, John Kemble played it,—and now that he is gone, we will take care how we en-

ter the theatre to see it mammocked by any meaner hand.

Mr. Kemble's delineation of Cato was truly magnificent. The hopes of Rome seemed fixed upon him. The fate of Rome seemed to have retired to his tower-like person, as to a fortress, and thence to look down upon the petty struggles of traitors and assassins. He stood in the gorgeous foldings of his robes, proudly pre-eminent. The stoicism of the Roman wrestled with the feelings of the father, when his son was killed; and the contest was terrifically displayed. That line in the Critic, which has always seemed the highest burlesque, was realized and sublimed in him: “The father relents, but the governor is fixed.” If Mr. Kemble had only stood with his grand person in Cato, he would have satisfied the audience, and have told all that Addison intended throughout five long cast-iron acts.

There are those amongst his admirers who eulogized him much in Brutus; nay, preferred him in that character. We thought the Roman part of Brutus was admirably portrayed; but the generous fears—the manly candour—the tenderness of heart, which rise up through all the Roman stoicism, rather wanted truth and vividness. The whole character was made too meditative, too unmoved. And yet the relation of Portia's death renders such objections extremely hazardous. In this part he dared much for the sake of correct costume; and we are quite sure that if any other performer had been as utterly Roman in his dress as Mr. Kemble was, that he would have endangered the severity of the tragedy.

Coriolanus was a Roman of quite another nature; and we rather think Mr. Kemble was more universally liked in this part than in any other. The contempt of inferiors suited the haughty tone of his voice; and the fierce impetuosity of the great fighting young Roman was admirably seconded by the muscular beauty of person in the actor. When he came on in the first scene, the crowd of mob-Romans fell back as though they had run against a wild bull, and he dashed in amongst them in scarlet pride, and looked, even in the eyes of the audience, sufficient “to beat

forty of them." Poor Simmons used to peer about for Kemble's wounds like a flimsy connoisseur examining a statue of some mighty Roman. The latter asking to be consul,—his quarrel with the tribunes,—his appearance under the statue of Mars in the hall of Aufidius, and his taunt of the Volscian just before his death, were specimens of earnest and noble acting that ought never to be lost out of the cabinets of our memories.

In *Macbeth* this great performer was grandly effective; particularly in the murder scene. Perhaps he fell off in the very concluding scenes; but at the banquet, he was kingly indeed! The thought of the witches always seemed to be upon him, weighing him down with supernatural fear. In *Richard the Third*, he was something too collected, too weighty with the consideration of crime, too slow of apprehension. In this part Mr. Kean certainly has surpassed all others, and we never saw quick intellect so splendidly displayed as in this brilliant little man. In *King John*, although the character is in itself tedious, Mr. Kemble was greatly elaborate and successful. His scenes with Hubert, and his death, were as powerful as genius could make them. His death chilled the heart, as the touch of marble chills the hand; and it almost seemed that a monument was struggling with Fate! The voice had a horror, a hollowness, supernatural; and it still sounds through our memories, big with death!

In characters of vehemence and passion, such as *Hotspur*, *Pierre*, *Octavian*, he so contrived to husband his powers, as to give the most astounding effects in the most prominent scenes in which those characters appeared. And in the melancholy pride and rooted sentiments of such parts as *Wolsey*, *Zanga*, the *Stranger*, and *Penruddock*, he had no equal. In the latter character, indeed, with apparently the slightest materials, he worked up a part of the most thrilling interest. He showed love, not in its dancing youth and revel of the blood, but in its suffering, its patience, its silent wasting intensity. Mr. Kemble dressed the part in the humblest modern dress, and still he looked some superior creature. Philosophy seemed determined to hold

her own. The draperied room was shamed by his severe presence. His boots and hose bore a charmed life! Love hung its banner out in his countenance, and it had all the interest of some worn record of a long-past contest and victory.

We have seen Mr. Kemble in *Lord Townley*, in *Biron*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, and various other characters; but we preferred him in the parts upon which we have principally remarked. Although he was filled with the spirit of Massinger in *Overreach*, and bore the Ancient Drama sternly up, *Sir Giles* is highly poetical, and cannot be realized by a natural actor. His very vices relish of the schools.

Having thus briefly noticed those characters which Mr. Kemble so completely triumphed in representing, we shall proceed to give a short account of his retirement from Covent-garden Theatre on the 23d of June, 1817, and of the dinner given to him by those admirers who were anxious to testify, by some attention, their value of his classical and exquisite personification of most of the higher characters in the English drama. And we shall then conclude this paper with the circumstances with which we are acquainted respecting his death.

When it became publicly known that Mr. Kemble was to retire on the night of the 23d of June, every box in the house was secured, and the orchestra was fitted up for the accommodation of those lovers of the drama who longed to see their great actor once more! All the leading members of the profession were present. Kemble played *Coriolanus* with an abandonment of self-care, with a boundless energy, a loose of strength, as though he felt that he should never play again; and that he needed to husband his powers no longer!—The audience were borne along with him until they approached the *Rapids* of the last act—and then they seemed at once conscious of their approaching fate, and shrank from the *Full*! The curtain dropped amidst wild shouts of "No farewell! No farewell!" But, true to himself, the proud actor came forward, evidently "oppressed with grief—oppressed with care!" He struggled long for silence—and then,

alas! he struggled long before he could break it!—At length, he stammered out in honest, earnest truth—“I have now appeared before you for the last time; this night closes my professional life!”—The burst of “No, no!” was tremendous:—but Mr. Kemble had “rallied life’s whole energy to die,”—and he stood his ground, continuing his farewell address, when the storm abated, in the following words.—He was of course continually interrupted by his own feelings, and by the ardent cheers, and loud affectionate greetings of the audience.

I am so much agitated that I cannot express with any tolerable propriety what I wish to say. I feared, indeed, that I should not be able to take my leave of you with sufficient fortitude,—composure, I mean,—and had intended to withdraw myself from before you in silence;—but I suffered myself to be persuaded that if it were only from old custom, some little parting word would be expected from me on this occasion. Ladies and Gentlemen, I entreat you to believe, that, whatever abilities I have possessed,—either as an actor, in the performance of the characters allotted to me,—or as a manager, in endeavouring at a union of propriety and splendour in the representation of our best plays, and particularly of those of the divine Shakspeare;—I entreat you to believe that all my labours, all my studies, whatever they have been, have been made delightful to me, by the approbation with which you have been pleased constantly to reward them.

I beg you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to accept my thanks for the great kindness you have invariably shown me, from the first night I became a candidate for public favour, down to this painful moment of my parting with you!—I must take my leave at once.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I must respectfully bid you a long, and an unwilling farewell!

On his retirement, a multitude seemed agonized!—No one knew what to utter—where to look!—a laurel crown and a scroll were handed from the pit to the stage. But he, for whom it was intended, was gone! The manager was called for; and Mr. Fawcett appeared:—he took the wreath, and, declaring the pride he had in being commissioned to present it, withdrew. The people left the theatre, as though they had witnessed a death!

Behind the scenes Mr. Kemble had more kindness to encounter. The

actors and actresses waited to greet him with respect and anxious love! They crowded around him, and several of them entreated some memorial of him. Mathews obtained his sandals!

Some gentlemen had, previously to this night of retirement, contemplated the arrangement of a public dinner to be given to Mr. Kemble, and the idea was soon carried into effect. A public meeting for the purpose was called, and a committee immediately appointed. A subscription was at the same time entered into for a piece of plate to be presented to Mr. Kemble on the occasion.

Mr. Kemble was invited, and the 27th of June was fixed upon as the day. Men of intellect seemed to vie with each other in endeavouring to pay him honour. A design for a vase was furnished by Mr. Flaxman—and a medal was struck for the committee. Mr. Poole, the author of several clever dramas, contributed a very elegant inscription for the vase; and Mr. Campbell wrote an Ode, which was committed to Mr. Young to recite, and to Mr. T. Cooke to compose. Lord Holland took the chair at the dinner. The room was thronged with noblemen and gentlemen of literary talent and taste—and the sight was altogether one of remarkable interest.

After dinner, and after the usual toasts, Lord Holland in a neat speech gave the health of Mr. Kemble, and produced the design for the vase (the vase itself not being completed in time) and read the inscription, which was as follows:

To
JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE,
On his retirement from the stage,
Of which, for thirty-four years, he has been
The ornament and pride;
Which to his learning, taste, and genius,
Is indebted for its present state of refinement;
Which, under his auspices,
And aided by his unrivalled labours
(Most worthily devoted to the support of the
Legitimate Drama.
And more particularly to the
GLORY OF SHAKSPEARE)
Has attained to a degree of Splendour and Propriety
Before unknown:
And which, from his high character, has acquired
Increase of
Honour and Dignity:
THIS VASE,
By a numerous assembly of his admirers,
In testimony of their
Gratitude, Respect, and Affection,
Was presented,
Through the hands of their President,
HENRY RICHARD VAMAL, LORD HOLLAND,
XXVII June, MDCCCXVII.
“More Is Thy Due Than More Than All Can Pay.”

Lord Holland having read the inscription and closed his speech—Mr. Young rose immediately, and recited Mr. Campbell's ode with considerable feeling and energy. There are too many stanzas, perhaps, in this ode—and the measure is by no means a dignified one—but the following passages are attractive :—

.....

His was the spell o'er hearts
That only Acting lends,
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends.
For Poetry can ill express
Full many a tone of thought sublime ;
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one partial glance from Time.
But by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come,
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb !

.....

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame ;
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came :
Together at the Muse's side
Her tragic paragons had grown ;
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne.
And undivided favour ran,
From heart to heart, in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause.

.....

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of Genius and of Taste.
Taste, like the silent gnomon's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can dial inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

Mr. Kemble, of course much affected by such heaped up honours, replied with difficulty ; his speech, however, was earnest and true—and in public speaking this is no poor character. Much toast-drinking, and complimenting, and speechifying, followed—and M. Talma, Mr. West, Mr. Young, and Mr. Mathews, principally supported the debate. Soon after eleven o'clock Lord Holland and Mr. Kemble retired—and this was the last time the public could ever look upon their bright and classic favourite. Such a day was a proud one to the profession, of which

Mr. Kemble was the ornament. It proved to the members of it, that cultivation of mind, and regulation of conduct, could and would secure respect and love from the highest and the most enlightened in the nation.

We have now closed Mr. Kemble's public life ;—we have no further honours to record—no other scenes of splendour to exhibit ;—and it only remains for us to accompany him into his retirement, and to relate the simplicity and goodness of his brief hour of domestic quiet—and to say the little we know of his final, his pious, and his peaceful death.

The climate of England not agreeing with a severe asthma, with which indeed, as our readers well know, Mr. Kemble had long been afflicted ;—and having run his race of glory with proud speed to the goal, he had nothing more to do than to be happy and to be well. He, therefore, retired to a serene spot of earth, and to warmer air—to breathe out his last years in cheerful repose and comfort. His house, called *Beausite*, was situated at Lausanne—and the sweetness of the climate, and the extreme beauty of the scene (as the name of his residence testifies), seemed to speak long life and healthful quiet to John Kemble.—It had been well for him if he had “sought to know no more ;” but the children of fame are a restless race, and Kemble must visit Italy !—He travelled, therefore, during the last winter to Rome—and became ill immediately. It was with difficulty he returned to Lausanne, to which place, however, his physician peremptorily ordered him ; and though he seemed to recover in the air of home, he never really overcame the mal-influence of Rome—and his death in a comparatively short time came down upon him.

The following letter, addressed to John Taylor, Esq. of the Sun newspaper, gave the first public information of Mr. Kemble's death.

Extract of a Letter from Lausanne, dated 28th February, 1823, addressed to the Editor of the Sun newspaper.

Dear Sir,—I came here on Monday evening, the 24th instant, and the first news that I heard was, that your friend Kemble was expiring—not exactly so, however, in point of fact ; for he died on the 26th instant. But, in fine, our great tragedian is

no more!—And he, who, in histrionic art, could so well depict the final pangs of nature, has been called on in turn to act the part in sad reality. I have seen the physician who attended him, and, anxious to obtain particulars of the latter days of so great and worthy a character, for my own satisfaction, and for your information, I hastily subjoin the result.

On Sunday, the 23d instant, he was, in his own estimation, so very comfortable, that, on sending away his hair-dresser, he requested that he would say to his friend, Mr. Precote, that it would give him pleasure to learn, that after the operation of shaving, his friend was as well as he was. In fact, he seemed on that day in particularly good spirits. The next morning he rose apparently quite well,—breakfasted at nine, and subsequently went to an adjoining room to speak to Mrs. Kemble; and then returning to his room, was observed to totter in his gait.—Mrs. Kemble noticed this with anxiety, and assisted him to his chair, and when seated, he took up a number of *Galignani's Messenger*; but getting worse, his friend and physician Dr. Schole was sent for; who arrived instantly, and found him in the position described, but already altered, and exhibiting very unfavourable symptoms—his left side had suffered a decided attack, and he could with difficulty articulate. He seemed extremely anxious to spare the feelings of Mrs. Kemble. Dr. Schole, with the assistance of his old attached servant George, helped him to his bed, and, in the act of conducting him there, a second attack took place, so suddenly, that his clothes were obliged to be cut asunder, in order that he might the more speedily be let blood. But nature was fast exhausting; nor could he ever make use of his speech after a few words which he had uttered on Dr. Schole's arrival. He, however, assented or dissented by signs of the head, until within two hours of his complete extinction. His last intelligible words were "George,—George;" and you may imagine the feelings of an attached servant to an excellent master under such circumstances. In fine, a third attack, on Wednesday the 26th instant, just forty-eight hours after the first, proved fatal; and though to a stranger he might appear to suffer, it is the opinion of the doctor that he was long insensible to acute feelings of pain. The English clergyman was also present.

Lausanne had agreed with Mr. Kemble—and it was believed by his friends that he was fast recovering from the fatal effects of his visit to Italy. His death, however, was near at hand;—and the true particulars of his last illness are these. On Wednesday, the 19th of February, Mr. Kemble dined at the house

of a friend in the neighbourhood, and was observed to be in extremely good spirits; a few friends drank tea with him on the following evening—when he played his rubber (to which he was very partial), and appeared in excellent health. On the Sunday after this day, Mr. Kemble walked for two hours in the sunshine of his garden, and no sign of illness was remarked. He arose on the following morning as well as usual, and conversed with Mrs. Kemble on indifferent matters; when, according to his usual custom, he read a chapter in his Bible. He again joined Mrs. Kemble in the breakfast room, and said to her, "Don't be alarmed, my dear, I have had a slight attack of apoplexy." Mrs. Kemble was naturally very much terrified, and Dr. Schole was accordingly sent for; who, in a short time, arrived at *Beausite*, and bled Mr. Kemble himself. One attack, however, succeeded another so rapidly, that Mr. Kemble never spoke afterwards; though he seemed perfectly sensible at intervals. Until nine o'clock on Wednesday morning he lingered in this speechless state, when he died without any apparent suffering. Thus died this amiable and intellectual man—full of years and honour, in a distant land!

The funeral took place on Saturday the 1st of March, in a piece of ground adjoining the *cemetery*, on the Berne Road, procured under the direction of Mrs. Kemble. Mr. Capel, and several English, are here interred. The Dean of Raphoe, who had lately returned to Lausanne, read the funeral service at the house of Mr. Kemble; and Mr. Cheesebrough, the resident clergyman, performed the melancholy ceremony at the grave. The age of sixty-six was recorded on the coffin. Mr. Cheesebrough read prayers to Mr. Kemble when he could attend to them—and was with him when he died. The death of Mr. Kemble was sincerely felt by all persons at Lausanne, and his remains were followed to the grave by all the resident English, and by many of the Swiss. The English, indeed, had no parties during the week—and one foreign lady of fashion, Madame ———, put off a splendid party on account of Mr. Kemble's decease.

The following is a copy of the let-

ter of the English clergyman resident at Lausanne, which has not been made public; but which to us is interesting, inasmuch as it shows the serenity and virtue of

Mr. Kemble's domestic life, and confirms the religious peace of his death. The letter is addressed to a professional gentleman in London.

Lausanne, February 25, 1823.

Sir,—It is with deep regret that I announce to you an affliction, and sudden event, the decease of Mr. Kemble, who breathed his last at a quarter past nine o'clock this morning. He had been seized with an apoplectic attack about forty-eight hours before his death; and, though it was not of any very alarming nature at first, yet it was no less fatal, and he gradually declined, till, without a single sigh or groan, his soul, released from its earthly tenement, returned to Him who gave it.

During a week or more prior to this attack, his health seemed more satisfactory than for months before, so that poor Mrs. Kemble was very ill provided for so unexpected a blow, and consequently has been in such a distressed state as I cannot pretend to describe. She is, indeed, much indisposed at present, from the effects of a violent nervous attack, which seized her when all our fears of her husband were confirmed; but in a little time I have no doubt but a sense of her religious duties, in addition to her excellent understanding, will conduce to her amendment and resignation. To you, Sir, no comments on this excellent man's character here are necessary. I will only say, that he was universally beloved by both his countrymen and natives, and that I am deprived of, in my little flock, a most pious and worthy member—but God's will be done! We are naturally grieved at the loss of what was ever amiable, excellent, and of good report, as a standing example to all around; but, how great, on reflexion, should be our joy, that the feeble praise of man is succeeded by the immortal honour and approving smile of the best and greatest of all beings? I was with him during the greater part of his last hours, and at the final close; and, on commending his soul to his gracious keeping, whose blood and mediatorial power could alone present it spotless before God, I could not avoid secretly exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his."

It is by Mrs. Kemble's desire that I write to you, who, with her kindest regards, begs you will take upon you, *as early as possible*, the painful task of communicating it to Miss Siddons, and gradually to prepare Mrs. Siddons for such an afflicting stroke, in order that she may not first learn it from any other quarter. Mrs. Kemble's poignancy is increased, on considering what will be the agonizing feelings of Mrs. Siddons, but calculates much on your kind attention herein. I have written to Mr. Charles Kemble by this post. I beg my respectful compliments to Mrs. Siddons; and having now hastily fulfilled my truly painful duty,

I have the honour to remain, &c. &c.

In reading this letter we cannot but feel struck with that passage which details the pious close of the existence of such a man as Mr. Kemble, who had passed a maddening, distracting day of fame, and could scarcely be expected to tame down into the careful and unassuming observer of a religious and retired life. He who was almost adored in the temple of fame—became, it is seen, loved in the domestic house! It was his custom, as we have shown, to read a chapter in the Bible every morning.

To Mrs. Siddons the loss must be indeed poignant, irreparable! She, and her brother John Kemble, had

seen the same sun rise upon their fame—had gathered laurels from the same tree!—They lived in glory together.—They retired from public life nearly at the same time. She always appeared to us to be the only actress worthy to mate him in the drama. The same crown taken from Tragedy's forehead fitted both their brows.

We never remember, in our time, any actor who acquired so much popularity as John Kemble; he bore the young lovers of the drama along with him like a clan, and they always seemed ready to fight for the supremacy of his genius. The first rows of the pit were nightly crowded

with his youthful followers—and they hailed him as the clansmen hail their chief. His very defects were doted upon,—the laboured precision of his voice—the measured solemnity of his action—the feebleness arising from his constitutional malady. Those who would read tragedy, read it as he delivered it;—Tragedy reigned in solemn grandeur then—for the broken starts and rapid familiarities of the new school were in Kemble's bright time unknown. He just saw, before his retirement, the dawn of Mr. Kean's genius in the new dramatic world; but this did not take from the rich and grand light of his own setting!—We have, in our early play-days, seen John Kemble with a delight which will never visit us again! We have thrilled on his inspired nights. We

have listened with almost breathless awe, at the times when he has been cold as marble with illness. We have venerated his very cough! Oh! that we could hear him again!—But John Kemble is dead! Mr. Kean may triumph in his vehement line of hurried nature—Mr. Young may engraft the new upon the old style, and strive to triumph in both—Mr. Macready may “fright the isle from her propriety;”—but we, though we may be scared into forgetfulness for the moment, can never find that “oblivious antidote,” which will banish for ever our first classic favourite from our minds. His majestic form and noble powers *will* rise up in our memories, and assert, with conscious pride and fearless confidence, the measureless superiority of JOHN KEMBLE!*

* Some public testimony of respect to this great actor has been very properly talked of; and indeed Lord Holland, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Mackintosh, and a few other eminent characters, have taken some steps for effecting such an object. Such talents ought, indeed, so to be honoured. We should conceive that the best way would be to call a meeting for the purpose—when, we are confident, the subscription for a monument would be filled in a day.

THE MISCELLANY.

THE FLOOD OF THESSALY, THE GIRL OF PROVENCE, AND OTHER POEMS. BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We are enabled to gratify our readers with a few extracts from Mr. Barry Cornwall's new volume of Poems; neither our time nor our limits will allow us at this late moment to enter critically into the volume. We must, however, say, that we think it the very best work by far which has yet come from the author's pen. In an early number we hope to return to the subject.

Still fell the flooding rains. Still the
Earth shrank:
And Ruin held his strait terrific way.
Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the
loud thunder
(Beast of the fiery air) howled from his
cloud,
Exulting, towards the storm-eclipsed moon.
Below, the Ocean rose boiling and black,
And flung its monstrous billows far and
wide
Crumbling the mountain joints and summit
hills;
Then its dark throat it bared and rocky
tusks,
Where, with enormous waves on their
broad backs,
The demons of the deep were raging loud;
And racked to hideous mirth or bitter
scorn

Hissed the Sea-angels; and earth-buried
broods
Of Giants in their chains tossed to and fro,
And the sea-lion and the whale were swung
Like atoms round and round.—
Mankind was dead:
And birds whose active wings once cut the
air,
And beasts that spurned the waters,—all
were dead:
And every reptile of the woods had died
Which crawled or stung, and every curling
worm:—
The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
In his dark home—were choked: the dart-
ing ounce,
And the blind adder and the stork fell down
Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
Was washed far out amongst the populous
foam:

And there the serpent, which few hours ago
 Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
 Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.
 And now, all o'er the deeps corpses were
 strewn,

Wide-floating millions, like the rubbish
 flung

Forth when a plague prevails; the rest
 down-sucked,

Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.

(*The Flood of Thessaly*, p. 80—82.)

He took her, gently, in his radiant arms,
 And breathed on her, and bore her through
 the air,

Hushing from time to time her sweet alarms,
 And whispering still that one so good and
 fair

Should dread no evil thought and know no
 care :

And still they flew, and around a lustre
 played,

Near them, as near a figure plays its shade.

Their course seemed pointed to some south-
 ern shore.

Over the waters where the trade-winds blew
 They passed, and where men find the
 golden ore,

And where long since the Hesperian apples
 grew ;

While, far beneath, the Old world and the
 New

Stretched out their tiny shapes, and their
 thick chain

Of islands, spangling like bright gems the
 main.

And then they moved beneath a lovelier sky,
 O'er green savannahs where cool waters run ;
 O'er hills and valleys ; o'er vast plains that
 lie

Flat,—deserts blistered by the Afric sun ;
 Over spice-groves and woods of cinnamon ;
 By Siam and Malay ; and many a fair
 Bright country basking in the Indian air.

Whither they journey'd then, ah, who may
 tell !—

Beyond all limits that the sailor knows ;
 Beyond the ocean ; and beyond the swell
 Of mountains ; and beyond the Antarctic
 snows :

To some sweet haunt, 'tis told, where softly
 glows

Perpetual day,—some island of the air :
 We know its beauty ; but we know not where.

—Eternal forests, on whose boughs the
 Spring

Hung undecaying, fenced the place around,
 And amorous vines (like serpents without
 sting)

Clung to the trees, or trailed on the green
 ground,

And fountains threw on high a silver sound,
 And glades interminably long, between

Whose branches sported the grey deer,
 were seen.

And from the clustering boughs the night-
 ingale

Sang her lament ; while on a reedy stream,
 Which murmured and far off was heard to
 fall,

The swan went sailing by, like a white
 dream ;

And somewhere near did the lone cuckoo call,
 But none made answer ; and his amorous
 theme

The thrush loud uttered till it spoke of pain ;
 And many a creature sang, but seemed to
 sing in vain.

There, rich with fruits, the tree of Paradise
 (The plantain) spread its large and slender
 leaves,

And there the pictur'd palm was seen to rise,
 And trembling aspen, and the tree that
 grieves,

(The willow) and sun-flowers like golden
 sheaves ;

The lady lily paler than the moon,
 And roses, laden with the breath of June.

(*The Girl of Provence*, p. 94—97.)

When first I saw her—(young Olympia !)
 She lived not far from Florence. One may
 stray

Unto the valley where her cottage stood
 On a bright morning, be the season good,
 Summer or latest spring : Her dwelling was
 Fenced round by trees which shatter'd the
 fierce air

To fragments, pine and oak ; and ash was
 there

Which leaves its offspring berries to the
 grass,

And citron woods that shook out vast per-
 fume,

And myrtles dowried with their richest
 bloom.

There dwelt she, sylvan goddess !—there
 she first

Swam on my sight : I thought my heart
 would burst

With transport as I saw her float along
 Tow'rd me, and slowly read the carved song
 Which on the oaken rind my knife had writ :
 There was some idle praise, but more of wit
 Had grown and mingled with that forest
 verse,

And I would often with a laugh rehearse
 The song, thinking at times that some weak
 maid

Might love such incense if she thither
 strayed :

But I was to be victim : I had gone
 Like an erratic fire upon my course,
 Over the Heaven of beauty, all alone,
 And now I felt Love's chaste and supreme
 force

Press on my very heart, until in pain
 I utter'd consecrated vows,—in vain.

—She perished in her youth ; nor should I
 now

Have told thus much, but that upon thy
 brow

I saw forgiveness—('twas in fancy this)
And smiles that recognized my vanished
 bliss
As a thing risen from the grave, and bright
As ever in the summer of thy sight.
(*The Letter of Boccaccio*, p. 138—140.)

I dream—I dream—I dream—
Of shadow and light,—of pleasure and pain,
Of Heaven,—of Hell.—And visions seem
Streaming for ever athwart my brain.
The present is here, and the past that fled
So quick, is returned with its buried dead,
And the future hath bared its scrolls of
 fame,
And I see the 'is' and the 'was' the same,
In spirit alike, but changed in name.
I see the phantoms of Earth and Air,
A thousand are foul where one is fair,
(But that 'one' is divine, and her blue
 eyes calm
Are shadowed by leaves of the branching
 palm,)
And I hear the yells of a million more,
Whose sins are all written in stripes and
 gore :—
There's one who the gem of his best friend
 stole,
And a King half-hid in a beggar's soul,
And a Poet who lied for his earthly good,
And a Woman of glass, and a God of wood,
(Wrapped round like the idol-beast that
 treads
With murderous scorn on the Hindoos'
 heads.
(*The Fall of Saturn*, p. 163, 164.)

Spirit. You come to see—

Galomer. I come to visit
Your kingdom, Spirit, where the ghosts
 abound ;—
To look upon your pale society.
Already have I o'ermatched the Sybil's art,
By darker spells that spotted the clear moon ;
And now I come to syllable my power
Here,—in your black domain. That hag
 —She caught
Her incantations from the dreaming winds,
Babblers of common tales : but I have
 words
The wealth of an Arabian wizard's brain,
Accents drawn from the thunder,—from
 eclipse ;
Interpretations of the rebel hills,
When Earth was in her anarchy ; from
 blasts
That blow hot death : From waves that kiss
 the clouds ;
From clouds that spit their spite out on
 gray hairs ;
From the dumb ice ; from rains and hur-
 ricane :—
Thus am I armed, dull Spirit ; and beside
With poisonous unguents which no man
 uncharmed
Can touch and die not ; and with drops,
 like gall,
Wrung from the adder when its hate was
 highest ;
Parricide tears ; and rich Egyptian dust
(Stol'n from a pyramid)—which once was
 flesh
And bore on 'ts swarthy brow a jagged
 crown.—
What more ?—

(*Tartarus*, p. 184, 185.)

LAW OF THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AGAINST DUELLING.

“ If any person or persons resident in, or being a citizen of, this state, shall fight a duel, or shall send or give, or accept a challenge to fight a duel, or shall cause any such challenge to be sent, given, or accepted, within this state, or within the limits of the United States, his or their seconds, and all and every other person or persons, directly or indirectly concerned in fighting any duel, or sending, giving, accepting, or carrying, or conveying any such challenge, their counsellors, aiders, and abettors, upon being thereof convicted, in any court having jurisdiction, shall be

imprisoned for twelve months, and shall severally forfeit and pay a fine of two thousand dollars to the use of the state, and shall stand committed until such fine is paid, and until he or they shall severally give ample security, to be approved of by one of the associate judges of this state, in the sum of two thousand dollars, for his *perpetual good behaviour*, and shall for ever be disqualified from holding any office of profit or trust, in, or under this state, or from practising law, physic, or divinity, within this state.”

RICHARDSON.

“ Alas ! my life has been a trifling busy one,” says Richardson, “ I never found time to read all the *Spectators*.” A fine compliment this

to literature, from a man of business ! Hear it, ye slaves, who think that money-getting is the only useful employment.

PREFIGURATIONS OF REMOTE EVENTS.

With a total disbelief in all the vulgar legends of supernatural agency, and *that* upon firmer principles than I fear most people could assign for their incredulity, I must yet believe that the "soul of the world" has in some instances sent forth mysterious types of the cardinal events, in the great historic drama of our planet. One has been noticed by a German author, and it is placed beyond the limits of any rational scepticism; I mean the coincidence between the augury derived from the flight of the twelve vultures as types of the duration of the Roman empire, i. e. Western Empire, for twelve centuries, and the actual event. This augury, we know, to have been recorded many centuries before its consummation;

so that no juggling or collusion between the prophets and the witnesses to the final event can be suspected. Some others might be added. At present I shall notice a coincidence from our own history, which, though not so important as to come within the class of prefigurations, I have been alluding to, is yet curious enough to deserve mention. The oak of Boscobel and its history are matter of household knowledge. It is not equally well known, that in a medal, struck to commemorate the installation (about 1636) of Charles II. then Prince of Wales, as a Knight of the Garter, amongst the decorations was introduced an oak-tree with the legend—"Seris factura nepotibus umbram." Z.

A SONG—(for Music.)

1.

WHITHER art thou gone.
Unhappy lover?
Wilt thou wander forth alone,
All the world over?
Through the white snow wastes, and where
The hot sun doth parch the air,
Through poverty and through despair,—
Unhappy lover?

2.

Ah! come back to me,
Wandering lover!
Wherefore shouldst thou ever be.
A luckless rover?
Here is wealth, if thou dost sigh;
Here are friends who do not fly;
And if thou lovest—am not I
Too ready to be link'd to thee,
Ungrateful lover?

B.

BLUNDERS.

What singular absurdities and inconsistencies sometimes possess one for a moment, in the hurry of sudden thought and immature recollection! "I have my mouth full of water," says Swift, "and was going to spit it out, because (I reasoned with myself) how could I write when my mouth was full." Such errors of combination on the impulse of the moment, every body must be sometimes aware of. I was going to take a walk the other evening

with a friend, who proposed that we should go along a certain road which he admired. "No, no," said I, "not that, because of the post." I ride a horse which always starts at this post, so that when on his back I usually avoid it if I can. Was I afraid that I should start? No—that was not it, I suppose; but I should certainly not have trusted the road if left to myself, with no other than that dam-objection of the post.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE public voice has produced an obvious effect upon the selections and the arrangements of the oratorios this season. The hoarse murmurs, during the last few years, had been gathering into all the indications of an approaching storm; but these whisperings have apparently sufficed to give the alarm, and the selections have not only been freed from the most frivolous and objectionable parts—the Italian Buffo duets and concerted pieces, which, however meritorious in themselves, have clearly no place in such a performance;—but the acts have been so divided, that the sacred and the lighter parts have been kept completely separate. Thus one has contained sacred pieces; a second has been a part of Rossini's *Cyrus*, or *Lady of the Lake*; and a third, a pasticcio of English and Italian dramatic pieces, or ballads. It is singular enough, that at the very time when we last wrote, Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*, which we ventured to suggest, was actually in Mr. Bochsa's contemplation. We were, however, certainly not in the secret, but we hail, with much satisfaction, the return of even so much good taste as now seems to prevail. The juxtaposition of sacred and profane—of things so diametrically opposed to each other as Handel's most solemn airs, and Rossini's or Mozart's most comic compositions, was the circumstance, perhaps, that gave real offence: few were disposed to banish gaiety which is innocent; but all saw the gross impropriety of mixing such subjects; we conceive, therefore, that most of the ground of just complaint is removed. Matthew Locke's music to *Macbeth*, which, considering its age, is almost as inspired, and quite as picturesque, as the beings who chaunt it, has also been introduced at these performances. It has long been a favourite at the Ancient and vocal concerts, and, indeed, with every lover of the imaginative, as well as the scientific, portions of music.

La Donna del Lago has been performed every opera night, since our last, at the King's Theatre; but as a lyric drama, it exhibits even a more woeful falling off from Scott's poem,

than our English version for the stage, "*the Knight of Snowdon*," deceased. The opera opens with the hunters of Benledi going to their sport; and the next scene is the meeting of Ellena and Uberto (Fitzjames), who, with the happy oblivion of all probability, which is perfectly admissible in opera, thanks "*il ciel pietoso*" for restoring her to his sight, and swears that fame has not given her half her charms; but in a scene or two, when wafted by Ellena to the retreat of the Douglas in Loch Katrine, he, on sight of the arms, asks, *ove son io*, and with great prudence adds, *e in qual periglio?* These things will serve to show, that *La Donna del Lago* is a slight edifice run up in haste. Indeed, whether considered as a poem, or as a drama, it is robbed of every particle of its original brightness. But to continue our sketch of the altered story. Uberto becomes deeply enamoured of Ellena, who is attached to Malcolm, and is yet about to be espoused to Roderick Dhu, and for a while he imagines that she returns his passion. Malcolm and Roderick appear almost together, both being about to take the field against the royal forces. Roderick becomes inflamed with jealousy against Malcolm, and subsequently against Uberto, who returns (as in the poem), and who, in a passionate conversation with Ellena, is overheard by Roderick, but not till he has given her the ring, which is on any emergency to be shown to "Scotland's king." Roderick rushes in upon them. The striking incident in the original,

That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,

is very clumsily introduced, and Roderick and Uberto go out to combat. Ellena and the clansmen follow them; to see the duel after the Irish fashion, no doubt. News is then brought that Roderick is fallen, and that the day is lost. The last scenes are at the court, where Douglas forces himself into the royal presence. Ellena arrives, finds Uberto in an anti-room, and is by him led into the presence-chamber, where she discovers that

Snowdon's knight is Scotland's king.

“Fetters and warder for the Græme,” and the laying “the clasp on Ellen’s hand,” conclude the piece.

The selection for this opera, performed at the oratorio, is generally an adaptation of parts of Scott’s poem to Rossini’s music. Four choruses, three duets, and six airs, make up this epitome, and the chasms are filled by a relation of the intermediate incidents, in the printed book, in order to convey some notion of a connected piece. This, however, would be a very poor apology for mutilation, were the music worth preserving as a whole; but, in truth, it merits very little encomium.

When a composer has written much, he has usually attained a style equivalent to a polished turn of expression in literary composition, that confers a general elegance, though his work should want the energy and originality which have, perhaps, distinguished other productions of the same mind, when more strongly excited, or when less exhausted. This is precisely the character which appears to us to belong to *La Donna del Lago*. It is light and airy, and some of the parts are certainly even graceful; for instance, the opening air and duet by Ellen and Uberto, *Oh matutini Albori*; and another, *Ma dove colei che accendi*. There are also traits of Rossini’s mannerism—transient gleams of melody, and the substitution of passages of execution for those of expression; but we altogether disbelieve that any part of the opera will either be very popular, or will live; for there is nothing that possesses much force, or much captivation. It is very disgracefully got up in point of scenery and decoration. Curioni and Renzi de Begnis, Madame Vestris, and Porto, were effective; but all the rest of the dramatic personæ wretched. Indeed the state of the house altogether presents a specimen of amateur management and noble direction, that is the grossest satire upon the capacity of the committee, and the endurance of the public.

It will be recollected, that Mr. Natale Corri, long the arbiter elegantiarum in music at Edinburgh, and the father of Signora Corri, who sustained, at so early a period of life, the station of prima donna at the

King’s Theatre, after suffering the ruin of his fortune, by embarking in the erection of concert rooms in the northern metropolis, went abroad with two of his daughters about a year and a half since. He died suddenly at Trieste, leaving a large family totally unprovided for. A concert has been given for them at Edinburgh, and, to the honour of music and musical men, £70/, we understand, were raised.

Mr. Lacy and Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, it will also be remembered, about four years since, left England, and went to the East Indies on a musical speculation. They settled at Calcutta, where they attracted great favour in the highest circles, and much general popularity. They have recently received an invitation from the King of Oude to visit his Court; and in October last, these enterprising travellers set out for Lucknow, a voyage of about fourteen weeks, where they will probably conclude their labours, and subsequently return to England to enjoy the competency they have so meritoriously earned. In spite of the ravages of years and of climate, Mrs. Lacy retains her voice in its pristine freshness; and if his Majesty of Oude desires excellence and variety of talent, there are not two singers, now alive, who possess so extensive, and at the same time, so perfect an acquaintance with the whole range of legitimate English and Italian style as Mr. and Mrs. Lacy. For such a journey they ought to be, and we trust they will be, amply remunerated.

A grand meeting will take place at Oxford in June.

The compositions this month are not very numerous.

Mr. Cramer’s *Aria all’ Inglese*, is somewhat elaborate, and although it occasionally exhibits the peculiar graces of his manner, it is, on the whole, less agreeable than most of his other works. We prefer the introduction, which is full of expression, to any other part of the piece.

Mr. Kiallmark has three new pieces: two Scotch airs arranged as rondos, and Braham’s air *Though Love is warm awhile*, with variations. They are in a light and agreeable style.

Mr. Steil has arranged *Deh prendi, La dove prendi*, and *Donne L’Amore*, with variations, for the harp. He has united brilliancy with easy execution, while the

forms of his variations are by no means inelegant.

Mr. Moralt's three waltzes, for two performers on the pianoforte, are commonplace; but this may be excused, as they are evidently written for beginners.

Mr. Parry is editing a new publication of glees and other part songs, in numbers, under the title of *The London Collection of Glees, Duets, and Catches*. The capital recommendations of such a selection must be the judgment with which it is made—its size—mode of printing—and cheapness. This begins with *Non Nobis, Glorious Apollo*, and some other such things in general use at public dinners; after which follow some of our best well-known glees, some still more modern. It is portable, and very legible, well calculated for reading at table, or in an orchestra.

The songs are rather of a higher description than usual. Mr. Bishop has set three from Moore's "Loves of the Angels." This composer has lately attained a very original manner in such compositions; and there are marks of strong sensibility and fine taste in these, particularly in that from the last angel's story, *Though gross the air on earth I drew*. These songs resemble no others that we know, and the only description we can give of them is, that they are instinct with feeling. The danger Mr. Bishop seems to incur is from a too unrestrained indulgence of modulation, which proceeds probably from carrying refinement to its extreme. Thus, too, he sometimes becomes too chromatic in his melody.

Mr. Harris has also set the *Evening Song of Lea* very melodiously. This, though wanting the power and originality of Mr. Bishop's productions, will probably be more popular.

My Heart and Love, a ballad by Mr. Moore, is formed on a melody of Mr. Bishop's, and is an agreeable song, but it is by no means equal to his "National Airs," or "Irish Melodies."

Thou art the giddiest Youth alive, by Kiallmark, on Mrs. Opie's words, is simple, and well adapted to her manner.

Three Italian Ariettes, by Bertoli, are very sweet things, with an accompaniment for the Spanish guitar. They are equal to some of Sor's best—high praise.

Allan Cunningham's very spirited songs, *The Lea shall have its Lily Bells*, and *The Mariner's Song*, have been set; the former as a ballad, and the latter as a glee. Miss Mainwaring is the author of the melody, which is as simple, sweet, and pathetic, as most of the compositions of the day. It exhibits another proof, if any were wanting, that amateurs are, in this department, quite upon a level with professors. Mr. Graham, an amateur, not less distinguished by his literary than his musical attainments, is the author of the glee. There are words, which, by the high expectations their excellence raises, may tend to discredit a composer; and such, perhaps, is the case with these. Roused as the mind is by the force and freedom of the diction, we are led to anticipate, perhaps, a more than corresponding fire in the music. Mr. Graham's glee is, however, an exceedingly creditable composition; it is pure in its construction, manly and bold in its melody, and the accompaniment is picturesque and masterly. It has great competitors in Mr. Walmisley's *Ye Mariners of England*, and Mr. Willis's *Merrily goes the Bark*; things excellently well conceived, not to mention the celebrated forerunner of them all, *Ye Gentlemen of England*.

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

CAVES CONTAINING FOSSIL BONES.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society there was read an account of some caves discovered in the limestone quarries of Oreston, by J. Whidbey, Esq. The two caves described in this paper were discovered at the height of ninety-three feet above the level of the sea, at high water in spring-tides, in the quarries on the cat-water, from which the stone employed in the break-water is procured. They communicate with each other, and contain bones, in the one imbedded in clay and rubble, and in the other adhering to its sides. The bones belong to the present existing

species of ox, horse, deer, hyæna, wolf, and fox. None of them were gnawed, except one, that of the forearm of a wolf, which presented traces of the canine teeth, and incisions of an animal, apparently about the size of a weazel. The bones of the various graminivorous class were found together, but those of the carnivorous at a distance from each other. All were very fragile and white, and varied considerably in the quantity of animal matter. The fragments of shells, found in one of the caves, retained their pearly matter, and seemed to belong to the oyster tribe; but they were too small to

present any satisfactory characters. The bones collected were those of twelve oxen, with short conical horns standing upright, and larger than the medium size of the present breed. A few seemed to belong to a deer; but this could not be satisfactorily determined, as there was neither the head, horns, nor teeth. Some small bones of a young animal, apparently a calf or fawn. The bones and teeth of about twelve horses, which must have been fourteen hands high. The bones of five or six hyenas, including two jaw-bones with teeth, and those of several wolves of the same size as the present existing species.

ALLOYS OF STEEL.

A very interesting paper on this subject has been lately published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, by Messrs. Stoddart and Faraday. The metals that form the most valuable alloys with steel are silver, platinum, rhodium, iridium, osmium, and palladium. After various trials it was found that steel would combine with only 1-500th of its weight of silver. The alloy was harder than the best steel, or even than iridian wootz, with no disposition to crack either under the hammer or in hardening. Some articles, for various uses, of a very superior quality, have been made from this alloy; as the additional expence of the silver is but trifling, it may be used advantageously for almost every purpose for which good steel is required. Steel combines in any proportion with platina, rhodium, iridium, and osmium. Equal weights of steel and rhodium gave a metal, which, when polished, presented a surface of most exquisite beauty, and not liable to be tarnished by exposure to air. The same proportions of steel and platina afforded an alloy, the surface of which, when polished, had a crystalline appearance. For edge tools the best proportions seem to be 1-100th part of the alloying metal. When alloyed with this quantity of platina, the product is not so hard as that with silver, but it is much tougher; owing to which it may be used for every purpose where tenacity and hardness are required. The alloys with rhodium are by far the most valuable, but from its scarcity it cannot be expected to come into general use; and the same objection

applies to those of iridium and osmium. Perhaps, however, a sufficient quantity may be obtained for the finer kinds of instruments, as lancets and razors.

The alloys with gold, tin, copper, and chromium, have been made only on a small scale, but they are not so valuable as those already mentioned; indeed, copper and tin do not seem to improve steel. It is a curious fact, that when pure iron is used instead of steel, the alloys are much less subject to oxidation. Three per cent. of iridium and osmium fused with iron afforded a metal, which, when exposed along with other alloys to a moist atmosphere, was the last in acquiring rust on its surface. The colour of this alloy was blue, and it had the property of becoming hard when heated and suddenly plunged into a cold fluid.

PARACHUTE ROCKET.

A newly invented rocket, of a very peculiar and curious construction, has been lately let off at Chatham, in the presence of the officers of the garrison. After rising a considerable way in the air it explodes, and a parachute is discharged, having a fire ball of considerable magnitude attached to it, which gives sufficient light to illuminate the country for nearly a mile around, and as the parachute, when discharged, immediately expands, it prevents the ball from falling. This rocket is intended to show the position and movements of an enemy's army, or any body of troops, during night.

ADVANTAGES OF OIL GAS ESTABLISHMENTS.

THE following remarks on this subject are by M. Ricardo, Esq., deduced from observations on the Whitechapel Road gas-works, situated at Oldford. Two sets of retorts, with necessary apparatus, a gasometer containing 8000 cubic feet, and capacious reservoirs for oil, have been constructed; seven miles of main pipe have been laid, the total cost being 7300*l*. At present, the average number of burners is from 500 to 600; besides which, there are 180 public lights supplied at a price which yields no profit. One man as gas maker, and a boy to assist him, are the only labourers required; and, without any addition, these might supply double the number of lights,

for which the only additional charge would be the cost of oil and coal, as the wear and tear of apparatus, rent, &c. would be the same as at present. Two pair of retorts are sufficient to supply the requisite quantity of gas, amounting to about 6000 feet per night, the expense of preparing which is about 36s.; but were more required, it would be much less.

The quantity of gas procured from different oils varies considerably. Whale oil is considered the best, and next to it is cod oil, from eight tons of which 201,500 cubic feet were obtained. There are other oils of inferior price, but these ought not to be used, because they not only give less gas, but are injurious to the works. In conveying coal gas through the pipes, there is a considerable waste, either from it sacking on them, or escaping; but this does not happen with oil gas. To the consumer the advantages are equally great; an individual, near the works, has in his shop five large burners, burning from sunset till nine, and on Saturdays till eleven. He has other three, but as these do not burn so long, they are estimated at one and a half, making in all six and a half. The average number of hours of burning per week is twenty, or 1040 in the year. The consumption of gas, 8800 cubic feet, for which he is charged 21/. The light of the burners consuming one and a quarter foot per hour, is fully equal to, if not exceeding, that of coal gas, consuming at the rate of five feet. The benefits arising from its introduction into private houses are equally great. There is not a single annoyance, nor the slightest inconvenience, from its use, while the brilliancy of the light is superior to that of coal gas. Supposing the same expense incurred as for common tallow candles, double or even treble the light is afforded; four or five times as much, if compared with sperm oil; and above twelve times as much, if the comparison be made with wax candles.

ORNAMENTING STEEL AND OTHER METALS WITH THE PRISMATIC COLOURS.

The production of the prismatic tints by scratches on the surface of metallic and transparent bodies was first observed by Boyle, but after-

wards more particularly examined by Dr. Young, who ranked them in the class of optical phenomena, known by the name of the "*colours of striated surfaces*."

Mr. Barton, of the Mint, has lately conceived the idea of ornamenting steel and other articles in this way, and has secured, by patent, the exclusive privilege of applying this principle to practical purposes. The excellence of Mr. Barton's instrument, which was constructed by the late Mr. Harrison, depends chiefly on the beauty and correctness of the screw. The plate of this is not divided higher than the 2000th part of an inch; but Mr. Barton has drawn divisions on steel and glass so minute as the 10,000th part of an inch. In drawing lines of the former dimension, he often leaves out *one line* intentionally; and the greatest proof of the stability of the engine is, that having taken off the brass table with the work on it (when the omission is distinctly perceived), he can restore it to its place, and introduce the *line* without its being distinguished from the rest. In applying the principle of striated colours to ornament steel, the pattern is produced on the polished surface by the point of a diamond, so that either the whole or a part of the surface is covered with grooves, the distance of which from each other may vary from the 1000th to the 10,000th of an inch. When these lines are *most distant*, the prismatic images of a candle, seen by reflexion from the polished surface, are *nearest* one another, and the common colourless image; and when the lines are *least distant*, the coloured images are *farthest* from one another, and the colours are most vivid. In day-light, the colours produced by these minute grooves are scarcely distinguishable, unless at the boundary between a dark and a luminous object. In sharp lights, however, particularly in that of the sun, they shine with extraordinary brilliancy; and the play of tints, which accompany every luminous image, can be equalled only by their matchless exhibition in the reflexions of the diamond. The surface of fine steel, therefore, when grooved by the delicate instrument of Mr. Barton, is peculiarly fitted for imitative jewels; and other articles of female dress;

and there is no doubt that it will prove useful for many other purposes. The divisions he commonly employs for his metal ornaments are 2000 to an inch, but when the material is good, his engine enables him to divide to 5000, or even to 10,000; when, however, the lines are so close, the labour is very great, but the beauty of the work is generally sufficient to compensate the time bestowed on it, as the beauty increases with the number of lines. The depth of the groove has a great effect in producing brilliancy, owing to the increase in the quantity of reflected light.

LUMINOUS PROPERTY OF THE OCEAN AS DERIVED FROM INSECTS.

In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there are some interesting observations on two minute marine animals, one of which is very remarkable for its phosphorescent qualities. During a voyage made by the author to the East Indies, he observed, that in north latitude $8^{\circ} 47'$, and east longitude 73° from Paris, the sea appeared like a sheet of fire, each portion of its surface, when gently agitated, breaking into a thousand stars. The more distant swelling of the waters, presented the appearance of a moving plain covered with snow, and the wake of the vessel was of a clear and luminous white, sprinkled over with brilliant spots of azure light. He was struck by the light, shed by certain small bodies, which frequently remained attached to the helm, when the sea for a moment retired, and ordered a bucket of water to be drawn up and filtered through a fine linen handkerchief. After this it was not luminous, but the handkerchief was covered with many brilliant spots, some of which he raised on the end of his finger, and found that they had the consistence of animal bodies; being thus exposed, they gradually lost their brightness, and resembled the eggs or spawn of fishes. Being anxious to examine one in a clear light, he placed it under a strong magnifying glass, when he observed a sensible movement in its interior, and having put a drop of water on it, it immediately became surrounded by a brilliant fluid. Having filtered another portion of water, and placed the handkerchief in pure sea water, he observed a number of

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small insects swimming about with celerity, which, at first sight, resembled those called in France water fleas, one of which he succeeded in catching on a hair pencil. Owing to the slight pressure to which it was subjected, it emitted a luminous and bluish coloured fluid, the traces of which extended in the water to the distance of two or three lines, and when placed under a microscope, it was observed to be surrounded by the cerulean liquid. Many of the most lively specimens of these animals having been put into fresh water, very clear, and freed from all impurities, were immediately precipitated to the bottom, became strongly convulsed, and died in about six seconds; and some, when expiring, gave out a quantity of their bright phosphoric light. For producing this phosphorescence, it seemed necessary that the insect should be in a state of humidity. When the moisture was absorbed, none shone even when bruised. When placed in the water, from which they had been taken, they very soon died, but that in which they had been preserved shone with a very lively light; the phosphoric matter, however, when collected, lost its luminous property in about three days. This little insect appeared to be enclosed in a scaly covering, its general contour resembled that of an almond split down one side, and a little sloped at its superior extremity. The posterior part of its body presented many globules in the form of a moveable cluster, of a bluish colour, and from which the phosphoric matter is provided. Its superior part is furnished with four moveable antennæ or horns, formed of many articulations, and terminated by tufts of very fine hair. The head is placed on the centre, and armed with small hooks. Beneath it are two feet bent, and furnished with hooks, and lower down there are other organs of movement.

PRESERVING FISH BY SUGAR.

Sugar, according to Dr. Macculloch, is a very powerful antiseptic, and though sparingly employed in the curing of hams, it is one of the most active substances in their preservation. Fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone, and even by a very small quantity. He has thus

kept salmon, whittings, and cod, for an indefinite time, and with the best effect. Fresh fish may also be kept in that state for several days, and when boiled are the same as if newly caught. If dried and kept free from mould, there seems no limit to their preservation, and they are much better than when salted, the sugar giving them no disagreeable taste. This process is particularly valuable in making kippered salmon, those preserved in this way being far supe-

rior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. In the preparation, it is merely necessary to open the fish and apply the sugar to the muscular part, and keep it in a horizontal position to allow it to penetrate, after which it may be dried, being occasionally wiped and ventilated to prevent mouldiness. A tablespoonful of sugar is sufficient for a salmon of five or six pounds in weight.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

France.—The great importance of the political questions that now agitate the public mind, has rather an unfavourable influence on literature, at least such branches of it as have not some connexion with the subjects that engage general attention. It seems, in fact, not only that few new works of importance are published, but that even these are less known than they would be at any other time, because the journals are almost wholly filled up with political matters; the publications, however, which appear in numbers (or in *livraisons*, as the French call them, of one or more volumes) continue in their regular course. Of these we have occasionally noticed some of the most important.

The 17th *Livraison* of the Latin Classics consists of the fourth and last volume of Cæsar, and the third of Livy. The 18th, which will appear shortly, will complete Virgil, by four new indexes; the last of which will contain the methodical and critical nomenclature of the plants, fruits, and vegetable productions, mentioned in the works of that poet. This *Flora Virgiliana* is arranged so that it will serve to illustrate the botany of all the Latin poets; it contains a Classification of the Genera and Species, with the Linnæan names, and those of the most celebrated botanists; a Synonymic Concordance of the Greek and Latin authors; and a list of the Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and Latin words employed and explained in this book. This collection is illustrated with authentic portraits of the authors, plans of camps, genealogical tables, maps, &c. and will consist of the following authors: Cæ-

tullus, Cæsar, Cicero, Claudian, Cornelius Nepos, Florus, Horace, Justin, Juvenal, Lucan, Martial, Ovid, Persius, Phædrus, Plautus, Pliny the elder, Pliny the younger, Propertius, Quintus Curtius, Quintilian, Sallust, Seneca, Silius Italicus, Statius, Suetonius, Tacitus, Terence, Tibullus, Titus Livius, Valerius Maximus, Valerius Flaccus, Velleius Paterculus, Virgil, and Poetæ Latini Minores. The works of the twenty authors, whose names are printed in italics, are already completed, or nearly so. The editor is M. D. N. E. Lemaitre, Professor of Latin Poetry in the Academy of Paris. Like the London edition of the Delphin Classics, the authors are not sold separate.

The *Encyclopedie Methodique* is nearly terminated; almost all the dictionaries are finished, and a very few volumes will complete this vast collection. The ninety-second *livraison* is just published: it consists of the second part of vol. x. of Medicine, and of the third or last volume of the *Illustrations des Genres*, or, an Explanation of all the Botanical Plates, with the last fifty engravings, by M. Poiret. This dictionary is finished, and is the most complete work on botany that exists. It contains all the genera, and all their species, without exception; and, what adds to its utility, is the advantage of being able to consult, for each genus, the engraving of the plant, with all its characters. M. Poiret has added, for the genera recently discovered, a tenth century, which contains nearly two hundred new genera, with the determination of every species figured, and the explanation of the details of the fruc-

tification. The two parts of the tenth volume of Medicine contain the letters *M* and *N*. The most remarkable articles are *Mourant*, *Mouvement Musculaire*, *Musique*, *Mutisme*, *Nourriture*, &c. Each of these articles is a treatise of itself.

The first and second volumes of the Classical Dictionary of Natural History are now published. The direction of this new work is confided to M. Bory de St. Vincent. Many of the most distinguished naturalists are engaged in it, and great expectations are entertained of it: the volumes now published give reason to hope that they will be realised.

The first two volumes of a new edition of the works of Brantôme are just published; it is printed from the edition of 1740, which was collated with the MSS. in the Royal Library. Several considerable pieces, hitherto unpublished, will be added to this edition, which is to be in eight volumes. It is printed to match the great Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France, from the reign of Philip Augustus to the peace of Paris, in 1763, of which forty-eight volumes are published; it will amount to nearly one hundred volumes. A livraison of four volumes has just appeared, being vol. xxvii. and xxviii. of the first series, containing the end of the Memoirs of Vieilleville, and the beginning of the Memoirs of Boyvin Duvillars; the two others, are the 19th and 20th of the second series, containing the end of the Memoirs of Rohan, and the first two parts of those of Bassompierre.

The valuable publication of the *Chef d'Œuvres des Théâtres Etrangers* has arrived at the 16th volume, which is taken up with the Swedish theatre. It contains two comedies, and two tragedies—*Odin* and *Virginia*. To this volume is prefixed an excellent essay, under the title of *Coup d'Œil sur la Littérature Suédoise*.

The third volume of the *Galerie Morale et Politique* of Count de Segur, contains some pleasing, and some remarkable articles; among the first, are, *On Benevolence*, *On Truth*, *On Caricatures*: among the latter, *Le Palais Royal*, ou *Histoire de M. Duperno*, a tale; the *Portrait of a Modern Sage*; and of *Prince Potemkin*,

the favourite, general, and minister, of Catherine II. In the last, it will be remarked, that M. Segur, who was ambassador at that time at the court of the Semiramis of the North, has naturally made his narrative very interesting, since he relates what he saw and heard.

Volumes xxxiii. and xxxiv. of the *Universal Biography* are published; they contain part of the letter *P*.

The success of the Collection of Memoirs, relative to the French Revolution, has induced the publication of a Collection of Memoirs relative to the English Revolution; two volumes are published, containing the Memoirs of Warwick, in the reign of Charles I., and the first volume of Thomas May's History of the Long Parliament. The following livraisons will contain the Memoirs of Fairfax, Ludlow, Price, Thomas Herbert, Sir William Temple, Major Huntingdon, Bishop Burnet, Lord Clarendon, &c.

Bosnia, considered in its Connexions with the Ottoman Empire, by M. Charles Perthusier, though forming a complete work of itself, is only the third part of a more considerable work, the three volumes of which are to contain the "Political and Moral View of the Ottoman Empire." After having given a rapid sketch of the history of this important province, and mentioned the various people who inhabit it, M. Perthusier describes the geography, natural history, and statistics of Bosnia; he paints the manners, character, and customs of the inhabitants; examines especially the state of commerce and manufactures throughout the Ottoman empire; reviews the government, the administration of the system of finances, the mode of levying the taxes, and their nature; and, finally, he considers Bosnia in a military point of view.

The *Flore Medicale des Antilles*, by M. Descourtilz, is a work which has been highly commended by the Royal Academy of Sciences, and more particularly by Messrs. Cuvier, Desfontaine, and Duvernoy. This work, the result of six years' residence in the Antilles, is every way worthy of recommendation; the matter is new and interesting, the coloured engravings are well execut-

ed, and the price is very moderate; in this particular it has the advantage of the splendid work of M. Tus-sac, which is not yet finished.

A new novel, called *Han d'Islande*, has been published, of which a French journal says, "It must be hoped, for the honour of French taste, that this work is only an imitation of some foreign production. It is a compound of Melmoth, Bertram, and the Vampyre, together. I know not what evil genius hovers over our literature; but its influence, which would not be dangerous if it acted only on minds of a lower order, seems sometimes to extend even to writers of real merit, who, wantonly forgetting their proper mission, deviate from the rules laid down by taste, to contend in extravagance and *bizarrerie*, with authors without talents, who take exaggeration for sublimity, horror for interest, and noise for glory."

Before the disasters which have lately ravaged Greece, many rich and enlightened merchants had employed large sums for the purpose of printing, in modern Greek, many useful works, which might tend to raise their countrymen from the state of profound ignorance into which they had been plunged by four centuries of slavery. Soon their views extended, and the immortal works of the ancient Greeks were reprinted, at the expense of their descendants, in their original tongue. The inhabitants of Chios contributed largely to this noble object; and it was at their expense that the two finest treatises of Aristotle, "On Morals," and "On Politics," were published by Dr. Coray. M. Thurot, Professor in the Royal College of France, has made a French translation, from Dr. Coray's edition, the profits of which are to be employed for the benefit of the Chiots who have survived the ruin of their beautiful and flourishing island.

Germany.—The numerous emigrations from Germany to the United States of North America, and the deplorable fate of thousands of unfortunate persons, who have been induced to risk their fortunes in the new world, have induced several friends of humanity to procure the most authentic accounts of the actual

state of North America, and of the prospects that await emigrants in that country. Thus Baron Von Gergern sent his nephew to travel there, and collect information, which he published, to inform his countrymen under what circumstances emigrants might hope to succeed, what precautions should be adopted, and what classes of persons would be likely or unlikely to better their situation by emigration. This little pamphlet did infinite service. Since then other travellers have laboured to the same effect. The latest of these is M. Frederick Schmidt, who has published two volumes, which are to be succeeded by one or two more, in which he gives a very minute account of every thing relative to that country. His opinion is that the United States are not so flourishing as they have been. He gives no very flattering picture of the manners, or the government; above all, he paints in frightful colours the dreadful swindling system which is carried on by the immense number of banks without capital, which are so thickly spread over the United States. To state their exact number is impossible, some failing, and new ones rising daily; but it may be estimated that there is one bank for every 10,000 inhabitants. "The whole paper system," he says, "as it has hitherto been carried on in the United States, is only a school of the most refined arts, to plunder the rich of their property, to encourage a gambling spirit, and to clothe the cunning beggar in silk and purple. It is a paper aristocracy, which is in the highest degree oppressive and disgraceful, and undermines the morality as well as the liberty of the people. The facility with which rags might be converted into gold, has banished the laudable habits of regular industry, and encouraged idleness and dissipation. Hence the innumerable bankruptcies which have latterly occurred in this country; hence the decline of prosperity, and the ruin of the happiness of the citizens."

Dr. F. W. Von Schubert has in the press *Travels through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, Finland, and Iugermania*, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1820. 3 vols. 8vo. The first volume will be published at Easter.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Julian.

THE stage has its fashions as well as the town—and we rather think tragedies and Oldenburg-bonnets came in about the same time. No one will be bold enough to deny that the rage for finery is extremely strong both before and behind the curtain—and that a play without processions and splendid deaths has no more chance of success, than a lady without rouge and a *sheaf* of flowers to match. The old, that is, the not very old, days of unaffected comedies and cottage-bonnets are quite exploded; and farces and unfashioned gowns now meet with no respect. The high-dress of life is only worn,—and worn too in its brightest gloss. Tragedy elegantly attired, and languidly leaning on the arm of that old tawdry hag-confidante, Melodrame, saunters about the stage, the observed of all observers. Eastern tales of enchantment have also their attraction, and are sure to command a mob,—as some glittering black noble, with a tattooed nose, or Chinese prince with canoe toes, draws a bumper to a Duchess's drawing room. For our own parts, we almost begin to get careless about the triumph of any particular fashion; and, despairing of a true standard taste, can relish a mad tragedy as well as a Quaker comedy; a flaring Chinese tale as thoroughly as a little formal withered farce. Whatever is excellent in its way, is perhaps the best: and certainly the Eastern pieces (thanks to Mr. Grieve's poetry and paintpot) are as near realized imaginations as even a poet can desire. The tragedies of this age are not altogether so distinguished—but they are followed, and therefore must not be trifled with. And here we are, therefore, called upon to speak of a sorrowful young thing at Covent-Garden.

There has been much promise held out in the newspapers of the surpassing excellence of a production from the pen of Miss Mitford; and much as we are in general inclined to believe in the unprejudiced reports of the newspapers,—and confident as we must

of course feel in the tragic powers of any lady, who can spare time from her muslins to devote herself to the muses—we must say we had fears—no—not fears—apprehensions—faint misgivings, that our lady authoress would not altogether drown the stage with tears, and turn us Londoners into dramatic Deucalions. We thought, by the help of many handkerchiefs and some philosophy, to be able to keep our head above water. As we, therefore, went to the theatre with amiable hopes and tempered expectations;—we have much pleasure in honestly confessing that we came away with a respect for Miss Mitford, and with a faint surprise at the effort which a lady's pen had made. The truth is,—for why should we Ritson-hearted critics be affecting the fine gentlemen?—the truth is,—no lady has ever yet succeeded in tragedy; and, from the powers which are absolutely necessary for a grand success, we shall be pretty safe in asserting, that no lady ever will be splendidly triumphant. Miss Baillie taught her muse dancing in the Shakspeare school; but all lovers of the art knew the *steps* again, and detected the master. Miss Hannah More ventured out in a sort of ark, only she found no water!—The tragic muse of a lady is a creature of education—of limited education—not of inspiration. There are subjects she cannot treat of,—there are subjects she may not treat of. There are subjects which she must manage ignorantly. The sex—and after all it is beautiful that it is so—softens every line—and horror is introduced like some poor Bedlamite in a strait-waistcoat.

We remember (Miss Mitford will not be offended at the strength of our recollection) some very pleasing poems from the pen of this lady—and from the skill which those poems manifested, we were disposed to expect a fair style in the dialogue of the play—and none of those hateful abruptnesses and frightful distortions of figure, which scare us so terribly in the noisy tragedies of Mr. Shiel and in Mr. Maturin's measured romances. We were not disappointed.

In Miss Mitford's tragedy of Julian, the characters are not strained out of all human proportion—neither is the dialogue harassed into disordered metaphor, or clouded with a foggy mystery. The language is generally good, unassuming English, not very imaginative or fanciful, but perfectly clear and distinct, and approaching to within a very reasonable distance of a good tragic dialogue;—the characters too are straight forward persons, of no originality, but fit for use, and capable in clever hands of doing the work of five acts with considerable effect. Julian, indeed, is just such a play as we should be glad to see brought to us by our eldest daughter, though we should not altogether be anxious to have to answer for such an affair ourselves.

The plot of Julian is, perhaps, the worst thing Miss Mitford has to answer for; and, indeed, its unnatural and improbable exaggeration goes very near to the distraction of several of the leading characters towards the end of the play. They have much difficulty to keep their senses,—in their *situations*. Indeed, the contrast of a ministerial father with an opposition son (for the play turns upon such a strife) is always painful, and generally leads to awkward discoveries. It is a sad sight to see the honest son laying informations against his indifferent sire. The plot of the tragedy (for we must attempt an unravelling) is something "to this defect."

The Duke of Melfi, the Regent of Sicily, in passing through some glen, with the heir to the Crown, his brother's son, the boy Alfonso,—turns upon him and attempts to assassinate him. The Prince Julian, son of the Duke Melfi, passing by at the time, hears the shriek, and rescues the boy by stabbing the boy's uncle. The first scene exhibits Julian sleeping, like Orestes (as Miss Mitford informs us) with his wife Annabel watching over him, and the boy-king standing by as a page. The Duke having been wounded, and having missed Alfonso, arrives at court, and gives out the death of the young King; of course, putting himself forth as king in his place. Julian and the Duke have a mysterious meeting,—and much moral is wrapped up and

handed about between them. The Duke, however, is bent on a crown, and pushes on the coronation. At the critical moment, Julian produces the boy—and some courtiers cleave to Alfonso, and attain Melfi of treason. Julian, to save his father, neatly says that "only *his* sword had drawn blood in the glen," which you know, reader, was true enough. The Duke and Julian are tried in some odd way or another, and are banished. This banishment, however, we should state, is chiefly compassed by one Count D'Alba, who is very properly in love with Prince Julian's wife, Annabel. There *must* be a villain in this line. The Duke, when banished, begins to bleed at his old glen wound, and dies, in spite of a deal of water brought by his son, in the open air, on the earth. The poor nobleman has a very tedious death of it, and does not, like Falstaff, "make a good end." Julian, after this demise, hears that Annabel is in danger, contrives to arrive at, and to enter the castle where she is confined—talks much conjugal tenderness to her—and then sees his wife, who makes herself his shield, killed by two bravos, hired by Count D'Alba to dispatch himself. This brace of bravos Julian dispatches. He wraps himself in the cloak of one, and covers his wife with his own robe. D'Alba comes on, and a grand discovery is accomplished. The King Alfonso enters, orders Count D'Alba into custody, and hangs over poor Julian, who dies of a broken heart at the end of the fifth act. This is a sketch of the plot,—the best we can achieve.

Our readers will see, we rather think, that this plot is unnatural and ineffective; indeed, we are greatly surprised that Miss Mitford has managed her characters so well in the thick of such frightful troubles. Mr. Henry Revell Reynolds, of the Insolvent Court, would have been puzzled to have got the gentlemen clear of such profound difficulties! Miss Mitford, however, has really thrown some vigour and pathos into the character of Julian; and a great deal of stiff indignation and rigorous viciousness into the usurper. Annabel is a sad, sweet woman, but she talks reasonably. Alfonso is clearly only

Miss Foote in pantaloons. Several of the scenes were unwisely and tediously spun out—and the dialogue was occasionally *shredded* at some foolish stage suggestion, if we mistake not. What a pity it is that a dramatist should be compelled to listen to the wild selfish advice of any given actor or actress! Julian's sleep in the first act was too long and sound, in spite of Greek authorities; and Duke Melfi's death was one of those gradual decays of nature which human patience cannot bear to contemplate. He died as slowly as the New Marriage Act!

The tragedy, in our opinion, was very indifferently acted. Mr. Bennett murdered the Duke very early in the piece, and as Mr. Puff observed of the beef-eater, we saw no reason for his remaining on the stage so long after the death of the Regent. Mr. Abbott topped his part in Count D'Alba; but then what a part to top! Mr. Egerton, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Baker, played as usual; indeed, these excellent gentlemen are very domestic in their styles, and never go out of themselves on any account whatever. Miss Foote showed much above her name. We wish Miss Lacy had a better, fuller voice—her whole defect, in voice, person, and manner,—is *thinness*!

To Mr. Macready the authoress appears to have entrusted all her hopes;—and, by a copy of the tragedy, which has just been put into our hands, we perceive that her sense of his merits and his kindness is higher than any modern dramatist has hitherto ventured to express. In our opinion, Mr. Macready never played worse. He outraged all discretion—and maddened those fine tones of his in a way to distract all lovers of good sensible acting. In the long death-scene of his father, he was vehemently filial all of a sudden, and then nothing could surpass his wildness. In the last scenes of the tragedy, he lashed himself into a fearful fury. Quieter acting would have done Miss Mitford more service; and we are only surprised that she should be so misled as to fancy that five acts of noise can be good in any actor. The dedication to this play is extraordinary, and ought not to be lost. It is this:

To
WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, Esq.
With high esteem for those
Endowments which have cast new lustre on his art;
With warm admiration for those powers
Which have inspired,
And that taste which has fostered, the tragic
Dramatists of his age;
With heartfelt gratitude for the zeal with which he
Befriended
The production of a stranger,
For the judicious alterations which he suggested,
And for
The energy, the pathos, and the skill,
With which
He more than embodied its principal character;
This tragedy
Is most respectfully dedicated,
By

THE AUTHOR.

Mercy on us! "Endowments casting a new lustre on the art!"—"Powers which have *inspired*"—aye—and "*fostered* the tragic dramatists of his age!"—His age! "Gratitude for befriending a stranger!"—"Judicious alterations"—"energy"—"pathos"—"skill"—and so on!—What! did Mr. Macready *inspire* Knowles and *foster* Maturin?—Did Mr. Macready *inspire* Shiel, and *foster* Barry Cornwall?—Does the age belong only to Mr. Macready?—We must say, that Miss Mitford has as much *over-acted* her dedication, as her patron exaggerated her hero; and, perhaps, this was her delicate way of reminding him of his error. We are sincere admirers of Mr. Macready, and think him a gentleman of great talents and acquirements—but we cannot conscientiously subscribe our names to the address which Miss Mitford would present to him.

Before quitting the book, as we have opened it to read the dedication, we will just take a passage or two for the perusal of our country readers. We are quite sure that we shall be thus *fostering* Miss Mitford, though not, perhaps, in her own opinion, *inspiring* her. It is our honest opinion, that those who read the tragedy, will be more pleased with it than those who witness its representation.

The following description given by Annabel to Alfonso, while Julian is sleeping, is spirited and clever:

Ann. Father nor cousin came; nor messenger,
From regent or from king; and Julian
chafed
And fretted at delay. At length a peasant,
No liveried groom; a slow foot-pacing serf,
Brought tidings that the royal two that morn
Left Villa d'Oro. Glowing from the chase

Prince Julian stood ; his bridle in his hand,
 New lighted, soothing now his prancing
 steed,
 And prattling now to me ;—for I was still
 So foolish fond to fly into the porch
 To meet him, when I heard the quick sharp
 tread
 Of that bright Arab, whose proud step I
 knew
 Even as his master's voice. He heard the
 tale
 And instant sprang again into his seat,
 Wheeled round, and darted off at such a
 pace
 As the fleet greyhound, at her speed, could
 scarce
 Have match'd. He spake no word ; but
 as he pass'd,
 Just glanced back at me with his dancing
 eyes,
 And such a smile of joy, and such a wave
 Of his plumed bonnet ! His return thou
 know'st. (P. 5.)

The following passage in the fifth act, though a little higher in its polish, is well and beautifully written.

Ann. Why dost thou gaze
 So sadly on me ?
Jul. The bright stars, how oft
 They fall, or seem to fall ! The sun—
 look ! look !
 He sinks, he sets in glory. Blessed orb,
 Like thee—like thee—Dost thou remember
 once
 We sate by the sea shore when all the
 heaven
 And all the ocean seem'd one glow of fire,

Red, purple, saffron, melted into one
 Intense and ardent flame, the doubtful line
 Where sea and sky should meet was lost in
 that
 Continuous brightness ; there we sate and
 talk'd
 Of the mysterious union that bless'd orb
 Wrought between earth and heaven, of life
 and death—
 High mysteries !—and thou didst wish thyself
 A spirit sailing in that flood of light
 Straight to the Eternal Gates, didst pray to
 pass
 Away in such a glory. Annabel !
 Look out upon the burning sky, the sea
 One lucid ruby—'tis the very hour !
 Thou'lt be a Seraph at the Fount of Light.
 Before— (P. 74—75.)

We must say, Count D'Alba's figure of a widow cuts such a figure, as few widows, with their well-known wifely propensities, betray.

Our bereaved state
*Stands like a widow, one eye dropping tears
 For her lost lord, the other turn'd with
 smiles
 On her new bridegroom. But even she,
 the Dame
 Of Ephesus, the buxom relict, famed
 For quick dispatch o'er every widow'd mate,
 Woman, or state—even she, before she wed,
 Saw the good man entomb'd. The funeral
 first ;
 And then the coronation. (P. 20.)*

There is no new scenery.

The month has been very poor in novelty, both at Drury-lane and Covent-garden—but Easter is coming !

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE projected invasion of Spain by the French government continues naturally to excite the public mind, in proportion as that measure seems to verge towards its execution ; an event, now, as it appears, just upon the eve of its accomplishment. Immediately after the delivery of the French king's speech, recorded in our last, the administration proposed to the chamber a vote of credit of one hundred millions of francs, for the support of the war in the Peninsula ; and, of course, upon this proposal, several stormy debates took place. While the left side indignantly urged the injustice and impolicy of a war undertaken for the avowed and odious purpose of dictating a constitution to a foreign state, the violent members of the

right side took altogether a different line of accusation. They, on the contrary, assailed ministers for not having made war sooner—accused M. de Villele of dissolving the regency of Urgel, and declared that ministers were only trying to gain time, and intended to compromise the rights of legitimacy, by contenting themselves with procuring *modifications* in the Spanish constitution. Villele took two grounds of defence, which, as they appear to us, are perfectly irreconcilable—the first, that he had done every thing possible to prevent war, but that the Spanish government was obstinate, and that the present state of Spain was incompatible with the honour and security of France—the second ground was, that in the mean time, the

French government were doing every thing in their power to foment the internal troubles of the country by assisting and encouraging the army of the faith! If this last position be true, it really appears a little hardy in a minister to assert that he had done every thing in his power to avert the war. The grand defence of the invasion of Spain was entrusted to Chateaubriand, the minister for foreign affairs, who, on the resumption of the debate, entered into its formal and lengthened justification. His entire argument rested upon the example of England in her conduct towards the French republic, in the year 1793, never pretending to deny the principle that one state should not interfere with another in its internal arrangements, but relying upon this exception to the rule. "Thus, (he says,) I will not contest the principle, I will apply myself to establish an exception, drawn from the situation of a neighbouring state. Our adversaries look for evidence to England; I will do so too. At the beginning of the revolution, the interference of the English in the affairs of France, and the arguments which they adduced to justify that interference, must be remembered. It was to stay the progress of an evil which only exists through the violation of all rights, and of the fundamental principles which bind men in society. Our interference has no other object than to destroy also an anarchy which has plunged in fire and blood whole provinces which demand their king, their God, and their religion; and if it has been permitted to England to repel French contagion, shall we be forbidden to repel Spanish contagion?" Such is the argument of M. Chateaubriand, who appears however to forget this main distinction between the cases; namely, that in 1793, the French republic actually forced the hostile interference of all the neighbouring monarchies, by declaring war against the very existence of the principle of monarchy in the world, and thus were themselves the very first virtually to interfere with the internal policy of the neighbouring states; whereas, Spain, on the contrary, interferes with none of them, and merely assumes to herself the hitherto undisputed right of

modelling her own constitution as she pleases. However, when nations are determined upon a war of aggression, reasons, or rather pretences, are easily invented; and that France has, at last, in good earnest really determined upon this war, there can now be no doubt. In fact, Mr. Canning, in answer to a question put to him in the House of Commons on the subject, declared that all hope of peace was almost extinguished; but, he added, that nothing had arisen to involve the English nation in the contest.

Having thus briefly recorded the leading features of the discussion in the French Chambers, we must by no means omit the extraordinary scene in which M. Manuel, a celebrated speaker of the *côté gauche*, formed the principal actor. It is, altogether, most ominous in its nature; and certainly, even had there been cause for it, its occurrence at such a period as the present ought to have been scrupulously avoided. M. Manuel, it appears, had been lately elected a deputy for La Vendée, and was particularly obnoxious to the ultra party, on account not merely of his principles, but of the eloquence with which he expressed, and the firmness with which he supported them. It was said in consequence that they had determined upon his expulsion from the Chamber the first moment an opportunity should offer. Accordingly, during one of the discussions to which we have referred, Manuel, in answer to a minister who had pleaded the danger of Ferdinand as a reason for French interference, argued that such interference would augment the danger it professed to remove, by exciting the Spaniards against the royal family; and he referred, in illustration, to the events which preceded the overthrow of the Stuarts in England, and of Louis XVI. in France. "Revolutionary France," said he, "being attacked by Prussians and Austrians, and feeling the necessity of defending herself by new strength and energy"—here M. Manuel was interrupted by the ungovernable rage of the Ultras, and utterly prevented from finishing his sentence, which he subsequently declared he meant to conclude as follows: "set in motion all the masses, roused the popular

passions, and thus occasioned dreadful excesses, and a deplorable catastrophe in the midst of a noble resistance."

The indignation of the Ultras, however, overwhelmed every attempt at defence or explanation, and the President declared the chamber adjourned, after a scene of uproar unexampled in any legislative assembly. Next day, a commission was appointed to deliberate on a proposition for the expulsion of M. Manuel; and he having presented himself to be heard on the subsequent discussion on the war credit, a fresh explosion took place, in the midst of which this sitting also terminated. In the mean time, the feelings of the populace became excited, and, leaving the Chamber, Manuel was met by a crowd, who assembled to salute him, and who escorted him home, amid repeated cries of "Vive Manuel." On the first of March, M. de la Bourdonnaye presented the unanimous vote of the commission that Manuel should be expelled, upon which he again presented himself in the tribune, and again the sitting was abruptly terminated. On the third of March the Chamber again met; when, after some previous stormy discussion, M. Hyde de Neuville made a modified proposition, that Manuel should be expelled for the *present session*, leaving it to the discretion of the Chamber hereafter to resume the proceedings or not. A debate ensued upon this motion, and Manuel, at length having ascended the tribune, thus addressed the Chamber amid the most profound silence.

Even if I should have conceived the idea of justifying myself before you, for the accusation urged against me, the zeal of my honourable friends would beforehand have fulfilled my task. The absence of right, usurpation, arbitrary power, the innocence of my intentions, all have been sufficiently established by them; and if one of my defenders, no doubt misled by old prejudices, has suffered some words of disapprobation to escape him, at the moment when I have to resist such fury, I can disdain an act of weakness or of rancour; but I will not give my adversaries the satisfaction of seeing me placed before them as a *sellette* (the place where the accused stand in French Criminal Courts), to which they have no right of making me descend. Let others seek to debate the national character;

they have, no doubt, a guilty interest in doing so: I, urged on by a very different feeling, will do every thing in my power to preserve its virtue. I declare then I do not acknowledge here in any one the right of trying me. I look here for judges, I only find accusers. I do not expect an act of justice; it is to one of vengeance that I resign myself. I profess respect for the authorities on which they are founded, and I recognize their power no longer from the moment when, in contempt of the law, they usurp powers which it has not given them. In such a state of things, *whether submission be an act of prudence I know not*, but this I know, *as soon as resistance is a right, it becomes a duty*. It is a duty, especially for those who, like us, ought best of all to know our rights; and for me, I should owe this example of courage to those worthy citizens of La Vendée, who have given France so noble an example of courage and independence in a second time giving me their votes. Sent to this Chamber by the will of those who had the right to send me here, I shall only leave it through the violence of those who have not the right to exclude me; and if this resolution on my part may draw on my head the gravest dangers, I console myself that the field of liberty has sometimes been fertilized by generous blood.

After this address, the discussion was carried on amid the vehement protestations of the left side, and with this qualification, M. de Neuville's motion passed in the affirmative. Manuel, however, having declared that he would never suffer himself to be removed from the Chamber, except by violence, appeared the next day in his place as usual. Dreadful confusion ensued. The President reproached the Usher for suffering him to pass; the Usher declared it was out of his power to prevent him; and at length, the Ministers, after a consultation with the President, retired into their conference chamber. After some time, the President declared that M. Manuel having been excluded by a vote of the previous day, orders had been given for his non-admission, which orders having been violated, he now invited the Deputy to withdraw. Manuel said, he had yesterday stated that he would quit his place only by violence, and he would keep his word to-day. The President then declared the sitting suspended for an hour, during which time he would give the necessary orders; the right side upon this arose and withdrew, but all the left

kept their places, encouraging and conversing with the menaced Deputy.

While the President was absent, a body of infantry of the line was introduced into the anti-chamber, and at three o'clock a number of deputies on the right side having entered and taken their places, the principal Usher approached Manuel, and told him that he had orders to cause him to quit the hall, and that if he did not go voluntarily, he must employ armed force. Manuel remained firm; the Usher then retired, and immediately a picquet of the National Guard and veterans entered. M. La Fayette, "What an indignity! it would be dishonourable to the National Guard." M. Chauvelin—"Peace! M. La Fayette, remain quiet." All the left side—"The National Guard ought not to act—refuse, brave Guards." The Chief of the battalion of veterans requested Manuel to leave the chamber, but he refused, and the Chief gave some orders to the Guard. M. Mechin—"This is dishonouring the National Guard." M. de Girardin—"The National Guard ought to protect, not oppress the citizens." M. La Fayette—"We are your representatives." The deputies pressed round M. Manuel, and the officer of the guard communicated the orders he had received to the serjeant of the platoon, but *the serjeant and men refused to obey!* Shouts of "bravo," issued from the left side, and the Chief of the battalion left the hall; in a few moments, however, a strong detachment of Gendarmerie entered amid violent murmurs from the left side. M. Girardin—"This is the first step towards the degradation of the representative dignity." The Colonel of the Gendarmerie invited Manuel to retire voluntarily; he again refused. The Colonel—"Lay hold of M. Manuel!" The left side rose, exclaiming, "Lay hold of us all;"—the Gendarmes went up to M. Manuel, and one of the officers seized him by the collar, while his friends pressed around to shield him. Manuel was hurried out, followed by the whole of the left side, except M. Sebastiani, who remained in his place. In about half an hour, the President declared the sitting resumed, and the *entire right side returned to their seats, the left benches, however, still*

remaining vacant. The debate on the war credit vote was recommenced, but when M. Sebastiani was called upon to speak, he declared his mind too much agitated by the events which he had just witnessed, and several other deputies following his example, the sitting was adjourned. On the next day, a protest was tendered to the President by General Foy, and a number of other liberal deputies, which the right side would not suffer to be read. It has since been published, and declares the conviction of the protestors, that the expulsion of Manuel "is but the prelude to the system which conducts France to an unjust war abroad, in order to consummate the counter-revolution at home, and to invite the foreign occupation of our territory." The entire left side then departed from the Chamber, and, of course, the vote of credit passed almost without opposition. The liberal members have ever since continued to absent themselves. This is not new in opposition politics; in 1797, the Whigs of England under Mr. Fox, and those of Ireland under Mr. Grattan, adopted a similar measure; but they soon renounced it, as its only effect proved to be the unlimited power of the minister of the day. The exclusion of Manuel has, of course, under such circumstances, only tended to render him the most popular man in France, and crowds have continued to assemble daily before his door, vociferating his praises. The person who can at all pretend to divide the empire of popularity with Manuel is Mercier, the recusant serjeant of the guard. The Colonels of the 4th and 7th regiments of this corps having thought proper to issue orders of the day, declaring "the whole National Guard to be plunged in profound grief at this event," one hundred and fifty officers and sub-officers of the fourth legion published an immediate contradiction, declaring, that on the contrary they "adhere to him with heart and principles, and, in a similar situation, each would imitate his example." This has been followed up by gifts of sabres, fusees, and snuff-boxes; and Mercier, who happens to be a poor fringe-maker, is likely to make his fortune on the occasion. That the French government are strongly impressed with the consequen-

likely to flow from this rash measure, evidently appears from their forbearance to prosecute. Indeed, it is difficult to say at such a time, when the Bourbons are about to make their first military experiment, how this refusal on the part of the National Guard may operate. In the mean time, the Duke d'Angouleme has actually departed for Bayonne, but so encumbered by suite, baggage-waggons, and kitchen utensils, that he travels but slowly—much more sedately than the imperial conqueror was wont upon such occasions! There are strange reports abroad as to the disposition of the invading army, which, so far from amounting to the hundred thousand men promised in the King's speech, is now said scarcely to exceed one half the number. The army, however, is concentrated on the Spanish frontiers; and the engineers are stated to have pontoons sufficient for the construction of a bridge across the Bidassoa, which they can complete in less than twelve hours; this bridge is to be thrown across on the evening previous to the French troops entering the Spanish territory. Numerous desertions are stated to have taken place; and on the 28th ultimo, twenty-five men left Perpignan and joined the Spaniards at Figueras; a bad omen at the opening of a campaign! Indeed, the worst possible spirit seems to prevail throughout France; the fine arsenal and powder magazine at Toulon have just narrowly escaped the designs of the incendiaries, who set them on fire.

The Spaniards seem to have taken every possible advantage of the delay thus unexpectedly offered in the invasion of their territory. Bessieres, who had made several unsuccessful attempts to rescue Ferdinand from Madrid, was completely routed, and is now a fugitive, his few remaining followers having been totally dispersed. On the 19th of February the session of the extraordinary Cortes was closed by a speech from the King, delivered by one of the Ministers. That body had, however, previously passed a decree, authorizing the transfer of the King, Court, and Government, to any town in the interior which might be considered most advisable, in case of invasion. When the Cortes were dis-

solved, the Ministers accordingly waited upon Ferdinand to apprise him of this decree, and take his advice upon its execution:—his repugnance was at once discernible, and at last it rose to downright rage; and, declaring vehemently that he would not quit the capital, he demanded from his Ministers their seals of office. When this event became public in Madrid, it excited an extraordinary sensation; a crowd collected round the palace, inveighing furiously against the King, and demanding a regency; the militia interfered, and dispersed them; but Ferdinand in the mean time, becoming alarmed, issued a new decree, reinstating his Ministers, and thus, for the time at least, tranquillity was restored. Indeed this infatuated monarch could have recourse to no other expedient; for the Cortes decreed, that no other ministry could deserve the public confidence so well as those who were dismissed; and out of the seven appointed by Ferdinand to replace them, only two accepted the nomination; the answer of one them conveying his refusal, contains a strange mixture of the ludicrous and the sarcastic—Don Antonio Diaz del Moral declares, that “he is *destitute of genius*, educated with but little care or attention, a stranger to business, and in a state of continual suffering, in consequence of the many troubles experienced *during six years of the severest banishment*.” Thus situated, Ferdinand, left without any alternative, was obliged to submit with as good a grace as possible. On the 1st of March the session of the ordinary Cortes was opened by a speech, which, though out of courtesy called a Royal speech, does not contain a single sentiment which is not notoriously opposed to the feelings of the nominal author! In reference to the menaced invasion, Ferdinand is made to say—“The Most Christian King has said, that 100,000 Frenchmen are to come to settle the domestic affairs of Spain, and to amend the errors of our constitution. When before were soldiers commissioned to reform laws? In what code is it written, that military invasions may be the precursors of national felicity to any people? It would be unworthy of reason to refute such anti-

social errors; and it would not be decorous in the Constitutional King of Spain to apologize for the just national cause before those, who, in order to subdue every feeling of shame, cover themselves with the mantle of the most detestable hypocrisy." Now, though nothing can be much more true than the foregoing passage, we suspect strongly it is not precisely that which Ferdinand would have either spoken or penned, or even *embroidered*, if he had been left to himself. However, the day for temporizing seems to have gone by, at least if we may credit the published reports of the debates of the Cortes of the 1st and 2d of March. They contain some expressions, certainly of no very equivocal nature. On some complaint, as to the delay in fixing upon a place for the removal of the government, Senor Rico said, "There is a conspiracy organised against us, and I am convinced, as, indeed, I believe every one else is, that this conspiracy has its seat in the heart of the palace. I therefore, in the discharge of my conscientious duty, do say, that it is necessary to declare the physical incapacity of the King." This proposal was echoed by the applauses of the galleries, but the meeting did not think it prudent to go quite so far. The state of the public mind had, however, become quite manifest enough, and on the 3d a communication from the Secretary for the Home Department announced, that the King had fixed on Seville as the place to which the Cortes and the Court should be removed, and had issued the necessary orders for preparation. It was resolved, that a committee, headed by the President, should concert with the Ministers all the measures necessary to his removal. On the 4th, however, it was notified from the government, that Ferdinand was seized with a severe fit of the gout, which increased so much in proportion as the time for the journey approached, that the Cortes, no doubt out of their abundant loyalty, thought it only right to place the person of their beloved Monarch under the care of physicians of their own especial appointment; so that it is to be hoped, that so precious a life may still be spared to the country. In the mean time, the interior seems to be

almost completely cleared of the remnant of the army of the faith, and the enthusiasm of the country is completely roused. In Barcelona even the most delicate females are described as assisting at the batteries; and in Tarragona, when the rebel bands heard of the menaced invasion, they went in with their arms and accoutrements, and offered themselves as a voluntary militia. Mina made a rapid journey through Catalonia, visiting all its towns and villages, the whole male population of which, from the age of eighteen to forty, rose *en masse* at his summons.

The Spaniards may now fully calculate upon every assistance from their Portuguese neighbours, who have determined to make common cause with them, as appears from the following report of a committee, made by Senor Moura, in the Lisbon Congress, on the 14th of February. The committee proposed the following project of a decree, which was well received. 1st. Every invasion of the Peninsula made for the purpose of destroying or modifying the political institutions adopted by Spain, shall be considered as a direct aggression on Portugal. The whole force shall be immediately assembled, and posted in the positions proper to resist such aggression. 2d. The recruiting shall be carried on with the utmost diligence, to raise the army of the first line to 60,000 men, at least, of all arms. 3d. The corps of militia shall be raised to their full complement, and the government shall organize them in a manner suitable to the service which they are to perform. 4th. A national guard shall be formed in Lisbon and Oporto. In Portugal, indeed, it appears to be high time for the friends of the constitution to make common cause with the friends nearest them, as their more distant enemies seem to be taking their case into consideration. A plot, hatched, as it is supposed, by the holy fraternity, headed by the Count Amarante, has just been detected in that country. Its immediate scene was the Villa Real, in the province of Tras os Montes. No apprehension was felt, as the government, who were previously informed on the subject, had taken the necessary precautions. In order to give them an opportunity of arresting

suspected persons, the Cortes had suspended, for three months, those constitutional securities which are there equivalent to our habeas corpus. The plot is said to have been well devised in order to produce a counter revolution, and in pursuance of it a list of a new ministry was handed to the King, but he firmly rejected it. The Portuguese ambassador received orders to leave Paris the moment the news arrived there of the actual invasion of the Spanish territory.

The most recent accounts from Greece state that the Greeks were complete masters of the Morea; that the Christians may be said to be without an enemy, and that the most complete concord prevailed amongst the chieftains. Patras and Corinth had surrendered. An article from Constantinople, however, dated the 10th of Feb. states that Lord Strangford is on the point of issuing a proclamation in the Greek language, declaring "that the Greeks are not to expect any assistance from the Christian powers." We confess, grieved as we should be to see such a declaration issued by any Christian ambassador whatever, our regret would be much heightened by the circumstance of an Englishman having been selected for the purpose. We will hope, for the sake of the country, that it is a fabrication.

A dreadful fire has lately taken place at Canton, in China, which totally destroyed the East India Company's factories there. 13,000 chests of tea were destroyed, but fortunately the treasure and specie were transported on board their ships in time. The commerce, however, between China and the Company will not be interrupted, as a select committee was appointed, who immediately engaged several suites of rooms for warehousing, and three private factories. The loss occasioned by this accident was immense. Its full amount, however, cannot be ascertained, until the Hong, or security merchants, come to settle their accounts.

Our domestic intelligence for this month is almost exclusively confined to our Parliamentary Abstract, and this does not contain any details of very great interest, as the principal discussions are reserved till after the recess.

On the committal of the Mutiny Act, a motion was made by Colonel Davies, to prevent the dismissal of any officer without a trial by court-martial, or the punishment of any officer or soldier, tried by a court-martial, with severity beyond the sentence of the court; the motion was, however, negatived, on the ground that it went to interfere with the Royal prerogative.

The usual discussions on the Navy and Army Estimates have taken place, and the sums required were voted after several obstinate attempts at retrenchment by Mr. Hume. That this gentleman's indefatigable exertions have not passed, however, without some effect, appears by the observation of Sir Thomas Osborne, who, in moving a sum of five millions and a half for the service of the Navy, for 1823, declared that the estimates were 217,000*l.* less than last year, though there were 4,000 men more employed.

A motion was made in the House of Commons by Lord A. Hamilton, for the production of certain papers relative to the arrest of Mr. Bowring. The motion was opposed by Mr. Canning, on the ground that, if granted, it would countenance the notion that any British subject, travelling in France, had a right to call upon his government to shield him from the laws of the country. These local laws, it appears, had not been violated in the case of Mr. Bowring; if this be the case, we can only say, that even the paternal sway of the Bourbons would hardly reconcile us to a residence within their jurisdiction.

A communication was made to the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, announcing a gift to the nation, from the King, of the voluminous and magnificent library compiled with such care by his late Majesty. A committee was appointed to consider the best mode of appropriating it to the use of the public; and Sir C. Long said, that the only wish which the donor had was that it might be disposed of so as to give all, who were capable of using it, the freest possible access.

We are sorry to announce the death of the gallant and venerable Earl St. Vincent, but glad to record in our Parliamentary Abstract the

sense which the nation entertains of his services. A monument has been voted to his memory. It is a strange coincidence that the death of Lord Keith was announced on the same day; we think he well deserved an association in the honours voted.

Mr. Maberly introduced, unsuccessfully, a plan of finance as a substitute for the sinking fund, the principal feature of which was the purchase of stock by the sale of the land tax. His plan embraced the repeal of the assessed taxes to the amount of 3,200,000*l*.

An attempt was made by Mr. Peter Moore to repeal the Insolvent Act, but it was resisted by the Solicitor-General, who pledged himself to give his best consideration to check the frauds now too often successfully practised.

AGRICULTURE.

After the departure of the snow, the usual operations of the season—preparing the land for the spring-sown crops, and getting them in—were busily going on in spite of the almost continued series of cold and wet weather, when we are again surprised to see the earth thickly coated with its white dress, and the snow still drifting with great violence before a north-wester. This sudden change will still further impede the operations of the field, which are already very backward. In the west of England, hay and fodder are already very scarce; and every where the turnip crop, though less injured than was to be expected, is getting short. The superiority of the Swedes over every other species has been manifested this year, more perceptibly than heretofore; for they have suffered far less than the rest. But the want of early grass will probably be felt with some severity; and stock is certainly much more scarce than has been known of late years. This scarcity, it is thought, will be seen in a higher price of all sorts of meat. The last Smithfield market exhibited a brisk trade, with a little improvement for beef, which was for 3*s*. 4*d*. to 4*s*. 4*d*.; mutton was a little lower than the previous market day, say 4*s*. to 4*s*. 4*d*. Wool is also a little improved and more in demand. The capital circumstance, however, affect-

ing agriculture, is the growing opinion that the domestic supply is not equal to the demand, and that recourse must ere long be had to importation. The opinion Mr. Whitmore lately gave in the House of Commons to this effect, and the facts by which it was supported, are well known. We may add, that the falling off of the supply to Mark Lane coastways since the last harvest, relatively to the same period in the preceding year, has been very considerable.

The two accounts stood as follows:

Quarters of Wheat.	
1821-22 Sixteen weeks from Sept.	
to Feb.....	231283
1822-23 Do.	145221
Being a reduction of 86062	

Since the commencement of the present year, compared with last, the account exhibits the following results:—

Wheat.	
1822 Eleven weeks.....	115,599
1823 Do.....	72,787
Redaction 42,812	

Thus the supply has fallen off about one-third. The average supply of wheat to Mark Lane in 1819, was 6000 quarters per week; in 1820, 7000; in 1821, not quite 9000; in 1822, about 9000. The deficiency in the early part of this period, it is conceived, was made up by the prize grain introduced and sold in 1818-19; and the increased supply of the late years is accounted for by the appearance of the English stock, which was displaced by the great influx of the foreign, and which was held over by the grower till forced to sell. Now the supply is found to be something below 7000 quarters per week, it is thought that both these causes are past, and that the country, left to its own growth, will soon need foreign assistance. This is the point most important to be ascertained in the whole agricultural question, for upon it depends all the rest.

COMMERCE.

The delay in the actual commencement of hostilities, and even a degree of uncertainty whether they would really take place at all, have caused

trade to remain in a kind of feverish state of suspense, without materially affecting the prices of the principal articles. At the beginning of this month, the declaration of a new government contract for 100,000 gallons of rum, before the whole of the preceding contract was delivered into the King's warehouse, caused a great sensation in the market, and the prices advanced; but the contract having been effected on extremely low terms, viz. 45,000 gallons at 1s. 9½d. and the remainder at 1s. 9¼d. the result was a great depression in the market, from which it has not recovered, though the holders are rather more firm. Hemp has rather declined since the government contract, which was only for 3000 tons, the usual quantity in time of peace. The prices of Irish provisions, beef, pork, bacon, and butter, have advanced considerably, from the increased probability of war. Though sugar, coffee, and other articles have not been much altered in England, it is certain that the prices are advancing in Holland, Germany, and Sweden, which must ultimately affect the English market. The news of a dreadful fire at Canton, in which an immense quantity of merchandise was destroyed, includ-

ing many thousand chests of tea (some accounts say 30,000 chests, or two cargoes), has had no effect on the market. There have lately been considerable shipments of rice to the south of France. Should there be a protracted war in Spain, rice is expected to be in great demand. It is also probable that a great part of the foreign corn, now in bond here (nearly 800,000 quarters), may find a market in the south of Europe. The real state of the relations between England and Spain, is still involved in impenetrable obscurity; but it seems confidently believed that some arrangements have been made, and that others are in preparation, which will be highly advantageous to the commercial interests of the United Kingdom. A highly gratifying statement has been made in the House of Commons, by Mr. Wallace, which proves that the foreign commerce of the empire has experienced a very great improvement, and that the exports of last year were equal to those of any preceding year, even at the most flourishing period.

The following official statement, however, shows an important decline in the shipping employed:—

An Account of the Tonnage entered Outwards for the East Indies and China, in each year, from 1818 to 1822, inclusive; also, a similar Account of the Tonnage entered Inwards from the East Indies and China, during the same period:—

	In the year 1818	1819	1820	1821	1822
Outwards	104,692	66,525	69,265	68,155	73,102 tons
Inwards	100,643	93,459	82,294	70,647	63,915

An Account of the Tonnage of Vessels engaged in the trade between Great Britain and the British West Indies, in the last five years, ending 5th January, 1823; distinguishing each year:—

	1818	1819	1820	1821	1822
Inwards	238,763	235,776	229,515	233,491	223,259
Outwards	216,069	226,218	217,744	230,830	192,275
Total	454,822	461,994	447,259	464,321	415,534

An Account of the Amount of Revenue derived from the Duties of Customs and Excise upon the various products of the British West Indies, in each of the five years terminating the 5th of January, 1823; distinguishing each year.

	1819	1820	1821	1822	1823
Sugar.....	£2,279,845	3,315,859	3,322,676	3,442,354	3,230,758
Rum.....	1,776,835	1,754,929	1,684,412	1,576,484	1,523,480
Cocoa and Coffee....	268,117	325,179	341,561	370,306	373,075
Mahogany.....	52,402	35,583	45,859	43,864	39,450
Cotton Wool.....	46,506	25,584	20,774	9,508	263
Molasses.....	11,461	21,088	13,867	28,176	38,916
Pimento.....	10,696	11,263	10,020	10,060	11,601
All other articles....	44,058	37,450	30,738	33,504	35,843
Total.....	£4,489,924	5,526,935	5,460,907	5,514,245	5,351,386

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Otley's splendid Work on the Italian School of Design is completed, and will be published in the Month of April.

A Second Edition of Clare's Village Minstrel, with a Sketch of his Cottage at Helpstone, will be published in a few days.

Captain Franklin's Narrative of his perilous Journey from the Shores of Hudson's Bay to the Mouth of the Copper Mine River, will certainly be published on the 12th of April.

Mr. James, Author of the Naval History of Great Britain, has in the Press the second Part of that Work, which completes it.

Dr. Meyrick's Treatise on Ancient Armour, a book calculated greatly to facilitate a right Understanding of the early Historians, and to throw much Light on the Manners of our Ancestors, is expected to appear in the course of next Month.

The Geography, History, and Statistics of America and the West Indies, as originally published in the American Atlas of Messrs. Cary and Lea, of Philadelphia, are re-printing in this Country, in one volume 8vo. with much additional Matter.

Mrs. Holderness has in the Press a Volume entitled New Russia, being some Account of the Colonization of that Country, and of the Manners and Customs of the Colonists. To which is added, a brief Detail of a Journey over land from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kico, accompanied with Notes on the Crim Tartars.

The following works are in the Press :—

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The Annual Biography and Obituary, for the Year 1823. Vol. VII. containing Memoirs of celebrated Men, who have died in 1821-22.

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APRIL, 1823.

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2 K

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CAMBRIDGE.—The Chancellor's Two Gold Medals for the best classical Scholars among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, have been adjudged to F. Field, of Trinity College, and T. Crick, of St. John's.

Members Prizes: Subjects for the present year:

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For the middle Bachelors: "Qui fractus Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ studio, is percipiendus est?"

Porson Prize: Shakspeare, Henry VIII. Act 5, Scene 6. "This Royal infant," to "so stand fixed." Metre Tragicum Iambicum Trimetrum Acatalecticum.

BIRTHS.

- Feb. 19. At Witham-lodge, Suffolk, the lady of W. W. Luard, Esq. a daughter.
21. In Percy-street, the lady of James Clayton, Esq. a son.
22. At Atherstone-hall, Viscountess Anson, a daughter.
— The lady of Robert Thomas Dimsdale, Esq. a daughter.
28. In Dartmouth-street, the lady of Lancelot Hotham, Esq. a daughter.
March 8. In Portland-place, at her father's, W. Williams, Esq. MP. the lady of Captain H. Lorraine Baker, RN. CB. a daughter.
— In Gloucester-place, the lady of M. M'Namara, Esq. a son.
8. In Dover-street, the lady of W. Turner, Esq. a son.
— At Camden Town, the lady of John Spurrer, Esq. Assistant Commissary General to the forces, a daughter.
— In York-street, Portman square, Mrs. C. Wilson, a daughter.
13. At Maresfield, Sussex, the lady of W. Day, Esq. a daughter.
15. In Somerset-place, the lady of Waller Clifton, Esq. a son.
16. In Upper Montague-street, Montague-square, the lady of W. H. Roberts, Esq. a daughter.
19. The lady of Sandford Graham, Esq. MP. a daughter.
— In Duke-street, Westminster, the lady of Chas. Talk, Esq. MP. a daughter.
— At Greenham-lodge, Berks, the lady of Robert Taylor, jun. Esq. a daughter.
20. In Upper Harley-street, the lady of Alexander Henry, Esq. a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, in St. Andrew's-square, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Wauchope, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- Feb. 20. At St. James's, G. W. Park, Esq. to Maria, only surviving daughter of the Rev. Dr. Coppard, Rector of Gravely, Cambridgeshire.
Lately, at Castle-hill, the seat of Earl Fortescue, Major Hamlyn Williams, eldest son of Sir Jas. Hamlyn Williams, bart. of Clovely-court, Devonshire, and of Edwinstord, Carmarthenshire, to Lady Mary Fortescue.
22. William Cotton, Esq. Clapham-common, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Collins, Rector of Thorpe Abbotts, Norfolk.
24. At Stalndrop, the parish church of Raby Castle, by the Rev. J. Vane, Lieut.-Col. Meyrick, of the 31 Guards, to the Hon. Lady Laura Vane, third daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Darlington.
March 3. Lieut. J. Lamb, RN. to Emma, daughter of John Robinson, Esq. of Holloway.
— At Neurent, Gloucestershire, by the Archdeacon of Worcester, John Lechmere, Esq. RN. second son of the late Vice-Admiral Lechmere, of Steeple Aston, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Andrew Foley, MP.

of Newport-house, Herefordshire, and of Haselev-court, Oxfordshire.

5. At Ludlow, the Rev. Charles Collins Crump, to Sarah, third daughter of the late Wade Browne, Esq.
6. At St. George's Bloomsbury, Thomas Perry, Esq. of Montague-square, and of the East India Company's Civil Service, Bengal, to Maria Jane, youngest daughter of George Wallington, Esq. of Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square.
— James Davidson, Esq. of Axminster, in the county of Devon, to Mary, only daughter of T. Bridge, Esq. of Winford Eagle, Dorsetshire.
— At Mary-le-bone church, H. R. Reynolds, jun. Esq. to Mary Anne, fourth daughter of the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart. and eldest daughter of the dowager Lady Knatchbull, of Wimpole-street.
— At Mary-le-bone church, George Jackson, Esq. to Elizabeth Molra, third daughter of Thomas Lodington, Esq. of Park-crescent, Portland-place.
— At Pershore, the Rev. John Hurst, son of R. Hurst, Esq. MP. of Hornham-park, Sussex, to Catherine, second daughter of the Rev. the Chancellor Probyn, of Pershore, Worcestershire.
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Philippe Louis Joseph Baron de Dion, to Eliza, second daughter of W. Bicknell, Esq. of Clarges-street.
11. At York, John Bogue, Esq. of Great James-street, London, to Susan, youngest daughter of the late John Hieppworth, Esq. of York.
12. At Walcot Church, Bath, R. A. T. Steward, Esq. of Nottingham, in the county of Dorset, Lieut.-Colonel of the Dorset Militia, to Louisa Henrietta, only daughter of Edward Morgan, Esq. of Golden Grove in the county of Flint.
13. At St. Pancras' new church, by the Rev. John Messiter, the Rev. W. Moore Harrison, Rector of Cleghanger, in the county of Devon, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late W. Dyne, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn-fields.
— Frederick Cass, Esq. of Braulieu-lodge, Wiltshire, to Martha, eldest daughter of John Dell Potter, Esq. of Ponder's End.
— At Edmonton, Isaac Walker, Esq. eldest son of J. Walker, Esq. of Arnot-grove, Southgate, to Sophia, eldest daughter of J. Vickris Taylor, Esq. of Southgate.
— At Lambeth, Edward, son of E. T. Thornton, Esq. of Kennington, to Mary Ann, second daughter of J. Bacon, Esq. of Sidmouth, Devon.
17. At St. James's Church, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester, George Carr Glyn, Esq. son of Sir Richard Carr Glyn, Bart. of Gaunts, Dorset, to Marianne, daughter of Pastos Grenfell, MP. of Taploe-house, Bucks.

ABROAD.

At the Ambassador's Chapel, at Paris, Robert Woodhouse, Esq. President of Caius College, and Plumian Professor of Astronomy at the University of Cambridge, to Harriet, daughter of the late W. Wilkins, Esq. of Newnham.
At Hamburg, J. Kruger, Esq. of the Firm of Ollivier and Co., Alsdorf, to Madame de N. Pleissin, of that city.

DEATHS.

- Feb. 16. At Shaldon Cottage, near Deal. Capt. E. Kintoe, RN.
20. At Chelsea, Lady Lydia Turnour, daughter of the late Earl, and of Ann, Countess of Winton, and grand-daughter to Thomas Lord Arober.
21. At Hertbury, near Gloucester, in her 47th year, Catherine, lady of Robert Canning, Esq. of Hinlip, Worcester; and grand-daughter and co-heiress of the late Sir Walter Abingdon Compton, Bart.
22. At Holbeach, Lincolnshire, Jacob Sturton, Esq. aged 75.
23. Miss Lucy Burch, only sister of J. R. Burch, Esq. of Brandon, Suffolk, late MP. for Thetford. — In Fludyer-street, Westminster, Mrs. Sheldon, relict of Ralph Sheldon, Esq. MP.
24. In George-street, Portman-square, Lady Laforey, relict of Vice-Admiral Sir John Laforey, Bart.
27. In consequence of a fit of apoplexy with which he was seized while walking in his garden, the preceding Sunday, the Rev. Charles Talbot, Dean of Salisbury, youngest son of the late Hon. and Rev. Dr. Talbot.
- At Frome House, in Dorsetshire, Nicholas Gould, Esq. of one of the oldest families of that county, and brother of the late Countess of Stafford.
- March 1. Aged 25, Sophia, wife of W. S. G. Davies, surgeon, RN.
2. In his 64th year, Charles Drummond, Esq. Banker, Charing-Cross, after undergoing an operation for the stone three days previously.
- At her residence, Stoke Cottage, near Guildford, aged 84, Lady Burnaby, relict of Admiral Sir W. Burnaby, Bart. of Broughton Hall, Oxfordshire.
3. At her house, in Stratton-street, Mrs. Craufurd, relict of Major-General Cutlin Craufurd.
- At Rolls Park, after a few days' illness, and after having just completed his 21st year, Wm. Harvey, Esq. only surviving son of Admiral Sir Elliot Harvey, MP. for Essex.
4. At Bath, Isabella, relict of Admiral Arthur Philip.
5. In Barton Crescent, aged 29, Maria Hannah Isabella, wife of John Betham, Esq. late Police Magistrate and Coroner of Madras.
6. At his house, in Grafton-street, Jasper Vaux, Esq. in his 56th year.
8. In Lower Brook-street, Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart. many years Representative in Parliament for the city of Worcester.
- In Somerset-street, Portman-square, in her 71st year, Mary, Countess Dowager of Roseberry.
- At Cheltenham, Essex, Mrs. Scott, of Chigwell, Essex, relict of W. Scott, Esq. of Austin Friars, in her 64th year.
- In Blandford-place, Regent's Park, John Armistage Brown, Esq.
9. At Gwynne House, Woodford-bridge, Essex, Henry Burmester, Esq. in his 78th year.
10. At his house, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, after a short illness, the Rev. W. Bingley, AM. FRS. author of *Animal Biography*, *Useful Knowledge*, and various other works of instruction.
- At Reading, in his 80th year, Richard Maul, Esq.
- At Borough Bridge-hall, Yorkshire, aged 31, Marmaduke Lawson, Esq. late MP. for Borough Bridge.
11. At Brighton, Mrs. Gale, relict of Lieut.-General Henry Richmond Gale, of Bardsea Hall, Lancashire.
12. At his house, in Dean-street, May Fair, after a few days' illness, Lieut.-Gen. H. M. Gordon.
- In Sloane-street, in his 67th year, Baron Best, one of his Majesty's Hanoverian Counsellors, KCH. and FRS.
13. At Rochett's, near Brentwood, in his 80th year, the Right Hon. John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, GCB. His Lordship was made Post Captain, April 10, 1796; Rear Admiral of the Blue, December 3, 1799; Vice Admiral, April 12, 1799; Admiral, February 14, 1799; and Admiral of the Fleet, July 19, 1801. He was also appointed General of the Royal Marines, May 7, 1804.
- Mrs. Cooper, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Lovick Cooper, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.
- At West Drayton, Mrs. De Burgh, relict of the late Fysh De Burgh, Esq.

14. At Turville-park, near Henley-upon-Thames, in his 85th year, the celebrated General Dumouriez.
16. At Aldborough, in the County of Norfolk, Geo. Rising, Esq.
18. At his house in Berkeley-square, Geo. N. Vincent, Esq.
- In Derby-street, Westminster, Henry Gannell, Esq. 53 years one of the Clerks of the House of Commons.
- At Ashford-lodge, Halstead, in his 24th year, Angelo, youngest son of Firmin De Tisset, Esq.
20. In Half Moon-street, General the Right Hon. Sir George Beckwith, GCB. Colonel of the 89th regiment.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Friar's Hall, Roxburghshire, the Rt. Hon. Lord Ashburton, after only two hours' illness.
- At Forres, Miss Dunbar.
- At Kincardine, the Rt. Hon. Geo. Viscount Keith, Admiral of the Red, GCB. &c. in his 76th year. His Lordship was son of the late Charles Lord Elphinstone. He was made Post Captain, March 11, 1775; Rear Admiral, April 12, 1794; Vice Admiral, January 1, 1795; Admiral, January 1, 1801.
- In Prince's-street, Edinburgh, in his 93d year, Robert Craig, Esq. of Riccarton, the last male heir of Sir Thomas Craig, of Riccarton, the great feudal lawyer of Scotland. Mr. Craig was admitted Advocate in 1754, and was one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, which office he resigned many years ago. It is remarkable, that his father's elder brother succeeded to the estate of Riccarton in January 1681, so that there has been only one descent in the family for 142 years.

IN IRELAND.

- At Belan, in the County of Kildare, the Rt. Hon. John Stratford, Earl of Aldborough.
- In Kildare-street, Dublin, Sir Thomas Bond, Bart. in his 46th year.

ABROAD.

- At Nice, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, the Hon. Edward Spencer Cowper, brother of Earl Cowper.
- At Rome, in his 52d year, Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq. of Bryanstone.
- At Tours, in consequence of a fall from his horse, S. Atterson, Esq. late of Portland-place.
- At Abbeville, on his way to Paris, aged 20, Lord Caulfield, only son of the Earl of Charlemont. By this event the Hon. Henry Caulfield, brother to the Earl, and one of the Representatives for the County of Armagh, becomes presumptive heir to the title and estates.
- At Ghent, Sir Thomas Constable, Bart. of Tixall, Staffordshire, and Burton Constable, Yorkshire.
- At Calcutta, in his 35th year, of an attack of cholera morbus, Archdeacon Loring.
- At Paris, Robt. Heathcote, Esq. brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. in whom literature and the arts have lost a worthy patron.
- At Malta, Stephen Galsford, Esq. of the Ordnance Medical Department.
- At St. Christopher's, aged 26, Mrs. Maxwell, lady of Chas. Maxwell, Esq. Governor of that island, only daughter of Colonel Douglas, of Annan, and first cousin of the Marquis of Queensberry.
- At Rome, Charlotte, the lady of Joseph Jellicoe, Esq. of London, Merchant, and second daughter of Egerton Leigh, Esq. of High Leigh and Twemlow, in the County of Cheshire.
- At Versailles, Lady Smyth, relict of the late Sir Robert, and mother of Sir George Smyth, Bart. of Berechurch Hall, Essex.
- At Lausanne, Feb. 26, in his 68th year, John Philip Kemble, Esq. This eminent tragedian was one of the greatest ornaments of the British stage, being not only a fine classical actor in the higher walk of his profession, but an accomplished scholar and gentleman, moving in the very first circles of society. By his present Majesty he was frequently honoured with marks of attention, and was occasionally a guest at the convivial parties at Carlton House. A life of him is preparing by a literary gentleman, who has enjoyed his intimate friendship during forty years.
- At St. Omer, aged 58, John Hudson, Esq. Post Captain of the Royal Navy.
- At Havre, Capt. A. Villaret, of the Royal Navy.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1823.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

THE following letter bears such evident marks of being intended for the public eye, that we print it *verbatim*. The writer, we will venture to say, never appeared to such disadvantage before.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

69, Berner's-street, April 20.

Sir,—Accident made me acquainted a day or two since with your biographical account of the late Mr. Kemble, in which I perceive you have, neither in a gentlemanly nor candid spirit, amused yourself, and endeavoured to prejudice your readers, by the introduction of my name. I am perfectly aware, that the ill fate which condemns me to my profession, has rendered me liable to the abuse of any person, who, from interested or splenetic motives, may seek opportunity to decry me, and torture circumstances, over which I have no controul, into matter for my defamation. The vindication of my professional character I leave to the independence of the leading public journalists; to whose criticisms I proudly and gratefully appeal from the attacks of the London Magazine, which has (with other less respectable publications) since the accession of Messrs. Kemble, Willet, and Forbes to the management of Covent Garden, most industriously laboured to distinguish me by its censure. I am not weak enough to dispute your right of free animadversion on my different performances; but you have stepped from the limits prescribed you by your office, to misrepresent and to injure me:—you have chosen to assert, with a commentary worthy the truth of your statement, that I have been so stupidly absurd as to announce by public advertisement, that I would “*condescend to play the character of Hamlet*,” thereby exposing me to the indignant censures of every individual possessed of judgment, taste, or even natural sensibility.

It has so chanced, Sir, that *I have never read the advertisement* to which you allude, and on which you found your right to traduce, and hold me up to ridicule and contempt. Even had I been guilty of such more than childish folly, as to authorize its publication, I cannot discover what appliance the sin could have to your subject; nor why it was indispensable to the funeral honours of your friend, that his successors, however unworthy, or incapable, in your estimation, should be dragged forward for immolation on his pyre. A generous regret might have erected a noble trophy to the merits of the highly talented dead, without founding it on the slander of the living.—You have chosen to leave an honourable employment for a very base one.—You have gone out of your way for the mere purpose of misrepresentation, and have put a false construction on an advertisement, for which I was in no manner responsible, and which nothing but the most vulgar obtuseness, or most wanton malice, could affect to misunderstand.

I leave you all the satisfaction you may be able to reap from the indulgence of your most gentlemanly feelings, and as you have proclaimed one point of condescension to which I can submit, permit me to tell you those to which I cannot.—I cannot condescend to the infamy of publishing a known falsehood.—I cannot bow myself down to the dirty work of levelling a secret blow at the reputation of an unprovoking individual.—Nor can I degrade myself to the paltry gratification of triumphing in the success of such an unmanly expedient.

I am, &c. &c.

W. C. MACREADY.

———“a known falsehood!”——“dirty work of levelling a secret blow!”——“unmanly expedient!”——These are hard words, Mr. Macready; so let us turn to the passage which has drawn down upon us such cruel language.

In the paper upon Mr. Kemble in our last Number, the following passage occurs :

In 1782 he (Mr. Kemble) proceeded to Dublin, and appeared in Hamlet. To perform this divine part was, in that time, considered a courageous and an honourable effort ; and laurels reaped in Denmark were greenest of leaf. The time is changed : for it appears by a play-bill, very lately put forth by the *Committee of the Western Philanthropic Institution for relieving the Poor*, that Mr. C. Kemble being prevented, by his domestic calamity, from playing in Don John, Mr. Macready had kindly and generously, in their moment of distress, *condescended to perform the character of Hamlet*. Condescended !—condescended to play Hamlet ! !—“ Well ! what comes next, Mr. Merri-man ? ”

After the perusal of this passage, what becomes of all Mr. Macready's splendid invective ! Have we charged *him* with writing the fulsome nonsense, we have remarked upon ? Have we accused *him*, even by implication, of the stupid absurdity which has startled him into such a strain of eloquent invective ? Have we sought to defame him for the sake of making Mr. Kemble appear more interesting or estimable ? We must say, that a more idle, swelling, and intemperate letter never came under our observation.

But let us go through this precious epistle. In the first place, “ accident ” makes him acquainted with the article in which his name is offensively mentioned. But “ accident ” also appears to have made him acquainted with several previous numbers, for he immediately asserts that the London Magazine has, “ since the accession of Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, to the management, industriously laboured to distinguish him by its censure.” We are said to have prejudiced our readers by the mention of his name ! How prejudiced ?—Mr. Macready then complains of the ill-fate of being an actor, of which we really think he has as little cause to complain as any man living. He next charges us with espousing the cause of Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes ; and, to so extravagant an extent, as to carry us into an abuse—a malicious abuse,—of those very persons whose talents support Covent Garden Theatre. We need hardly say, that we have no interests to serve, but those of justice, in our dramatic criticisms ; and, if we were foolish enough to determine upon upholding Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, through wrong and right, should we be furthering our determination by reviling Mr. Macready ? As to the sentence about his “ condescension ” at the end of the first paragraph of his letter,—we leave our own extract, the cause of all this trouble, to answer that.

Mr. Macready says, he “ never read the advertisement.” Well—we believe him : indeed, we almost could believe (but that his name is mentioned) that he had never read the passage that has bewildered him. Do we “ found a right to traduce him ” upon the nonsense we have quoted ? Alack, rather than have such a high sense of injury, we would “ be set quick i' the earth, and bowled to death with turnips.” He is angry that we mention his name in a paper upon Kemble—well, there may be reason for that—but then why, when he has run his head against a wall, should he keep it there ? We are not in the habit of “ immolating ” living actors upon the “ pyres ” of dead actors. “ Immolating ” is an ill phrase, when applied to a performer at a playhouse.—“ Slander of the living ” too ! Let him thank the Committee for that, or his own vanity, which makes such slander requisite. What “ honourable employment ” have we left ? And for what “ base one ? ” “ Oh thou particular fellow ! ” He says “ we have gone out of the way for the mere purpose of misrepresenting,”—that we have “ put a false construction on an advertisement,” “ which nothing but the most vulgar obtuseness, or most wanton malice could affect to misunderstand.” We deny it. And, if Mr. Macready would read, or could understand what he read, he would see that we visited the *stuff* upon the real authors, and not upon himself.

The last paragraph of the letter is in the "Ercles vein."—But, gad-a-mercy! how very much it wants a little foundation to crow upon. A man who stands upon tiptoe ought to have a healthy sinew, and good ground to rely upon. The final prose flourish would be effective, if it were true,—but it is one of those unfortunate pieces of clumsy invective, which prove a writer to be but a very wooden Junius.

We are almost ashamed at having devoted so much room to this gentleman;—but we thought a full answer would do him service in his future letters.

We have received two very touching Elegies on the death of Bow-fair. The magistrates, as our readers well know, are putting down old diversions in every direction—diversions, which, though attended with certain evils, are at the same time of vital importance in the preservation of English character. We have married the two Elegies, and beg to introduce the couple in their wedded state to our readers,—Lion's Head giving them away.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BOW-FAIR.

"Bring me the bow-string."

Emperor of all the Turks.

The *Bow-bell* tells the knell of Bow-fair fun,
And *Richardson* winds slowly out of town;
Poor old "young *Saunders*" sees his setting son,—
And *Gyngell* pulls his red tom-tawdrey down.

Now three cart-horses draw the Caravan,
O'er smooth *MacAdams*, to provincial fairs;
And pining Showmen, with companions wan,
Make dreary humour, while the haw-buck starts!

No more shall cockneys don their Sunday coats,
Stepney, Brook-green, or brighter Bow to fill;
No folk shall row to Greenwich-hill in boats,
And roll in couples adown One Tree Hill!

Girls shall no longer dance in gingham gowns,
Nor monkeys sit on organs at the door;
Gongs shall be turn'd to frying pans; and Clowns
Take to the country, and be clowns no more!

No Learned-pig, no veal, no mutton pie,—
No heads be crack'd, no under-garments won;—
No Giants twelve, no Dwarfs just three-feet, high,—
No calves with two heads, shown to calves with one!

At *Scowton's* dire destruction will be seen!
The trumpet will give up its tragic truths!
The magistrate, desiring to be Keen,
Will put an end, as usual, to the *Booths*!

No lucky bags, no drums, no three-hand reels,
No cocks in breeches, no tobacco-sots!
No more shall Wapping learn to dance quadrilles,
Or shake a hornpipe 'mid the pewter-pots!

No more the Fairing shall the fair allure,
For Fairs no more the fairing may expose:
In pleasure-lovers, work shall work a cure,
And Sundays only show the Sunday-clothes!

The magistrates decree that "fair is foul,"
And put a stop to profitable sport;
They exorcise the Lion's shilling howl,
And cut the Irish giant's income short.

No more the backy-box, in dark japan,
Shakes on the stick, and lures the rabble rout;
No more the lemon, balanced by the man,
Flies at the touch and flings its toys about!

There are 34 stanzas, beginning with "no mores" and "no longer," which, although they drag with a fine tedious pathos on the ear, we chuse to omit. The last stanza ends with a moral like a malefactor's dying speech.

Take warning then, ye fair! from this fair's fall!
One act (the Vagrant Act) hath been its ruin!
Listen, oh listen, to *Law's serious call*,
For fun and pleasure lead but to undoing!

B's "rough draft of an Essay on Smollett," is perused and settled.

The proffered "Essay on Aristophanes,—or rather on the Comic Genius of Greece," would be acceptable, if it were written up to the expectation of Lion's Head.

The "Spanish Poets," as our Correspondent will see, are receiving their deserts from another, and without offence be it said, an abler hand.

A. D.'s Sonnet is burnt, and we therefore, as he requests, say nothing of having received it.

Several pieces, and among others the following, are read and cannot be inserted. The Bachelor's Soliloquy—On the Influence of Commerce—The Last Farewell—Persian Melodies—Lines in an Album—Lines addressed to Dr. Young—N. W. K. "Tis sad to see," &c.

It is impossible to form any judgment of P. P. Q.'s Tales till we have them before us.

The council are unanimous this time in their opinion of F. A. B. B.'s Poetry. It will be returned to him.

We are compelled, for want of room, to postpone the appearance of the following interesting Essays.

On the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnson, in continuation of the Lives of the Poets.

On the Tragic Drama of Greece. By the Author of Leisure Hours.

The 5th Number of English Versification.

St. Paul's Character of the Cretans exemplified.

Many other communications remain to be noticed, but the writers must have patience till they are read.

THE
London Magazine.

MAY, 1823.

Mr. Schnackenberg;
OR,
TWO MASTERS FOR ONE DOG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

In what Manner Mr. Schnackenberg made his Entry into B——.

THE sun had just set, and all the invalids at the baths of B—— had retired to their lodgings, when the harsh tones of welcome from the steeple announced the arrival of a new guest. Forthwith all the windows were garrisoned with young faces and old faces, pretty faces and ugly faces; and scarce one but was overspread with instantaneous merriment—a *feu-de-joie* of laughter, that traveled up the street in company with the very extraordinary object that now advanced from the city gates. Upon a little, meagre, scare-crow of a horse, sate a tall, broad-shouldered, young fellow, in a great-coat of bright pea-green, whose variegated lights and shades, from soaking rains and partial dryings, bore sullen testimony to the changeable state of the weather for the last week. Out of this great-coat shot up, to a monstrous height, a head surmounted by a huge cocked hat, one end of which hung over the stem, the other over the stern of the horse: the legs belonging to this head were sheathed in a pair of monstrous boots, technically called “field-pieces,” which, descending rather too low, were well plaistered with flesh-coloured mud. More, perhaps, in compliance with the established rule, than for any visible use, a switch was in the rider’s

MAY, 1823.

hand; for to attribute to such a horse, under such a load, any power to have quitted a pace that must have satisfied the most rigorous police in Poland, was obviously too romantic. Depending from his side, and almost touching the ground, rattled an enormous back-sword, which suggested to the thinking mind a salutary hint to allow free passage, without let or unseasonable jesting, to Mr. Jeremiah Schnackenberg, student at the University of X——. He, that might be disposed to overlook this hint, would certainly pay attention to a second, which crept close behind the other in the shape of a monstrous dog, somewhat bigger than the horse, and presenting on every side a double tier of most respectable teeth. Observing the general muster of the natives, which his appearance had called to the windows, the rider had unslung and mounted a pipe, under whose moving canopy of clouds and vapours he might advance in greater tranquillity: and during this operation, his very thoughtful and serious horse had struck up a bye-street—and made a dead stop, before his rider was aware, at the sign of the Golden Sow.

Although the gold had long since vanished from the stone beast, and

to say the truth, every part of the house seemed to sympathise admirably with the unclean habits of its patron image, nevertheless, Mr. Jeremiah thought proper to comply with the instincts of his horse; and,

as nobody in the street, or in the yard, came forward to answer his call, he gave himself no further trouble, but rode on through the open door right forwards into the bar.

CHAPTER II.

How Mr. Jeremiah came to take up his Quarters at the Golden Sow.

"The Lord, and his angels, protect us!—As I live, here comes the late governor!" ejaculated the hostess, Mrs. Bridget Sweetbread; suddenly startled out of her afternoon's nap by the horse's hoofs—and seeing right before her what she took for the apparition of Don Juan; whom, as it afterwards appeared, she had seen in a pantomime the night before.

"Thunder and lightning! my good woman," said the student laughing, "would you dispute the reality of my flesh and blood?"

Mrs. Bridget, however, on perceiving her mistake, cared neither for the sword nor for the dog, but exclaimed, "Why then, let me tell you, Sir, it's not the custom in this country to ride into parlours, and disturb honest folks when they're taking their rest. Innkeeping's not the trade it has been to me, God he knows: but, for all that, I'll not put up with such work from nobody."

"Good, my dear creature; what you say is good—very good: but let me tell you, it's *not* good that I must be kept waiting in the street, and no soul in attendance to take my horse and feed him."

"Oh that base villain of a hostler!" said the landlady, immediately begging pardon, and taking hold of the bridle, whilst Mr. Schnackenberg dismounted.

"That's a good creature," said he; "I love you for this: and I don't care if I take up my quarters here, which at first was not my intention. Have you room for me?"

"Room!" answered Mrs. Sweetbread; "Ah! now there's just the whole Golden Sow at your service; the more's the pity."

On Mr. Jeremiah's asking the reason for this superfluity of room, she poured out a torrent of abuse against the landlord of *The Double-barreled Gun*, who—not content with having at all times done justice to his sign—*had* latterly succeeded, with the help

of vicious coachmen and unprincipled postillions, in drawing away her whole business, and had at length utterly ruined the once famous inn of *The Golden Sow*. And true it was that the apartment, into which she now introduced her guest, showed some vestiges of ancient splendour, in the pictures of six gigantic sows. The late landlord had been a butcher, and had christened his inn from his practice of slaughtering a pig every week; and the six swine, as large as life, and each bearing a separate name, were designed to record his eminent skill in the art of fattening.

His widow, who was still in mourning for him, must certainly have understood Mr. Schnackenberg's words, "*I love you for this,*" in a sense very little intended by the student. For she brought up supper herself; and, with her own hand, unarmed with spoon or other implement, dived after and secured a little insect which was floundering about in the soup. So much the greater was her surprise on observing, that, after such flattering proofs of attention, her guest left the soup untouched; and made no particular application to the other dishes—so well harmonising with the general character of the Golden Sow. At last, however, she explained his want of appetite into the excess of his passion for herself; and, on that consideration, failed not to lay before him a statement of her flourishing circumstances, and placed in a proper light the benefits of a marriage with a woman somewhat older than himself.

Mr. Schnackenberg, whose good-nature was infinite, occasionally interrupted his own conversation with Juno, the great dog, who meantime was dispatching the supper without any of her master's scruples, to throw in a "Yes," or a "No,"—a "Well," or a "So, so." But at length his patience gave way, and he started up—saying, "Well: Sufficit: Now—"

march, old witch!" This harmless expression she took in such ill part, that, for mere peace' sake, he was obliged to lead her to the door and shut her out: and then, undressing himself, he stepped into bed; and, in defiance of the straw which every-

where stuck out, and a quilt of a hundred weight,* he sunk into a deep slumber under the agreeable serenade of those clamorous outcries which Mrs. Sweetbread still kept up on the outside of the door.

CHAPTER III.

In which our Hero polishes a Rough-rider.

"Fire and furies!" exclaimed Mr. Schnackenberg, as Juno broke out into uproarious barking about midnight: the door was opened from the outside; and in stepped the landlady, arrayed in a night-dress that improved her charms into a rivalry with those of her sign at the street-door; accompanied by a fellow, who, by way of salutation, cracked an immense hunting-whip.

"So it's here that I'm to get my own again?" cried the fellow: and forthwith Mr. Jeremiah stepped out of bed, and hauled him up to the light of the lamp which the landlady carried.

"Yes, Sir," said the rough-rider, "it's I, sure enough;" and, to judge by the countenance of his female conductor, every accent of his anger was music of the spheres to her unquenchable wrath: "I'm the man, sure enough, whose horse you rode away with; and *that* you'll find to be a true bill."

"Rode away with!" cried Mr. Jeremiah: "Now, may the sweetest of all thunderbolts" ——— "but, rascal, this instant what's to pay? then take thy carrion out of the stable, and be off." So saying, Mr. Schnackenberg strode to the bed for his well-filled purse.

On these signs of solvency, however, the horse-dealer turned up the

gentler phasis of his character, and said, "Nay, nay; since things are so, why it's all right; and, in the Lord's name, keep the horse as long as you want him."

"Dog! in the first place, and firstly, tell me what's your demand? in the second place, and secondly, go to the d---l."

But whilst the rough-rider continued with low bows to decline the first offer, being satisfied, as it seemed, with the second, the choleric Mr. Schnackenberg cried out, "Seize him, Juno!" And straightway Juno leaped upon him, and executed the arrest so punctually—that the trembling equestrian, without further regard to ceremony, made out his charge.

Forthwith Mr. Jeremiah paid down the demand upon the table, throwing in something extra, with the words, "*That* for the fright." The dealer in horse-flesh returned him a thousand thanks; hoped for his honour's further patronage; and then, upon being civilly assured by Mr. Jeremiah, that if he did not in one instant *walk* down the stairs, he would, to his certain knowledge, have to *fly* down them; the rough-rider, in company with the landlady, took a rapid and polite leave of Mr. Schnackenberg; who was too much irritated by the affront to compose himself again to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

How Mr. Schnackenberg and Juno conduct themselves when the House becomes too hot to hold them.

Day was beginning to dawn, when a smoke, which forced its way through the door, and which grew every instant thicker and more oppressive, a second time summoned Mr. Schnackenberg from his bed. As he threw open the door, such a volume of flames rolled in from the staircase

which was already on fire from top to bottom—that he saw there was no time to be lost: so he took his pipe, loaded it as quickly as possible, lighted it from the flames of the staircase, began smoking, and then, drawing on his pea-green coat and buckling on his sword, he put his

* The custom in North Germany is to sleep *under* a bed as well as *upon* one; consequently, when this happens to be a cheap one, it cannot be stuffed with feathers, down, &c., but with some heavier material.

head out of the window to see if there were any means of escape. To leap right down upon the pavement seemed too hazardous; and the most judicious course, it struck him, would be to let himself down upon the Golden Sow, which was at no great depth below his window, and from this station to give the alarm. Even this, however, could not be reached without a leap: Mr. Schnackenberg attempted it; and, by means of his great talents for equilibristic exercises, he hit the mark so well, that he planted himself in the very saddle, as it were, upon the back of this respectable brute. Unluckily, however, there was no house opposite; and Mrs. Sweetbread with her people slept at the back. Hence it was, that for a very considerable space of time he was obliged to continue riding the sign of the Golden Sow; whilst Juno, for whom he could not possibly make room behind him, looked out of the window, and accompanied her master's text of occasional clamours for assistance, with a very appropriate commentary of howls.

Some Poles at length passed by: but, not understanding one word of German—and seeing a man thus betimes in the morning mounted on the golden sow, smoking very leisurely, and occasionally hallooing, as if for his private amusement, they naturally took Mr. Schnackenberg for a maniac: until, at length, the universal language of fire, which now began to burst out of the window, threw some light upon the darkness of their Polish understandings. Immediately they ran for assistance, which about the same moment the alarm-bells began to summon.

However, the fire-engines arrived on the ground before the ladders: these last were the particular objects of Mr. Jeremiah's wishes: meantime, in default of those, and as the second best thing that could happen, the engines played with such a well-directed stream of water upon the window—upon the Golden Sow—and upon Mr. Jeremiah Schnackenberg, that for one while they were severally rendered tolerably fire-proof. When at length the ladders arrived, and the people were on the point of applying them to the Gol-

den Sow, he earnestly begged that they would, first of all, attend to a case of more urgent necessity: for himself, he was well mounted—as they saw; could assure them that he was by no means in a combustible state; and, if they would be so good as to be a little more parsimonious with their water, he didn't care if he continued to pursue his morning's ride a little longer. On the other hand, Juno at the window to the right was reduced every moment to greater extremities, as was pretty plainly indicated by the increasing violence of her howling.

But the people took it ill that they should be desired to rescue a four-legged animal; and peremptorily refused.

"My good lads," said the man upon the sow, "for heaven's sake don't delay any longer: one heaven, as Pfeffel observes, is over all good creatures that are pilgrims on this earth—let their travelling coat (which by the way is none of their own choosing) be what it may;—smooth like yours and mine, or shaggy like Juno's."

But all to no purpose: not Pfeffel himself *in propria persona* could have converted them from the belief that to take any trouble about such a brute was derogatory to the honour of the very respectable citizens of B——.

However, when Mr. Jeremiah drew his purse-strings, and offered a golden ducat to him that would render this service to his dog, instantly so many were the competitors for the honour of delivering the excellent pilgrim in the shaggy coat, that none of them would resign a ladder to any of the rest: and thus, in this too violent zeal for her safety, possibly Juno would have perished—but for a huge Brunswick sausage, which, happening to go past in the mouth of a spaniel, violently irritated the appetite of Juno, and gave her courage for the *salto mortale* down to the pavement.

"God bless my soul," said Mr. Schnackenberg, to the men who stood mourning over the golden soap-bubble that had just burst before their eyes, "what's to be done now?" and, without delay, he offered the ducat to him that would instantly give chase to Juno, who had

already given chase to the sausage round the street corner, and would restore her to him upon the spot. And such was the agitation of Mr. Schnackenberg's mind, that for a

few moments he seemed as if rising in his stirrups—and on the point of clapping spurs to the Golden Sow for the purpose of joining in the chase.

CHAPTER V.

From which may be described the object of Mr. Schnackenberg's Journey to B——, and a Prospect of an Introduction to High Life.

Mr. Schnackenberg's consternation was, in fact, not without very rational grounds. The case was this. Juno was an English bitch—infamous for her voracious appetite in all the villages, far and wide, about the university—and, indeed, in all respects, without a peer throughout the whole country. Of course, Mr. Schnackenberg was much envied on her account by a multitude of fellow students; and very large offers were made him for the dog. To all such overtures, however, the young man had turned a deaf ear for a long time, and even under the heaviest pecuniary distresses; though he could not but acknowledge to himself that Juno brought him nothing but trouble and vexation. For not only did this brute (generally called the monster) make a practice of visiting other people's kitchens, and appropriating all unguarded dainties—but she went even to the length of disputing the title to their own property with he-cooks and she-cooks, butchers, and butchers' wives, &c.; and whosoever had once made acquaintance with the fore-paws of this ravenous lady, allowed her thenceforwards, without resistance, to carry off all sausages or hams which she might choose to sequester, and directly presented a bill to her master; in which bill it commonly happened that indemnification for the fright, if not expressly charged as one of the items, had a blank space, however, left for its consideration beneath the sum total. At length, matters came to that pass, that the reimbursement of Juno's annual outrages amounted to a far larger sum than Mr. Schnackenberg's own—not very frugal expenditure. On a day, therefore, when Juno had made an entire clearance of the larder appropriated to a whole establishment of day-labourers—and Mr. Schnackenberg had, in consequence, been brought into great trouble in the university

courts, in his first moments of irritation he asked his friend Mr. Fabian Sebastian, who had previously made him a large offer for the dog, whether he were still disposed to take her on those terms. "Undoubtedly," said Mr. Sebastian—promising, at the same time, to lay down the purchase money on that day se'nicht, upon delivery of the article.

Delivery of the article would, no question, have been made upon the spot, had not the vender repented of his bargain the next moment after it was concluded: on that account he still kept the dog in his own possession, and endeavoured, during the week's respite, to dispose his friend's mind to the canceling of the contract. He, however, insisted on the punctual fulfilment of the treaty—letter and spirit. Never had Mr. Schnackenberg been so much disturbed in mind as at this period. Simply with the view of chasing away the nervous horrors which possessed his spirits, he had mounted his scare-crow and ridden abroad into the country. A remittance, which he had lately received from home, was still in his purse; and, said he to himself, suppose I were just to ride off to the baths at B—— about fifteen miles distant! Nobody would know me there; and I might at any rate keep Juno a fortnight longer! And exactly in this way it had happened that Mr. Schnackenberg had come to B——.

At this instant, he was indebted to a lucky accident for a momentary diversion of his thoughts from the danger which threatened him in regard to Juno. Amongst other visitors to the baths, who were passing by at this early hour, happened to be the Princess of * *. Her carriage drew up at the very moment when Mr. Jeremiah, having dismounted from the sow, was descending the ladder: with her usual gracious manner, she congratulated

the student upon his happy deliverance; and, finding that he was a countryman of her own, she invited him to a ball which she gave on the evening of that day, in honour of the King's birth-day.

Now it must be acknowledged that a ball-room was not exactly the stage on which Mr. Schnackenberg's habits of life had qualified him for shining: however, the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance with the interesting princess—held out too flattering a prospect to allow of his declining her invitation. Just at this moment Juno returned.

Meantime the fire (occasioned probably by a spark falling from the landlady's lamp amongst the straw under the staircase) had been extin-

guished: and Mrs. Sweetbread, who had at length been roused at the back, now made her appearance; and with many expressions of regret for what had happened to Mr. Schnackenberg, who had entirely re-established himself in her esteem by his gold-laden purse, and also by what she called his "very handsome behaviour" to the horse-dealer, she requested that he would be pleased to step into one of her back rooms; at the same time, offering to reinstate his clothes in wearable condition by drying them as rapidly as possible: a necessity which was too clamorously urgent for immediate attention—to allow of the dripping student's rejecting her offer.

CHAPTER VI.

In what manner Mr. Jeremiah prepared himself for the Ball.

As Mr. Jeremiah stood looking out of the window for the purpose of whiling away a tedious forenoon, it first struck his mind—upon the sight of a number of men dressed very differently from himself—that his wardrobe would scarcely match with the festal splendour of the *fête* at which he was to be present in the evening. Even if it had been possible to overlook the tarnished lustre of his coat, not much embellished by its late watery trials upon the golden sow, yet he could not possibly make his appearance in a surtout. He sent therefore to one tailor after another: but all assured him that they had their hands much too full of business to undertake the conversion of his surtout into a dress coat against the evening; still less could they undertake to make a new one. Just as vainly did he look about for shoes: many were on sale; but none of them with premises spacious enough to accommodate his very respectable feet.

All this put him into no little perplexity. True it was, that Mrs. Sweetbread had spontaneously thrown open to his inspection the wardrobe of her deceased husband. But even *he* had contrived to go through this world in shoes of considerably smaller dimensions than Mr. Jeremiah demanded. And from a pretty large choice of coats there was not one which he could turn to account. For, to say nothing of

their being one and all too short by a good half ell, even in the very best of them he looked precisely as that man looks who has lately slaughtered a hog, or as that man looks who designs to slaughter a hog.

Now, then, when all his plans for meeting the exigencies of his case had turned out abortive, suddenly a bold idea struck him. In a sort of inspiration he seized a pair of scissors, for the purpose of converting with his own untutored hand of genius his pea-green surtout into a pea-green frock. This operation having, in his own judgment, succeeded to a marvel, he no longer hesitated to cut out a pair of ball shoes from his neat's-leather "field-pieces." Whatever equipments were still wanting could be had for money, with the exception of a shirt; and, as to *that*, the wedding shirt of the late Mr. Sweetbread would answer the purpose very passably.

What provoked our hero most of all were the new patent shoe-buckles, the fine points of which would not take firm hold of the coarse leather shoes, but on every bold step burst asunder—so that he was obliged to keep his eye warily upon them, and in consideration of their tender condition, to set his feet down to the ground very gently.

The hostess had just sunk pretty deep into her customary failing of intoxication, when he went to her and asked how he looked in his gala

dress. "Look!" said she; "why, like a king baked in gingerbread. Ah! now, such a man as you is the man for my money:—stout, and resolute, and active, and a man that —"

"Basta! sufficit, my dear."

"To be sure, for his professional merit, I mustn't say any thing against the late Mr. Sweetbread: No, nobody must say any thing against *that*: he was the man for slaughtering of swine; Oh! he slaughtered them, that it was beautiful to see! pigs in particular, and pigs in general, were what he understood. Ah! lord! to my dying day I shall never forget the great sow that he presented to our gracious princess when she was at the baths, two years come Michaelmas. Says her Highness to him," says she,—"Master," says she, "one may see by your look that you understand how to fatten: any body," says she, "may see it in his face: a child may see it by the very look on him." "Ah!" says her Highness, "he's the man for swine: he was born to converse with hogs: he's a heaven-born curer of bacon."—Lord! Mr. Schnackenberg, you'll not believe how these gracious words revived my very heart! The tears came into my eyes, and I couldn't speak for joy. But, when all's said and done, what's fame? what's glory? say I. A man like you is the man for me: but for such another lazy old night-cap as the late Mr. Sweetbread——"

"Bah! sufficit, sweetheart;" at the same time squeezing her hand, which she took as an intimation that

she ought not to trouble herself with the past, but rather look forward to a joyous futurity.

As the hour drew near for presenting himself in the circle of the princess, Mr. Jeremiah recommended to her the most vigilant care of Juno, from whom he very unwillingly separated himself in these last days of their connexion—and not until he had satisfied himself that it was absolutely impossible to take her with him to the ball. Another favourite, namely, his pipe, ought also, he feared, in strict propriety to be left behind. But in the first place, "who knows," thought he, "but there may be one room reserved for such ladies and gentlemen as choose to smoke?" And, secondly, let *that* be as it might, he considered that the great *meerschau** head of his pipe—over which he watched as over the apple of his eye—could no where be so safely preserved as in his own pocket: as to any protuberance that it might occasion, *that* he valued not at a rush. Just as little did he care for the grotesque appearance of the mouth-piece, which in true journeyman's fashion stuck out from the opening of his capacious pocket to a considerable distance.

"And now don't you go and forget some people in the midst of all this show of powdered puppies," cried the landlady after him.

"Ah! my darling!" said he, laughing, "just mind Juno: have an eye to Juno, my darling;" and for Juno's sake he suppressed the "*old witch*," that his lips were itching a second time to be delivered of.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Schnackenberg is enamoured, and of whom; and what Prospects open upon him in his Pursuit of "La Belle Passion."

At the hotel of the princess, all the resources of good taste and hospitality were called forth to give *éclat* to the *fête*, and do honour to the day; and by ten o'clock, a very numerous and brilliant company had already assembled.

So much the more astounding must have been the entry of Mr. Je-

remiah Schnackenberg; who, by the way, was already familiar to the eyes of many, from his very public entrance into the city on the preceding evening, and to others from his morning's exhibition on the golden sow. His eyes and his thoughts being occupied by the single image of the fascinating hostess, of course

* "*Meerschau*:" I believe a particular kind of clay, called "sea-spray," from its fineness and lightness, from which the bores of pipes are made in Turkey—often at enormous prices, and much imported into Germany, where they are in great request. Such is the extent of my knowledge on the subject; or perhaps of my ignorance. But, in fact, I know nothing about it.

it no more occurred to him to remark that his self-constructed coat was detaching itself at every step from its linings, whilst the pockets of the *ci-devant* surtout still displayed their original enormity of outline—than in general it would ever have occurred to him that the *tout ensemble* of his costume was likely to make, and *had*, in fact, made a very great sensation.

This very general attention to Mr. Schnackenberg, and the total unconsciousness of this honour on the part of Mr. Schnackenberg himself, did not escape the notice of the princess; and, at the first opportunity, she dispatched a gentleman to draw his attention to the indecorum of his dress—and to put him in the way of making the proper alterations. Laughter and vexation struggled in Mr. Schnackenberg's mind, when he became aware of the condition of his equipments: and he very gladly accompanied the ambassador of his hostess into a private room, where clothes and shoes were furnished him, in which he looked like any other reasonable man. On his return to the ball-room, he lost no time in making his acknowledgments to the princess, and explaining the cause of his unbecoming attire. The princess, with a natural goodness of heart and true hospitality, was anxious to do what she could to restore her strange guest to satisfaction with himself, and to establish him in some credit with the company: she had besides discovered with pleasure that amidst all his absurdities, Mr. Schnackenberg was really a man of some ability: on these several considerations, therefore, she exerted herself to maintain a pretty long conversation with him; which honour Mr. Jeremiah so far misinterpreted, as to ascribe it to an interest of a very tender character. To Mr. Schnackenberg, who had taken up the very extraordinary conceit that his large person had some attractions about it, there could naturally be nothing very surprising in all this: and he felt himself called upon not to be wanting to himself,

but to push his good fortune. Accordingly, he kept constantly about the person of the princess: let her move in what direction she would, there was Mr. Jeremiah Schnackenberg at hand ready to bewitch her with his conversation; and, having discovered that she was an amateur of botany, and purposed visiting a botanical garden on the following day, he besieged her with offers of his services in the capacity of guide.

“Possibly, when the time comes,” said the princess, aloud, “I shall avail myself of your goodness;” and the visible displeasure, with which she withdrew herself from his warring importunities, so obviously disposed all the by-standers to smile—that Mr. Schnackenberg himself became alive to his own *bêtise*, and a blush of shame and vexation suffused his countenance. What served at the moment greatly to exasperate these feelings, was the behaviour of a certain Mr. Von Pilsen—who had from the first paid uncommon attention to the very extraordinary phenomenon presented by Mr. Schnackenberg's person—had watched the whole course of the persecutions with which he had distressed the princess—and at this moment seemed quite unable to set any bounds to his laughter. In extreme dudgeon, Mr. Schnackenberg hastened into one of the most remote apartments, and flung himself back upon a sofa. Covering his eyes with his hands, he saw none of the numbers who passed by him. But the first time that he looked up, behold! a paper was lying upon his breast. He examined it attentively; and found the following words written in pencil, to all appearance by a female hand: “We are too narrowly watched in this place. To-morrow morning about nine o'clock! The beautiful botanic gardens will secure us a fortunate rendezvous.”

“Aye,” said Mr. Jeremiah, “sure enough it's from her!” He read the note again and again: and the more unhappy he had just now been, so much the more was he now intoxicated with his dawning felicities.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Juno plays a principal Part.

The rattling of a chain through crashing glass and porcelain, which

spread alarm through the ball-room, would hardly have drawn Mr.

Schnackenberg's attention in his present condition of rapturous elevation, had not the well-known voice of Juno reached his ears at the same moment. He hurried after the sound—shocked, and to be shocked. The fact was simply this: Juno had very early in the evening withdrawn herself from the *surveillance* of the Golden Sow, and had followed her master's steps. Often ejected from the mansion of the princess, she had as often returned; so that at last it was thought best to chain her up in the garden. Unfortunately, a kitten belonging to a young female attendant of the princess had suddenly run past; Juno made a rush after it; the chain broke away from the wood-work of the kennel; the panic-struck kitten retreated into the house—taking the first road which presented: close upon the rear of the kitten pressed Juno and her chain; close upon the rear of Juno pressed the young woman in anguish for her kitten's life, and armed with a fly-flapper; and, the road happening to lead into the ball-room, the whole train—pursuers and pursued—helter skelter fell into the quarters of the waltzers. The kitten attempted to take up a position behind a plateau on one of the side-boards: but from this she was immediately dislodged by Juno; and the retreat com-

mencing afresh right across the side-boards which were loaded with refreshments, all went to wreck—glasses and china, all was afloat—sherbet and lemonade, raspberry-vinegar and orgeat: and at the very moment when Mr. Jeremiah returned, the belligerent powers dripping with celestial nectar—having just charged up a column of dancers—were wheeling through the door by which he had entered: and the first check to the wrath of Juno was the seasonable arrest of her master's voice.

That the displeasure of the dancers, who had been discomposed and besprinkled by Juno, fell entirely upon her master, was pretty evident from their faces. Of all the parties concerned, however, none was more irritated than the young woman; she was standing upon the stairs, caressing and fondling her kitten, as Mr. Schnackenberg went down, leading Juno in his pocket handkerchief; and she let drop some such very audible hints upon the ill-breeding and boorishness of certain pretended gentlemen, that Mr. Schnackenberg would, without doubt, have given her a very severe reprimand—if he had not thought it more dignified to affect to overlook her.

CHAPTER IX.

Which treats of Experiments not very common at Birth-day Fêtes.

"Now, my dears," said Mr. Von Pilsen to a party who were helping him to laugh at the departed Mr. Schnackenberg, "as soon as the fellow returns, we must get him into our party at supper."

"Returns?" exclaimed another; "why I should fancy he had had enough of birth-day fêtes for one life."

"You think so?" said Von Pilsen: "So do not I. No, no, my good creature; I flatter myself that I go upon pretty sure grounds: I saw those eyes which he turned upon the princess on making his exit: and mind what I say, he takes his beast home, and—comes back again. Therefore, be sure, and get him amongst us at supper, and set the barrel abroach. I wouldn't for all the world the monster should go away untapped."

The words were scarce uttered, when, sure enough, the body, or "barrel," of Mr. Schnackenberg did roll into the room for a second time. Forthwith Von Pilsen and his party made up to him; and Pilsen having first with much art laboured to efface any suspicions which might have possessed the student's mind in consequence of his former laughter, proceeded to thank him for the very extraordinary sport which his dog had furnished; and protested that he must be better acquainted with him.

"Why, as to *that*," said Mr. Schnackenberg, "a better acquaintance must naturally be very agreeable to me. But, in respect to the dog, and what you call the sport, I'm quite of another opinion; and would give all I'm worth that it had not happened."

"Oh! no," they all declared; "the *fête* would have wanted its most brilliant features if Mr. Schnackenberg or his dog had been absent. No, no: without flattery he must allow them to call him the richest fund of amusement—the brightest attraction of the evening." But Schnackenberg shook his head incredulously; said he wished he could think so: but with a deep sigh he persisted in his own opinion; in which he was the more confirmed, when he perceived that the princess, who was now passing him to the supper-room, turned away her eyes the moment she perceived him.

In this state of mind Mr. Jeremiah naturally, but unconsciously, lent himself to the designs of his new acquaintances. Every glass that the devil of mischief and of merry malice poured out, did the devil of Schnackenberg's despair drink off; until at last the latter devil was tolerably well drowned in wine.

About this time enter Juno again—being her second (and positively last) appearance upon these boards. Mr. Jeremiah's new friends paid so much homage to the promising appearance of her jaws, that they made room for her very respectfully as she pressed up to her master. He, whose recent excesses in wine had re-established Juno in the plenitude of her favour, saw with approving calmness his female friend lay both her fore-paws on the table—and appropriate all that remained on his plate, to the extreme astonishment of all present.

"My friend," said Mr. Jeremiah, to a footman who was on the point of pulling away the unbidden guest, "don't you, for God's sake, get into any trouble. My Juno understands no jesting on these occasions: and it might so happen that she would leave a mark of her remembrance with you, that you would not forget so long as you lived."

"But I suppose, Sir, you won't expect that a dog can be allowed to sup with her Highness's company?"

"Oh! faith, Sir, credit me—the dog is a more respectable member of society than yourself, and many a one here present: so just leave me and my Juno unmolested. Else I may, perhaps, take the trouble to make an example of you."

The princess, whose attention was now drawn, made a sign to the servant to retire; and Von Pilsen and his friends could scarcely keep down their laughter to a well-bred key, when Mr. Schnackenberg drew his pipe from his pocket—loaded it—lit it at one of the chandeliers over the supper-table—and, in one minute, wrapt the whole neighbourhood in a voluminous cloud of smoke.

As some little damper to their merriment, however, Mr. Schnackenberg addressed a few words to them from time to time:—"You laugh, gentlemen," said he; "and, doubtless, there's something or other very amusing,—no doubt, infinitely amusing, if one could but find it out. However, I could make your appetites for laughing vanish—aye, vanish in one moment. For, understand me now, one word—one little word from me to Juno, and, in two minutes, the whole room shall be as empty as if it had been swept out with a broom. Just the first that I look at, no matter whom, she catches by the breast—aye, just you, Sir, or you Sir, or you Mr. Von Pilsen," (fixing his eye upon him) "if I do but say—seize him, Juno!" The word had fled: and in the twinkling of an eye, Juno's fore-paws, not over clean, were fixed in the elegant white silk waistcoat of Mr. Von Pilsen.

This scene was the signal for universal uproar and alarm. Even Mr. Jeremiah, on remarking the general rising of the company, though totally unaware that his harmless sport had occasioned it, rose also; called the dog off: and comforted Von Pilsen, who was half dead with fright, by assuring him that had he but said—"Bite him, Juno!"—matters would have ended far worse.

On Mr. Schnackenberg's standing up, his bodily equilibrium was manifestly so much endangered, that one of the company, out of mere humanity, offered his servant to see him safe home. A slight consciousness of his own condition induced our hero to accept of this offer: through some misunderstanding, however, the servant led him, not to the Golden Sow, but to the Double-barreled Gun.

Mr. Schnackenberg, on being asked for his number, said "No. 8;" that being the number of his room

at the Golden Sow. He was accordingly shown up to No. 5: and, finding a bed under an alcove, he

got into it dressed as he was; and, in one moment, had sunk into a profound slumber.

CHAPTER X.

Which narrates an Engagement on unequal Terms—first for one side, then for the other.

Half an hour after came the true claimant; who, being also drunk, went right up stairs without troubling the waiter: and forthwith getting into bed, laid himself right upon Mr. Jeremiah Schnackenberg.

"D——n this heavy quilt," said the student, waking up and recollecting the hundred-pounder of the preceding night; and, without further ceremony, he kicked the supposed quilt into the middle of the room.

Now began war: for the "quilt" rose up without delay; and Mr. Schnackenberg, who had been somewhat worse handled than his opponent by the devil of drunkenness, would doubtless have come by the worst, had he not in his extre-

mity ejaculated "Juno!" whereupon she, putting aside all selfish considerations, which at the moment had fastened her to a leg of venison in the kitchen, rushed up on the summons of duty, and carried a reinforcement that speedily turned the scale of victory. The alarm, which this hubbub created, soon brought to the field of battle the whole population of the inn, in a very picturesque variety of night-dresses; and the intruding guest would in all likelihood have been kicked back to the Golden Sow; but that the word of command to the irritated Juno, which obviously trembled on his lips, was deemed worthy of very particular attention and respect.

CHAPTER XI.

In which unfortunate Love meditates Revenge.

At half-past ten on the following morning, at which time Mr. Schnackenberg first unclosed his eyes, behold! at the foot of his bed was sitting my hostess of the Golden Sow. "Aye," said she, "I think it's time, Sir: and it's time, I think, to let you know what it is to affront a creditable body before all the world."

"Nay, for God's sake, old one, what's the matter?" said Mr. Schnackenberg, laughing and sitting bolt upright in bed.

"Old? Well, if I have a few more years on my head, I've a little more thought in it: but, perhaps, you're not altogether so thoughtless as I've been fancying in your actings towards me poor unfortunate widow: if that's the case, you are a base wicked man; and you deserve—

"Why, woman, how now? Has a tarantula bit you; or what is it? Speak.

"Speak! Aye, I'll speak; and all the world shall hear me. First of all come you riding into my bar like a crazy man: and I, good easy creature, let myself be wheedled, carry you meat—drink—every thing—with

my own hands; sit by your side; keep you in talk the whole evening, for fear you should be tired; and what was my reward? 'March,' says you, 'old witch.' Well, that passed on. At midnight I am called out of my bed—for your sake: and the end of that job is, that along of you the Sow is half burned down. But for all that, I say never an ill word to you. I open the late Mr. Sweetbread's clothes'-presses to you: his poor innocent wedding-shirt you don over your great shameless body; go off; leave me behind with a masterful dog, that takes a roast leg of mutton from off the spit; and, when he should have been beat for it, runs off with it into the street. You come back with the beast. Not to offend you, I say never a word of what he has done. Off you go again: well: scarce is your back turned, when the filthy carrion begins running my rabbits up and down the yard; eats up all that he can catch; and never a one would have been left to tell the tale, if the great giantical hostler (him as blacked your shoes) hadn't ha' cudgeled him off. And after all this, there are you hopping away at

the ball wi' some painted doll—looking babies in her eyes—quite forgetting me that has to sit up for you at home pining and grieving: and all isn't enough, but at last you must trot off to another inn.

"What then," said Mr. Schnackenberg, "is it fact that I'm not at the Golden Sow?"

"Charming!" said Mrs. Sweetbread; "and so you would make believe you don't know it; but I shall match you, or find them as will: rest you sure of *that*."

"Children!" said Mr. Schnackenberg to the waiter and boots, who were listening in astonishment with the door half-open; "of all loves, rid me of this monster."

"Aye, what!" said she in a voice of wrath; and put herself on the defensive. But a word or two of abuse against the landlord of the Double-barreled Gun, which escaped her in her heat, irritated the men to that degree, that in a few moments after-

wards Mrs. Sweetbread was venting her wrath in the street—to the wonder of all passers-by, who looked after her until she vanished into the house of a well-known attorney.

Meantime, Mr. Schnackenberg, having on inquiry learned from the waiter in what manner he had come to the inn—and the night-scene which had followed, was apologizing to the owner of No. 5,—when to his great alarm the church clock struck eleven. "Nine," he remembered, was the hour fixed by the billet: and the more offence he might have given to the princess by his absurdities overnight, of which he had some obscure recollection, so much the more necessary was it that he should keep the appointment. The botanic garden was two miles off: so, shutting up Juno, he ordered a horse; and in default of boots, which, alas! existed no longer in that shape, he mounted in silk stockings and pumps; and rode off at a hand gallop.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Schnackenberg's Engagement with an Old Butterwoman.

The student was a good way advanced on his road, when he descried the princess, attended by another lady and a gentleman approaching in an open carriage. As soon, however, as he was near enough to be recognized by the party in the carriage, the princess turned away her head with manifest signs of displeasure—purely, as it appeared, to avoid noticing Mr. Jeremiah. Scarcely, however, was the carriage past him, together with Mr. Von Pilsen, who galloped by him in a tumult of laughter, when the ill-fate of our hero so ordered it, that all eyes which would not notice him for his honour should be reverted upon his disgrace. The white turnpike gate so frightened our rider's horse, that he positively refused to pass it: neither whip nor spur would bring him to reason. Meantime, up comes an old butterwoman.* At the very moment when she was passing, the horse in his panic steps back and deposits one of his hind legs in the basket of the butterwoman: down comes the basket with all its eggs, rotten and

sound; and down comes the old woman, squash, into the midst of them. "Murder! Murder!" shouted the butterwoman; and forthwith every individual thing that could command a pair or two pair of legs ran out of the turnpike-house; the carriage of the princess drew up, to give the ladies a distant view of Mr. Schnackenberg engaged with the butterwoman; and Mr. Von Pilsen wheeled his horse round into a favourable station for seeing anything the ladies might overlook. Rage gave the old butterwoman strength; she jumped up nimbly, and seized Mr. Schnackenberg so stoutly by the laps of his coat, that he vainly endeavoured to extricate himself from her grasp. At this crisis, up came Juno, and took her usual side in such disputes. But to do this with effect, Juno found it necessary first of all to tear off the coat lap; for, the old woman keeping such firm hold of it, how else could Juno lay her down on her back—set her paws upon her breast—and then look up to her master, as if asking for a cer-

* In the original—"eine marketenderin." a female sutler: but I have altered it, to save an explanation of what the old sutler was after.

tificate of having acquitted herself to his satisfaction?

To rid himself of spectators, Mr. Jeremiah willingly paid the old woman the full amount of her demand, and then returned to the city. It disturbed him greatly, however, that the princess should thus again have seen him under circumstances of disgrace. Anxious desire to lay open

his heart before her—and to place himself in a more advantageous light, if not as to his body, yet at all events as to his intellect—determined him to use his utmost interest with her to obtain a private audience; “at which,” thought he, “I can easily beg her pardon for having overslept the appointed hour.”

(*To be concluded in next Number.*)

ACCOUNT OF A NEW PROCESS IN PAINTING.*

E, Forestieri certo in quella parte
Fa tanto cavedal, che la lustrezza
A lori ghè par l'unica bellezza
Ghe par che la sigila tutta l'Arte
O de che strazze se fa cavedal!
D'ogio d'avezzo, mastice e sandraca,
E trementina (per no dir triaca)
Robe che ilusterave ogni stival.—*Marco Boschini, vcnito quinto.*

BEING a passionate admirer of painting, I took up this little volume, with an anxious hope to discover a better medium than any at present in use. Whether or not the author has been successful must be a matter of experiment; and I am very desirous that Mr. Vink Booms should make a trial of the New Process, and give his fair judgment upon it; to which I promise to bow with the most implicit submission. To me, who live at a great distance from the metropolis, and, consequently, cannot see the specimens offered to the public notice by the author, an imitation of Teniers by this method appears a thing incomprehensible. I should have thought the effect must inevitably be woolly.

The author is at least a convert to his own experiments, a happiness, to deprive him of which would be real cruelty; but when it is considered that he has been indefatigable in the pursuit for the space of fifteen years, and, like Dr. Sangrado, has committed himself by publishing upon the subject, there is little occasion to fear he will ever be made so miserable as to be persuaded of the fallacy of his schemes,—though far be it from me to deny to them the very quintessence of truth. I would not quarrel with the inventor, admiring his enthusiasm, and congratulating him

upon his satisfaction. He, with much propriety (possibly), entitles his invention a *New Process*, but is quite wrong in his attempt to prove it the *Old*.

That we do not now use the same medium as the old masters did, a very careless observer, who is not prejudiced in favour of his megillups, cannot deny. There is a texture about the old pictures very unlike our own, and a richness like jewellery in the paint, that, independent of the charm of subject, is of itself a great gratification to the eye. To discover what that peculiar medium was, is indeed a great desideratum, and more worthy the attention and liberality of the Directors of the British Gallery, than the purchasing at costly prices the second-rate performances of the Venetian school.

Far from decrying modern artists, I am willing to allow that they stand unrivalled in some branches of the art; and, notwithstanding the difference of medium, have made, and are continuing to make, great progress. All I affirm is, that they labour under disadvantages, a great secret in the art being lost; and I most anxiously look to the recovery of it, with a confidence that England will be as Italy has been—the seat of the arts. There is now amongst artists a per-

* An Account of a New Process in Painting, in Two Parts. F. C. and J. Bivington, 1821.

petual struggle between their pride and their judgment. Do they, or do they not, possess the requisite medium, they would persuade the world out of doors that they do; and at home are for ever at their megillups and balsams, to supply defects which they will acknowledge to none but themselves.

It is an undeniable fact, that painting in oil was practised even in this country long before the time of Van Eyck. What his discovery was in 1410, therefore, must have been something more than the mere mixing the colours in oil.

In subjecting the works of the old masters to chemical tests, there are many proofs that our process differs from theirs; or we might more properly say, that ours is at most complete variance with theirs. That oil is, after all, the medium they used is very evident; hence the discovery was termed painting in oil, meaning a discovery which enabled the painter to render his oil of such a quality, by some peculiar addition to it, as should give lustre and permanence to the colours. A picture-cleaner will tell you immediately when he is got down to the surface of the old paint, by the extreme hardness of it, easily removing and distinguishing from it the retouches,—though they may have been super-added fifty years or more. Surely a greater lapse of time alone cannot account for this peculiarity. But in the new process here offered to the public, what advantages are held forth? we have the same colours and the same oils we had before; the only difference being in the mode of laying them on; for if the colours are subsequently to be saturated with oil, and that linseed, (P. 63.) where is the improvement upon the previously received process?

The surest way of finding out the process used by the old masters, would be to take off parts of their pictures and subject them to chemical experiments, and, by such means, ascertain what were the paints they used, and what other matters may be incorporated with them; if the latter be difficult, perhaps the former may not be so. Having found out their colours, let experiments be then made upon the oil, to render it of such a quality as will preserve, not de-

stroy, those very colours. A friend of mine (and no one can be better qualified) has been many years indefatigable in pursuing this plan, and certainly has succeeded in preparing the oil in such a manner as that colours, which will not in the common process stand three days, have retained their beauty and lustre perfectly for years. He is satisfied as to the similarity of texture in paint mixed and used with this medium, and the pictures of the old masters. It is most ardently to be desired, by true lovers of the arts, as well as by artists, that he would lay before the public the result of his experiments. There is undoubtedly a general dissatisfaction in the process or processes generally in use. Our greatest painters have acknowledged the deficiency; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who confessed that we knew nothing about it, made it a great business of his life to discover a better.

I recollect, some years ago, being desirous of seeing Barry's pictures; I went in company with a friend to the rooms of the Society of Arts and Manufactures, in the Adelphi—the members were then sitting: after having expressed the usual complimentary wonder, by staring the due time at those great performances, our attention was directed to the more Lilliputian busy members, who were sitting in judgment upon the inventions of mankind. How little truth must there be in the old observation, that there is nothing new under the sun, when here we behold a society of the wise and learned, who, knowing themselves so to be, form themselves into a senate, and set apart a considerable portion of their valuable time, merely to give the sanction of their gravity, "*nugis addere pondus*," to the little novelties of lesser men. A letter was read, which struck us as being particularly whimsical; and considering the great pictures staring the committee in the face, a sort of eye-sore, a grievous handwriting upon the wall, reminding them of the extravagant cost of paint, the letter was certainly upon a subject deserving all their attention. It was from a tailor in St. Martin's-lane, stating, that he had made a discovery of a method of making pictures with cloth, so (as he expressed it) to supersede the necessity of painting in

oil. We left the committee in close divan to canvass the genius of this Andrea del Sarto, or Merry Andrew of a Tailor, who, we really thought, meant nothing more than a little sport upon the society, or, in the phrase of his profession, to give them a trimming, whilst he himself was only laughing in his sleeve. It is easy to imagine the great expectations that were then entertained from this invention, how suddenly the bubble was blown into importance, displaying itself round the heads of the philosophers in all its variety of colours. I have at this moment the witty, the facetious president before my eyes; I think I see him now—"in my mind's eye, Horatio." Taste never sat upon a lighter brow, or directed a keener eye, than Caleb Whitefoord's; he would pierce you to the very bottom of Bottom's dream, which "hath no bottom," an invention past the wit of man to find out. Who cannot imagine the eulogy this punster of punsters might have bestowed upon this man of shreds and patches? Thus might he have soliloquised—"Admirable invention! it might bring over the Society of Friends to the arts, by realizing their *drab* creation. Instead of *remnants* of pictures, alas! so common, vulgarly called *Rembrandts*—we may have pictures of *remnants* that will never want *lining*. Landscapes will no longer put forth a sickly hue of *invisible* green, but verdure richly with a *bottle-green* that may stand the scrutiny of the *Board of Green Cloth*—and should Morland's pigs be again admitted into the drawing-room, instead of your filthy *pigment*, they may feed upon the *veritable cabbage*—Celia's thread-worn blue may be transplanted to the azure above, and it will be no longer an hyperbole 'to sweep the cobwebs off the sky.' The poet's breeches may be *new seated* on Parnassus, and every muse, hitherto a shameful or a shameless nudity, be mounted on Pegasus in a new riding-habit. Romeo Coats may be literally 'cut up into little stars,' and thus Shakspeare's 'What a piece of work is man!' become a tangible truth. The story of Lazarus and Dives will come out anew; Lazarus in his own rags; and, as Dives, the *livery* may be had in ever-

lasting remembrance. Rags will be at an unheard-of price, and thus beggars, unable to purchase, may walk about in a state of nudity delightful to an academician; and the exportation to Ireland be stopt. *Wolsey* will be restored to a *Cardinal* virtue—the faded beaux of other centuries may have an entire new coat, and not of paint—the dying beauties of Lely's pencil may be refreshed, and whilst others, not they, *toil and spin*, vie with the very *lilies* of the field.

"How gloriously will specimens of this invention shine amidst the dustier works of antiquity in Pall Mall, the—

Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter
Assuitur pannus.

The art will become palpable and intelligible to all, and every *goose* will become a connoisseur. The inventor should be honoured in his life, and at his death lie in effigy in Westminster, cross-legged like a knight's templar; and, bequeathing the art to posterity, be caught up to heaven, leaving, like Elijah, his *mantle* behind him. Our *Continental visitors* will remain at home, and thus will our *capital*, like the Capitol of Rome, be saved by a goose, and the Vatican itself be left for *Threadneedle Street*."

Unfortunately, however, notwithstanding this supposed eulogizing soliloquy, and the venerable patrons of arts and manufactures so happily blended, we have heard no more of this invention; whether there has been the *Devil among the Tailors*, I know not, but the fancies of Monsieur Goose seem to have taken flight.

Be this as it may, it at least shows the opinion of a respectable individual that something is wanting. Yet we must not place implicit credit upon the inventions of artists; they are all secretly at work at their laboratories: yet,

——— Prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Horace.

We cannot long try to discover any thing, but we must at least deceive ourselves and fancy we have the "grand specific:" and all attach importance to their own fooleries.

I knew a painter who, reading in

Tingry of a medium, a composition with lime, tried a few experiments, and was convinced it was the real medium of the old masters. I never shall forget the earnestness with which he tried to persuade me to enter the Stainers' Company, and particularly his appeal to etymology, in proof of the authenticity of his composition. "They certainly," said he, "used lime; for were they not called Limners? and painting, the art of Limning?" It was a weak argument, as I told him, and went to the wall.

Should the tailor's recipe come into fashion, the poor painters will be indeed degraded, and the arts go back to the state they were in, under the reign of Henry the Sixth,* when we were so unpolished, that a peer of the first nobility, going into France on an

embassy, contracted with a tailor for the painter's work, that was to be displayed in the pageantry of his journey; or should my friend's lime system prevail, the poor painter would be but a rough-cast man, like Wall in *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and, "like *Limander*, would be trusty still." For my own part, as a dabbler in the arts, in reference to all the recipes which have been as yet before the public, I would say they are altogether *unpalatable*; and of their balsams, their syrups, their megil-lups, their varnishes, and nostrums, I am sick of them; and being sick, think myself justified in concluding in the words of the great critic I have before quoted—

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sick incredulus
odi. *Horace.*

* Vide Walpole's Anecdotes.

STANZAS.

1.

AH! why should Pity wet my bier,
And give my corse her tardy tear?
And the same eye that coldly slew me,
With drops untimely warm bedew me?
Alas! for harm is fleet as wind,
And healing ever lags behind.

2.

Perhaps, when life well nigh is spent,
She'll faintly smile a sad consent—
And just before she sees me die,
Will heave a kind repentant sigh:
For sigh of ruth—O! wayward fate,
Will ever come—and come too late.

3.

She cannot undo what is done;
For if a smile were like the sun,
And sighs more sweet than gales that creep
O'er rosy beds where fairies sleep,
And every tear like summer rain
To thirsty fields—'twere all in vain.

4.

For never sun so bright was seen
Could make a leaf that's sere be green;
Nor spicy gale, nor April shower,
Restore to bloom a faded flower:
Thus sun, and wind, and balmy rain,
And smiles, and tears, and sighs, are vain.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

No. II.

WE had been wafted for days by the winds of the Mediterranean towards the Spanish coast. It was at that awful season when the yellow pestilence had ravaged Catalonia. Some vessels we met whose crews had all perished, and they were driving about at the mercy of the shifting waves, for their sails were in shreds, and there was no steersman at the helm. From one we heard the shrieks of a child, the only living soul on board; but of what use was pity? The Xebeque was soon dashed upon the neighbouring rock, whence the fevered boy managed to reach the shore. We heard that a troop of soldiers had been sent to prevent the poor wretch from reaching any human abode. The precaution was idle. He had mastered the disease.

I love Spain as a country, and Spaniards as a people. In other lands, I single out special objects for my regard, and inscribe their names on the tablets of friendship and sympathy—in Spain, my affections pervade and cling to the whole population. The national character is fine and heroic. Hospitality, generosity, dignity, valour; these are all Spanish virtues. I have found them elsewhere, it is true; but in the Spaniard they are blended with something indefinable, which gives all these admirable qualities a peculiar energy and relief, of which I only know that it breathes of the olden time, though it makes no parade of its ancestry. It is romantic, spiritual, omnipresent. It is the soul of song—of song the universal element in Spain. There is not a hill, nor a valley, nor a streamlet, which it has failed to consecrate. The very beggar decorates his petitions with poetical imagery—he asks “a blessed alms from tenderness, for one the flower of whose life has been blasted,” or, from whom “the light of heaven has been shut out by a celestial visitation.” The muleteer chaunts his ever-varying *cancion* to a strain that varies never; but while the sun shines, and it is seldom cloud-

ed, his voice is always heard; and there is scarcely a village where some *repentista* (improvisatore) has not his portion of poetry and of praise.

But we are at sea; the coast of Mallorca appeared through the mists of the morning. We had been sleeping, as accustomed, on the deck, where every evening we sat looking upon the blue and splendid heaven—watching the stars which danced up and down, as if in joyous revelry, as the vessel rose or sunk among the waves. We found the plague was desolating Mahon. In some parts of the town the streets were barricaded, and the miserable occupiers confined within them left to perish, if not of disease, of starvation. We made the best of our way to Iviza. The pines grow on its mountains as of old.* The quarantine master beckened us off, but sent an officer on board, and appointed us a station near one of the many inlets which are scattered among the Baleares.

These islands are inhabited by an interesting, though singular people. Their language is neither Spanish, nor Catalan, nor Valencian; and the dialects of the several islands differ considerably. A variety of customs, obviously of Roman origin, are still preserved. After the nuptials of a bride, she often remains at her father's house for many months, till she is claimed by her husband; and then the marriage, which had been before conducted without parade, is celebrated a second time in the midst of great rejoicings, and the lady is escorted to her husband's abode. This is clearly the *domum inductio* of the Latins. The declaration of attachment is made by firing a gun at the feet of the chosen one.—The dress of these islanders is very remarkable. The women wear wide slouched black hats, always decorated with a large bunch of artificial flowers. Their hair, which is never cut, hangs down their back tied up in the form of a cow's tail; and the flowing extremity is most admired, when it has been most gilded by the

* It was called Pityusas.

sun-beams ; and its pale colour forms a contrast to the dark Moorish character of their general features. Even the common peasants wear several chains of gold around their necks, adorned with crosses and sacred relics.

It was evening when we arrived—that interesting hour when the vesper hymns are sung. I know of nothing more touching than this devotional service of the Mediterranean sailors, accompanying the unclouded and glorious sun as he sinks beneath the waters. The blending of human voices in any acts of devotion, even of superstitious devotion, is harmonious to my ear, and purifying to my soul. At the words “*Al rosario*,” uttered by the captain, and passing from tongue to tongue, the crew gather upon deck around the helmsman, and the song is led by the oldest of the worshippers. How gently it spreads through the calm heaven! how sweetly it is wafted over the slightly-moving sea! The shrill tones of the cabin-boys mingle with the deep responses of the stern-voiced mariners, while the pure name of the Virgin towers above every other name. “*Ave Maria*, full of grace and glory,” and then the proud list of saints and martyrs, each honoured by a special prayer—an *ora pro nobis*—and that most solemn conclusion of all, which seems to make the soul pregnant with great thoughts and sublime aspirations:

¡Santo Dios, Santo Fuerte, Santo In-
mortal
Libra nos, Señor, de todo mal !

Inmenso Dios perdurable
Padre que el mundo criaste
verdadero,
y con amor entrañable
por nosotros espiraste
en el madero

Give to these offerings any name you will—they are, they must be accepted at that footstool where they are cast. Their influence on the hearts of others I know not, I cannot know ; but they have a most sanctifying influence upon mine.

The same spirit which has applied poetry to the daily concerns of life—in a word, to every object of thought and sense, has naturally made it subservient to the purpose of religion ; and though sometimes the devout hymns of the Spaniards press closely upon familiarity with the Deity, and breathe tones too fair and fanciful for the solemn objects to which devotion points, their effect has been on the whole beneficial ; nor can we fairly estimate it by any reference to our own minds, whose habits and associations are generally so unpoetical. In truth, the Catholic religion has formed a glorious alliance with the divine arts, and has made them its mighty ministers. Painting, poetry, and music, have in their turn brought their noblest tributes to the Roman altars, and have served to build up that gigantic pyramid, which whole nations have so long contemplated with reverence and with terror. Some specimens of the religious romances (for we employ the word romance in that vague and general sense which is given to it in Spain) shall be quoted hereafter. Fr. Schlegel has translated many of them into German ; there is one of a Valencian poet (Mosen Tallante) which concluded our evening worship on the Valencian shore.

Pues te plugo tal pasión
por nuestras culpas sufrir
O Agnus Dei !
llevanos dó está el ladrón
que salvaste por decir
Memento mei ! Valencia, 1511.

Mighty, changeless God above !
Father of immensity !
Righteous !
Whose unutterable love
Led thee on the cross to die
Even for us.

Thou who all our sins didst bear,
All our sorrows suffering there,
O Agnus Dei !
Lead us where thy promise led
That poor dying thief, who said,
Memento mei !

The officer who had come on board, and who was appointed to watch over us during our days of quarantine—(I hope few of my readers have experienced their misery)—and prevent those contraband operations which never yet were prevented in Spain, brought his guitar in his hand, and had scarcely sprung on the deck ere he seated himself on a coiled cable, and, after saluting our seamen, began to sing :

Irme quiero madre
à aquella galera
con el marinero
à ser marinera.

Madre si me fuere
do quiera que vo
no lo quiero yo
que el amor lo quiere :
aquel niño fiero
hace que me muera
por un marinero
à ser marinera.

El que todo puede
madre, no podrá,
pues el alma va
que el cuerpo se quede :
con él, pues que muero
voy porque no muera

que si es marinero
seré marinera.

Es tirana ley
del niño señor
que por un amor
se deseche un rey :
pues de esta manera
El quiere, como quiero
por un marinero
à ser marinera.

¿ Decid, ondas, cuando
visteis vos doncella
siendo tierna y bella
andar navegando ?
¿ mas, que no se espera
de aquel niño fiero ?
vea yo à quien quiero
y sea marinera.

Camões.

I'll go to yon boat, my mother ;
O yes ! to yon boat I'll go ;
I'll go with the mariner, mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding ;
For wheresoe'er I am driven
It is by the will of heaven,
Or the infant god's commanding ;
He plays with my heart at will,
I feel it with love o'erflow ;—
I'll go with the mariner, mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining ;
Omnipotence is his boast ;
I feel that my soul is lost,
And nought but my body remaining :
The mariner's dying, mother—
He must not die—I'll go—
I'll go with the mariner, mother,
And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example !
This little usurping lord,
With a single look or word,
A king in the dust will trample ;
If the mariner goes, my mother,
If the mariner's bent to go,
I'll go with the mariner, mother,
And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever
A nymph so soft and fair
Sped o'er your waters there ;
Tell me, ye waves ? O, never !
'Tis nothing to me, my mother—
What love commands, I'll do ;
I'll go with my mariner, mother,
And be a mariner too.

The guitar passed into the hands of his neighbour. "And I too," said he, "will sing a song of the sea:"

Yo me levantara, madre,
mañanita de San Juan,
vido estar una doncella,
ribericas de la mar,
sola lava y sola tuerce,
sola tiende en un rosal,
mientras los paños se enjugan
dijo la niña un cantar:
¿ Do los mis amores, do los
do los andare à buscar?

Mar abajo, mar arriba
diciendo iba el cantar
peine de oro en las sus manos
por sus cabellos peinar:
digas me, tu el marinero
que Dios te guarde de mal
¿ si los viste à mis amores
si los viste allà pasar?
Antwerp Cancionero, 1555.

Mother! I woke at early morn,
Upon San Juan's festal day,
And on the sandy shore, forlorn,
Saw a lone, silent maiden stray:
Alone she had wash'd, and strain'd, and spread
Her garments on the rose-tree grove;
And while they dried, the maiden said,
"Where shall I go to seek my love?
Where shall I go?—O tell me where?"—
And the tide it sunk, and the tide it swell'd;
For thus her song flow'd sweetly there—
And a comb of gold in her hand she held,
With which she comb'd her raven hair.
"Tell me, thou busy mariner,
And so may God thy helper prove,
Tell me if thou have seen my love—
Say, hast thou seen him, wandering here?"

"Do you know the Romance (said another) which the Count sang to his mistress, when the moon was shining through the bars of his prison cell?" The beautiful orb was at this moment pursuing its unclouded way across the heaven, and seemed lingering as if to contemplate its reflection on the waters, which the flowing tide shook and played with, but did not disperse—fine contrast to the steady lustre of the satellite. "No! Let us hear it."

Ay luna que reluces
blanca y plateada
toda la noche alumbres
à mi enamorada:
luna que reluces
toda la noche alumbres.—*Romancero general, 1604.*

Moon! that shinest out so bright,
With a pale and silvery light,
Guide my maiden through the night,
Guide my fair maid!
Moon, that shinest out so bright,
Guide my maiden through the night!

"We will tell him a story of England, of Ingala tierra," as the word is always mispronounced by the uneducated Spaniards.—"Which I shall be glad to hear," I retorted on the volunteer—so the famous old song of the Antwerp cancionero followed, every voice joining in the chorus—

Que no quiero amores
en Yngalaterra
pues otros mejores
tengo yo en mi tierra.

Que no quiero amores
en Yngalaterra
pues otros mejores
tengo yo en mi tierra.

No quiero ni estimo
ser favorecido
de amores me eximo
que es tiempo perdido

seguir à Cupido
 én Ynglaterra
 pues otros mejores
 tengo yo en mi tierra.

¿ Que favores puède
 darme la fortuna
 por mucho que ruede
 el sol y la luna
 ni muger alguna
 en Ynglaterra

pues otros mejores
 tengo yo en mi tierra ?

Que cuando alli vaya
 á fé que lo fio
 buen galardón haya
 del buen amor mio
 que son desvario
 los de Ynglaterra
 pues otros mejores
 tengo yo en mi tierra.

My love, no more to England,
 To England now shall roam,
 For I have a better, sweeter love,
 Yes! a truer love at home.

I want no fair-cheek'd damsel there,
 To bind me in love again ;
 To seek a cold and distant fair
 Were time employ'd in vain :
 So then in search of Cupid
 I'll not to England roam,
 For I have a better, sweeter love,
 Yes! a truer love at home.

Though fortune cheat me as she will,
 Some pleasures will remain ;
 Though she trifle with the sun and moon,
 Yet in her treacherous train
 I'll go no more to England
 In search of a kinder doom ;
 For I have a better, sweeter love,
 Yes! a truer love at home.

If I should visit England,
 I'll hope to find them true :
 For a love like mine deserves a wreath,
 Green and immortal too.
 But O they are proud, those English dames,
 To all who thither roam,
 And I have a better, sweeter love,
 Yes! a truer love at home.

There exists throughout Spain, with some exceptions, produced by narrow interests, and passing circumstances, a great affection for England. Our heresy is rather talked of with pity than blame. Ana Boleña, whose name is familiar to almost every Spaniard, divides the imprecations of the Spanish people with her abandoned tyrant and lord. English knights and Spanish cavaliers had "foughten together in chevalrie," through many an age, and in many a fray. The names of British lores (lords) are prominent in several of the Trobador compositions, and are mentioned by the Valencian

Romanceros as bravely leading on their troops against the Moors. The marriage of Philip with Mary strengthened the connection with the two countries; and the wars to which family piques have given birth, have not been able to root out sympathies planted too deeply to be destroyed by temporary events.

Paz con Ynglaterra
 Y con todo el mundo guerra.

"Peace with England, and war with the world," has been an universal cry in Spain; and now that alliance with Spain is become an alliance with freedom, and virtue, and valour,

let England echo back the fraternal greeting !

One other romance was sung, of which I offer, not a translation, but an amplification. The midnight bell tolled from the Dominican convent. The evening farewell, which com-

mended us to the care of the Virgin, closed another day ; and sleep, that best of blessings, which wraps us round as warmly and comfortably as a Spanish cloak (as the shrewd Sancho Panza opined) soon laid its finger upon our eyelids.

¡ No corras arroyo hufano
que no es tu caudal eterno
que si te lo dió el invierno
te lo quitara el verano !

Naciste escondidamente
de una humilde y pobre roca
cuya agua por ser tan poca
no le dio nombre de fuente

Si del mundo la corriente
llevas contra tus ondas breves
y guerra á los campos mueves
con tu limite tirano.

¡ No corras arroyo hufano
que no es tu caudal eterno
que si te lo dió el invierno
te lo quitara el verano !

Primavera de Romances, 1644.

Thou little stream, so gayly flowing,
So sparkling in the sunny beam,
Bright flowers are on thy margin blowing !
Glide not so fast, thou little stream !
Thy fount, alas ! is not eternal,
Though joy is on thy waters now—
Thou flowest 'midst the breezes vernal—
In winter thou wilt cease to flow !

Thine is a silent, secret fountain,
Where drop by drop thy source distils,
Hid in the bosom of the mountain,
And gushing into silver rills.
Thou art of humble birth, and proudly
'Tis not for thee to roll along :
O ! gentle streamlet, flow not loudly,
But, sweet and lowly be thy song.

O ! thou mayst water hill and valley,
Revive the mead, refresh the wood :
And, like a pensive priestess, sally
From thy own haunts of solitude,
To bless, to charm,—on all bestowing
Joy from thy smiles, serene, divine :
And see with smiles all nature glowing,
Reflected from those smiles of thine.

O ! envy not that furious current
That, like an earthquake, shakes its shores,
Tears up the forest with its torrent,
And breaks the rocks,—and as it roars
Fills all the plain with woe and sadness,
And is dispersed while hurrying by :
Its memory fleeting as its madness,
And full of gloom that memory.

Thou little stream ! so gayly flowing,
And sparkling in the sunny beam,
While flowers are on thy margin blowing,
Presume not, O thou little stream !
Thy fount, alas ! is not eternal,
Though joy is on thy waters now—
Thou flowest 'midst the breezes vernal—
In winter thou must cease to flow !

B.

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jestrs.

No. I.

MANY of our readers will, we are anxious to believe, thank us for giving, as we propose doing in some of our future Numbers, a bibliographical catalogue of early English *facetiæ*. Contained, as they are, in pamphlets of very rare occurrence and exorbitant price, the merriments of our ancestors have been accessible to a few collectors only, whose perseverance and pockets have been equally taxed in the acquisition. Strange, however, as it may appear, they are entitled to a much more general attention; for their contents are always curious, and information, on many minute points of literary history and the manners of the times, may frequently be gleaned from these fugitive collections, which would be sought for in vain in works of a higher character. Those, therefore, who desire to acquaint themselves with the general habits and customs of the people, will, we hope, under the head of *Facetiæ*, find ample store of illustration; there will be sport and pastime, although couched in antiquated language, for the general reader; whilst to others it may not be incurious to trace some of the brilliant sallies of the Quins, and Garricks, and Sheridans, of modern days, as well as an abundance of honest Joe Millers, in the obsolete pamphlets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

JESTS TO MAKE YOU MERIE: WITH THE CONIURING VP OF COCK WATT (THE WALKING SPIRIT OF NEWGATE) TO TELL TALES. VNTO WHICH IS ADDED, THE MISERIE OF A PRISON AND A PRISONER. AND A PARADOX IN PRAISE OF SERIANTS. WRITTEN BY T. D. AND GEORGE WILKINS. IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY N. O. FOR NATHANIELL BUTTER * DWELLING NEERE TO ST. AUSTINS GATE, AT THE SIGNE OF THE PIDE BULL, 1607. 4to. containing 64 pages.

We have no hesitation in ascribing the initials of T. D. to Thomas Decker or Dekker, a well known dramatic writer in the early part of the reign of James I., and author of the *The Gul's Horne-booke*, a curious satire on the young gallants, or as we should now call them, the dandies, of his day; of which work,

as well as of its author, we shall soon have occasion to speak more at large. His coadjutor, George Wilkins, was also a writer for the stage, having assisted John Day and William Rowley, in *The Travels of the three English Brothers*, printed, 4to. 1607, and written *The Miseries of inforst Marriage*, a tragi-comedy, 4to. 1611. He was also author of a prose narrative, without date, but printed for Henry Gosson about the same time, or earlier, entitled, *Three Miseries of Barbary: Plague, Famine, Ciuill Warre. With a relation of the death of Mahamet*: which he dedicates to the "Company of the Barbary Merchants." Wilkins died in 1613, and was buried on the ninth of August in that year, at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.†

* Butter was an extensive dealer in pamphlets, the marvellous histories, murders, robberies, and the news-papers of the day. He is alluded to in a rare volume entitled *Whimzies, or a new Cast of Characters*, 8vo. Lond. 1631; the author of which was perhaps Wye Saltonstall, although the publication was anonymous. Speaking of the news-writers and news-pamphlets, he says, "Yet our best comfort is, his chymeras live not long; a weeke is the longest in the citie, and after their arrival, little longer in the countrey, which past, they melt like Butter, or match a pipe, and so Burne." Nicholas Burne, or Bourne, was a partner with Butter in the *Sweedish Intelligencer*, Lond. 1632.

† Ellis's *History of Shoreditch*, page 212. The Curtain Theatre being in this parish, occasioned it to be the residence of many persons connected with the stage. There are several entries in the parish register of the Burbadges, a name well known

Books (say our authors) are a strange commoditie, the estimation of them riseth and falleth faster than the exchange of money in the Low Countries, which alters more often then the English man doth the fashion of his apparell.* Men that write to feede fantastike humors are no better than apes, that shew their trickes to others, the doing of which is painefull to themselves, and at going away are but laught at, and so nice are our Paules Church-yard-walkers † in beholding these pictures, that to-day they cry excellent at the drawing of that, vpon which to-morrow they will cast a mewing countenance. Ther's no one stationer stall can fit all customers with bookes to their dyet, nor can all men that write (if all that can but speake should write,) fit some stationers. Go to one and offer a copy; if it be merrie, the man likes no light stuffe, if sad, ‡ it will not sell. Another meddles with nothing but what fits the time: I wold haue his shop stufte with nothing but proclamations, because he lyes i'th winde only for the change of weather. Since therefore that neither hot nor colde can please, neither

straight nor crooked can serue as a measure to some mouthes, what a miserable and endlesse labour does he vndertake that in a few scribled sheetes hopes to wrap vp the loues of all men. Better it were for him in my iudgement to turne his leaues into such paper-kites as boyes runne after, whilst they flye in the ayre, then to publish his wits in follio, and yet be counted but a foole for his labour: yet notwithstanding, with such a tickling itch is this printed ambition troubled, that some are neuer at better ease then when they are scratching vpon paper, and finde no sweetnesse but in drawing blood. Of those sharp-toothed dogs you shall finde me none: I hould no whip in my hande, but a soft fether, and there drops rather water then gall out of my quill. If you taste it and finde it pleasing, I am glad; if not, I cannot be much sorry, because the cooke knew not your dyet, so that his error was his ignorance, and ignorance is a veniall sinne to be pardoned.

The allusion to the "sharp-toothed dogs," refers to two collections of

in dramatic annals, from Richard Burbadge, the original performer of Shakspeare's Richard the Third. Camden calls him "alter Roscius," and Sir Richard Baker pronounces him to have been "such an actor, as no age must ever look to see the like." Those who desire to contemplate the features of this extraordinary performer, will find an original portrait of him at Dulwich College. Shoreditch was famous also as being a harbour for the loose ladies of those times: in Jest 59, of the collection now quoted, mention is made of "the sixpeny suburb sinnets that lay on the spittle in Shoreditch."

* The Low Countries were, at the time our authors wrote, the scene of war between Spain and the United Provinces, and a cessation of arms was agreed on in April, 1607, to last for eight months. The unsettled state of public affairs will sufficiently account for the fluctuation in exchange here alluded to; and our proverbial inconstancy in our mode of dress needs no illustration. So early as 1542, Andrew Borde pictures an Englishman standing almost naked, with a pair of scissors in one hand and a piece of cloth or silk across the other arm, and saying,—

"I am an Englysh man, and naked I stand here,
Musyng in my mynd what rayment I shal were;
For now I wyl were thys, and now I wyl were that,
Now I wyl were, I cannot tel what.
All new fashyons be plesant to me,
I wyl haue them, whether I thryue or thee.

*The first booke of the Introduction of Knowledge, Imprinted
by W. Copland. Sign. a. 3, b.*

† St. Paul's church was the fashionable place of resort in the latter end of the sixteenth century, and continued so till the civil wars. The principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, met in the middle isle at eleven, walked till twelve, and again after dinner, from three to six, during which time business and news were transacted and discoursed of. The church-yard was the residence of many of the most respectable booksellers; and indeed, most of those who did not live upon the spot had shops there. "And they be to sell vpon Powlys churche yarde," was a direction common on most English books printed abroad, particularly the missals and service books before the reformation. We may conclude this note with an epitaph taken from a contemporary MS.

On a constant walker in Paules.
Dcfessus sum ambulando.

‡ Sad, for grave. Hugh Broughton in his *Treatise on the Apochrypha*, 4to. 1609, says, "The Jewes hold vs voyd of all iudgement that bind such fables and base workes in the heart of the holy Bible; and read part, as the sad word of God, in the church." P. 24.

poetical satires, printed without date, but probably a short time earlier than the volume before us. The one entitled *A Mastif Whelp with other ruff-island-lik Currs fetcht from amongst the Antipedes, which bite and barke at the fantasticall Humorists and Abusers of the Time*, by William Goddard, of whom nothing more is known than that he was a soldier and a very indifferent poet. The second, *The Mastive or young Whelp of the old Dogge: Epigrams and Satyrs*. The author H. P., perhaps Henry Peacham, a writer of considerable powers and a man of learning, whose productions deserve more notice than they have hitherto obtained.

Decker and Wilkins commence their collection of merriments by giving a definition, and that not a bad one, of—

WHAT A JEST IS.

A Jest is the bubling vp of wit. It is a bavin* which beeing well kindled maintaines for a short time the heate of laughter. It is a weapon wherewith a foole does oftentimes fight, and a wise man defends himselfe by. It is the foode of good companie, if it bee seasoned with iudgment; but if with too much tartnesse, it is hardly digested but turne to quarrel. A iest is tried as powder is, the most sudden is the best. It is a merrie gentleman and hath a brother so like him, that many take them for twinnes: for the one is a Jest spoken, the other is a Jest done. Stay but the reading of this booke some halfe an houre, and you shall bee brought acquainted with both.

Jest 1.

A fellow that (to be a foole in print) had spent the stocke of his wits vpon inke and paper, and made it into a booke, offred it to sell at diuerse stationers stals, but none would buy it: At the length he came to one of the company and swore to him he should not neede to feare to venture money vpon it, for it would be to him *an euerlasting booke*. Oh, sayes the other, then I will not meddle with it; *euclasting* bookes are ill commodities in our trade, bring me a booke that will *go away*, and I am for you.

Jest 23.

A Gentlewoman comming to one that stood at a window reading a booke, Sir, sayd she, I would I were your booke (because she lou'd the gentleman). So would I, quoth he, I wish you were. But what booke would you haue me to bee, said the other, if I were to be so? Mary, an *Almanacke*, quoth the gentleman, because I would change euery yeare.

Jest 51.

A gentleman made all the friends he could, to the captaine of the French king's guard, that hee might bee one of them, but the captaine told him, he was so hardly prest vpon by sundry noble-men for their seruants, and fellowes, that he could not by any meanes doe him the pleasure. Oh, sir (quoth the gentleman) sure you mistake, you are not (as I am told) so prest vpon by so many noble-men, but rather with so many nobles.

Jest 57.

A company of theeues brake one night into a countrie schoole maister's house, but hee hearing them, neuer stired out of his bed for the matter, but cryed out aloud, you mistake your marke, my masters! goe to the next house, that's a rich farmer's. *I wonder you will loose time to seeke any thing heere by night, when I myselfe can finde nothing by day.*

The second portion of this pamphlet contains a discovery of the various shifts and practices of the rogues and pickpockets, the swindlers and pilferers, with whom London is said to have abounded in Decker's time.—Cock Watt, or Wary, so called from the watchful herald of the morning, is supposed to be a protecting spirit, prying into the secrets of the dissolute inhabitants of a prison, and, by revealing the tricks, and accustomed disguises, and evil deeds of the offenders, enabling the incautious and unsuspecting to escape the snares laid for their destruction. It would seem that the Tom and Jerry mania, which has of late debauched and disgraced the metropolis, was not altogether unknown in the days of Elizabeth and the first James; for many of the minor publications allude to

* Bavin, a small faggot.

————— Rash bavin wits
Soon kindled and soon burnt.

Shakspeare, Hen. IV. Part i. act iii. sc. 2.

Hudibras, or rather Butler, p. 3, c. 3, mentions a hazel bavin; and the word, we believe, is still commonly used in Kent.

the riotous behaviour of the would-be fashionable among the middle classes; and Cock Watt gives two or three instances of the slang terms prevalent in Paul's, or at the Globe, or among the street robbers plying near "the dark entry going to the Six Clarck's Office in Chancery lane," a place well known during term, as the scene of many a disaster to the unsuspecting country client. We shall enlighten our readers a little on these points, when we discuss Decker's other works; and in the mean while conclude with one of Cock Watt's kind warnings to the citizens and their fair help-mates.

There is a new company arising, and these call themselves *Reachers*; they walke together, male and female, and keepe house together like man and wife. They will haue you a house to dwell at about *Endfield*, *Brainford*, or any place within 6. 7. or 8. miles of London, but withall keepe a priuat lodging for themselues to retire vnto, at one broker's house or another in the suburbes. Vpon the market daies these two come to towne, she attired like a comely country woman, in cleanly white linnen, with a muffler on her face, and in russet clothes, outward signes of the countrie's honest simplicity, and in her mawnd or basket which she beares on her arme, lapt in a pure white cloth, some fine tidy pig, fat goose, yong kid, or haunch of venison, indeed any prouision, but of the daintiest, which eyther she can buy for her money, or more probably her mate may steale from any. In this neat maner lapt vp, the ware it selfe of the delicatest, able to entice any eye to haue a desire to buy of her, comes she to make her markets toward the breaking up of the market, which is much about the houre when exchange time is held for the meeting of our merchants, when these conjecturing, as very profitable it is, that at that time our worthiest citizens are from home, they goe into *Milk street*, *Bread street*, *Lincolne street*, *S. Mary Axe*, or the most priuiest places where they keep their residence, to make their venture: when she knocks at the doore, and demands of the seruant that comes whether her worshipfull good mistresse bee within, and whether it will be her pleasure to buy of her her goose, pig, kid, or whatsoever; when, shewing it to the seruant (and she can do no other but commend it) she prayes her to expresse the purity of it to her mistres, that she may bargain for it: for, in truth, sister, quoth she, we poore country folkes dare not proffer any thing so dainty as this to the open view of the market, lest any one

of spight informe either the king or my lord mayors officers thereof, and so our goods shall be taken from vs, we hauing not halfe the vallue return'd vs for recompence. With this reasonable and honest seeming preuention, the maide knowing her mistres to be of the minde of all our citizen's gallant wives, loth to let any dainties or good thing go by from their owne taste, which they either haue desire vnto, or may haue for money, though they pay neuer so deere, and their husbands proue bankrupts for it, wils her to come stand within the doore, which she indeede requests, lest any catchpole or busy knaue should see her, and so her commodity be forfeited, being, as it is, held vnlawfull, the sale to be offered not at the market. Well, the maide goes vp to informe her mistres, and withal takes the dainties along with her, whom she finds in her chamber, perhaps scarce redy, for tis growne a fashion among them to eate their breakfasts in their beds, and not to be ready till halfe an houre after noone, about which time, their husbands are to returne from the Bursse, and they make it their dinner time. Now while the mayde is aboue, flattering her mistres (as flattery is a part of their worke, for why they haue their wages) with the delicacie of the offer and the cleanliness of the country woman which brought it to be sold, the Fox beneath leeres about what pray she can espy, to carry home to her den, when finding hole piles of broad clothes, cearces, or such like commodities too burthensome for any one to suspect a lone woman could defraud you of, she straight beckens ouer her companion, who stands ready at an inch, and being a quicke good sturdey knaue, with a hand shifts away one of them. This is no surmise, there is merchants in this towne by the losse of commodities 20^l thicke can witnesse it well. By this time the gentlewoman has likt that which was brought her, calls for and commends the country womans cleanlinesse, bargaines with her at her owne rate, and requests shee may see her chap-woman on the like occasion. By this also has my porter, though without the badge of the porter's hall, brought his burthen to the broker's house, where being once put in, 'tis an abisse too bottomlesse for any search to reach out againe. O! your cloth is good ware; it may be cut out into seuerall garments! By this also, my marchant's come home, where soone taking note of his losse, it makes his wines markets eate not halfe so saucy as they would haue done; yet, in the end, sends for a cup of sack, and comforts himselfe with this, that I in his behalfe, would admonish the world,

Foelix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

A ROAD TO PREFERMENT IN PERSIA.

(Continued from our last Number.)

THE sun had already set, when Allaverdi retraced his steps to the city: he entered the gate, and pursued his way through the narrow intricate lanes till he reached the mosque; with a beating heart, but determined resolution, he approached the door; it was open; he hesitated a moment, cast a keen eye of observation around, to ascertain that he was unseen, and *disappeared* in the gloom of the tortuous passage. He would willingly have secured the door; but no fastenings presented themselves to his touch, as he carefully passed his hands over every part where bolt or bar was likely to be found. Unable to secure himself from surprise, he determined to trust to fortune for safety. He once more stood, rapt in deep meditation, on the terrace of the mosque, anxiously recalling to his mind every word of the loquacious old Mullah, and endeavouring to retrace, by his description, the exact spot where the steps descended leading to Fetmah's apartments; till the sudden recollection, that the clear bright light of the moon, now riding high in the sky, which enabled him so distinctly to pursue his researches, might also render him an object of observation to others; he immediately laid flat down, to await the descent of the unfriendly planet. The reviving freshness and soothing influence of a Persian evening failed that night to cool the fevered brain, or tranquillize the contending passions which agitated the bosom of the adventurer: the soft breeze from the mountains, fragrant with the odours of their aromatic spring productions, swept unheeded by. In vain the nightingale poured forth her sweetest notes; rendered still softer by the distance from whence the little warbler ventured to offer his melodious tributes; whilst the clear rich blue of the cloudless sky, spangled with myriads of glowing stars, shed over the whole scene, distinctly visible as in day, the rich solemn tint peculiar to an eastern night; all was indifferent to him, all unnoticed, as he impatiently

turned from side to side, or steadfastly gazed with vacant intensity on the descending moon; she was now fast approaching the undulating line of mountains which bounded the horizon; now she stood for a moment poised, upon the loftiest summit; then, throwing around her parting glance in a strong flood of silvery splendour, she majestically disappeared, leaving the whole scene enveloped in comparative darkness. Allaverdi raised himself from his reclining attitude; then cautiously advancing towards the edge of the terrace, he firmly grasped the parapet, and lowered himself down upon the adjoining wall, and hastily resumed his recumbent position. In this manner, passing from wall to wall, and from roof to roof, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, watching from behind the shelter of a projecting corner the retiring light of some late reveller, springing forward, pausing, gliding with the utmost speed over the most exposed spots, he reached in safety the roof of the youthful Fetmah. He sat down for an instant to recover his strength, exhausted by exertion and agitation; he listened to catch the faintest sound, but none met his ear; the stillest silence announced that the inmates of the dwelling (fatigued probably by the preparations of the preceding day) lay buried in sleep. Suddenly he started on his feet, appalled by a near noise, his heart throbbed, he sought his pistols, when he perceived that his alarm was occasioned by one of them having, in the confusion of the moment, escaped from his girdle, and now hung suspended by its cord to his side; almost ashamed of his fears, he replaced it. "If the approach of danger thus unnerves my hands," he reflected, "how execute my errand in her presence?—Allaverdi, thou hast seen fire flash and steel glitter without wincing; thou hast heard the bullets whistle around thee with indifference; what spell now chills thy blood, and shakes thy changeling

heart? Arouse thee, man, the wager is unequal; the richest joys this world and wealth bestow reward success; what canst thou lose? A doubtful worthless life. Arouse thee, man." Somewhat re-assured by these specious arguments, he advanced towards the door, indicated by the Mullah as the entrance of the descent; it yielded to his touch; with one foot across the threshold, he stood leaning over the dark abyss, his eye and ear intent on the still obscurity below. A horrid phantasm there presented itself to his disordered imagination; the bloody, mangled form of Simoon, the Armenian, whom lately he had seen suffer death for an alleged robbery, seemed to cross his path, and, with an imploring look of sad entreaty and compassion, pointed to the gash across his throat, and signed absence with his death-like hand. The very soul of Allaverdi sickened as the phantom passed; recollection instantly retraced the trembling limbs, the distorted pallid features, the haggard bloodshot eye, and frantic shriek of mortal agony gradually subsiding in gasping interrupted groans, as the life of the wretched victim ebbed in crimson torrents through the yawning wound. Involuntarily covering his eyes with his hands, he turned aside, nor dared, for some time, encounter the risk of again beholding this faithful portrait of what might soon be his own fate. "It is but fancy," he exclaimed aloud, pacing the terrace with incautious steps; "unsubstantial, visionary. O! sickly offsprings of a coward, driveling mind, I spurn ye from me! firm in my purpose, I will steadily pursue it; but may it not be ominous?" Suddenly pausing, he continued, "It appeared even as I crossed the threshold." Scarcely had the idea occurred, when the likeness of Marie, smiling welcome from the court below, and beckoning his approach as on the first day of their meeting, silenced his doubts, and re-assured his courage. "Genius of good or of evil;" he muttered, "thou shalt rule my destiny as hitherto thou hast. I will follow thy guidance as hitherto I have followed it; lead me to wealth, prosperity, and joy, or death and gulphs of liquid fire, thou art my destiny." Impelled by the courage of desperation, he rush-

ed with heedless precipitancy down the dark stairs; all remained tranquil, undisturbed by his steps; he grasped his dagger firm, and advanced towards a light which gleamed through the crevices of an unclosed door; he hesitated a moment, then gently withdrawing the purdah sufficiently to disclose a view of the interior chamber, by the assistance of a lamp which burnt in the chimney, he discovered a small room gaily painted and gilded; the richest carpets clothed the floor, wreaths of roses decorated the walls, and formed a kind of bower over a bed, decked with the choicest produce of the looms of Cashmeer; light draperies of the most transparent gauze waved in airy folds before the niches in the walls, without concealing their recesses, glittering with silver vases, intermixed with packets of clothes, carefully enveloped in embroidered handkerchiefs, and pieces of gold and silver tissue. The general air of luxury, and the splendour of the surrounding objects, encouraged the intruder to hope that he stood in the chamber of the favourite, which hope was nearly confirmed to a certainty by the shawl turban, and various costly articles of female attire, that lay negligently dispersed upon the floor. Desirous of fully ascertaining by whom the bed was occupied, he cautiously ventured forward, till, assured by the gentle regular breathing of the sleeper that his entrance was unnoticed, he approached near. The extreme beauty of the youthful countenance which there met his eye, announced decidedly the presence of the favoured Fetmah; the boasted jewels then must also be near. The silver vessels allured him to inspect the niches, he examined them all; each vase, ewer and basin, containing essences and perfumes for burning, were separately inspected and replaced with disgust; each bundle was unfolded but to increase the disappointment. "At any other moment," he thought, "how I should have esteemed these baubles as a prize, and counted them a treasure; but the glory of the moon, sole empress of the night, sinks into nothingness at the approach of day.—Forward then, Allaverdi, thy day now dawns." He snatched up the lamp from the ground, and advanced towards a

door opposite to that by which he had entered. "This curtain must conceal the treasure," he mentally exclaimed, as he raised the purdah. "Now to behold my prize!" He passed the door without fear; the fixed determination to persevere in a desperate deed stunned recollection, and benumbed every other feeling; the certainty of danger, and the impossibility of escape, diffused over his senses that hopeless contempt of death, and mingled with the frightful gaiety of wavering intellect that intense sensation of condensed horror which has enabled some weak minds to mount the scaffold with sullen indifference, and caused others to sport in unseemingly levity with their approaching fate. He now found himself in a large room arranged for a banquet; silver vessels on all sides again presented themselves to his touch to be again rejected. "Shall the eagle stoop to the carrion of the vulture?" he exclaimed, casting a second glance on the plate before him. "No! he flies at noble game, and will reject all other."

His research proving vain, he turned to quit the hall, when, stopping short, he continued: "Hold, friend Allaverdi, though thou wearest not the jewels of the Prince, thou mayest feed at his board; the proudest noble cannot say so much:" thus speaking, he approached the niches where the dishes were deposited, and selecting the choicest morsels, devoured them with unconscious voracity; he then quitted the hall; all remained in the first chamber as he had left it. Replacing the lamp on the floor, he stood for an instant irresolute, half tempted to desert the lofty flight of the eagle, for the humbler course of the vulture, and accept what fortune offered. A low murmur from the bed shot like an icy arrow through his frame; he listened in breathless eagerness; the soft voice of Fetmah was again heard in inarticulate whisperings; he unsheathed his dagger, and rushed towards her; "One of us must die," he muttered; "perhaps both may: she must not awake." A smile played over the lovely features of the sleeping girl; her lips still moved as if yet speaking, but no audible sound escaped them. Allaverdi gazed on her, his heart swelling with the bit-

ter certainty that similar repose could never again be his. The motion of her lips increased, whilst a glow of brighter animation lighted up her countenance. "Nay, hold," she softly exclaimed; "hold, good Rose, remove that bowl; thou forgettest 'tis the sherbet of pomegranates which is grateful to the son of the King." At the first word she uttered the hand of Allaverdi dropped lifeless by his side; and, as he unconsciously averted his eyes from her, a glittering object arrested them; he seized it, and rudely dragged from beneath the pillow a small bunch of keys and a seal, attached together by cords of plaited silk and gold. The movement passed unnoticed by Fetmah, whose slumbers now continued calm and undisturbed. These keys evidently secured the jewels; for it was the Prince's seal that hung suspended among them. Allaverdi, trembling with anxiety and hope, once more looked around the chamber, in search of the corresponding lock. The altered situation of the lamp now disclosed to his view two coffers of considerable size; he applied a key to the lock of one them, it turned, he raised the lid, and the magnificent armlets of the prince lay before him. With incredible haste he collected the contents of the coffer into a large handkerchief, and, without daring to cast a look behind, or even thinking of the remainder of the treasure, fled from the spot with all the terrors of conscious guilt. How he again reached the mosque he knew not; so great was his agitation at quitting it, that he could proceed no further; his head turned round, a deadly sickness overcame him; in vain he attempted to move, his legs refused their office, he stumbled and fell. The sound of running water first recalled him, in some measure, to himself; he found himself lying before the mosque, by the side of a water conduit, through which the water now flowed; he drank greedily of the cooling stream, for a burning fever parched his throat; in a few minutes his strength returned, and a clear recollection of the occurrences of this eventful night rushed on his mind; he immediately continued his flight with all possible speed, and, without further accident, arrived at his mother's dwelling. Once within the

court-yard his fears, in some measure, subsided; that no one had seen him from his going out till his return, he felt assured; his mother even believed him now asleep in his chamber; apprehension yielded to hope that all must end well. He dug a deep hole in the little garden before his own window, deposited his prize in it, and resolved to commence digging over the whole space, the following day, to conceal the partial operation of the preceding night. He then retired to his bed, till the first rays of dawn should call him to his work in the garden. At an early hour in the morning the whole town was in alarm from the report of the robbery. The women of the Harem were questioned, some imprisoned, and severely punished as confederates in the inexplicable deed. The favourite Fetmah herself escaped not suspicion, and even received severe chastisement for negligence, if not for guilt. As usual, in all doubtful cases, the Christians were accused; without the slightest grounds for suspicion, many were arrested, bastinadoed, and tortured to extort confession of an action of which they were innocent; some suffered death in consequence of self accusations. It was remarked, however, that, notwithstanding the numerous asserted confessions, and the increased odium thrown upon the sect of the sufferers, none of the jewels were recovered. Allaverdi dared not trust himself in public for several days, lest the agitation, which, in spite of himself, occasionally shook him, might betray his secret. He dug his garden, walked abroad in the most retired spots, and complained of indisposition to those who remarked his absence from the Defra; finally he resumed his place as usual in society. Aware of the danger of confidence, he carefully guarded his secret, and confided it to no one. By this means he ensured his own safety, but he foresaw that he also lost the opportunity of enjoying his acquisitions; he resolved, therefore, as soon as all curiosity, relative to the late events, had subsided, to pack up his saddle bags and bid adieu to his native city, till he should have found convenient occasion safely to convert his diamonds into gold. Some months subsequent to this ad-

venture he announced his determination to commence merchant, and busily prepared for his first journey to foreign parts. Unwilling to risk the whole of his treasure at once, he selected only a few jewels of considerable value, and secreted the remainder in a deep excavation, under the floor of his own chamber, which he had prepared for that purpose; he then departed, recommending to his mother the care of their affairs during his absence, and, above all things, exhorted her never to exchange their poor old house for another.

Years passed away, yet Allaverdi returned not; at an advanced age his mother had quitted this world; her house had been sold by her surviving relatives, and the existence of her son (seldom referred to by those who must inherit his property, in case of his never again appearing) was almost forgotten in the city, when a stranger, of poor appearance, pompously announced himself as the discoverer of that long sought secret, the philosopher's stone. He voluntarily offered to effect the transmutation in the presence of witnesses, and actually did perform his promise, changing a small crucible of quicksilver into a smaller portion of gold.

The fame of this wonderful alchemist spread through the whole city, and occupied every tongue, till it at length reached the ears of the Prince. The professor was ordered to attend, and to exhibit his powers before the Prince himself on a certain day and hour. Proposals were continually offered for the purchase of this invaluable discovery by all classes of people, from the highest to the lowest: all publicly received one general answer, "That it was worthily reserved for the Prince alone;" but, privately, the communication of the secret accommodated itself to the price of every bidder, and each one returned home, believing himself possessed of an imperial treasure. The day fixed for the grand experiment arrived; the apparatus was conveyed to the chamber appointed, and the operation commenced with every precaution to prevent fraud. The Prince, attended by the chiefs of the silver and copper-smiths, and a few favoured courtiers, was present. The quicksilver was first examined, then placed on the

furnace; as soon as it boiled, the operator threw in several ingredients separately, submitting the whole to the careful inspection of the Prince and his followers; lastly, he poured in a few drops of a small phial, which he produced from a curious case; a thick white vapour arose, diffusing through the chamber an odour so strong and pungent as to oblige the surrounding spectators to withdraw to some distance. The operator then approached the furnace, declaring the transmutation to be now completed, and removed the crucible, originally containing the quicksilver, from the fire; a light spungy black cinder apparently filled it, but on removing the exterior surface, a button of gold was found below, weighing more than one-third of the mercury employed. No doubt remained on the minds of all present as to the accuracy of the experiment, and the entire success attending the result. The Prince impatiently demanded the price of this inexhaustible mine of wealth. The professor humbly remarked that any sum that could be given was but as the dust under the feet of him who already possessed the secret; he required no recompense, except the glory of standing in the presence of the King's son, and enjoying the smiles of his favour: he only asked a house wherein to conduct his operations, and unfold the mysteries of the golden science to the pupils appointed for initiation. He had already discovered a small empty house, he said, which pleased him, and would precisely suit his purpose, if the Prince would condescend to grant an order for his occupying it. The order was immediately written, and sealed with the royal signet. The Prince, after the warmest assurances of his gratitude and protection for ever, dismissed the assembly, and commanded some of his servants to accompany the professor, and put him in possession of the house designated in the order, which was precisely the old dwelling of the long unheard-of Allaverdi; his baggage soon followed him, and he was left for the remainder of the day to make the necessary arrangements previous to commencing his operations on a larger scale. How did the heart of Allaverdi (for it was he) beat as he

closed the door of the court-yard, and found himself once more alone in his own little chamber, which had not undergone the slightest alteration during his absence. Time and sufferings, with the growth of his beard, and change of dress, had so completely altered his appearance, that he felt sure of passing his oldest and most intimate friends unknown. "Now then," he exultingly exclaimed, "I shall see the end of all my wanderings, slavery, escapes, and poverty; all will now be amply repaid, and an old age of ease and affluence will terminate a life wasted with toil and anxieties. Fools! avaricious, greedy, infatuated idiots!" he continued, regarding the heavy purse containing the produce of his flattering communications; "to credit for a moment that the possessor of incalculable treasures would harter them for a few pieces of that dross of which he could at pleasure create millions." He determined that night to dig up his jewels, and to leave the town with them on the morrow, under pretence of collecting the herbs and simples requisite, as it was believed, for the composition of the elixir of transmutation. He was eating his solitary evening meal, when a violent clamour at the door of the house alarmed him; loud cries and imprecations on the impostor confirmed the worst fears that some of his plans had miscarried. In an instant, the chamber was filled with armed men, who, in the name of the governor, seized and bound the deluding adventurer. The accusations against him were numerous and well-founded; some of his private disciples, neglecting his strict injunctions of four days' delay, and impatient to prove by their own experience the efficacy of their dearly acquired knowledge, had repeated the experiment without success. Enraged at their actual loss, and the disappointment of their golden hopes, they hastened to carry their complaints to the governor, where they met many of their acquaintances engaged in a similar errand; mutual explanations ensued, and the outcry against the impudent impostor became general; an order for his arrest was, in consequence, soon obtained. When led before the governor he refused to answer his accusers, declaring that through

envy only they sought to ruin him, a stranger, in the eyes of the Prince; that he never had communicated the secret to any of them for money, and insisted upon being taken before the Prince, when he would again prove, by ocular demonstration, that he was not the impostor which they would represent him. As none of the complainants could produce a second witness to any of the alleged facts, the governor, finding ten pieces of gold in his lap, during the examination and short explanation of the accused, complied with his request; he was confined for the night, and the next day was conducted to the same chamber where he had performed his first essay. The Prince, curious to behold a second time the promising miracle, soon arrived, and commanded the proof experiment to proceed. The professor boldly advanced, approached the furnace with all confidence, but suddenly stopping, felt anxiously in his pockets, faltered, and became confused and agitated; in fact, the paper containing the powder mixed with gold dust, which formed the only essential ingredient in the composition, was nowhere to be found; ruin, inevitable ruin, he saw awaited him; in an agony of shame and vexation, he confessed that he was not at the moment prepared for the experiment, having by some misfortune lost the elixir; but that on any future day he would lose his head if he made not his words good. All believed this a poor excuse only to gain time; his accusers recommenced their exclamations against him, and demanded justice for the fraud practised upon them; many even asserted, that his life would not compensate for the insult offered to the person of the King's son, who seemed fast inclining to the same opinion. The indignant Prince called for the ferashes, and the rods for the bastinado. All hope seemed lost. The miserable culprit was already thrown on his back, with his ancles in the noose, attached to a long pole supported by two ferashes, in such a manner as to expose the soles of his feet to the blows of the two executioners, who stood on each side of him armed with heavy sticks; when, making a sudden

effort, he turned his face towards the Prince, and cried out, "O, son of the King, hearken to the voice of truth, and let the beauty of mercy rest on thy countenance; say, hast thou not lost the richest of thy jewels? what is the recompense of him who restores them?" The Prince replied, "He who again binds the armlets on my arm, and replaces the dagger in my girdle, shall have his face made fair, although it were blackened with many crimes." "But swear," cried the criminal, "swear by thy own head, by the beard of the King thy father, and by the sacred Koran." "I swear," repeated the Prince. "Go then to the house of Allaverdi," he continued, "of him who now lies before thee, dig in the chamber to the left on entering, and ye shall find what ye seek." All stood amazed at this unexpected discovery; the Prince ordered some of his ministers and servants to go and examine the house, and others to unbind the prisoner. "If," he said, "thy words are true, mine shall be the same, and thou shalt rise high in my favour; but if they are false, thou diest." "I ask no other," submissively answered Allaverdi: he then related his adventures to the great astonishment of the whole court, and the delight of the Prince, which was much increased by the messengers returning loaded with nearly all the long lost jewels. All the faults of the accused vanished in the joy of that moment; in vain his poor deluded dupes claimed restitution of their money; they themselves only became subjects of ridicule; royal favours showered upon him, which his intriguing spirit knew well how to turn to the best advantage.—Allaverdi yet lives in the enjoyment of high honours, and the possession of so much wealth, that at his death his son may reasonably expect the honour of a severe bastonadoing, either to induce him to relinquish the whole, or, at least, to refund a large portion of his father's ill-gotten treasure into the coffers of his most equitable protector and sovereign.

J. W. W.

A PARTHLAN PEEP AT LIFE.

An Epistle to R——d A——n.

1.

A MURRAIN on it, Dick ! The joys,
Which busied us when we were boys,
Are gone, like riches, from us !
Backward I look, and I must say,
So very short appears my day,
I seem to have robb'd St. Thomas !

2.

Dost thou remember, man ! the hours
Spent on the walls, 'mid gilliflowers,
And near the blackbird's warble ?
Or in the play-ground, 'neath the trees,
Kneeling on tatter'd trowser knees,
To plump the glossy marble ?

3.

The book beneath the dappling shade,
Romances thrice romantic made
By country air and boyhood ?
The dabbling at a river's edge ?
The peeping in a likely hedge,
For nests which we destroy would ?

4.

Filch'd pleasures too—Oh Dick ! my boy—
(Forgive me the redeemed joy
Of a' name I trace my soul in !)
Say !—for thou loved'st the pilfer'd bough,—
Are golden-rennets sweeter now,
Than wildest crabs then stolen ?—

5.

The school-dance too ! How full of mirth !
Who would have thought us made of earth,
Or dreamt this change in thee, Dick ?
The Spanish pump—the little wit—
The motion, and the merry kit ;—
Why, man,—thou canst not be Dick !

6.

Thy bearded face and serious eye
Seem but to give the lad the lie ;—
Lives boyhood but an hour !
Thy leaves of lustre all are gone,
And duskily thou droop'st on,
Like a decay'd sun-flow'r !

7.

Look where we will, joy seems estranged,—
The dance its very mirth has changed ;
Now formal—once how thrilling !
The limb alive, the spirit supple,
The gallant " casting off two couple,"
All frozen to quadrilling !

8.

Turn to the stage ; the faded bays
Hang o'er the actors and the plays,—
And we who used to tremble
At players, and eke at playwrights too,—
Find Sheridan but lost to view,—
See but the death of Kemble !

9.

Love too is gone; the love of boys
Is surely the champaign of joys,—
Its spirit—sparkling—rapid!
But then, dear Dick, thou knowest when
It stagnates in the glass of men,
How quickly it gets vapid!

10.

Thy wife!—she *is* a wife to thee;
My wife is precious unto me;
(Well may I hold my own-up!)
We are all happy—are we not?—
As hearts can be,—in this world's lot!
But then, Dick, we are grown up!

11.

No more; we should be boys indeed—
Amid our comforts thus to breed
Disquietude and whining;—
Since men we are, let's think like men,—
Little we ne'er can be again,
Except by thus repining!

NED WARD, JUN.

ON BEAUTY, AND OTHER CONDITIONS OF FACE.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Nothing has exposed Beauty to so much odium and ill-will, as the bombastic misrepresentations of her professed encomiasts and flatterers. Like most earthly sovereigns, she owes her worst enemies to the blundering zeal and officiousness of her friends. The poets, or the courtiers and dangles of her council, have invested her with such outrageous prerogatives, extended her empire so much beyond its natural limits, and made her altogether of so much more importance in the system of the world, than she is or ought to be, that nine-tenths of the human race, who are not of her family, feeling themselves irremediably proscribed, insulted, and degraded, by her arrogant assumptions, have no resource, as a measure of self-defence and justification, but in flat rebellion. I am myself, I perceive, betrayed into the common strain of the *Ultras* on this subject, and am talking as of a goddess, when I mean nothing more in my heart, than a pair of agreeable eyes, and rosy cheeks. I beg to correct myself.

If there be truth in the familiar rant that we hear so much of, both said and sung, on the accident of beauty, those who are not beautiful stand convicted at once—signed—

branded—as outcasts from the dearest benefits and first honours of our being. What peace can there be in the world under such a dispensation of its blessings? If a perfect face is the only bait that can tempt an angel from the skies, what is to be the recompence of the unfortunate with a wide mouth, and a turn-up nose?

The extravagant influence claimed for beauty has this peculiar ill-effect, that it produces nothing but fretfulness and bad fellowship in *both* of the great classes into which human-kind is divided: those without the pale are burning with envy and malice against those within, who in their turn are harassed by the same order of feelings, and by others not at all more gentle and friendly, towards one another. With the ladies, the very name is a watch-word that calls to arms and to battle; like some hereditary feud of political party, incapable of settlement, and never to be discussed or thought of without heat, and rage, and unappeasable contradiction. This lady, who is ugly, makes her life miserable, by her ceaseless anxiety to prove that there is no such quality as beauty; and another, who is beautiful, is equally removed from happiness, by the restless pains with

which she insists, that it is the lot of no one but herself. "A woman," says the President Henault, "will praise one of her sex for any thing but her beauty;" that is, she will praise her for any or every honourable distinction, for the very purpose of denying that she has the smallest pretensions of face. "Miss —— is very clever, and plays charmingly on the harpsichord—in other words, she is any thing but handsome."

No persons have a more hyperbolic opinion of the power and glory of beauty, than the unelect; and *hinc illæ lachrymæ*; hence undoubtedly their peevishness and spite. They attach to it a significance that is altogether romantic, and with this exaggerated estimate of it in their hearts, betray their secret with their tongues, either by denying its existence against the most irresistible evidence, or by refusing to it that moderate degree of control which really and plainly belongs to it. A woman of sense and feeling, without exterior attractions, regards a beauty as an unrighteous tyrant; one who, on the strength of her mere clay, usurps all hearts; arrogates to herself the empire of love,—a passion which she can neither understand nor requite, to the exclusion of those who, whatever may be their features, alone have souls fit for its home and its worship. This is not true:—beauty has no such excesses to answer for. The conduct of men, since the Deluge, has proved, that love (the true thing) is not mere fealty to a face. The very least angelical, who reasonably contend for all the mind and feeling of the sex, should know, that all which is most profound and impassioned in that sentiment which beauty, to say the worst of it, can no more than inspire, will be given to their worthiness; and with this distinguished advantage, that, being raised on the only safe foundation, it will, when once accorded to them, endure for ever. Beauty may be a short cut to that eminence, which ugliness, or any thing else that you please better than beauty, must reach by a dark, doubtful, and circuitous route: but if her possession is more immediate, it is less secure; if her rule is more absolute, it is less constant and durable. If an ugly woman of wit

and worth cannot be loved till she is known,—a beautiful fool will cease to please when she is found out.

A greater variety—a more certain and rapid succession of miscellaneous homage—this truly is chargeable to beauty; but surely the ultra-sentimental should not make this barren honour a subject for their envy and disquiet. Instantaneous and universal admiration—the eye-worship of the world, is unquestionably the reward of the best faces; and the male-contents had much better come into the general opinion with a good grace, than be making themselves at once unhappy and ridiculous, by their hollow and self-betraying recusancy. Let them *face* the truth boldly; it is not worth the pains of opposition. Concede to the pretty tyrant all that she asks and can obtain, and it is still but a trifle. There are differences of opinion, it is true, on this point. Madame de Staël, with all her genius and knowledge, and with no imperfect consciousness of her merits, is reported to have declared, that she would cheerfully have given up her accumulated and various distinctions, for the single attribute of beauty. Her name is high authority certainly, but will scarcely sanctify such profanation as this. If she really made so silly a declaration, and made it from her heart, it proves only, that profound sensibility, and a generous ambition, were not among the number of her many eminent qualifications. The woman—the Frenchwoman—was uppermost, in spite of all her philosophy. If fame, the notice of numbers, was her object, she must have been a loser by the exchange of means which she desired; for she never could have been seen so extensively as she has been heard. If it was the dominion of love that she calculated upon, we must conclude that, being already married, her pride would have been to please, not a husband, but a host. So weak an aspiration might be pardoned in a girl too young to feel a sterling passion, and to form a rational preference; but one who, without beauty, had already secured its noblest triumphs—what was the gift to do for her? what influence was it to bring that could aid—nay, in the spirit in which it was coveted, that would not

obstruct her feelings and duties, as a wife and a mother? Her husband, we may presume, was satisfied: for whose sake then was she so desirous of personal charms? Such a preference, in France, I dare say, might be considered to be in the very finest spirit of feminine tenderness and dignity. A faddling old *beau* of that country, St. Evremond, has asserted that "a woman would sooner lose her lover than her beauty;" and the fact is certainly conceivable. It is possible that a woman would resign a lover for that which won him; the particular attachment of any single heart, for the glory of general conquest; the man for the species. She may doat upon Thomas, perhaps; but would see him drown himself, rather than lose the lustre of a pair of eyes which have been the ruin of Thomas, and may destroy, if she pleases, Richard, and Robert, and as many more as she may chance to look upon. There is nothing anti-Gallican at least, I fancy, in this liberal mode of feeling. Where there is no domestic privacy, where the whole business of life centres in public exhibition and display, it is but natural that a woman's chief care should be to make herself as diffusive as possible. In our own country, where a woman does not consider her loveliness as misapplied in the nursery, or altogether thrown away upon a husband, such heartless levity, if not without examples, would be scorned, I trust, by the sex.

I would not fall into the opposite extreme of Turkish watchfulness and monopoly. Though she should not be always gadding about, I would not withhold from beauty her reasonable liberties, or lock her up in constant confinement, with no witnesses but the company provided for her by love and the law. Let her not forget that she has a heart for one; and I will admit, under such limitations as modesty may suggest, that she has a face for all. A pretty woman was made, I suppose, among other things, to be looked at; and she is, therefore, not without excuse, if it be her pride to appear now and then among her fellow-creatures, purely as a show. The preservation of her dignity, with such freedom of display, will depend, of course, upon the art and delicacy

with which she may keep up her air of humility and unconsciousness.

I am purposely considering beauty only in its simplest elements and simplest effects, detached entirely from its power of inspiring love—not because I exactly doubt its power, but because I sincerely believe that it has no exclusive privileges in this respect—no pretensions for which ample equivalents may not be presented by every one with the face of woman. Even thus stripped and isolated—a mere gaud and toy—it has manifest advantages. It is pleasing, exceedingly pleasing, only to look at a beautiful woman; and there can be nothing disagreeable in the sensation of being the object so looked upon. What may be the kind and amount of gratification, it is not for me to decide. It must be something: abuse, despise, the bauble, as we please, it would be as well, after all, to be good-looking, if you could so manage the matter, particularly as there is no reason why you should not when you are about it, to have every other quality that can exalt or adorn our nature.

One mode of consolation with people whose perfections are all out of sight, is, to assume it as a physiological fact, that where nature has been scrupulously careful in the moulding and finishing of her visible and material work—where she has laboured hard at a blue eye, or touched and re-touched upon the fall of a pair of shoulders; she has been proportionably hasty and negligent in her mysterious preparations for that unseen, but not unimportant, functionary, the brain. It is not a tenet, with these schismatics, that there is no such thing as beauty; they modestly hold only, that wherever it betrays itself, it is a sure sign of mental imbecility. "Very pretty, but a fool," is their invariable award; as if sense and knowledge could only wear a set of irregular features and a sallow complexion.—Without inquiring into the reasonableness of this statement, I venture to say, that it is in direct contradiction to popular opinion. By common courtesy, the handsome man is at least not a fool till you know him: as long as there is nothing against him but his good looks, they may fairly be consorted, in your society,

with every embellishment of mind that can give beauty a meaning, or ugliness a mask. You cannot decide what it may be his fate to discover of himself; and as he stands before you, only an Apollo, he demands from you a liberal construction. He *may* be as captivating as wit can make him—equal, perhaps, to any man, in all his hidden attributes, as he is superior, you see, to most men, in his outward form and proportions. He and the most hideous of men are equal till they speak, as men; and this being so, his beauty is just so much clear and unopposed advantage. He is a philosopher—a lawgiver—in the public streets; and has moreover the best turned leg that you shall see among ten thousand.

Qualifications, indeed, far less prepossessing, and that appeal much less forcibly to the heart, than beauty, are quite sufficient to gain a person credit for his full share of all the gifts and acquirements that are natural to his place in society. The spirit of that liberal maxim of our law, which holds a man innocent till he is proved to be guilty, directs generally, under certain conditions, all our judgments, or guesses, rather, as to the powers and pretensions of all who present themselves to our notice. One of the conditions is, that a man shall not be very poor—not stand forward in the undisguised infamy of a shabby coat and torn breeches. Such a one, it is a hundred to one, without inquiry, is either a blockhead or a rogue. A well-dressed man, on the contrary, is *primâ facie* a pleasant fellow: till it is known what he is, we agree at once (his hat is warrant enough for us) that he is what he may be and what he ought to be. All the higher qualities of the mind, like the distinctions of rank, are included with particular provisions of the wardrobe and the toilet. An individual ties his neckcloth in a given style, and comes forth a scholar and a gentleman of course. Every one has credit for those endowments which belong to certain classes of coats: my lord duke and his butler are, with the million, just a pair. A good coat may not be quite so effective as a good person—but, combined, they are irresistible. The fact is so; there is no good in making oneself uneasy

about it. We, who are not more conscious of our moral superiority, than of our less promising appearance, may sneer, for our hearts' ease, at the obvious emptiness of the coxcomb who, with the aid of his exterior alone, is carrying away from us all admiration; but the provoking truth is, that, while his fine person and fine clothes are largely admired for their own sakes, they are still more especially triumphant, from their *natural* connexion, in the estimation of the many, with a hundred fine qualities of the soul, of which, in reality, the ninny is as guiltless as his horse. "Well," says Miss B——, "I must say, that Charles is the most entertaining young man that ever I met with; and, Lucy, don't you think he is remarkably handsome?" This is putting the cart before the horse, but the ladies are not aware of any such blunder. They know that the spark is handsome, and they find him agreeable, not, as they conclude in the simplicity of their hearts, for that plain reason;—but because he is so clever, so gay, so humorous, so any thing indeed but—six feet-high and a little over—though they will not deny his meritoriousness on that account—and why should they?

This supremacy of beauty, where people can be judged only by their looks, is so incontestible, that a plain, weakly man, whatever may be his mental powers, cannot find himself, apart from those who know and value him, hemmed in amongst strangers by the tall and the plump and the ruddy, without a slight sense of unworthiness and abasement. In such circumstances, in spite of reason and innocence, he cannot help feeling a little ashamed of himself. The pale poet, whose works enchant us all, is nobody in the Park: with his shrunk cheeks and spindle legs, he sneaks along, as little noticed as a fly; while a thousand fond eyes are fixed on the gay and handsome apprentice there, with just intellect enough to make the clothes which make him. He will be despised, I admit, as soon as he is explained—but till then, his superiority in the passing notice of the multitude is not to be denied. It is not my purpose to claim for beauty any thing not intrinsically its own. I will admit the

folly when it is fairly proved—the possible folly—but I will not allow that a fine face is by a law of destiny the only type of a weak head. On the contrary, I devoutly believe that the lovely eyes of Mary E—— are the index of a mind full of intelligence, fancy, and tenderness; and no one but herself shall ever shake this opinion. She *may* have, and therefore, for me, *has*, the richest endowments of the soul; and, super-added to these, she has a face which any man might be proud to idolize for its own sake—for a week at least. The season of explanation and contempt may come—but still there is a triumph.

This then is the undeniable advantage of beauty: it may fail when convicted as an idiot; but till then it is secure of attention and respect. It cannot make head against talents in direct conflict and fair battle; but, under its own colours, with a sort of neutrality on the part of mind, it sails through the world, conquering and to conquer. The ugly may desire, and the beautiful dread, to be known—the difference between them in the interim being, that the former are disregarded, while the latter are followed and admired. Let wisdom with its plain face regard this difference without malice; for, after all, what is it worth?—a little empty, precarious, perishable homage. It is compliment enough to the sovereignty of mind, that beauty must at least be supposed to be united with it, before it can assume its full authority. There is no limit to the influence of talents and hard-favoured countenances among friends, or wherever they have a field for action; eventually they must and will prevail, and may well afford to concede to beauty its fickle triumphs and brief superiority, to wink good-naturedly at the simpleton's tricks; and, as they know she cannot maintain her ground against the scrutiny of near friends and judges, to allow her, without snarling, all the credit she can raise, in her light and skimming communication with the ignorant crowd. The vain butterfly, they know, will be discovered to be a worm at last.

There is a danger, however, which the ugly find it difficult to put up with, with any degree of patience.

It sometimes happens, they say, even when the creatures are thoroughly detected — established fools — that they still maintain their influence undiminished. You may see a lady, on the strength of nothing in the world but a pair of sparkling eyes, tyrannize over her husband—a sensible, discriminating man, too—as if he was the meanest and simplest of slaves. Love at first sight with such dolls might be forgiven; we complain that the love sometimes has the hardihood to bear a second sight—one a twelvemonth long, perhaps. There is some truth in this, but it must not be valued at more than it is worth. The fascination of beauty may for a time be so predominant as to warp or suspend our judgment, and make us confound the nature and differences of things. It is very conceivable that a man, haunted by a pretty face, may, till he is a little reconciled to his familiar, find himself involuntarily referring to it as his sole standard and authority, in questions with which it has no concern—mistaking good teeth, perhaps, for good nature, and a silly remark for a dimple in the chin. But such blind adoration as this, unless where two fools come together, must soon have a period. It is impossible to be intimate with folly without despising it. Every body thinks the pretty Mrs. D—— agreeable, except her husband; and he, good man, to do him justice, and not to speak of beauty too lightly, resisted conviction with all becoming obstinacy and gallantry. Every charm of his wife's face and person supplied him in its turn with weapons, sword and shield, against every effort she made to disenchant herself. Her eyes served him for many a day as a sure artillery against all that she chose to say, or not to say. She had no tastes or feelings in common with him;—but then her complexion! It required almost six months to convince him, that this was not an excuse for her falling asleep when he was reading Guy Mannering to her. He took shelter behind her legs, for I know not how long, against an idle habit she had of never being serious, except when called upon to understand a joke. He found an answer to his wit in her ancles; her foot was a repartee for a month; and after

heavy weeks of unmitigated dulness and empty trifling, he still looked upon her lips as eloquence. She drove him at length, however, from all his positions and defences, and he is now certified that his wife is a fool.

Now an ill-conditioned countenance, accompanied, as it always is of course, with shining abilities, and all the arts of pleasing, has this signal compensation; that it improves under observation, grows less and less objectionable the more you look into it and the better you know it; till it becomes almost agreeable on its own account—nay, really so—actually pretty: whereas beauty, we have seen, witless beauty, cannot resist the test of long acquaintance, but declines, as you gaze, while in the full pride of its perfection; “fades on the eye, and palls upon the sense,” with all its bloom about it. Talents bribe and bias the judgment in favour of ordinary features, in the same manner that it is sometimes bewitched by beauty in behalf of folly; with this distinction, that in the first case the error, once formed, knows no change; and in the other is but a passing dream—the mistake of a month—the fascination of a honey-moon.

I may illustrate this point, I hope, without the charge of irreverence, by some notice of our sentiments with regard to brute animals, who, whatever may be their own convictions, are, in our opinions, distinguished by great personal contrasts, many gradations of comeliness, and striking differences of feeling and intelligence. I went the other day to visit a collection of wild beasts, which had just arrived in a retired country town, where, being quite new to most of the people, they were received with eager curiosity. The first word uttered by every one on his entrance into the place of exhibition, was some expression of sudden and irresistible disgust at the elephant—that monster of matter, and miracle of mind, as Buffon calls it—an animal that nature seems to have only half made; the sketch, the rough-draught of a brute; a mass of deformity rendered hideous by a resemblance only to life—like the sculptor’s statue just visible in the block; or some creature that a child might scrawl upon paper. Look at his clubbed, post-like legs! What a foot and ankle! And

then his tail!—if ever a tail were ignominious, it is his: and mercy!—his carcase!—mean with all its magnitude,—his hogged back—sneaking haunches—and rugged, sooty, stony, hide!—a hay-stack set upon piles, or the waggon that encloses him, might as soon be mistaken for a living being. Loathsome! frightful! dreadful! such was the style of comment that escaped from the mouths of men and women, as they cast a hasty and scornful glance upon this wise brute of the east. They then crowded about the dens of the other beasts, and nothing was heard but exclamations of delight and admiration at the grand mane of the lion, the rich spotted skin of the tiger, and the dazzling stripes of the zebra. It was curious to observe how soon this feeling subsided, how soon the interest of mere colour and form was exhausted, and lost in satiety—indifference—disregard. In the mean time, a little group that have recovered from the hurry of their first impressions, and are in a state to receive the truth, assemble about the poor patient piece of overgrown awkwardness, whom we have just so much abused—the calumniated elephant. He begins to be found out—he has had time to unfold himself, and his party every moment increases: now a deserter from the lion, and now a turn-coat from the tiger, come over to his side, till at last the whole company, who had so lately combined to vilify him, are jostling and elbowing one another, to witness his sagacity and share his notice. No one talks of his unsightliness now; his intelligence, his gentle manners, and kind, communicative, eye, have won all hearts: he is the sole favourite—the pet of the show. The miracles of his trunk-exercise alone are worth all the lions in the world, and the zebras to boot. Observe with what mixed propriety, handiness, and grace, he turns, and curves, and curls, that wonderful instrument, which can knock down a house, or pick up a pin! See with what politeness and tenderness he gives his keeper the wall!—a horse would tread upon your toes and say nothing; but he knows his own weight and your worth better. Look at him! a lamb in every thing but littleness:—like Elia’s giantess, “he

goeth mincingly"—being nine thousand six hundred pounds weight. And is this a creature to be despised for his hide? No, no—the women now are patting his iron sides, and think him "really not so *very* ugly;" they coax him, and joke, and laugh with him, and pull out their half-pence ungrudgingly, to buy him cakes, and see him eat them. "Now, ma'am, observe," says the keeper—and straight he pokes a biscuit into that droll little puckered mouth of his, like a letter into a letter-box—and that is all you have for your penny. And now a mother trusts her infant to his keeping; he cradles it in a bend of his trunk, and stands motionless, like a figure of patience and parental love. The child screams, and he hears and understands; nay, fear not, he would not, his eye swears to you he would not, harm it, for his liberty. There is no standing this—bursts of applause—"noble brute"—"generous animal"—"tender soul"—come quick from all tongues; nay, as a climax to his triumph, even, "pretty creature," is not spared, so true it is that, "handsome is, that handsome does." To pursue the parallel to the utmost of its bearing on my subject, I may state that this affectionate admiration was not more lively than it will be durable. The good folks will soon forget the lion's mane and the zebra's stripes; but their interchange of kindly thoughts and kindly acts with the elephant, are matters of the head and heart, and are not to be forgotten.

To return to my humanities. I have hitherto presumed, in compliance with the exactions of the censorious, that a person, to be handsome, must be without mind and feeling; and have made out, I think, even with this admission, that good looks have still their term of reverence. But, as I have already intimated, my actual opinions are far less harsh and exclusive. However the case may be between the tyger and the elephant, I am by no means assured that, with us, the highest intelligence, and the most engaging manners, are inseparable from the coarsest figures. The elephants amongst us have their sure reward, and they deserve it (*that is my moral*); but we are not all elephants

that look so. I have no faith in the natural alliance of beauty and folly: whatever may be the laws of its distribution, I believe that mind has no uniform dependance upon our eyes and noses; I believe that there are no mutual influences between wisdom and a white skin; in a word, that the loveliest woman on earth may have all the wit, and fancy, and tenderness, and polish, and grace, that ennoble the sallow Mrs. B—, and the red-haired Miss C—. I am aware of the disturbance that I may raise about my ears, by this inordinate declaration. Am I raving? do I know what I mean? What excuse do I propose to the worthy many, the ugly, the plain, the middling, and the so-so, when I thus load the few—the elect, forsooth, with the means of gaining, not alone all eyes, but all hearts? Patience—patience—the case is not altered a tittle. If the beautiful win hearts and retain them (for that is the desideratum) they derive their power from their intellects, and their affections, from all those qualities which they have in common with the ugly; (our language is sadly deficient in terms for those who are not handsome); while their beauty is still no more than I have described it to be—a light additament—not eyes and nose, but their colour and shape; a pretty, a very pretty, trifle, well worth the having; but not worth the pride and arrogance of many that have it, nor the envy and ill-humour of more that want it. This is the fact, be assured: quote not from Moore or his imitators; look to nature and truth: look round upon your married acquaintance.

There is one certain comfort for all those who are foolish and cruel enough to desire it. The most beautiful must lose their beauty—a forfeiture that at once atones for all their crimes of face. The leveller, *Fifty*, will have his day, when the beauty will find no sighs for her losses in any heart but her own. I advert to this pitiless epoch, much less as a consolation to the envious, than as a warning to those whom it most concerns; and with this warning (beware and be wise), delivered with all friendliness and respect from one not of the elect, I conclude.

R. A.

SPRING SONG.

1.

Rose! Rose! Open thy leaves!
 Spring is whispering love to thee.
 Rose! Rose! Open thy leaves!
 Near is the nightingale on the tree.
 Open thy leaves,
 Open thy leaves,
 And fill with balm-breath the ripening eves!

2.

Lily! Lily! Awake, awake!
 The fairy wanteth her flowery boat:
 Lily! Lily! Awake, awake!
 Oh! set thy sweet-laden bark afloat.
 Lily, awake!
 Lily, awake!
 And cover with leaves the sleeping lake!

3.

Flowers! Flowers! Come forth! 'Tis Spring!
 Stars of the woods, of the hills, and dells!
 Fair valley-lilies come forth, and ring
 In your green turrets your silvery bells!
 Flowers, come forth!
 'Tis Spring! Come forth!
 West winds for ever, and a groan for the north!

May 1, 1823.

E. W.

POOR RELATIONS.

A Poor Relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and re-

spect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret,—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of

being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-

Relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L—s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant Sir; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq. in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages, to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance*, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it

was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thrid the alleys and blind ways of the town with him, to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student slunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever.

To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to any thing that wore the semblance of a gown—in-sensible to the winks, and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High-street to the back of **** college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father's table the next morning announced, that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended

with any thing painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning. A captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect, which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school), and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction), over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain.

Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused, with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—“Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated.” John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

ELLA.

THE LATE EARL ST. VINCENT.*

As the statements which have appeared in the public papers respecting this extraordinary man have been extremely erroneous, we give the following brief particulars of his heroic life, which may be relied upon.

He was the second son of an old and respectable family, who resided at Meaford, near Stone, in Staffordshire; and his elder brother, like himself, lived to an advanced age, and was living within these few years. Without running through the events of his early years, it may be sufficient to begin at the time he was made Commander.

The first vessel he was appointed to, was the *Porcupine*, of fourteen guns, which he commanded in the year 1759: she belonged to the fleet under Sir Charles Saunders, and was sent with it, on the expedition against Quebec: what share personally he might have had in that brilliant and arduous enterprise is unknown; but from his character, and the similar qualities of the General who commanded the army, it is more than probable that his country owes him something upon that score. In the month of June of the next year, he was advanced to the rank of Post Captain, and appointed to the *Gosport*, of 44 guns, which was attached to the small fleet under Lord Colville at Newfoundland: he continued to command her till the peace of 1763. In the year 1770, he was appointed to the *Alarm* frigate, of 32 guns, and sent with congratulations to the Court of Naples, on the marriage of the King. It may not be unamusing to notice here, that the *Alarm* was the first ship in the British navy that was coppered, by way of experiment, in the year 1761. In the year 1772, the *Alarm*, which had suffered some damage on the rocks, sunk at her anchors in the harbour of Marseilles. This circumstance first afforded an opportunity of showing the genius and peculiar character of the man. The French officers, with the utmost kindness and attention, offer-

ed every sort of assistance to raise his vessel, which, however, with many expressions of gratitude, he declined; and calling his crew together, said, "Gentlemen, we are in a foreign port, the Intendant has voluntarily promised me any number of men I may want for the purpose of weighing the *Alarm*; which, however, I have declined: it is necessary here to show what we are able to do; we must weigh her ourselves." He did not deceive himself—the *Alarm* was actually weighed, to the admiration of every body, by her own crew alone. In the year 1776, he was appointed to the *Foudroyant*, of 80 guns, which he commanded for the whole of the American war; and was one of those captains who brought his ship into close action in Keppel's lame engagement, of the 27th of July, 1778, which was familiarly called by the sailors the action of the *Three Johns*—from Captain Jervis, Captain Gower, and Sir John Lindsay, having principally distinguished themselves in it. On the 21st of April, 1782, while cruising with Admiral Barrington, he fell in with *Le Pegase*, a French 74 gun ship, and took her single-handed in three quarters of an hour, after what the seamen call a smart action, in which he was slightly wounded.

He was in the course of the summer made a Knight of the Bath, by the late Lord Lansdowne, a minister more attentive to merit of all sorts, than any other who has held the reins of power in modern times; and who always remained his fast friend. He was again in action under Lord Howe, at the relief of Gibraltar, on the 20th of October of the same year, and again distinguished himself. On the 24th of September, 1787, he was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral, and hoisted his flag for the first time on board the *Prince*, of 98 guns, in the fleet commanded by Lord Howe, in what was called the Spanish armament. In the Russian armament of the following year, he

* Died on the 7th of March, of an asthma, at his seat at Rochetts, near Brentwood, in Essex, in the 87th year of his age, the Earl of St. Vincent.

had no command. In 1793, on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war with France, he commanded, in the *Boyne*, of 98 guns, the naval part of the expedition which took *Martinique* and *Guadaloupe*: the attack was conducted and executed with his characteristic vigour and talent. Sir Charles Grey commanded the military. Soon after this time, Lord Hood was removed from the command of the Mediterranean fleet. He was a clever officer and a gallant man, but was remarkable for disagreeing with the military who were employed with him. He was succeeded by Admiral Hotham. There were at that time some excellent officers in the fleet; but somehow the hopes of the country, respecting it, were so sadly disappointed, that it was found absolutely necessary to send out a new commander-in-chief. Lord Spencer, who was at that time First Lord of the Admiralty, selected Sir John Jervis, who sailed out in the *Lively*, commanded by the present Lord Galloway, a distinguished young officer,—and joined the fleet in November, 1795, then off Toulon. Here it was that he found a fit theatre for his exertions; and it may be said of him with perfect justice, that no naval officer whatever has made the British name more illustrious than he has done. He first began by making a severe reform, which was perfectly necessary, and he had the good fortune to be honestly supported at home by the Admiralty: the consequence of which was, that he created a system, which has produced a race of men whom without affectation we may call heroes,—at the head of whom was Nelson, backed by Collingwood, Troubridge, Saumarez, Hood, Ball, Foley, and a crowd of others too numerous to particularize. On the 14th of February, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, while cruising with 15 sail of the line, he fell in with the Spanish fleet of 27 sail of the line, and brought them to close action; he succeeded in capturing four line of battle ships, two first rates, an 80 and a 74 gun ship: for this he obtained his Earldom. It was on this occasion that Nelson first had a fair opportunity of showing his great talents; for it would be an unworthy detraction from his

character not to admit that it was to his prompt decision alone that the victory was so suddenly obtained. These two great men have too much positive merit of their own, to make the share allotted to one of them a detraction from the fair fame of the other. From this time the name of Lord St. Vincent became known in every part of Europe, and he continued to command the Mediterranean fleet with unexampled success. It is perhaps his highest praise, that this very fleet of his was kept in the most perfect state of discipline and security, at a time when every other British fleet, at Spithead, the Nore, the Cape of Good Hope, the East and the West Indies, were in a state of open mutiny.

In June, 1798, the French Directory having formed extravagant notions of the importance of Egypt as a colony, sent out Bonaparte with an army of 33,000 men in a fleet of 19 sail of the line from Toulon. The Government at home were so ill-informed of the destination of this fleet, that their orders to Lord St. Vincent were to look to the *southern* coast of Europe; at the same time, expressing a little admiration at the suspicion that appeared to be entertained by some people, of its being intended to occupy *Egypt*. Nelson was at that time cruising off Sicily with three sail of the line; Lord St. Vincent sent him up ten more, under the command of Troubridge, remarking, “they may say of me what they please, but I have sent a better commanded fleet under Nelson and Troubridge than ever swam upon the ocean.” The Battle of Aboukir was the result. It may be something whimsical to remark, that at a subsequent period, an officer under the command of Lord St. Vincent, challenged him for appointing Nelson to this fleet instead of himself, after having in vain demanded a court-martial upon him.

In the spring of 1799, Lord St. Vincent returned to England on account of his health, and gave up the command of the Mediterranean fleet to Lord Keith. On the 25th of April in the following year, he hoisted his flag on board the *Ville de Paris*, as Commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet. It may be re-

marked of him, that he has made what may be considered important discoveries in that branch of the service to which he belonged. No officer ever kept his crews either in a better state of health or discipline than he did. He was the first man that showed the possibility of blockading Brest in winter, and the practicability of victualling ships at sea with fresh provisions and water, and that it was more economical as well as more salutary to his crews to victual them with fresh provisions in foreign ports. In Mr. Addington's administration, in 1801, he was made First Lord of the Admiralty, where he showed a vigour and activity wholly unexampled. He held his levees at six o'clock in the morning, and before sunset received a telegraphic dispatch to assure him of the safe arrival of his captains on board their respective ships. The fate of that administration is well known, and with it he went out of place: it is said, however, that before he quitted office, he expressed himself to some of his associates, whom he suspected of treachery to the minister, in terms which are not forgotten even at the present hour. In the short Whig administration which came into power on Mr. Pitt's death, he accepted the command of the Channel fleet; which he resigned upon the change that took place in the following April; after which he never accepted any command. Our limits will not admit of our enlarging further on the public services of this extraordinary man, to whom his country is so much indebted. It was not his fate to meet with many opportunities of fighting the enemies of his country, but he never was in action without

distinguishing himself: the enthusiasm and enterprise he excited in his fleet were beyond all example; as were also his attention and activity. It was his good fortune to find officers like himself of first rate talent. When he commanded the *Foudroyant*, he had for his lieutenants two young men of the names of Lloyd and Nicholls: the former, though he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself before the public, was held in the highest estimation by all who had the happiness of being acquainted with him: it was no small honour to him that he was probably one of the very first persons who excited an interest against the slave trade; and from his abhorrence of oppression of every kind, he took a very active part with Captain Sutton, against the persecution he underwent from his superior officer, Commodore Johnstone. He afterwards commanded the *Foudroyant*, just before the peace of 1783, which was the only ship, with the exception of Captain Byron's, at that time at Spithead, which did not mutiny—he was equally remarkable for his humanity to his men, for the strength of his understanding, and the tenderness, lightness, and vivacity of his wit.* Nicholls has since been made a Knight of the Bath: he commanded the *Royal Sovereign* in the action of the 1st of June, under Lord Howe, and obtained a medal for his services that day; he afterwards commanded the *Marlborough*, was Captain of the Baltic fleet under Sir Charles Pole, and was for a short time Comptroller of the Navy. He was also a Commissioner of Inquiry into Naval Abuses; and it is believed, that the tenth Report, which formed the groundwork of Lord Melville's

* In the different trials which took place in the King's Bench, and Common Pleas, between Captain Sutton and Governor Johnstone, Captain Lloyd was always present; and from the intense interest which he showed for his friend, and his extreme quickness and sagacity in suggesting hints to the Counsel, he was frequently mistaken for Captain Sutton: two verdicts were obtained against Johnstone, one for 5,000*l.* and the other for 6,000*l.* which, however, were set aside in the Exchequer Chamber, after a very long judgment, by Lords Mansfield and Loughborough. Captain Lloyd could never be persuaded of the justice of their decision, and in consequence took an inveterate hatred to all Governor Johnstone's countrymen. About that time, one of them saying in conversation, it was an extraordinary fact, that Mr. Adam and Colonel Fullarton, who fought duels with Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Fox, had each of them *borrowed* the same pair of pistols, from Mr. Humberstone Mackenzie, Captain Lloyd remarked, "You Scotchmen are economical, even in murder." The Life of this most engaging man, written by any person who knew him intimately, would make a very choice piece of biography.

impeachment, was drawn up by him.*

To return to Lord St. Vincent ; in private life he was a most lively companion, and every thing he said or did partook of the native vigour of his mind. He was active beyond all example, always up by three or four o'clock in the morning, almost to the last : he was a highly accomplished man, with a good breeding that never left him, except that he sometimes thought it necessary to put it off when the exigencies of the ser-

vice required it : he was a warm admirer of Mr. Fox ; and the very last vote that was given by him was last year in favour of the Catholic claims. He married the daughter of Sir Thomas Parker in the year 1783. He never had any children : his Countess died in the year 1816. We are aware that he requires other pens and other publications to do him justice, but we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of paying this small tribute to his memory.

* He is still alive, which prevents our enlarging on his extraordinary merits further than by saying, that a more honourable man than he is does not exist.

LORD WILLIAM.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

1.

LORD William has leapt from his bonnie brown steed,
Down among Linclouden broom,
Has cast his gold belt, and his broad battle-blade,
His helmet, and heron plume.
The red sun was sinking behind the green hill,
As he walked the wild groves among,
And there came a fair maiden gathering the flowers,
And listening the little birds' song.

2.

Her dark curling ringlets were shower'd o'er a neck
More white than the neck of the swan ;
The lily she pluck'd grew more proud of her breast
Than it was of its native lawn.
Unadorn'd was her loveliness, save where the dew
New fallen 'mong her temple locks hung ;
She look'd up and saw him—then rooted she stood,
Like a flow'r in a wilderness sprung.

3.

“ O give me one kiss, and thy white dewy feet
I will lace up in silver soled shoon,
And gold shall thy neck and thy curling locks grace,
As we stray in the light of the moon ;
For far have I wander'd o'er ocean and plain,
By city, and fountain, and tree ;
But so bonnie a maiden, o'er all the wide earth,
Mine eyes never gladden'd to see.”

4.

She turn'd her eyes from him, and hung down her head,
As a rose when it stoops in the dew ;
By the sweep of her arm, and the wave of her hand,
And her eyes that a darker light threw,
He knew his true love : through the flow'r beds he sprung,
In her ear some soft story to say—
And the small birds sung loud, and the morning sun shone,
Ere the kind maiden wish'd him away.

C.

THE ROSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF BILDERDIJK.

I saw them once blowing
 Whilst morning was glowing,
 But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd o'er the ground,
 For tempests to play on,
 For cold worms to prey on,
 The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd
 With dew-drops were nourish'd,
 Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high ;
 Their hues are now banish'd,
 Their fragrance all vanish'd,
 Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
 Of glories and graces
 Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay :
 And smiling and gladness
 In sorrow and sadness,
 Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances
 And Melody's glances
 Are rays of a moment—are dying when born :
 And Pleasure's best dower
 Is nought but a flower,
 A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
 Its brilliancy shrouded,
 Our strength disappears—we are helpless and lone :
 No reason avails us,
 And intellect fails us,
 Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

SONNET

*Written in Keats's Endymion.**T. Hood*

I saw pale Dian, sitting by the brink
 Of silver falls, the overflow of fountains
 From cloudy steeps ; and I grew sad to think
 Endymion's foot was silent on those mountains,
 And he but a hush'd name, that Silence keeps
 In dear remembrance,—lonely, and forlorn,
 Singing it to herself until she weeps
 Tears that perchance still glisten in the morn ;—
 And as I mused, in dull imaginings,
 There came a flash of garments, and I knew
 The awful Muse by her harmonious wings
 Charming the air to music as she flew—
 Anon there rose an echo through the vale
 Gave back Endymion in a dream-like tale.

T.

THE LAND'S END OF CORNWALL.

“WHAT tale is this?—an ancient tale—I’ve heard
 Thee tell it a hundred times. Is there not in’t
 A hoary man whose sage tongue says strange things,—
 A reverend dame who deals in golden proverbs,—
 A maiden, down whose alabaster neck
 Long curling locks come gushing, with an eye,
 A meek moist eye much given to love, and black;
 With lisping children and a purring cat,
 A simmering streamlet and a haunted glen,
 And merry maidens who love young men’s mirth
 And minstrel melody?—You see I know’t;—
 Thy five fair children are less like each other
 Than thy mute offspring are”——“I’m very glad on’t,
 For I do wish them like no wiser man.
 My mute and breathing progeny are like
 To him who made them, and look like each other;
 And who should they be like?—Go tell the lark
 To change its speckles,—bid the lily’s lip
 Blush like the ripe red rose,—and make the sky,
 The morning sky, give less of light and loveliness.
 The flower blooms of its kind, and doth not change,
 And whate’er comes from mine own heart must take
 Its hue from me.”—

There are seasons for beholding particular scenes in their fullest beauty; and those who have seen the Land’s End of Cornwall on a summer day, when the wind is low, the sky blue, and the sun bright, have beheld it stript of its grandeur and most picturesque accompaniments. When the wind is up,—the thunder clouds gathered together,—the big drops descending,—the lightning flashing by fits between sea and cloud,—while a ship with all her sails bent is seen moving amid the waters, seeking for some secure haven,—then is the time to see a scene of deep interest and awful beauty. It seems no longer the Land’s End, but the World’s End:—beyond the dark tumbling wilderness of waters you can imagine no other land,—the limit of the uttermost earth is before you, and where the thick cloud hangs, and the fire flashes, may lie the region of infernal romance.

It was at such a time that I first saw the Land’s End of Cornwall—and, what is far better, it was at such a time, too, that it was seen by Turner, the most poetic of landscape painters. I have no wish to try to describe the enchantment which his pencil has wrought, and from which the graver of Cooke has taken none

of the charms; but I wish he had seen the scene expressly as I saw it. The sea began to feel the influence of the wind,—a thick cloud hung at a distance dark and motionless,—the sun had gone down, and its last glimmering light was dancing on the water, while, half in sea and half in cloud, a ship all on fire came scudding along, throwing a wavering column of flame and smoke far into the air,—and a dog, the only living creature that had not abandoned her, sat on the prow, and uttered, as the flames approached, a deep and mournful howl.—But to my story.

In a small bay near the Land’s End of Cornwall, a colony of fishermen had fixed their abode, and enjoyed undisturbed the produce of their labour for a period beyond the reach of oral remembrance. It was a wild and unfrequented place, chained in by a line of sterile and shaggy hills, through which a path, rather than a road, presented a way into the bosom of the country. This way, too, seemed not to have been in the original contemplation of nature, but the work of after thought;—the hills appeared to have been cleft asunder to allow man to find his way into this rude and barren place. If the approach by land was rugged and difficult, the way by sea was shut up

against every thing which went deeper into the water than a boat:—when the tide receded, the rocks might be seen presenting themselves as sharp as the tusks of a wild boar, and nearly as thickly set, against all efforts of navigation; and the wrecks of many vessels were scattered among the crags and quicksands. The sea, however, teemed with the finest fish, and sought to make amends for its rugged bottom by the valuable booty which its tides bore into the nets of the fishermen. But the fishermen sought only to make the day and the way alike long,—they caught and ate, and ate and caught; and if they cured any fish for sale, it was but in the way of exchange with some of the inland store farmers, who once or twice a year penetrated into their region, to barter, according to the custom of the country, some of their superfluous commodities. Their houses, some twenty or more, ran in a zig-zag line along the bosom of the bay, built of dry stone, covered with heath,—the roofs hung with dried salmon, the floors bedded with fishbones; while, from the whole, a close and a fishy steam issued, fit to suffocate a covey of partridges, but which was myrrh and frankincense in the nostrils of fishermen. Nets of all sizes were extended along the shore; many patched and rudely constructed boats lay hauled upon the beach, or rocked amid the water, as it swelled with the increasing tide, while many men, many women, and a numerous progeny of children, bareheaded and barefooted, sat watching the heaving sea with the eager glance of those who are aware that their supper lies at its bottom. Those who live by the tide must watch with the tide; and it is as common for men to dip their nets in the midnight waters, as in the tide of noonday. The moon had arisen with sharp horns, and with a stormy face, and shed on the moving mass of waters a varying and fitful light. The pointed rocks, and the wrecks of ships, began to disappear,—the bay expanded, and the porpoise went dashing along the foaming line of the tide, feasting, as he went, upon the fattest of the fish.

Before the tide was at its height, and while the fishermen stood, some midwaist deep in the water, holding

the haave, and others on the shore eyeing their nets moving in the stream with a look of silent hope, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard among the pebbles on the beach, and a horse and rider suddenly emerged into the moonlight, and went towards the tide. The rider seemed an elderly man, with something of a military air about him; he wore a short cloak, a slouched hat, bearing a feather of the sea-cormorant, and carried a four-pronged and barbed fish-spear in his hand, in the manner of one bearing a lance. "It's Ranulph Roole," said an elderly fisherman, "'e knows what 'e wants,—the fattest and the fairest fish that our nets take; but may I be doomed to hold the haave for devils in the pit of brimstone, if 'e has a fin from me to-night, as sure as my name is Gaffer Gaffhook." To this person the rider addressed himself. "Gaffer, my good friend, I'm in haste,—my master is sick and sore wounded:—you know what day of the week this is, and I must have a fair fish, with a mergh-fin as fat as melting butter,—and all to win the grace of a good priest, who comes many a mile to sooth the spirit of Sir Simon Kinnersley." "Ranulph," said Gaffhook, "look at that tide,—it swept the opposite coast some half hour since, and fills our bay now; it is the free gift of heaven, and all that it contains,—so put forth thy hand, and freely take what is freely offered: but for no man, nameless or knighted, will I strike or take fish:—I hold the sea from Providence, and not from Simon Kinnersley,—or may I be turned into the bob-cork of an everlasting raise-net;—and ye may say Gaffer Gaffhook said it." "Gaffer," said Ranulph, "were not my master sick, and the matter pressing, I should like much to speak to thee in the only language thou canst comprehend:—I would beat thee with my spear-shaft into bait for cod, if I could spare the time,—but I see there is some fine fish running, and I will show thee an art thou wilt never have the spirit to learn." He balanced his fish-spear, spurred his horse into the tide,—and, eyeing the foamy track in which the fish ran, and waving his weapon like a javelin, he hurled it into the water, and the quivering shaft and the splash

brine told how true was his aim, and how dextrous his hand. He wheeled his horse round and rode swiftly away, bearing a fine salmon on his spear-point. "There 'e goes," said old Gaffhook, "with as fair a fish as ever swam in our bay. I might have held a haave in the surge for a summer moon, and got nothing better than a gaping cod, or a thorny-backed skate. Ye see what it is to serve the saints:—here comes a fellow who knows not how many corks are on a raise-net, and, riding into the tide, casts in his spear in the name of St. Somebody, and brings out a fine salmon. An I knew the saint who has most influence among fish, I would worship him too;—I would cease dipping the knotted mesh of hemp in the flood, and stick to the barbed steel and the bounteous saint,—else let my king's hood be made into a shrimp net." "Ah," said a young fisherman, "had I known it was Ranulph Roole, he might have picked the best fish I have taken out of the bosom of my haave net;—for have ye not heard his master is at death's door?—he had a quarrel with some man beyond the bay, and has lost some of his best blood. Many a fair fish has he had of our taking,—but we have ever been rewarded seven-fold." "Now, Moll," said old Gaffhook to his spouse, "cast on thy hood, and take the salmon I caught this morning, and follow Ranulph, and tell him thy husband calls himself an old fool, and sends him a pretty fish;—Sir Thomas was ever a stern man, but he was just, and he divided ever as fair atween man and man as the back bone divides the herring—so hie thee, dame, and let thy feet scarce feel the grass."

The way along which the fisherman's spouse followed Ranulph seemed rather the rough and deserted channel of a brook, than a regular road fashioned by the labour of man. It sought the foot of the hills; and, though the way was short for moor-fowl, it was long for man, for it had to go winding among rocks and stones with many a turn and link. One time it seemed to skirt the edge of a grove of rocks,—at another, it passed through a field so thickly studded with enormous stones, and withal so regular, that they seemed to have been distributed by measure-

ment. A little farther on, and close to the ascent of the hills, rocks and loose stones were heaped up in such confusion as countenanced the supposition that they were the surplus materials left from erecting the steep and rocky hills which hemmed in the bay. Along this way Ranulph spurred his horse till he reached a deep and wooded ravine that seemed nearly to separate the hills, and out of which gushed a small but tumultuous brook. Along the brink of the rivulet the way continued to wind in a gradual ascent, till, passing an old sycamore tree, which, anchoring its roots like net-work among the enormous stones, threw its stem and branches over the stream, a small square tower, and the ruins of a little chapel, appeared seated, or rather half hung, from the summit of a lofty cliff, like the eyrie of an eagle. A light glimmered along the rocks and the stream from a small wicket, equal in size to the admission of an owl, and crossed with its trembling lines a very narrow and steep way, which ascended to the gate of Kinnersley-Keep.

Ranulph scaled this dizzy way like one to whom the path was familiar, and, throwing the bridle over his horse's neck, sought the chamber from whence the light proceeded. He stopt at a narrow door of carved oak, and, listening for a minute's space, or more, lifted the latch, and entered with a light foot and a cautious air. "Alas! Ranulph," said a voice, faint and broken, "all thy care and tenderness are cast away on one unworthy of life, and who could not live, were he worthy." "Be of good comfort, Sir," said Ranulph, "you have done only what is noble, and what would have been wickedness to have left undone. A father's dying entreaty is a matter not to be lightly cared for,—and there is a curse for them who neglect a father's command. Be of good cheer, therefore,—a wound in young flesh is soon cured. I remember, in your honoured father's time, when young Lacey of Lanercross jested about the cut of my mantle, and I was run through the thick of the thigh in the vindication of my dress, I had my leg o'er the horse's back in three weeks again:—Cheer up, Sir, young flesh is caunie to cure, as the men say in

the north." "Ah! Ranulph, but grief at heart cuts worse than a two-edged sword," said the same voice; "it was a dread command my father laid on me, and dreadfully has it been obeyed. How can I hope that heaven approves, when my own heart disapproves?—I am sore wounded, Ranulph; but my sorest pain is for drawing my sword, and shedding man's blood unjustly." "I have seen much blood spilt in my day, Sir," said Ranulph; "and I have been blamed for spilling some little myself; but shame fall the man that says, when the head is hot and the mind chafed, your sword in your hand, and your best foe with bared steel before you—shame fall him, I say, who thinks that the blood which is spilt then is spilt unjustly. But that was not what I wanted to say. Ye know, Sir, we came home to a cold hearth and an empty larder. Now, Sir, have cheer from what I'm about to tell:—I took my fish-spear in my hand, and rode down to the tide; the boors were churlish, and would not give me a single fin; so in the name of the saints I rode into the flood, and struck with my spear, and a noble stroke struck I,—as fat a salmon as ever swam. Now, Sir, had the saints thought ye unworthy of favour;—had they designed that the name of Kinnersley should perish from the earth,—would they have given your servant such a gift?—I trow, no, Sir; it's not for nought that the saints are bountiful,—and I would have you let me look at your wound, and I'll warrant we'll mend it. Shall the name of Kinnersley die like a barren tree?—No, no;—when it goes out, it shall go out shining like a shooting star."

The person to whom Ranulph addressed this singular speech was a young man some twenty years old, firmly knit and finely proportioned, with large blue eyes, and sunny hair, inclining to curl, and which was allowed to grow both thick and long. A hat and feather lay by his side; an embroidered mantle was near him, stained with blood, and still moist; and a sword lay underneath, wet with blood, and which had been returned unwiped to the scabbard. He lay extended, or rather agrouse, on an old couch of carved oak, and seemed in a fever, both bodily and

mental. The room where he lay was of rich and massy Saxon workmanship, and on the walls were hung many suits of mail, both chain and plate. Above the chimney-piece hung an entire suit of strong steel plate mail, with an axe and helmet of the same metal; a silver greyhound was sculptured at full stretch on the top of the helmet, shaded by a silver holly-bough. On this suit of armour the wounded youth fixed his eye, and said, "Ah! Hubert de Kinnersley, often have the heathen Saracens, and hardly less heathen Danes, grown pale at the sight of thy gallant greyhound. Little did my gallant ancestors think, when they spurred their horses against the enemies of old England, that the dreaded hound of their house was so soon to run its race;—that their name and their bearing would sink in a nameless feud, and with a nameless foe." Ranulph wrung his hands, and said, "My dear young master, food you have not tasted for forty hours, and your only drink has been water:—shall I broil some of the tender parts of the salmon the saints sent you, and bring you a cup of wine? I will do it so daintily that you will be wiled to partake:—often has your noble father said"—"Name him not—name him not, Ranulph," said the youth; "he gave me breath, and he gave me bread, and he was my father. But with his dying breath he left me a deed to do,—a deed of revenge,—and the deed has been done." Could I forget a parent's parting words, and slight an admonition which came from the world of spirits?—He turned on his couch, while the blood flowing from his wounded side stained his embroidered vest; but he uttered not one moan,—he lay and looked on his ancestor's mail, and on a small silver cross which hung beneath it. "Ranulph," he said, "the confessor will soon come; prepare what cheer you have to place before him—he has come far,—and, as this may be the last food made ready to the wish of a Kinnersley, let it be done daintily,—I use thy own kindly word, Ranulph:—and, Ranulph, come hither;—you have been true, and loving, and tender to me;—come to me when the holy man departs, and you will find that all I have to leave in the world

I have left you." Ranulph dried his eyes, and withdrew for the purpose of dressing the fish he had, in his own estimation, so miraculously caught.

The place into which Ranulph descended had formerly been the hall; but, like the halls of all these small towers of refuge, it had served for a kitchen,—and the massive staples and links fixed in the solid walls, and the oaken door studded with huge nails, might induce a belief that it had also served for a place of restraint. At one end a huge chimney seemed to devour a faint and glimmering fire which shed only light enough to show the dreariness of the place. He almost started to see, as he entered, two women seated by the scanty fire, mantled from head to foot in coarse woollen netting, which the peasantry knit with pins; with their heads laid quietly together, and nodding in unison amid the pleasure of mutual communication. They whispered both together, held their forefingers up, gave a suspicious glance into the darksome corners of the room, unwitting that a stray ember—and the fire hardly survived such a diminution—was rioting at will among the fringes with which time and hard labour had bordered one of their gowns.

"And so it has come to this at last," said one of them, the wife of Gaffer Gaffhook, interrupting her companion,—“I ever said something fearful would happen to a house which ate fish only on Fridays. Sooner shall a salmon pick the barbed spear out of its back,—or a twelve pound cod swim through the bosom of our best net, than the name of Kinnersley escape from a doom long, long destined. Ah, lass, I said last Friday night, when we threw our nets into the tide, and caught not a fin, that something queer would soon come to pass,—and the sea was full of fish too;—I knew the fresh warm smell of the shoals of salmon, sitting on my own hearth-stone. But what was more of a marvel, lass, the flounders which we broiled for breakfast, instead of lying quietly on the embers, began to move and turn, and to speak words,—ye need not gaze so, lass,—I say, words,—words, as plain language as the talk of Manx fishermen.

I durst not eat them, lass;—but that was nought compared to what happened in the hollow hour of night. It was on the stroke of twelve, and the bay was full of the tide, and the tide was swarming with fish,—and my son Billy,—a lad that would not tell a lie, were he bribed with the miraculous draught of fishes,—went down to the water to look to the nets. And home came he like a creature mad; he had seen something—something not of this world;—nought of this earth will make Billy Gaffhook leave his nets; but what he saw he will not tell—and wise is my son, for nobody lives long who bears tales between this world and the next.”

“That’s a wise word,” said her companion; “and I would advise no more should be said about the old house of Kinnersley:—it’s more than suspected that some of them walk, when they should be enduring wrath in another world. Old Adam Hawthornden, the northern gardener, always averred that something evil haunted the tower garden,—the spirit, it might be, of one of the old proprietors,—an honest and a tranquil spirit during the winter months,—but fierce and furious during the season of peaches and plumbs. And I’ll warrant ye have heard of the Kinnersley angels,—but for God sake lay your ear near me, for I’m not sure that I am doing wisely in speaking of them. Old Sir Worthiness Kinnersley—whom men knew better by the name of Sir Wickedness Kinnersley—fell sick, and having much to repent of, sent for a priest. And the priest came—a pious man—whom the saints blest so much, that he grew fattest when he fasted. ‘And what hopes,’ said he, ‘have you, Sir Worthiness, of sitting among the saints?’ ‘Oh, great hopes,’ said the dying knight; ‘for I’m a favoured sinner, and see sweet visions.’ ‘Visions? and what manner of visions may they be, my son?’ said the good man. ‘O! visions of angels, ascending and descending,’ said he, with a smile. ‘I have high hopes of thy spirit’s welfare, my son,’ said the priest; ‘for assuredly to none, save the just, and those whom the saints design to honour, are revealed the visions of angels,—the bright ones of heaven appear at few death-beds.’ ‘My hopes would be higher,’ said

Sir Worthiness, 'if the angels which appear to me were of the radiant kind; they are all of the wrong hue, damn them—black, black:' and with a loud laugh he turned on his side and died. But ye see, neighbour, this last Kinnersley was a fish of the same shoal,—a bitter bad master, and bloody-minded. I would tell ye a tale of him, lass, would set your locks an end, though ye had a lead drop at the bottom of every hair."

Ranulph broke in upon them: "If ye name but the name of Kinnersley, ye two scales, shed from the fiend with the fish's tail that swims in the sea of darkness, I will make ye find the way to a hole five fathom below the foundation stone of this tower,—a haunted hole too, ye devil's shell-fish, where gnawing Hunger sits with skinny Death at his elbow,—two of the prime ministers of my master's house." "Come now, Ranulph," said Mrs. Gaffhook, "don't go to be such a hard-hearted man; we came here out of kindness, and don't send us away in scorn. We have brought a brave fish, and a lapfull of dainties, with, may be, a drop of brandy for clearing your sight, Ranulph"—"Dainties," said her companion, "and well he deserves them truly? Talk of tenanting his dungeon holes with the like of us—I'll tell ye what, my merry man, if ye lay an uncivil hand on me, I will slip three inches of this steel skewer between your breast-bones;—and as sure as fish have fins I'll do't—I have served a prettier fellow than you with the same sauce." And, withdrawing a long sharp fish skewer from the gatherings of her mantle, she held it out with a laugh, and said, "The sharp end of that little bodkin once freed me from the grab of a never-do-well tinker, long Rob Gordon. I think I see him yet,—black was he, and unlovesome—hair like a bush of furze, and eyes like scolloped oysters. I met him three miles from a smoking house,—and a firm hand he laid on me. He looked more like a robber than a lover, and so my bit of steel told him; and what it did once it can do again."

What answer Ranulph would have returned to the menace of this maritime virago is unknown; for the shrill sound of approaching tongues—a sound resembling the warning hail

with which people direct a strange vessel on a dangerous coast—came up the winding way which led to Kinnersley tower. Ranulph hurried to the gate, and there he saw a straggling line of fishermen's torches, such as are used at spearing salmon, coming shining among the cliffs. "This way, Sir—this way, Sir," exclaimed several voices at once;—take care of the left hand;—there's a steep rock, o'er which drunken Lord Soakaway broke his neck." "More need to take care of the right hand," said a plurality of tongues, "where if ye miss a foot, and escape being dashed to pieces, ye're sure to be drowned; only look down, Sir,—seventy feet and odd, and a mist at the bottom." The tongues ceased for a moment—the torches proceeded,—men's faces were seen amid the advancing light; and, in the middle, came a face for the safety of which all the others seemed so solicitous. It was a face, indeed, worthy of men's care; for much care had it cost the possessor,—round, smooth, and fat,—radiant with the moisture of unusual exertion, and shining like the full moon revolving amid the remnants of the old—for so it seemed, surrounded with the thin and toil-worn visages of a dozen fishermen. "It is not a soldier's face," said Ranulph, as he gazed from the porch; "such a face as that could never have escaped from long marches, sore fastings, and hard battles;—it is not a lord's face, with the worn-out peerage mark upon it,—the stamp of God half effaced,—a proud lip, and a low brow. But it is the face of a divine,—a man who lies soft and long,—says a short grace to a long meal, and ministers to the repose of a slumbering congregation. A pleasant land of drowsyhead must his benefice be! It would insult the hierarchy to suppose so radiant a face pertained to one below the dignity of Dean. When will such a sleek, smooth, way-of-the-world personage as this smite on the pulpit like Zechariah Boyd, and cry, 'Start up, ye drowsy sinners, hell was not made for dogs?'"

The person who occasioned all this care and conjecture emerged at length from the half hidden road, and, standing upon a rocky platform before the gate of the tower, looked up with a sigh to the shattered walls,

and back, with a shudder, to the difficult and perilous way up which he had climbed, with many a sigh and groan. He first muttered a kind of blessing upon his own spirit, that had achieved this treble toil; then pulled out a handkerchief, which nearly stifled the fishermen with perfume; and, turning his broad and glowing face to the night wind, he cooled himself by fanning his bosom and brow, inhaling the fresh air, and respiring it again in smoke, while his well-powdered head sent up a steam like a scething cauldron. "If a man wishes for salvation," said this ambassador from the meek son of Mary, "let him not dwell in such an eyrie as this; let him live with men, and not make his bed with the eagles. Ten long miles have I ridden, and two long miles have I walked, and all to minister consolation to a wounded man:—little did I think I had to seek for the stricken deer in such a desert as this." "Desert," said one of his conductors, extinguishing his torch as he spoke, "call ye this a desert, man? The paved street of a city, where neither corn grows nor grass springs—a canal, that long line of barren ditch, without a living fin in it to feed a water-hawk or heron,—these are deserts, man:—but to call the land where crows can live right royally, and the sea, out of which we draw food fit for princes, a desert, seems as odd to me as if I were to grip plovers in my net instead of plaice."

Ranulph now interfered, and sending the torch-bearers into the hall, he conducted the priest into the chamber of Sir Simon Kimmersley. "Reverend father," said the wounded youth, turning his eye from a small cross to the portly person before him, "I have sent for you, for I am sore wounded—wounded nigh to death,—and I have that to say which weighs on my mind. Father, tell me, have I sinned in doing a deed which my father swore me to do with his dying breath? He rested not in his grave while it was undone, but appeared to me once by night and once in broad day; 'face to face his spirit met me, and bade me remember my vows;—father, have I sinned?'"—"My son," said the priest, "evil spirits assume the semblance of departed saints, and deceive men's

souls." The youth leaped half up from his seat, and exclaimed, "Oh! then I shall die contented. I might well have supposed that the noble spirit of my noble father was above such abject revenge; but come nearer, and listen to my story; I have much to confess and to repent." "Son," said the priest, "I have endured much fatigue. When your messenger came, I had concluded a forty-eight hours' fast, and my servants had prepared something savoury, and placed it before me. The smoke climbed up to my nostrils, and the silver knife and fork trembled in my hand, and wine of vintage forty and nine was glowing before me. But what is food, however savoury, compared to the eternal soul of man? I arose and hastened on my way, and though I hungered sore and thirsted, I tarried not but came. But, alas! my son, confess thee I may not, till I am strengthened a little. I found the smell of broiling fish even in thy porch; and if thy servant will fill me a cup of wine from a cobwebbed bottle, I shall make shift till something more meet and respectful may be made ready." "Alas! my father," said the youth, "the table of the Kimmersleys is not furnished as it was wont;—my lands are wasted, and my gold is spent; our feasts are turned into fastings, and our wine into water from the spring." "My son," said the priest, "you speak modestly of your cheer:—the rich smell of that delicious fish tells me to expect something good in its company;—but a dry crust and a cup of pure water are welcome to me. I leave the sauced and smoking haunches of venison, and the brimming glasses of wine, to men whose hearts are not weaned from the world:—I shall be with thee anon." And so saying, he descended the stair to the kitchen, followed by the half-muttered curses of honest Ranulph, who assisted him down the steep descent.

The place into which the priest descended was the old hall where we left the two maritime crones; but a huge fire now filled the chimney, and made the mice cheep in the corners, for gladness of the unwonted heat; while the company was increased by six or eight fishermen, the same who carried the priest to the

tower. Stories, more of a pleasant than of a sorrowful kind, abounded, and mirth was scarce suppressed by the presence of their devout visitor. They had raked out some of the glowing embers upon a broad flag-stone, and over these, well strewn with salt and pepper, lay slices of salmon, which made a singing din, while a smoke, thick and savoury, eddied round the heads of the two old women who, squatted on the floor, prepared this hasty meal. "Bless ye, my children," said the priest; "bless ye, one and all; those who minister to the wants of men in commission from the saints deserve the unreserved benediction of the church." And seating himself by a huge sycamore table in the centre of the hall, on which some plates were placed, and snatching two pieces of broiled fish from the embers, he began, as he said, to succour the carnal man. Man and woman rose and stared upon him; they had prepared this morsel for another person, and were not willing to give it without remonstrance to this church cormorant. "Softly, my daughter, softly," said the priest to one of the old crones; "let me dispatch this, I pray thee, before the other slices---which are tenderer, being cut from the belly---are withdrawn from the embers. I have ever said, during the fastings of our order, that fish cooked by the gentle hands that caught it was the most savoury,---gently, my daughter, gently."

"Gently, my daughter, quoth a," said the old crone; "who in the fiend's name, and that's not hanning, bade thee snatch up and eat what I am preparing for more modest lips than thine?" "I am a servant of the saints, my daughter," said the priest, snatching another smoking slice, which went fizzing to his lips, "and commissioned to taste, wherever I go, the fruits of sea and shore. Why, this is a most delicate and juicy piece, and fit for presentation at the chair of Saint Peter. Providence sends the tide, my children, and the saints send the fish; but it is the prayer of the priest which fills your nets,---so give me another slice, my daughter,---these be sweet viands in such a desert." One of the fishermen interfered: "May the devil who rules the tide, if the saints send

the fish, fill my nets with foam instead of flounders, if ye touch another morsel till our young lord says his will to some of the tenderer parts." "Speak moderately, neighbour," said a fellow labourer in the watery domain; "if the saints send the fish, and the priest fills our nets, we owe much, I trow, to old mother church. And I doubt not the truth on't. There was the priest of St. Jude's,---I remember it well,---always came and prayed with my mother when my father went to the fishing, and many a silver penny he gave me---I was a boy then---to go down to the tide and see if his intercessions filled our nets;---we owe much to old father church, say I."

"You speak like a dutiful child, my son," said the priest, surveying the young fisherman from head to foot; "and such an influence the presence of my pious brother, now numbered with the saints, has had upon thy tender years, that thy tongue is the very echo of his. Ah! he was a faithful shepherd, and well-beloved, and the saints increased his flocks:---there was the sweet cry of numerous babes in the land in those days, nor has our own time been wholly barren." "Aye, aye," responded one of the old crones, "those were the times: I thank ye, Sir, for speaking of them,---they put queer things in my head: lord! I mind well before I was wed to Stephen Dinmon;---but what's the matter what I mind now?---I am old and stooping, and no more like the lass I was when I went thrice a week to confession, than a salted haddock hanging in the smoke is like a salmon fish in a spring-tide, with its taper green back, its wanton tail, and all its silver fins in motion. It does me good though to think on't;---and here, Sir, snap up this tender slice, cut near the mergh-fin:---ye shall have shell-fish, too, before supper-time, though I should go and dive for them myself." The priest now rose, lifted a cup of wine to his lips, supplied by the reluctant hand of Rannulph, and, taking it off at a draught, said, "Better swim in wine than in the salt brine, and so much for my repast:---ye see, my children, I know your ways and understand your sayings,---and I leave you my blessing."

A low, faint cry, from the chamber of the young knight, quickened some-

what the slow step of the priest; and when he entered, he found Ranulph supporting his master in his arms, and kneeling and weeping over him. The youth seemed struggling with some fearful agony,—his eyes were fixed and wild,—his hands were stretched out, and he seemed pushing some invisible shape away, which he imagined approached him. “My son,” said the priest, “the cravings of the flesh are somewhat appeased, and I am come to hear thee,—so say thy say.” The youth fixed his eyes on him, their wildness gradually disappeared,—he folded his hands over his bosom, and said,—“It came again;—what vow have I left unperformed now? And yet it came with a fiery and a disdainful look:—have I not shed his blood?—I would sooner have shed mine own:—and is a spirit more eager for revenge than man?” “Son,” said the priest, “compose thyself:—it was an evil dream, sent to perturb thee;—I have many such dreams myself. The wicked spirit comes to my couch sometimes with a consecrated mitre on, and a pastoral staff in his hand: nor is it unusual for it to appear with golden ringlets, and with glowing eyes, and I am awakened by the rustling of its satins, and the sweetness of its tongue. These are the visions sent by the evil one; so heed them not, my son, but tell me thy story.”

“Father,” said the youth, “I need not tell thee my name, nor who my father was; his name has been heard of from shore to shore, and the enemies of England will often grow pale at the name of Kinnersley, when nothing but its dust and its fame is left. My father and Sir Ralph Lacey loved in their youth the same lady,—and by persuasion less than by force my father carried her to his tower, and she became his wife, and the mother of me. She lived till I was fifteen, and died, and was buried in a little wild nook on the sea-shore, where, when she lived, she loved to sit, and look at the swelling sea and the gray towers of her father’s house over the bay. I often went to her grave myself:—in summer time I ever found it strewn with flowers,—and in winter I have observed footsteps printed among the snow, and the marks of kneeling knees. They were

not those of my father, for he was a moody and a melancholy man; and seldom visited the place where my mother lay. It is a small and a beautiful little spot;—flowers, which pertain not to this barren land, grow there;—I have often imagined, as I looked from this tower, that I saw a strange light trembling about the place,—and if you will look from that window at midnight, towards the sea, over the old pine-tree top, you will see what I have seen.”

“The night air is moist and cold,” said the priest, “and I put faith enough in thy narrative to believe that an unholy light is seen glimmering there,—so go on, I pray thee.” “It happened,” said the youth, “that I sat one night on the top of this tower, and, as I looked towards the sea, I saw a boat coming shoreward among the moonlight, and a figure wrapped in a cloak leapt upon the beach, and went and knelt at my mother’s grave. While I sat wondering who this might be, I saw my father glide down the secret way from the tower,—his cloak on, and a sword beneath it:—he hastened over stock and stone till he reached the grave. I saw the stranger rise from his knees;—I saw them gaze upon one another,—and in a moment I saw their cloaks cast aside, and their swords bare and flashing in the moonlight. I took a sword from the hall, and flew towards the shore:—my mother’s grave was already trodden and sprinkled with blood:—my father and Sir Ralph Lacey were fighting with the most rancorous animosity. The death-stroke was struck, I have always hoped, before I appeared; my father was staggering; when he heard me approach, he turned half round and fell. The stranger gazed for a moment on me, then on the grave,—threw his sword down,—leaped into his boat, and vanished along the water.

“I knelt and wept over my father:—the blood was gushing from his bosom. ‘Simon de Kinnersley,’ he said, ‘my life is gone, and my mortal foe has escaped:—dip your finger in your father’s blood, and hold up your right hand to heaven, and vow a vow that you will pursue mine enemy over the earth and over the sea,—that you will smite him to death, though you find him at the altar,—’

that you will strike him through and through, though he knelt upon your mother's grave.' I held up my hand, and vowed the vow, even as he desired. My father half leaped to his feet, and said, 'There's the blood of the Kinnersleys in thee, my son; and God will give thee might to slay my destroyer:—were a priest here, he would say, 'Die in peace,'—so in peace I die, and Ralph Lacey is forgiven;—but damned be Simon de Kinnersley if he forgives him:' and he fell and died."

"Thy father died an unholy death, young man," said the priest; "his notions of vengeance were unjust and dangerous. Had he made a suitable benefaction to the church, we would have soothed his spirit by cursing his enemy, and the food and the wine which he tasted. I have heard of this Sir Ralph Lacey,—he is a stubborn heretic." "Yesterday he was," said the youth, "and a brave and a noble man:—alas! I thought of his worth when it was too late. The slayer of my father fled to a far place,—I followed him there;—he returned to his native land,—and to my native land I likewise came:—I thought he shunned me for fear,—for I had grown strong, and was skilful with the sword, and all the land spoke of our bitter feud. All this while I had never met him. His looks were engraven too deeply on my heart to be forgotten, and I sought him in public and private,—resolved to strike him even in the sanctified place.

"One day I entered a church,—the people had assembled, and the preacher was admonishing men of their sins, and claiming vengeance for the Lord. When he mentioned vengeance, a tall form, with a mild and melancholy look, rose up among them, and looked on me,—it was Ralph Lacey. I waved him out of the church, but he moved not. I laid my hand on my sword hilt, and he heeded me not, and at last I exclaimed, 'Come out, if you are man; my father's blood cries from the ground, and this day shalt thou atone for it.' He moved as if he would follow me, and the people fled; for my sword was bare, and my cloak was on the ground. The preacher leaped down from the pulpit, and held up his old and feeble hands be-

tween us—before me, I should have said, for Ralph Lacey moved not, but looked on me with an eye of the deepest sorrow. The preacher looked me in the face, and spoke not:—I never before beheld such an aspect of awe; he shook his gray hairs. I put up my sword,—he took me by the hand, and he preached of mercy and of meekness of spirit, and my resolution forsook me; I hid my face in my cloak and wept, and then I departed.

"It was midnight, and I was seated where I now sit;—the moonlight found its way through that small wicket,—no other light was in the room. I tried to sleep, but sleep fled from me;—I looked out upon the sea and sky for awhile, and then, stretching myself on this couch, I thought again upon the deep vow I had vowed, and the hot drops stood on my brow. As I lay I thought something came into the room, yet the door did not open. I saw nothing, though I felt conscious of another presence; and I gazed till I saw a dark and shadowy garment moving before me. It became more distinct; the outline was filled up with a human figure, and my father's spirit,—certainly my father's form,—stood before me. Yet I beheld not his face; where his face should have been there was utter darkness;—but the wave of the hand, and the moving of the head, was my father wholly; and my knees shook, and my tongue was struck with dumbness. I know not that it spoke,—I spoke not myself,—and as I looked, the form gradually melted away, and departed even as a shadow dies when the sunshine fades. I went to the window, and there I beheld, as plain as I see Ranulph now, my father's form, dilated beyond his living size, moving towards the sea shore:—it approached my mother's grave,—seemed to fill the space between the earth and heaven,—and then I beheld it no more.

"Next morning I took my sword, and, seating myself on a stone by my mother's grave, I ruminated on what I had seen, and thought on the vow I had vowed, and how I had left it unfulfilled. The morning was balmy, and the air moist with dew, and the unrisen sun began to brighten the eastern waters. I arose and walked

about for a little space, and, leaning over a small enclosure of turf, which hemmed in this melancholy spot, I looked again upon the grave. My hair nearly moved my hat on my brow, when, on the very stone where I had been seated, there sat a figure wrapt up in a dark mantle;—its face and hands were hid,—but the form of my father was too noble not to be known to his son. I gazed upon it for a moment, and, making the blessed sign with my sword, I confronted and questioned it. ‘I have vowed an unholy vow to my dying father,—does his spirit come to desire its fulfilment? I have prayed to God to direct me, yet I am undirected,—and the spirits from below assume the form of the spirits above, and haunt man for the destruction of his soul.’ The spirit replied not, but stretched out a mantled hand towards the bay, and remained in that position for a little space:—I looked upon the water, and there I saw a small boat coming swiftly towards the shore,—a man was in it;—he leaped upon the beach, and came towards my mother’s grave:—it was Sir Ralph Lacey. I imagine he saw me not, for he walked with a slow step towards the grave,—he knelt beside it, and his forehead touched the grass that covered it. There needed no spirit now to pluck my sword from the sheath. I thought on the death-looks of my father, and the deep vow I had vowed; and drawing my sword, I drew near and stood beside

him. He looked up and saw me, yet he prayed out his prayer, and slowly arising, gazed mournfully in my face, and was going away. I stepped in before him:—alas!—alas! a sorrowful spirit is soon chafed;—yet he sought not to smite me:—when I slew him, and saw his blood streaming on my mother’s grave, and saw his hands clasping the sod which covered her, and heard her name die on his lips, I sought to slay myself,—but, alas! my life goes slowly away. The evil spirit had done its work, and I saw it no more,—for there is a spirit of evil has haunted my name for seventeen generations, and is never visible save when blood is to be shed, and it deceived me in my noble father’s shape.”

“Be comforted, my son,” said the priest; but the young man heeded him not:—he passed his hands rapidly over his eyes,—gazed as if he beheld something fearful, and starting up exclaimed, “More blood?—have I vowed another vow? false spirit, are ye come to me again?—but I know your errand:—Go dig the grave, Ranulph, and go toll the bell; bid the torch-bearers be ready; and let those who chant over the dead come, for the last of the Kinnersleys is going to his father’s, and their name to night will pass from the land.” He fetched a deep sigh, and ceased to breathe.—Such is the story which the Land’s End fishermen tell of Simon Kinnersley.

NALLA.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ALAIN CHARTIER.

EARLY FRENCH POETS.

WHEN Margaret of Scotland, Dauphiness of France, was passing through an apartment in which Alain Chartier lay asleep, she went up to him and kissed him. The custom of claiming a new pair of gloves on such occasions was probably not then in use; for the ladies and gentlemen who attended her expressed their wonder, that she should honour so ugly a fellow with that token of her affection; and Margaret replied, that she was tempted, not by the beauty of Alain’s lips, but by the golden say-

ings that had proceeded from them. It is painful to think, that so free and gracious a lady should have died of grief occasioned by calumnious imputations on her virtue. Male Bouche, as the fiend was then called, never did the world a worse turn. But the tears of her husband, who was afterwards King of France, with the title of Louis XI. sufficiently, as Henault observes, vindicated her memory.

Alain Chartier, who was secretary to Charles VII. father of Louis, was

a good poet for his day, or rather, he was an excellent rhymers ; for he will often go on with such a string of like endings, that it would have pozed Touchstone, in spite of his brag that he could rhyme you so eight years together, dinner and supper and sleeping hours excepted, to keep pace with him. "Grand poete de son temps, et encor plus grand orateur," is the eulogium left him by Estienne Pasquier. His Curial and Quadriologue, the works which, in Estienne's opinion, entitle him to the praise of being a great orator, would in these days have appeared in the shape of two dry political pamphlets ; but in those they assumed the more inviting form of as many visions. In the first of them, the Curial, Alain, while he is musing on the decline and disasters of France, is suddenly seized by Melancholy, a doleful and squalid female, who, without speaking a word, wraps him in her mantle and casts him into a bed, where three other females present themselves. These are, Indignation, Distrust, and Despair, whose persons are described. Indignation first endeavours to disgust him with the Court ; next Distrust represents to him the forlorn condition of France ; and, lastly, Despair tempts him to seek a refuge from his sufferings in death.

Et toy (continues she) pourquoy veulx tu veiller en telle male meschance et vivre en souhaitant la mort tous les jours. La chevalerie de ton pays est perte et morte. Les estudes sont dissipees, le clergie est dispers et opprime, la rigle et moderation de honnestete ecclesiastique est tournee avecques le tēps en desordonnance et dissolution. Les citoyens sont despourvus desperface, et desconnoissans de seigneurie par obscurte de ceste trouble nuee, lordre est tournee en confusion et loy en desmesuree violence, juste seigneurie et hōneur deschiet, obeysance ennuyee, paciēce fault tout tūbe et fond en labysme de ruine et de desolation. Fol. 12. *Les oeuvres feu maistre Alain Chartier en son vivant secretaire du feu Roy Charles Septiesme du nom. Nouvellement imprimees reveues et corrigees outtre les precedētes impressions. On les vend a Paris en la grant salle du palais au premier pillier en la boutique de Galliot du pre Libraire jure de L'universite. 1529.*

And thou, why art thou fain to keep watch in this evil mischance, and to live on, wishing for death all thy days ? The chivalry of thy land is destroyed and gone ; studies are routed ; the clergy is dispersed

and oppressed ; the rule and government of ecclesiastical decorum is turned with the time into disorder and dissoluteness. The citizens are disfurnished of hope, and inobservant of seignory, through the darkness of this thick cloud ; order is changed to confusion, and law into unmeasured violence ; just seignory and honor are fallen out of their place ; obeisance is wearied out ; patience fails ; every thing is going headlong into an abyss of ruin and desolation.

He is ready to listen to the suggestions of Despair, when Nature, alarmed at the thoughts of dissolution, is so violently agitated that she rouses up Understanding, who was sleeping by his side. Understanding opens the wicket of Memory, the bolts of which had been held fast by the rust of Forgetfulness : by this three ladies and a very fair damsel immediately enter. The first of these, who is Faith, addresses Understanding, and resolves many doubts which are proposed to her by that personage. Here he takes occasion to inveigh most bitterly against the abuses which had crept into the church.

Dante, poet of Florence, thou, if thou wast still living, wouldst have cause to cry out against Constantine ; seeing that in a time when religion was better observed thou wert yet bold to reprehend, and didst reproach him, for having infused into the church that venom and poison, wherewith she should be wasted and destroyed.—*Fol. 36.*

Soon after he speaks with a mixture of pity and anger concerning the persecutions which the poor clergy in Bohemia had lately undergone ; becomes eloquent in his indignation against those by whom the churches had been violated ; and reproaches the French people with their degeneracy since the days of Charles the Fifth. Deeper questions are afterwards discussed. Hope explains to Understanding in what manner human passions and perfections are attributed to the Deity, and endeavours to reconcile the free-will of man with the foreknowledge of God.

She next declares in plain terms the enormity that had been occasioned by the celibacy of the clergy, and the other crying sins which were then imputable to the church. The other two ladies, whom he had before introduced, do not continue the conversation, as might have been expected ; and the Curial ends abruptly, with a warning addressed to the

author's brother, against the life of a courtier. In this book there are short poetical pieces interspersed, very inferior to the prose.

He tells us, that the unhappiness of his country, and the desire of recalling his fellow-citizens to a sense of their duty, were the motives which induced him to write the *Quadriologue*, so named from the four persons who are represented speaking in it. Dame France appears to him about the dawn of day—a noble lady, but full of sorrow, and dressed in “wondrous hieroglyphic robe.” She addresses her three sons, under whom are figured the populace, the nobility, and the clergy, and descants on the miseries to which they, in conjunction with foreign enemies, had reduced her. They mutually criminate each other. France puts an end to their debates, by exhorting them to concord, and by desiring that their several pleas may be committed to writing, a task which she orders Alain to undertake.

Puis que Dieu ne te donne force de corps,
ne usage d'arnes, sers la chose publique de
ce que tu peux. Car autant exaulca la
gloire des rommains, et renforca leurs
courage a vertu la plume et la ligue de
leurs orateurs, comme les glaives des com-
batans.—*Fol. 139.*

Since God hath not given thee force of body or skill in arms, serve thy country in that thou mayest; for the glory of the Romans was as much advanced, and their courage as much invigorated by the pen and tongue of their orators, as by the swords of their warriors.

The *Belle Dame sans Merci* of this poet is known to us from a translation inserted by some mistake among the works of Chaucer, who died when the Frenchman was about fourteen years of age. Tyrwhitt says, that in the Harleian manuscripts, 373, the version is attributed to Sir Richard Ros. Whoever the author of it may be, it is very well done; and sometimes surpasses the original, as in the following stanza.

De puis je ne sceuz quil devint
Ne quel part il se transporta
Mais a sa dame nen souvint
Qui aux dames se deporta
Et depuis on me rapporta
Quil avoit ses chevelx descoux
Et que tant en desconforta
Quil en estoit mort de courroux.—*Fol. 109.*

Fro thens he went, but whither what I
nought

Nor to what part he drew in sothfastness,
But he no more was in his ladies thought,
For to the daunce anon she gan her dresse,
And afterward, one told me thus expresse,
He rent his heer, for anguish and for paine,
And in himselfe toke so great heavynesse,
That he was dedde within a day or twaine.

Fol. 243, Speght's Edit. 1602.

Here it is evident that the translator must have made use of a manuscript of Chartier's works more correct than the edition of 1529; for, instead of dames in the fourth line, he has translated as if it were dances, which was, no doubt, the right reading. In another place, this edition of Speght appears to be faulty.

De ceste feste je lassay
Car joye triste cour travaille
Et lors de la presse passay
Si massiz dessous une traile
Drue et fucillie a grant merveille
Entrelardee de saulx vers
Se que nul pour cep et pour fucille
Ne pavoit parveoir au travers.—*Fol. 188.*

To see the feast it wearied me full sore,
For heavy joy doeth sore the heart travail;
Out of the press I me withdraw there-
fore,

And set me down alone behind a traile,
Full of leaves to see a great mervaille,
With greene wreaths ybounden wonderly,
The leaves were so thick withouten faille,
That throughout no man might me espie.

Fol. 229.

Instead of *wreaths*, the word was probably *withs*. The second line, which, in the original, conveys the natural sentiment that “joy is trouble to a heart in sorrow,” was evidently misunderstood by the translator.

The introduction to the *Livre des Quatre Dames*, written in 1433, is a lively picture of a spring morning, so much in Chaucer's way, that one might suppose it had been copied from that writer, if the images were not such as the poets of the time most delighted to assemble. The four ladies severally lay their griefs before Alain. The first had lost her lover, who was killed in the battle of Agincourt; the lover of the second had been made prisoner; that of the third was missing, and of the fourth had run away.

The poem that approaches nearest to the sprightliness of old Geoffrey, is the *Hospital damours*, if that be

indeed Chartier's, but it is a little strange that he should speak of himself as being interred in the cemetery of the hospital, as he does in these words.

Assez pres au bout dung sentier
Gisoit le corps dung tresparfait
Saige et loyal Alain Chartier
Qui en amour fit maint beau fait
Et par qui fut sceu le meffait
De celle qui lamant occi
Quil appella quant il eut fait
La belle dame sans mercy.
Entour sa tombe en lettre d'or
Estoit tout l'art de retorique.—*Fol. 278.*

Near, at the end of a path, lay the body of a very complete wise and loyal person, Alain Chartier, who did many a fine feat in love, and made known the misdeed of her by whom her lover was slain, and whom he called, when he had made that poem, *La belle Dame sans Mercy*. Round about his tomb in letters of gold was all the art of rhetorick engraven.

The following verses, being one of his seven ballads on Fortune, may give a fair view of his character as a poet.

Sur lac de dueil sur riviere ennuyeuse
Plaint de crys de regrets et de clains
Sur pesant source et melencolieuse
Plaine de plours de souspirs et de plains
Sur grans estangz darmetume* tous plains
Et de douleur sur abisme parfonde
Fortune la en maison tousiours fonde
A lung des len de roche espotentable
Et en pendant affin que plutost fonde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable.

Dune part clere et dautre tenebreuse
Est la maison aux dououreux meschans
Dune part riche et dautre souffreteuse
Cest du coste ou les champs sont prochains
Et dautre part a assez fructz et grains
La siet fortune on tout en air habonde
Dune part noire et delautre elle est blonde
Dune part ferme et dautre tresbuchable
Muette, sourde, aveugle et sans faconde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable.

Et la endroit par sa dextre orgueilleuse
Qui retenir ne veult brides ne frains
Et sa maison doubtable et perilleuse
Sont les meschiefz tous moussiez et emprains
Dont les delictz sont rompus et enffains
Et les honneurs et gloire de ce monde
Car par le tour de sa grant rue ronde
Fait a la fois dung palais une estable
Et aussitost que le vol dune aronde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable.

Que voulez vous que je dye et responde
Se fortune est une fois delectable
Elle sera amere a la seconde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable. (*Fol. 335.*)

On lake of mourning by the stream of woe,
Full of loud moans and passionate distress,
By melancholy fountain dull and slow,
Full of sad tears and sobbings comfortless,
By a great pond surnamed of bitterness,
And fast beside th' abyss of grief profound,
There Fortune ever doth her dwelling found
Upon a hanging ledge of rock unstable,
Th' unsurest spot that may in earth be found,
Showing to all that she is never stable.

* A mistake of the press for *damertume*.

One part is bright, the other most obscure,
 Of that same dwelling made for mortals vain :
 One side is rich, the other mean and poor ;
 Here stretcheth wide a bare unsightly plain,
 And fields are there that wave with fruits and grain.
 So Fortune sits abounding all in air,
 On one side black, on th' other white and fair ;
 On one part sound, on th' other perishable,
 Mute, deaf, and blind, as all her deeds declare,
 Showing to all that she is never stable.

And there in place held by her proud right hand,
 That scorneth bit or bridle to retain,
 In her dread dwelling there doth ever stand
 Conceal'd of dire mishaps a monstrous train ;
 To beat down sin with well deserved pain,
 And worldly might and glory to confound ;
 For at one turning of her great wheel round
 She of a palace makes forthwith a stable,
 More swiftly than a swallow skims the ground,
 Showing to all that she is never stable.

What will ye more? This is the sum of all :
 If Fortune smiles at one time favourable,
 She bringeth at the next a grievous fall,
 Showing to all that she is never stable.

It may be worth while to observe that many of the Chaucerian words are to be found in Alain Chartier, and that he will sometimes assist us in putting the right signification on them. For instance, the word *tretis* is explained in Tyrwhitt's Glossary, *long and well proportioned*, though it is plain, from

a passage in the *Regretz d'un Amoureux*, that the French word from which it is derived cannot bear that meaning.

Sa petite bouche et traictise. (Fol. 325.)

Alain Chartier was born in 1386, and died in 1458.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No. IV.

On Languages (continued).

MY DEAR SIR,—It is my misfortune to have been under the necessity too often of writing rapidly and without opportunities for after-revision. In cases where much *composition** is demanded, this is a serious misfortune ; and, sometimes irreparable, except at the price of recasting the whole work. But to a subject like the present, little of what is properly called composition is applicable ;

and somewhat the less from the indeterminate form of *letters* into which I have purposely thrown my communications. Errors in composition apart, there can be no others of importance, except such as relate to the matter : and those are not at all the more incident to a man because he is in a hurry. Not to be too much at leisure is indeed often an advantage : on no occasion of their lives do men

* "*Composition.*" This word I use in a sense, not indeed peculiar to myself, but yet not very common—nor any where, that I know of, sufficiently developed. It is of the highest importance in criticism ; and therefore, I shall add a note upon the true construction of the idea—either at the end of this letter or of the next, according to the space left.

generally speak better than on the scaffold and with the executioner at their side: partly indeed, because they are then most in earnest and unsolicitous about effect; but partly also, because the pressure of the time sharpens and condenses the faculty of abstracting the capital points at issue. On this account, I do not plead haste as an absolute and unmitigated disadvantage. Haste palliates what haste occasions. Now there is no haste which can occasion oversights, as to the matter, to him who has meditated sufficiently upon his subject: all that haste can do in such a case, is to affect the language with respect to accuracy and precision: and thus far I plead it. I shall never plead it as shrinking from the severest responsibility for the thoughts and substance of any thing I say; but often in palliation of expressions careless or ill-chosen. And at no time can I stand more in need of such indulgence than at present, when I write both hastily and under circumstances of—but no matter what; believe in general that I write under circumstances as unfavourable for careful selection of words as can well be imagined.

In my last letter I declined to speak of the antique literature, as a subject too unwieldy and unmanageable for my limits. I now recur to it for the sake of guarding and restraining that particular sentence in which I have spoken of the Roman literature as inferior to the Greek. In common with all the world, I must of necessity think it so in the drama, and generally in poetry *κατ' ἐξοχην*. Indeed, for some forms of poetry, even of the lower order, it was the misfortune of the Roman literature that they were not cultivated until the æra of fastidious taste, which in every

nation takes place at a certain stage of society. They were harshly transplanted as exotics, and never passed through the just degrees of a natural growth on Roman soil. Notwithstanding this, the most exquisite specimens of the lighter lyric which the world has yet seen must be sought for in Horace: and very few writers of any country have approached to Virgil in the art of *composition*, however low we may be disposed at this day to rank him as a poet, when tried in the unequal contest with the sublimities of the Christian literature. The truth is (and this is worth being attended to) that the peculiar sublimity of the Roman mind does not express itself, nor is it at all to be sought in their poetry. Poetry, according to the Roman ideal of it, was not an adequate organ for the grander movements of the national mind. Roman sublimity must be looked for in Roman acts, and in Roman sayings. For the acts—see their history for a thousand years; the early and fabulous part not excepted, which, for the very reason that it is* fabulous, must be taken as so much the purer product of the Roman mind. Even the infancy of Rome was like the cradle of Hercules—glorified by splendid marvels:—“*Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.*” For their sayings—for their anecdotes—their serious *bon mots*, there are none equal to the Roman in grandeur. “Englishman!” said a Frenchman once to me, “you that contest our claim to the sublime, and contend that ‘*la manière noble*’ of our artists wears a falsetto character, what do you think of that saying of a king of ours, That it became not the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans (i. e. of himself

* In addition to the arguments lately urged in the Quarterly Review, for bastardizing and degrading the early history of Rome, I may here mention two others, alleged many years ago in conversation by a friend of mine. 1. *The immoderate length of time assigned to the reigns of the kings.* For though it is possible that one king's reign may cover two entire generations (as that of George III.) or even two and a half (as that of Louis XIV.), yet it is in the highest degree improbable, that a series of seven kings immediately consecutive, should average, in the most favourable cases, more than 24 years for each: for the proof of which, see the Collective Chronology of Ancient and Modern Europe. 2. *The dramatic and artificial casting of the parts for these kings.* Each steps forward as a scenical person to play a distinct part or character. One makes Rome: another makes laws; another makes an army; another religious rites, &c. And last of all comes a gentleman who “enacts the brute part” of destroying in effect what his predecessors had constructed; and thus furnishes a decorous catastrophe for the whole play, and a magnificent birth for the Republican form of government.

under that title)?” “Think!” said I, “Why, I think it a magnificent and regal speech. And such is my English generosity, that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing 1500 years before.* I would willingly give five shillings myself to purchase the copyright of the saying for the French nation: for *they* want it; and the Romans could spare it. *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!* Cursed be the name of Hadrian which stands between France and the sublimest of bon mots!”—Where, again, will you find a more adequate expression of the Roman majesty, than in the saying of Trajan—*Imperatorem oportere stantem mori*—that Cæsar ought to die standing; a speech of imperial grandeur! Implying that he, who was “the foremost man of all this world,”—and, in regard to all other nations, the representative of his own, should express its characteristic virtue in his farewell act—should die *in procinctu*—and should meet the last† enemy, as the first, with a Roman countenance and in a soldier’s attitude. If this had an imperial—what follows had a consular majesty, and is almost the grandest story upon record. Marius, the man who rose *à caligé* to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon: and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons,—the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were by the caprice of fortune monstrously inverted: the consul was in chains; the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius

reinstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a host of shadowy lictors? By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He *fascinated* the slave, as a rattle-snake does a bird. Standing “like Teneriffe,” he smote him with his eye, and said, “Tune, homo, audes occidere C. Marium?” Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat the reptile, quaking under the voice, nor daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground—turned round upon his hands and feet—and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude as steadfast and immovable as the Capitol.

In such anecdotes as these it is, in the actions of trying emergencies and their appropriate circumstances, that I find the revelation of the Roman mind under its highest aspect. The Roman mind was great in the presence of man, mean in the presence of nature: impotent to comprehend or to delineate the internal strife of *passion*,‡ but powerful beyond any other national mind to display the energy of the *will* victorious over all passion. Hence it is that the true Roman sublime exists no where in such purity as in those works which were *not* composed with a reference to Grecian models. On this account I wholly dissent from the shallow classification which expresses the relations of merit between the writers of the Augustan period, and that which followed, under the type of a golden and silver age. As artists, and with reference to con-

* Submonente quodam ut in pristinos inimicos animadverteret, negavit se ita facturum; adjectâ civili voce,—Minime licere Principi Romano, ut quis privatus ageretur edictâ ista Imperator exequi. *Spartian, in Had.*—Vid. *Histor. August.*

† Neither let it be objected that it is irrational to oppose what there is no chance of opposing with success. When the Roman Senate kept their seats immovably upon the entrance of the Gauls reeking from the storm of Rome, they did it not as supposing that this spectacle of senatorial dignity could disarm the wrath of their savage enemy; if they had, their act would have lost all its splendour. The language of their conduct was this: so far as the grandeur of the will is concerned, we have carried our resistance to the last extremity, and have expressed it in the way suitable to our rank. For all beyond we are not answerable; and, having recorded our ‘protest’ in such an emphatic language, death becomes no dishonour. The *stantem mori* expresses the same principle; but is a symbolic act.

‡ So palpable is this truth, that the most unreflecting critics have hence been led to suspect the pretensions of the *Atys* to a Roman origin.

position, no doubt many of the writers of the latter age were rightly so classed: but an inferiority *quoad hoc*, argues no uniform and absolute inferiority: and the fact is, that in weight and grandeur of thought, the silver writers were much superior to the golden. Indeed, this might have been looked for on *a priori* grounds. For the silver writers were more truly Roman writers from two causes: first, because they trusted more to their own native stile of thinking; and looking less anxiously to Grecian archetypes, they wrote more naturally, feelingly, and originally: secondly, because the political circumstances of their times were advantageous, and liberated them from the suspicious caution which cramped the natural movements of a Roman mind on the first establishment of the monarchy. Whatever outrages of despotism occurred in the times of the silver writers, were sudden, transient, capricious, and personal in their origin and in their direction: but in the Augustan age, it was not the temper of Augustus personally, and certainly not the temper of the writers leading them to any excesses of licentious speculation, which created the danger of bold thinking: the danger was in the times which were unquiet and revolutionary: the struggle with the republican party was yet too recent; the wounds and cicatrices of the state too green; the existing order of things too immature and critical: the triumphant party still viewed *as a party*, and for that cause still feeling itself a party militant. Augustus had that chronic complaint of a "crick in the neck," of which later princes are said to have an acute attack every 30th of January. Hence a servile and timid tone in the literature. The fiercer republicans could not be safely mentioned: even Cicero it was not decorous to praise; and Virgil, as perhaps you know, has by insinuation contrived to insult* his memory in the

Æneid. But, as the irresponsible power of the emperors grew better secured, their jealousy of republican sentiment abated much of its keenness. And, considering that republican freedom of thought was the very matrix of Roman sublimity, it ought not to surprise us, that as fast as the national mind was lightened from the pressure which weighed upon the natural style of its sentiment—the literature should recoil into a freer movement with an elasticity proportioned to the intensity and brevity of its depression. Accordingly, in Seneca the philosopher, in Lucan, in Tacitus, even in Pliny the younger, &c., but especially in the two first, I affirm that there is a loftiness of thought more eminently and characteristically Roman than in any preceding writers: and in *that* view to rank them as writers of a silver age, is worthy only of those who are servile to the common-places of unthinking criticism.

The style of thought in the silver writers, as a raw material, was generally more valuable than that of their predecessors; however much they fell below them in the art of working up that material. And I shall add further that, when I admit the vast defects of Lucan, for instance, as an artist, I would not be understood as involving in that concession the least toleration of the vulgar doctrine, that the diction of the silver writers is in any respect below the standard of pure latinity as existing in the writers of the Ciceronian age. A better structure of latinity, I will affirm boldly, does not exist than that of Petronius Arbiter: and, taken as a body, the writers of what is denominated the silver age, are for diction no less Roman, and for thought much more intensely Roman, than any other equal number of writers from the preceding ages; and, with a very few exceptions, are the best fitted to take a permanent sta-

* *Orabunt alii causas melius*. *Æn.* VI.—an opinion upon the Grecian superiority in this point, which is so doubtful even to us in our perfect impartiality at this day—as a general opinion without discrimination of persons, that we may be sure it could not spontaneously have occurred to a Roman in a burst of patriotic feeling, and must have been deliberately manufactured to meet the malignant wishes of Augustus. More especially because, in whatever relation of opposition or of indifference to the principles of a military government, to the *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, Virgil might view the Fine Arts of painting, statuary, &c., he could not but have viewed the Arts of forensic eloquence as standing in the closest alliance with that principle.

tion in the regard of men at your age or mine, when the meditative faculties, if they exist at all, are apt to expand—and to excite a craving for a greater weight of thought than is usually to be met with in the elder writers of the Roman literature.

This explanation made, and having made that “*amende honorable*” to the Roman literature which my own gratitude demanded,—I come to the remaining part of my business in this letter—viz. the grounds of choice amongst the languages of modern Europe. Reserving to my conclusion any thing I have to say upon these languages, as depositaries of *literature* properly so called, I shall first speak of them as depositaries of *knowledge*. Among the four great races of men in Europe, viz. 1. The Celtic, occupying a few of the western* extremities of Europe; 2. The Teutonic, occupying the northern† and midland parts; 3. The Latin (blended with Teutonic tribes), occupying the south;‡ and, 4. The Slavonic, occupying the east;§ it is evident, that of the first and the last, it is unnecessary to say any thing in this place, because their pretensions to literature do not extend to our present sense of the word. No Celt even, however extravagant, pretends to the possession of a body of Celtic philosophy, and Celtic science of independent growth. The Celtic and Slavonic languages therefore dismissed, our business at present is with those of the Latin and the Teutonic families. Now three of the Latin family, viz. the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese,

are at once excluded for the purpose before us: because it is notorious that, from political and religious causes, these three nations have but feebly participated in the general scientific and philosophic labours of the age. Italy, indeed, has cultivated natural philosophy with an exclusive zeal; a direction probably impressed upon the national mind, by patriotic reverence for her great names in that department. But merely for the sake of such knowledge (supposing no other motive) it would be idle to pay the price of learning a language; all the current contributions to science being regularly gathered into the general garner of Europe by the scientific journals both at home and abroad. Of the Latin languages, therefore, which are wholly the languages of Catholic nations, but one—i. e. the French—can present any sufficient attractions to a student in search of general knowledge. Of the Teutonic literatures, on the other hand, which are the adequate representative of the Protestant intellectual interest in Europe (no Catholic nation speaking a Teutonic language except the southern states of Germany, and part of the Netherlands), all give way at once to the paramount pretensions of the English and the German. I do not say this with the levity of ignorance—as if presuming as a matter of course that in a small territory, such as Denmark, e. g. the literature must, of necessity, bear a value proportioned to its political rank: on the contrary, I have some acquaintance with the Danish ||

* Viz. 1. in the Cornish, Welch, Manks, Highland Scotch, and Irish provinces of the British empire (in the first and last it is true that the barbarous Celtic blood has been too much improved by Teutonic admixture, to allow of our considering the existing races as purely Celtic: this, however, does not affect the classification of their genuine literary relics): 2. in Biscay: and 3. in Basse Bretagne (Armorica): to say nothing of a Celtic district said to exist in the Alps, &c.

† Viz. Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Netherlands, England, and Scotch Lowlands.

‡ Viz. Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal.

§ Viz. in a zone belting Europe from the Frozen Ocean through the Russian empire (including Poland) to the Illyrian provinces on the Adriatic.

|| I take this opportunity of mentioning a curious fact which I ascertained about twelve years ago when studying the Danish. The English and Scotch philologists have generally asserted that the Danish invasions in the ninth and tenth centuries, and their settlements in various parts of the island (as Lincolnshire, Cumberland, &c.) had left little or no traces of themselves in the language. This opinion has been lately re-asserted in Dr. Murray's work on the European languages. It is, however, inaccurate. For the remarkable dialect spoken amongst the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, together with the names of the mountains, tarns, &c. most of which resist all attempts to unlock their meaning from the Anglo-Saxon, or any other form of the Teutonic, are pure

literature; and though, in the proper sense of the word literature as a body of creative art, I cannot esteem it highly,—yet as a depositary of knowledge in one particular direction—(viz. the direction of historical and antiquarian research), it has, undoubtedly, high claims upon the student's attention. But this is a direction in which a long series of writers descending from a remote antiquity is of more importance than a great contemporary body: whereas, for the cultivation of knowledge in a more comprehensive sense, and arrived at its present stage, large simultaneous efforts are of more importance than the longest successive efforts. Now, for such a purpose, it is self-evident that the means at the disposal of every state, must be in due proportion to its statistical rank. For not only must the scientific institutions,—the purchasers of books, &c. keep pace with the general progress of the country; but commerce alone, and the arts of life, which are so much benefited by science, naturally react upon science, in a degree proportioned to the wealth of every state in their demand for the aids of chemistry, mechanics, engineering, &c. &c.: a fact, with its inevitable results, to which I need scarcely call your attention. Moreover, waiving all mere presumptive arguments, the bare amount of books annually published in the several countries of Europe, puts the matter out of all doubt that the great commerce of thought and knowledge in the civilized world is at this day conducted in three languages—the English, the German, and the French. You therefore, having the good fortune to be an Englishman, are to make your choice between the two last: and, this being so, I conceive that there is no room for hesitation—the “*detur pulchriori*,” being in this case (that is, remember, with an exclusive reference to *knowledge*) a direction easily followed.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to say of the French literature, as the

kindest thing he had to say about it, that he valued it chiefly for this reason—that it had a book upon every subject. How far this might be a reasonable opinion fifty years ago, and understood, as Dr. Johnson must have meant it, of the French literature as compared with the English of the same period, I will not pretend to say. It has certainly ceased to be true even under these restrictions; and is in flagrant opposition to the truth, if extended to the French in its relation to the German. Undoubtedly the French literature holds out to the student some peculiar advantages, as what literature does not? some even which we should not have anticipated; for, though we justly value ourselves as a nation upon our classical educations, yet no literature is poorer than the English in the learning of classical antiquities, our Bentleys even, and our Porsons, having thrown all their learning into the channel of philology; whilst a single volume of the *Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions* contains more useful antiquarian research than a whole English library. In digests of history again, the French language is richer than ours, and in their *Dictionaries of Miscellaneous knowledge* (*not* in their *Encyclopædias*). But all these are advantages of the French only in relation to the English and not to the German literature, which, for vast compass, variety, and extent, far exceeds all others as a depositary for the current accumulations of knowledge. The mere number of books published annually in Germany, compared with the annual product of France and England, is alone a satisfactory evidence of this assertion. With relation to France it is a second argument in its favour, that the intellectual activity of Germany is not intensely accumulated in one great capital as it is in Paris; but whilst it is here and there converged intensely enough for all useful purposes (as at Berlin, Königsberg, Leipzig, Dresden, Vienna, Munich, &c.)

Danish—generally intelligible from the modern Danish of this day, but in all cases from the elder form of the Danish. Whenever my *Opera Omnia* are collected, I shall reprint a little memoir on this subject, which I inserted about four years ago in a provincial newspaper: or possibly before that event, for the amusement of the lake-tourists, Mr. Wordsworth may do me the favour to accept it as an appendix to his work on the *English Lakes*.

it is also healthily diffused over the whole territory. There is not a sixth-rate town in protestant Germany which does not annually contribute its quota of books: intellectual culture has manured the whole soil: not a district but it has penetrated—

————— Like Spring,
Which leaves no corner of the land un-
touch'd.

A third advantage on the side of Germany (an advantage for this purpose) is its division into a great number of independent states: from this circumstance, it derives the benefit of an internal rivalry amongst its several members, over and above that general external rivalry which it maintains with other nations. An advantage of the same kind we enjoy in England. The British nation is fortunately split into three great divisions; and thus a national feeling of emulation and contest is excited—slight indeed, or none at all, on the part of the English (not from any merit, but from mere decay of patriotic feeling), stronger on the part of the Irish, and sometimes illiberally and odiously strong on the part of

the Scotch (especially as you descend—below the rank of gentlemen). But, disgusting as it sometimes is in its expression, this nationality is of great service to our efforts in all directions: a triple power is gained for internal excitement of the national energies; whilst, in regard to any external enemy, or any external rival, the three nations act with the unity of a single force. But the most conspicuous advantage of the German literature is its great originality and boldness of speculation, and the character of masculine austerity and precision impressed upon their scientific labours, by the philosophy of Leibnitz and Wolf heretofore, and by the severer philosophy of modern days. Speaking of the German literature at all, it would be mere affectation to say nothing on a subject so far-famed and so much misrepresented as this. Yet to summon myself to an effort of this kind at a moment of weariness and exhausted attention, would be the certain means of inflicting great weariness upon you. For the present, therefore, I take my leave, and am most truly yours, X. Y. Z.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

It is not to be disputed that the company at Drury-Lane, both in tragedy and comedy, out-musters and overpowers that at the other house very considerably. Covent-Garden can certainly get up a comedy of about four leading characters with great success; but when you overstep Blanchard, there is no other object left;—"beyond Hyde Park,—all is a desert!" To show the straits to which the managers are driven, we have only to look at any comedy as acted at Covent-Garden:—the Rivals for instance. Well!—There is Mr. C. Kemble in Captain Absolute, a fine spirited gallant gentlemanly rogue:—good. There is Farren, in Sir Anthony Absolute—tetchy, comic, and discreet, but deficient in the *fleshy* acting of Dowton, the boiling, broiling old gentleman,

with a balustrade calf, and the blood in his face. There is Mrs. Daventry, in old Mrs. Malaprop—that antiquated, amorous old Lingulist herself! Then there is Blanchard—no:—that scale is full!—On the other hand, there is Blanchard in—Acres! How unlike Bannister, and therefore how unlike Acres!—Poor Blanchard, with his keen visage and unrobust person, thrust into the fat-headed Country 'Squire,—“Alack, and a well a-day!”—Next comes Abbott, in Falkland,—we have no notion how this match came about. Then in David, there is inexperienced Mr. Meadows (“Oh, the green Meadows!”) Some other nobody. In Fag—Connor, Irish enough, but not easy enough, in Sir Lucius—and Atkins, Baker, and Parsloe, to fill up the hunt. At Drury-Lane we should

have Dowton, Elliston, Harley, Knight, Cooper (Abbott with an alias), Mrs. Orger; and several excellent hands to represent the *twos* and *threes* in the pack. Again, at Drury-Lane, how admirably they can get up the School for Scandal, with Munden for Sir Peter Teazle, Terry or Dowton for Sir Oliver, Elliston for Charles, Harley for Crabtree, Knight for Moses, and so on to the lowest note in the compass. At Covent-Garden, this brilliant play is well filled in one or two characters—and then the overplus wit is entrusted to mouths in which a joke sits as awkwardly as a country member in the chair after a contested election. Charles Kemble's Charles Surface is inimitable, and Farren is an excellent Sir Peter. But we soon come to names which have no name, and we are constrained to sigh that Sheridan's wit should fall dead from the lips of Mr. Yates. There have been several *re-renewals* at both houses since our last number appeared—but plays of established excellence, poorly got up, can but remind us of sad alterations and hapless fallings off. We have been driven to speak as we have spoken, by what has lately been offered to the public. Miss Chester, indeed, has been playing with some spirit of late in the line of elegant comedy. But she wants ease and grace—the ease and grace which natural power of itself produces. Her *Violante* is too much *reined-up*. She *bridles* her love, her jealousy, her anger, in a way that destroys all true spirit. In *Beatrice*, she is quite out:—indeed, only Mrs. Jordan, the personification of true wit, could be entrusted with this lapwing of wanton spirits.

At Drury-Lane, Kean, Young, Braham, Miss Stephens, Liston, Dowton, *cum multis aliis*, have been alternately filling tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, in a delightful manner. Any piece with such players would attract. Even Dibdin's wooden *Cabinet* has caused the pit to be crowded!

At this tide of Easter, it has been customary, time out of mind, for the Managers to produce a splendid spectacle for the little holiday folks, whose breeches are left birchless for a short period. Drury-Lane and Covent-

Garden have not been found wanting in their gorgeous duty on the proper Monday—and we are pleased to record that on the 31st of March, the children “just let loose from school,” and the *One-Tree Hill* apprentices, were fed with the gilt gingerbread of Pantomime to their hearts' content.

The houses produced a pair of Spectacles suited to the eyes of young persons, and calculated, as spectacles generally are, to injure the sight for years to come. *The Vision of the Sun*, at Covent-Garden, is full of downright magic itself. The scenery is magical; the dresses are dark with excessive splendour; fairies, enchanters, quaint spirits, dance, flit, conjure, and distort themselves beyond all Madame D'Aunois' conceptions. Mr. Farley, the author of all this wonder, is unrivalled in his line. The story is not new, nor is it even peculiar to the Peruvian Tales, from which it is professed to be taken—for there is scarcely a romance or fairy story that does not dwell upon a young prince in disguise, delivering a persecuted princess from the power of a genie or a giant. Mrs. Vining, as Koran (a young prince brought up by peasants), hears of a reward offered to any one who will destroy a giant (who keeps all night in the green-room); the reward is Miss Foote. Mrs. Vining sees a Vision of the Sun—exquisitely managed—and resolves to destroy this giant. The usual difficulties occur for an hour and a half;—and then Miss Foote is paid over to the claimant. The scenery is wonderful;—particularly the Golden Lake, which glows in the warm orange mist of the setting sun, and is full of repose and beauty. The opening of the sun, and the presence of the fairy, are such magical contrivances as ought to bring up all the country people from Cornwall, Durham, and other extreme points, to read a living romance for once in their lives.

The actors in this splendid tale played delightfully. Farley is the enchanter—and he opens his wings and flies over the stage like a bird. Who would have suspected the author of such a flight? Mrs. Vining, in the Prince, was as manly a woman as we should desire to see; and Miss

Footc was such a reward as we never yet saw offered by government for the discovery of a murder. Grimaldi was exquisitely frightful in a wild Indian slave to the enchanter. His legs appeared to grow immediately from under his ears, and his arms to sprout out of his knee-pans. We rather think his fingers have ten-penny nails instead of ordinary mortal ones—and that his toes are hooked like a parrot's.—But this is mere surmise.—Mrs. Davenport was impressive in the wife and mother; but this excellent actress never deserts her duties. Mr. T. P. Cooke looked like one of those American Indians, who used the tomahawk and rum-bottle so unmercifully at the English Opera House a few years ago.

The music was not striking. None of the tunes have risen up and floated upon the memory since we heard them—which proves that they are not true Covent-Garden compositions. Those *bits* of music in Harlequin and the Ogress haunt us like the fairies which they were intended to accompany.

We almost forgot to remark, that Miss Love sang a song, which even the galleries thought *low*. It was too deep for us.

The spectacle at Drury-Lane is Chinese—and is called *the Chinese Sorcerer, or the Emperor and his Three Sons*. It is sadly inferior to the piece at Covent-Garden in every point but that in which we expected it to fail—viz. in the scenery. Mr. T. Dibdin, the author, seems to have made a compound of old Surrey Theatre pieces, and to have determined to astound and to surprise—if not to delight. The story would poze a sphynx. But as critics are supposed to know every thing, we shall attempt to unravel what really appears not capable of being unravelled. We have looked into all our old tea-cups for inspiration—but a man must be indeed in his cups before he can muster up a Chinese enthusiasm.

Fong Whang (the reader must prepare for a set of names fit to twist the mouth into a letter S) is enacted by a Mr. Thompson, and is a magician, who opens the piece on a canvas cloud, licensed to carry two,—for Mr. Knight, his attendant, by

name *Hi-Ho* (a name often ejaculated by the audience during the performance), rides in the fog-van with him: this latter gentleman is quite a new character to the stage, being no less than a Yorkshire China-man. *Fong Whang* and *Hi-Ho* begin, like Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton, in the Critic, with a long scene of information and mutual admissions. It appears that *Quang-Fi*, the emperor's wife, has been imprisoned by old *Fong* for some years, and that the emperor's three sons, *Zam-Ti*, *Kan-Fu*, and *Pe-Kin*, have also been obscurely brought up by *Fong*. The Magician waves his wand, and the scene changes to a splendid interior of the emperor Kien Long's palace. There is much courtly magnificence about. In short, Long is on his throne, with Mandarins about him sufficient to superintend all the grocers' raisin-boxes in London. A very light and fanciful *ballet* is here performed, in which the pretty *figurantes* are tastefully grouped, and in which Noblet and his wife (formerly Miss Lupino) dance up to the spirit, vigour, and agility, of any favourite on the Italian boards. Miss Tree, sister of the sweet singer, and the Byrnes, also add much to the beauty of the *ballet* by a charming *pas de trois*. *Fong-Whang* introduces himself to the emperor, and surprises old *Kien* (*Long Kien* we mean, for the name provokes confusion at Drury Lane) with the information that his three sons *Kan-Fu* and Co. are living. The Magician urges the emperor to disguise himself, and to accompany him to their place of abode.

The next scene is delightfully picturesque,—a lake with a Chinese city in the distance; a pagoda, and its reflection in the water, are admirably managed, and the effect of sunshine is original and perfect. Mr. Stanfield is the artist, and, we must say, he has proved himself to be an artist of very great genius. He promises to make Drury a dangerous rival to Covent Garden in its scenery. Unfortunately, the dialogue in this part is lamentable indeed, and seems written in a purposed poverty, as though the Manager were determined at one and the same time “to show our eyes and grieve our hearts.”

Mr. Cooper, Mr. Penley, and Mr. Harley, are the three brothers; and, to our minds, three burglary boys in the condemned hole, the night before hanging day, are enviable personages, compared with these performers under the burthens of such parts. The first has been brought up by a fisherman, the second as a shepherd, and the third, having followed his own course, is a bad toy-maker, and a worse jester. The latter is in love with *Bri-Ti*, which is the Chinese for Miss Cubitt. *Fong Whang* very wisely resolves to humour the humours of these three hopefuls: he therefore, by magic, enables fisherman Cooper to angle in the lake, and get a bite from a casket, which really turns out *a bite*; for he discovers an inscription in it, informing him that if he again throws it into the water, he will better his next nibble; that, in short, he will have his wish realized. He accordingly pitches in the casket, and wishes for a golden galley, manned by knights in golden armour; an odd fancy enough. We should as soon have wished for a roasted tiger stuffed with tenpenny nails! The galley, however, attends him; and the knights land, arm the fisherman, clap on his head an *extinguisher-helmet*, and take him aboard! Mr. Harley and Miss Cubitt are unaccountably taken prisoners by the Tartars, who little suppose they have caught one of their own tribe in the lady. Mr. Penley, the final brother, is thrown into the lake. The *Chinese Yorkshirer*, however, at the head of a file of the emperor's pigeon-toed Coldstream, rescues Mr. Harley and Miss Cubitt—and terminates the first act.

The second act (our readers are interested, of course, in the progress of this *Bohea*-romance—this *China*-dish of weak tea) commences with a beautiful scene—an illuminated marine pavilion, painted by a Mr. Roberts. Here the audience is given to understand that the law of the land is, that any shipwrecked person cast on that shore may marry the Princess of China—*O-Me* by name, as a lady near us very prettily guessed when she heard the salutary and wise law. If, however, *O-Me* should not like him, he is to have his hair cut off, and his head with it. *Kan-Fu*, Mr. Penley (our readers

will recollect we threw him into the lake in the first act, and there left him), arrives by water, swimming like Lieutenant Ekenhead, or Lord Byron. He gets out of the water, and tumbles over head and ears in love. *O-Me* does not after such a bath damp his ardour; and, therefore, permits him to wear his own hair. *Fong Whang*, however, chooses to put him to a few trials, and tempts him accordingly with several of the most captivating of Mr. Elliston's company. *Nin Nang* (what a minipimini bit of Chinese)—*Po-Ning* (mercy on us!) and *Nan-King* (a good wholesome St. Giles's name at last!) the three tempters, are not able to seduce *Kan-Fu* from his darling *O-Me*—and the two latter have their faithful little Chinese hands joined in the end—as the audience pretty well anticipate from the moment *Kan-Fu* sets his wet foot on dry land.

Bri-Ti and *Pe-Kin* are also married, and comfortably settled by *Fong Whang*. *Bri-Ti* is, however, discontented in her happy state; and longs for a larger house, which the Magician grants her. She sees a palace in the distance, Kien's great house for all we know (a sort of Chinese Long's Hotel), and sets her heart upon it; *Fong Whang* gives her the palace. We do not understand the cause of *Bri-Ti*'s longings, but we really see no reason for the Magician's profuse generosity; except for the purpose of exhibiting four or five magnificent scenes of varied splendour, which succeed each other, until the eyes of the audience are tinselled up for the night, and their patience worn to a thread. To make a long story short, though not intelligible, Mr. Cooper rescues his imprisoned mama, *Quang-Fi*, from a cavern of spectres, leading from the valley of *Lo Lo*, to the tower of *Hi Hi*; and all the sons are then introduced to the emperor, and to Mrs. Long, in a splendid ball, superbly decorated for the *Feast of Lanterns*.

Are our readers any the wiser for this plot? If they are, we must say we are better men at a mystery than we took ourselves for. Gunpowder plot was nothing to it; and, therefore, Guy Faux, when put against Tom Dibdin, must "sink in his repute." The spectacle, however

understand, is to be withdrawn, and the beautiful scenery (which is infamously correct in its perspective), and the decorations, are to be made over to the old moderna opera of the Travellers, in which Braham will sing in all the quarters of the globe.

A new tragedy is about to be produced, in which Mr. Kean and Mr.

Young will sustain the leading characters. New tragedies are now-a-days mere mushroom things, that grow and perish in a single night. We shall, however, be indeed glad if Mr. Elliston should fortunately have obtained a pure English tragedy. If it be good, we will do our best to welcome it.

ESSAYS ON PETRARCH, BY UGO FOSCOLO.*

There is much in this volume to gratify the lovers of Italian poetry. That the number of these has, of late years, much increased among us, may be regarded as no unfavourable symptom. It is a sign that we are so far willing to revert to the golden ages of our literature. The first among the moderns, who led us back to this source at which our elder poets had drunk in so much of their inspiration, was Gray. When in his company, a young man at Cambridge happened to make an apposite quotation from Dante; Gray suddenly turned round to him, and said, "Right; but have you read Dante, Sir?" On the young man's modestly answering that "he had endeavoured to understand him," Gray addressed the chief of his discourse to him for the remainder of that evening, next invited him to his rooms, and soon became the director of his studies, as he continued ever after to be his friend. For one in whom this predilection was equally strong, we must go as far back as Milton, who, in one of his early prose works, speaking of those poets who had written on love, declares that "he preferred above them all the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never wrote but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression." In the preceding age, Sir Philip Sidney's blessing on such as honour poetry, is that "so doing their souls shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice." It ought not to be reckoned among the tyrannical acts of Henry VIII. that he enjoined a nobleman at his court, Lord Morley, the task of translating the Triumphs of Petrarch, "a wor-

thy clerk," as Chaucer had called him 300 years before,

—the latest poet

—whose rhetoric quest

Enamels'd all little of poetry.

The Essays for which we are now indebted to the countryman of this "worthy clerk," are four in number: The first, on the Love of Petrarch; the second, on his Poetry; the third, on his Character; and the fourth, a Parallel between him and Dante. We have, on former occasions, attended with pleasure this writer in his own language, and do not meet him with less in our own; nor shall we be so uncourteous as to remark those slighter violations of our idiom, of which it can scarcely be expected that any foreigner should keep entirely clear. The following extracts will show that he both thinks for himself, and is able to convey his thoughts with energy to others.

A man of genius feels more intensely and suffers more strongly than another; and, for this very reason, when the force of his passion has subsided, he retains for a longer period the recollection of what has been, and can more easily imagine himself again under its influence; and, in my conception, what we call the power of imagination, is chiefly the combination of strong feelings and recollections. Thus man of genius is peculiarly gifted with the faculty of observing the secret workings of nature, as she prevails in his own heart, and in the hearts of all mankind; and is enabled to describe those feelings, and bring them home to every reader. The great secret of the poet's art is to make us feel our existence by the force of sympathy; but at the moment that he groans under his own sufferings, it is impossible for him to examine the workings of his heart, or those of others; and the lyrical poetry of Petrarch, which may be read in the course of a

days, was written during a period of thirty-two years. Many of the pieces, no doubt, were conceived at moments when he was under the immediate influence of his passion; but were written many days, perhaps many months, and certainly perfected many years afterwards.—P. 60.

Images in poetry work upon the mind according to the process of nature herself; first they gain upon our senses; then touch the heart; afterwards strike our imagination; and ultimately imprint themselves upon our memory, and call forth the exertion of our reason, which consists mainly in the examination and comparison of our sensations. This process, indeed, goes on so rapidly as to be hardly perceived; yet all the gradations of it are visible to those who have the power of reflecting upon the operations of their own minds. Thoughts are in themselves only the raw material; they assume one form or another; they receive more or less brilliancy and warmth, more or less novelty and richness, according to the genius of the writer. It is by compressing them in an assemblage of melodious sounds, of warm feelings, of luminous metaphors, and of deep reasoning, that poets transform, into living and eloquent images, many ideas that lie dark and dumb in the mind; and it is by the magic presence of poetical images, that we are suddenly, and at once, taught to feel, to imagine, to reason, and to meditate, with all the gratification, and with none of the pain, which commonly attends every mental exertion.—P. 172.

The volume is inscribed to Lady Dacre, who has adorned it with many elegant translations from the poems of Petrarch. We shall select that of the sonnet, beginning Vago Augelletto.

Poor solitary bird, that pour'st thy lay,
Or haply mournest the sweet season gone,
As chilly night and winter hurry on,

And day-light fades, and summer flies
away;

If, as the cares that swell thy little throat,
Thou knew'st alike the woes that wound
my rest,

Oh, thou wouldst house thee in this kindred
breast,

And mix with mine thy melancholy note.

Yet little know I ours are kindred ills:
She still may live the object of thy song:
Not so for me stern death or Heaven wills!

But the sad season, and less grateful
hour,

And of past joy and sorrow thoughts that
throng,

Prompt my full heart this idle lay to pour.
P. 87.

At the end of the book we have a version of the Canzone, 'O aspet-

tata in ciel,' by a lady whose name is not given. We should like to know who the incognita is, as she has executed her difficult task with more than ordinary skill. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the first stanza.

Oh! spirit wish'd and waited for in
heaven,

That wearest gracefully our human clay,
Not as with loading sin and earthly stain,
Who lov'st our lord's high bidding to obey,
Henceforth to thee the way is plain and
even,

By which from hence to bliss we may attain.
To waft o'er yonder main,

Thy bark, that bids the world adieu for
aye,

To seek a better strand,
The western winds their ready wings ex-
pand;

Which, through the dangers of that dusky
way,

Where all deplore the first infring'd com-
mand,

Will guide her safe, from primal bondage
free,

Reckless of stop or stay,
To that true east, where she desires to be.

If we understand the author's dedication rightly, others of his friends have also contributed their assistance. In no other way can we account for it, that the same verse is in two different places translated differently, and in both, as we think, erroneously.

Bench' è la somma di mia morte rea.

This at p. 82 is rendered:

Yet all her celestial beauties conspire only
to my guilty death.

In this we can see little meaning; though we know some have before understood it so. The other interpretation at p. 266 is plainly wrong, "even though the chief of all her perfections is guilty of my death." It should be "though the sum (or amount of her perfections) is guilty of my death."

If we are ever to have a translation of all Petrarch's Italian poems (and we should like much to see one) it may perhaps be most reasonably expected from one of the other sex. There was something lady-like in the character of Petrarch himself. Extreme liveliness of feeling and delicacy of taste were among its most distinguishing features. There is no comparison in the nicety required in transferring his poems or those of

Dante into another language. The graces of Petrarch are subtle and evanescent: the beauties of Dante defined and palpable. Through the numbers of Petrarch there floats a sweet and brilliant music. His ear seems as if it were always bending over the strings, at once to modulate and imbibe the sounds. Dante, with his head erect, makes the tones wait on the unequal current of his own feelings; and they are accordingly sometimes gentle and mellifluous, at others, impetuous, or austere and rugged. He reminds us of the choral band, whom Pindar describes as looking for a voice from above before they strike up.

Ὑδαὶ γὰρ μένον τ' ἐπ' Ἀσωπίῳ
Μελιγαρύων τέκτονες
Κώμων νεανίαι σί-
θεν ὅπα μαϊόμενοι.

The inspiration of Petrarch is less lofty and less varied, but it dwells in his own breast. In Petrarch we could imagine ourselves to recognize the minstrel, in Dante the bard. The one sports gracefully with a tuneful language, which he found already made; runs on it new divisions without end, and exhausts all the resources of its harmony. The other creates for himself a new language, which he uses rather as the exponent of his genius than of his technical skill. That Petrarch did not acknowledge the mighty powers of his predecessor as they deserved, may be attributed less to envy than to an inferiority of mind, which made him in some measure incapable of estimating them. He would himself have been comprehended by Dante, as the less is comprehended by the greater.

THE MISCELLANY.

MORAL EFFECTS OF REVOLUTIONS.

IN revolutionary times, as where a civil war prevails in a country, men are much worse, as moral beings, than in quiet and untroubled states of peace. So much is matter of history. The English under Charles II. after twenty years' agitation and civil tumults; the Romans after Sylla and Marius, and the still more bloody proscriptions of the triumvirates; the French, after the wars of the league and the storms of the revolution,—were much changed for the worse, and exhibited strange relaxations of the moral principle. But why? What is the philosophy of the case? Some will think it sufficiently explained by the necessity of witnessing so much bloodshed—the hearths and the very graves of their fathers polluted by the slaughter of their countrymen—the “acharment” which characterises civil contests (as always the quarrels of friends are the fiercest)—and the license of wrong which is bred by war and the majesties of armies.

Doubtless this is part of the explanation. But is this all? Mr. Coleridge has referred to this subject in “The Friend;” but, to the best of my remembrance, only noticing it as a fact. Fichte, the celebrated German philosopher, has given us his view of it (“*Idea of War*,” p. 15); and it is so ingenious, that it deserves mention: it is this: “Times of revolution force men’s minds inwards: hence they are led amongst other things to meditate on morals with reference to their own conduct. But to subtilize too much upon this subject must always be ruinous to morality, with all understandings that are not very powerful, i. e. with the majority, because it terminates naturally in a body of maxims, a specious and covert self-interest. Whereas, when men meditate less, they are apt to act more from natural feeling, in which the natural goodness of the heart often interferes to neutralize or even to overbalance its errors.”

SONNET TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

YOUNG ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,
 Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
 And still a large late love of all thy kind,
 Spite of the World's cold practice and Time's ruth;
 For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,
 Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
 Thine eyes with tears, that thou hast not resign'd
 The passionate fire and freshness of thy youth;
 For, as the current of thy life shall flow,
 Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stain'd,
 Through flowery valley or unwholesome fen,
 Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe
 Thrice cursed of thy race, thou art ordain'd
 To share beyond the lot of common men.

Tom Hood

T.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

I was pleased to see, the other day, the *Sir Walter Scott*, a stage-coach, taking its place among the *Wellingtons*, *Cornwallises*, *Lord Exmouths*, and other mighty names. This is the first compliment of the kind that I remember to have seen paid to letters; and is a token, I am willing to believe, that we are really becoming "a reading public." When the *Sir Walter Scott* can be a name, *ad captandum*, for the ordinary run of coach travellers, outside passengers and all, we are at least advancing. A compliment of such low origin, may not be thought very flattering; but, as a test of fame, it is surely something; and it is valuable too in proportion to the real worth of the person on whom it is conferred. A chimney-sweeper may confer honour when he praises *Sir Walter Scott*. I confess I should like to see *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, *Bacon*, *Burke*—giving fame to our taverns and pot-houses; ay, and receiving fame too from the same sources. As *HEADS*, they have about as much claim to notice, as most of the fiery persons who have been so long the sole subjects of the sign-painter; and as accessories to a beef-steak, and a pint and pipe, we might derive associations from their names quite as seasonable and agreeable as our present eternal mixture of blood and gun-powder. We have the *Shakespeare's Head*—but only in the neighbourhood of the theatres, where it can scarcely be regarded as a piece of genuine, disinterested homage.

Send it to Brentford, to any worthy victualler who may want such a thing, and he will think it necessary, I fear, to put a cocked hat upon it, and call it the King of Prussia.

This preference that is shown to military and naval heroes, does not originate in their worth, (let it be what it may,) but their notoriety, which is decidedly a good groundwork for "Heads," that are meant as a welcome to all comers. Their names have been gazetted—transmitted through a thousand newspapers to every corner of the country; not to say that they are mixed up with events, in which every one, down to the lowest, has an interest in person, pride, or pocket; that the poorest beggar in the land may have shared their honours, and have a wooden leg at least, or an empty sleeve to show for it. These are the names, beyond a doubt, for universal use. We, who read *Milton* and *Shakespeare*, know that, as benefactors to their kind, they are worthy of every mode of public worship; but *John Lump* never heard of either of them, and he is not a man to be despised by the retailers of gin and ale. The gallant *Benbow* all the world knows—and if not, the gun at his elbow, and his flame-coloured face, tell his story in a moment. I hope to see this matter mended, and that our poets and philosophers may in time become popular enough for the sign-posts. Not that I would have the heroes removed altogether. No, no—I love old *Benbow*, and would have

his honest face ruddled up every ale—the original stingo; “The spring, that he may look fresh and Moore” too would answer for an fierce for centuries to come. But for excellent tap, sharp and sparkling, our peace establishment, a name or the “bottled velvet” mentioned here and there more allied to philo- by Kotzebue, which you please; and sophy and the Muses, would certainly “The Laureat” would do for any not be misplaced. Let us see:— body’s “*Entire Butt*,” as well as the “The Byron” would be a good best of them. A name, in promise of a strong, heady

STANZAS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

1.

No mortal hand can scatter flowers,
To soothe or bless the mourner’s way,
But such as, cull’d from earthly bowers,
Are found as briefly bright as they;
For every blossom born of earth
Is doom’d to wither from its birth.

2.

Yet even these—if fed by dew,
Which silently descends from heaven,—
Indebted, for each brighter hue,
To light its glorious sun has given,—
And freshen’d by its gentlest breeze;
Thus rear’d—e’en *earthly* flowers may please.

3.

I will not say, my youthful friend,
That such may fitting emblems be
Of aught that *I* have ever penn’d,
Or now presume to offer thee:
But, as a Bard, my highest bliss
Were to approximate to this.

4.

To touch, to please, to win the heart
To calm and virtuous feelings prone,
Not by mere rules of minstrel art,
Or fancied genius of mine own,
But by those holier charms,—whose birth
Is not of man, nor caught from earth.

5.

And, were I gifted thus,—O how
Could I *thy* path with flowers adorn?
When grief too often clouds my brow,
To find *mine own* has many a thorn,
Whose rankling wounds a pledge might be
How little I could succour thee.

6.

But there is Balm in Gilcad!—There
The Great Physician may be found,
Whose love and mercy can prepare
An antidote for every wound;
His hand can scatter flowers divine,
And *faith in Him* may make them *THINE!*

B. B.

A SAILOR'S RECEIPT FOR TYING HIS PIG-TAIL—SHAVING, &c.

The following luminous prescriptions I extracted, many years ago, from a nautical work, written by an old ship-commander, of the name (I think) of Harrison. As the book, I dare say, is dead and forgotten, I think it worth while to resuscitate this small sample of its learning and experience, for the benefit of all whom it may concern. It has something in it, as it strikes me, very characteristic of a seaman, not less in the downright hearty earnestness of its tone, than in its wonderful involutions of phrase, and entanglement of meaning. I can hand, reef, and steer—but this tail-manual, I confess, goes beyond my art. Honest Jack conceived it necessary, I remember, to warn the public, that he was not in the habit of using his pen much. Instruction, not fine writing, was his object—as witness: “My method is to oil my hair—(I should like to have seen this oil, the same, I suppose, that he greased his masts with)—once a week; and every day, when I had time, to comb it well with a small-tooth comb, and with scissars kept it cut short, the shape of my forehead, and each side even with the lower part of my ears, to shelter them from cold and rain, for which it was designed: (*now then*) then with both hands drew all the long hair at the back of my head together tight to the back of my neck, and with a hair-ribband two feet long, taking three turns round the upper part of my right thumb, grasped this tail part of it, and with the left hand passed the ribband three times tight round it, and, with both hands, made a single knot round its upper part, and, with the right hand,

wrapped this tail part round the four fingers of the left hand, and held the end part of the hair with the thumb, in the inside and lower part of the club—*till*, with the right hand, the right end of the ribband over and round the club, and the left end of it passed over and round it, till both ends of it can be tied tight with two knots at the upper part of the club, to draw loose by the two ends of the ribband, to loose it occasionally—which, from long experience, I have found holds it snug out of the way of both eyes and hands—and which may be easily learned from a little practice, by which, though in the 78th year of my age, my hair has lost little or nothing of its *bulk* and colour!” —Doubling Cape Horn must be a joke to this.

His mode of shaving is a real bit of the sailor—the true tar—and, in these hard times, is not unworthy of notice for its thrift and simplicity. I wish to stand in the way of no man's “patent”—razor—soap—or brush—but, no offence to Prince or Packwood, my first care, I conceive, should be the general advantage: so here it is *pro bono publico*. “On shaving my beard, when I first found it necessary, I did it dry, till I found it painful; I then used a piece of hard soap, and with my spittle, which is softer than fresh water, my beard made a brush, which stuck to it only, which made it more easy to cut it close—that, in my shaving days, twice a week, the beard mixed with the soap made as good as oatmeal to wash the hands and face.” Yet what a fuss some people make about rose-water, wash-balls, and almond-paste!—Send 'em to sea. A.

A PLEASANT CLIMATE.

The following is the Calendar of a Siberian or Lapland year.

June... 23. Snow melts.
 July ... 1. Snow gone.
 ——— 9. Fields quite green.
 ——— 17. Plants at full growth.
 ——— 25. Plants in flower.
 August 2. Fruits ripe.
 ——— 10. Plants shed their seed.
 ——— 18. Snow—

Continuing from August 18 to June 23.

A VALENTINE TO ———.

THIS visionary theme is thine,
 From one who loves thee still ;
 'Tis writ to thee a Valentine,
 But call it what you will.
 No more, as wont, thy beaming eye
 To violets I compare,
 Nor talk about the lily's dye,
 To tell thee thou art fair.

The time is past when hope's sweet will
 First link'd thy heart with mine,
 And the fond Muse, with simple skill,
 Chose thee its Valentine.
 Though some may yet their skill employ,
 To wreath with flowers thy brow,
 With me thy love's a wither'd joy ;
 With Hope, thou'rt nothing now.

The all that youth's fond spring esteems,
 Its blossoms pluck'd in May,
 Are gone, like flowers in summer dreams,
 And thoughts of yesterday.
 The heavenly dreams of early love,
 Youth's spell has broken there,
 And left the aching heart to prove
 That earth owns nought so fair.

Spring flowers were filling Hope's young songs,
 To grace Love's earliest vow,
 But wither'd ones, that summer wrongs,
 Are emblems sweetest now;
 Their perish'd blooms, that once were green,
 Hope's faded tale can tell,
 Of shadows where a sun hath been,
 And suit its memory well.

Then why should I on such a day
 Address a song to thee,
 When wither'd Hope hath died away,
 And Love no more can be ?
 When blinded fate, that still destroys,
 Hath render'd all as vain,
 And parted from the bosom joys
 'Twill never meet again ?

The substance of our joys hath been,
 Their flowers have faded long,
 But Memory keeps the shadow green,
 And wakes this idle song :
 Then let Esteem a welcome prove,
 That can't its place resign,
 And Friendship take the place of love,
 To send a Valentine.

J. C.

THE RULING PASSION OR HABIT.

Haller, the great physician, seems friend," said he, to his medical at-
 to have been making his very latest tendant, "the artery no longer beats"
 sensations and the final struggles of —and expired. Few people, per-
 his body, subjects of professional haps, have lived to announce such a
 experiment and curiosity. "My fact of their own system.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE POLAR SEA.*

WE have seldom opened a volume with higher expectations than the present ; and those expectations have not been disappointed. The transactions it relates, whether viewed with reference to the science of geography in general, or to the great question now at issue, respecting the practicability of a north-west passage, are of decided importance. In other lights it is extremely interesting, as a record of spirit and perseverance, of exertion and suffering, which have seldom been surpassed, and will not speedily be paralleled.

This expedition was undertaken by the orders of Government, in conjunction with the last attempt of Captain Parry, to penetrate through the Arctic Ocean ; and the points towards which it was directed, as well as the objects it was intended to embrace, were judiciously chosen, both to further and facilitate his proceedings, and to collect new data for the guidance of future exploratory enterprise in this remote and dreary portion of the globe. The details and result will show, that all has been done which human power, under such trying circumstances, could accomplish. In the last month's Magazine we had occasion to applaud the labours of an American party, engaged in a similar investigation, to the west of the Mississippi ; and without the slightest wish of instituting an invidious comparison, we gladly embrace the opportunity of assigning a still higher meed of praise to the skill, exertions, and fortitude of our own countrymen.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the expedition of Hearne to the northern coast of America, or with the more recent journey of Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the mouth of the Copper Mine River. The discoveries of these travellers, though necessarily imperfect, were duly appreciated, and, doubtless, contributed to revive and strengthen that laudable curiosity, which prompted the early attempts to explore the Frozen Ocean. Since the

time of Hearne many advantages have been gained for a further examination of the country, into which he and Mackenzie adventurously led the way. The different lakes which vary its surface, and the numerous streams by which it is intersected, afford abundant, though arduous means of communication ; while the spirit of commercial enterprise has contributed to the formation of numerous trading establishments by the North-west and Hudson's Bay companies, in situations at a vast distance from the coast, and from each other. Among these we may specify Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg ; Cumberland House, on Pine Island Lake ; Fort la Crosse, on the lake of the same appellation ; Forts Chipewyan and Wedderburne, on Lake Athabasca ; and Forts Resolution and Providence, so far northwards as Great Slave Lake. The effect of these establishments is strikingly evinced on the character and conduct of the natives ; for though little attention appears to have been paid to their moral or religious habits, the state of dependence to which they are reduced on the two companies, has not only disarmed them of their hostility towards the whites, but has even rendered them more peaceably disposed towards each other, by repressing those habits of rapine and revenge which at all preceding periods had marked their character.

Captain (then Lieutenant) Franklin, with his associates, Dr. Richardson, surgeon R.N. and Mr. Back and Mr. Hood, midshipmen, embarked on the 23d of May, 1819, on board the *Prince of Wales*, Hudson's Bay ship, and proceeded to Stromness, where they hoped to engage some Orkney boatmen. On the 16th of June they quitted Stromness, and directed their course for Hudson's Bay. On the 7th of August they descried the island of Resolution, at the entrance of Hudson's Strait ; and being soon afterwards enveloped in a fog, the ship struck on the rocks, and received such damage as to render their sub-

* *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1819, 1820, 1821, and 1822.* By John Franklin, Captain R.N. F.R.S. and Commander of the Expedition. 4to. Murray, 1823.

sequent passage extremely dangerous. They, however, cleared the straits on the 19th, and shaping their course across the bay, had, on the 28th, the satisfaction of anchoring at York Flats. The same evening they were received at York Factory, on Hayes river, by Mr. Williams, Governor of the Hudson's Bay company posts in this quarter. By the recommendation of different officers of the company, Captain Franklin decided on taking the route by Cumberland House, into the interior, and along the chain of posts to Great Slave Lake; and a boat was accordingly fitted up without delay, for the use of the expedition.

They commenced their journey on the 9th of September; but the boat being too small to contain their stores, a considerable portion was left behind, on the assurance of the Hudson's Bay officers, that tobacco, ammunition, and spirits, could be procured in the interior. The effects of this omission were, however, felt during the whole course of their proceedings. They continued their progress up the Hayes River, and the streams with which it is connected; and their journey, though affording little variety in description, was yet calculated to call forth continual exertion both of body and mind, from the difficulties and labour created by a succession of rapids, and other obstructions which attend this inland navigation. On the 25th of September they reached Oxford House, an establishment of the Hudson's Bay company, situated on Holey Lake. Proceeding then by the course of the Weepinapannis, they traversed much romantic scenery, in their progress toward the higher land, from whence the waters flow in a different direction, and after a portage, embarked on the Echemamis. This led them, on the 16th of October, to Norway Point, situated at the extremity of a peninsula, separating Play Green and Winnipeg Lakes, in latitude $43^{\circ} 41' 38''$, long. west $98^{\circ} 1' 24''$, and from thence they continued their progress, by the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House, where they halted on the 21st of October.

Convinced, by the effects of the frost, that further progress by water was impracticable, at this season, they accepted the invitation of Go-

vernor Williams, to make a short stay. Here Captain Franklin took the resolution of proceeding, during the winter, into the Athabasca department, from the residents of which he expected to obtain the most accurate information respecting the country north of Great Slave Lake. He, however, made arrangements for leaving Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood, to expedite the conveyance of the stores on the return of spring.

On the 18th of January he and Mr. Back left Cumberland House, provided with sledges and snow shoes, and the usual equipments for a winter journey, and attended by John Hepburn, an English seaman. They had, however, a speedy foretaste of the severities of a North American winter, and found considerable difficulty in forcing their way through a country clothed with snow, though compelled to use the utmost expedition, by the scantiness of their supply of provisions. On the 30th, they arrived at Carlton House, latitude $52^{\circ} 30' 47''$, long. $106^{\circ} 18' 48''$, where they enjoyed not only the shelter of an hospitable roof, but the comfort of exchanging their travelling habiliments, which nothing but long habit could render supportable.

At Carlton House they were first taught to appreciate one of the most formidable difficulties with which they had afterwards to contend, namely, the want of provisions. On this point, it appears, that continual precaution is requisite, not merely to supply the servants and dependents of the companies, but the Indians themselves, who in distress resort to the establishments for succour; though no care will at all times suffice to obviate the most deplorable inconveniences. The provisions are procured from the Indians in the form best calculated for conveyance on a winter journey. This preparation is called pemmican, and consists of meat, dried by the sun or the fire, and pounded with stones, when spread on a skin. Brought in this state to the forts, it is cleansed, and incorporated with a third part of melted fat, and firmly pressed into leather bags, each containing about eighty pounds. It will thus keep for a year, and with care may be preserved for two. However uninviting to dainty palates, a sufficient quan-

tity, even of this coarse food, is not always obtainable.

Being recovered from the pains and swellings, occasioned by their late toilsome peregrination, they resumed their progress on the 9th of February, and after suffering greatly from cold, reached the Hudson's Bay House, on Isle à la Crosse Lake, the 23d. They experienced a hospitable reception, and obtained much useful information from the resident, Mr. Clark, who had penetrated as far as Mackenzie's River. Their march was next directed to the Company's house on Buffalo Lake, in lat. $55^{\circ} 58'$, and long. $108^{\circ} 51' 10''$; and on the 13th of March they approached what is called the Methye Portage. This is an elevated ridge of land, forming a new division of the water courses, and exhibiting prospects of striking beauty, even under a snowy clothing. It is about twelve miles in length, and constitutes a laborious portion of the journey to and from the Athabasca department. It lies in lat. $56^{\circ} 41' 40''$ long. $109^{\circ} 58' 15''$: descending with great caution and difficulty, they embarked on the Elk River, which is here nearly two miles wide; and on the 19th of March, made a short halt at the Pierre au Calumet, a post of the North West Company. In their subsequent progress they encountered much boisterous and unpleasant weather, and were greatly obstructed by drift snow; but at length they had the satisfaction of terminating a toilsome pilgrimage of 857 miles, at Fort Chipewyan, on the 26th of March.

The interval of their stay at this place was employed in arrangements for their future operations, in procuring guides and attendants, and in obtaining information. They had the satisfaction of finding, that one of the principal chiefs of the Copper Indians was willing to engage in their service, and to accompany them with a part of his tribe; but at the same time they were not without the apprehension of considerable embarrassment, from the scarcity of provisions which prevailed also in this quarter. On the 13th of July, Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood arrived in two canoes from Fort Cumberland, bringing all the stores and provisions they could collect, but the supply

was still inadequate to their wants. With these gentlemen were ten Canadian voyagers, or boatmen, whom they had engaged at the posts below; and two Esquimaux interpreters were to join them at Great Slave Lake.

As they had now no prospect of increasing their scanty stock of provisions, they had no alternative but to hasten their departure northwards with a limited supply. They accordingly embarked, July 18, 1820, in three canoes, and descended Stony River, which discharges itself into Slave River. On the 24th of July they entered Great Slave Lake, and visited the establishments of the two companies, where they had the mortification to hear, that the same scarcity of subsistence prevailed, as at Fort Cumberland. They, therefore, hastened forward to Fort Providence, a station of the North West Company, at the northern point of the lake, where they arrived on the 29th. Here they found Mr. Wentzel, a clerk belonging to the company, who spoke the Chipewyan language, and gave them much useful intelligence; and the following day they were visited by Akaitcho, the Copper Indian chief, who had been previously engaged in their interests.

Having held a consultation to digest their plans, the Indians departed in advance, and the provisions and stores were packed, in the manner best adapted for prompt conveyance. The different members of the expedition were now mustered, and consisted of the officers already mentioned; Hepburn, their faithful attendant; Mr. Wentzel, who had agreed to accompany them; nineteen Canadian voyagers; Michel, an Iroquois Indian; and three interpreters; and several women, wives of the Canadians.

On the 2d August they commenced their voyage northward, with three large canoes, and a smaller one for the women. At their entrance into Yellow Knife River, they were joined by Akaitcho and his party, forming an Indian fleet of 17 canoes, and continued their progress up the stream, which was here about 150 yards wide. As they advanced, it dwindled into a mere rivulet, and they then proceeded by a chain of small lakes, with intervening port-

ages, still suffering from the want of provisions, which the skill and activity of their hunters could not obviate. At length they completed another stage of their expedition, at Winter Lake, where their Indian friend proposed to fix their station, till the ensuing spring, on the 22d of August. The length of their voyage from fort Chipewyan amounted to 553 miles, above 21 of which consisted of portages.

Preparations were immediately commenced for building a habitation, and collecting supplies of provisions, the Indians having failed in their engagements for this object, in consequence of the death of one of their chiefs, which occasioned the suspension of their usual business of hunting. Captain Franklin proposed to proceed immediately to the Copper Mine River; but this design, which was dictated rather by zeal than prudence, was at length relinquished, in consequence of the remonstrances of Akaitcho. It was, however, decided to dispatch a party for the purpose of exploring the country, and the task was assigned to Mr. Back, on the 29th of August. A few days after, Captain Franklin himself undertook a similar journey, leaving Mr. Wentzel to superintend the building. He found the lakes frozen, and every appearance of an early and severe winter, and returned after reaching a branch of Point Lake. The first party having penetrated to another part of the same sheet of water, were driven back on the 16th of September, by cold and storms.

In the interim, considerable progress had been made in the erection of a log house for the officers, and on the 6th of October it was so far completed, that they struck their tent and took up their residence within. It was about 50 feet long and 24 wide, and divided into a hall, three bed-rooms, and a kitchen. A similar habitation, of smaller dimensions, was afterwards constructed for the men; and a store-house was finally erected, the whole establishment occupying three sides of a square. No exertion was spared to collect supplies of provisions; and in the course of a short period, they had secured a sufficient stock of venison and other meat, to obviate all immediate fear of scarcity. Mr.

Back and Mr. Wentzel were also dispatched to Fort Providence, to expedite the conveyance of the remaining stores from Cumberland House.

Few incidents were likely to vary the monotonous course of a winter residence in these northern solitudes; but causes of care and anxiety were not wanting. By some misconduct or inattention on the part of the officers belonging to the trading companies, their stores were left behind, and reports to their discredit were spread from some of the trading establishments, which made a deep impression on the minds of the Indians. Explanations indeed took place, but the effect was perhaps never entirely obviated. On the 27th of January, 1821, Mr. Wentzel returned with a portion of their stores; others successively arrived, though still inadequate to their wants, and the demands of their Indian dependants; and in March Mr. Back arrived from Fort Chipewyan, after performing a journey of nearly 1000 miles on foot, amidst hardships and difficulties of a peculiar kind. They were now in latitude $65^{\circ} 12' 40''$, and longitude $113^{\circ} 8' 25''$; and a few hints will suffice to show the nature of the climate. The month of October was sufficiently wintry, but in November the cold became much more severe, the mean temperature being -0.7° . In December its intensity increased; for at one period the thermometer sunk as low as 57° below zero; the trees were frozen to their very centres; and a thermometer in the bed-room, only 16 feet from the fire, sunk as low as 15° . January was more mild than December, and in March the mean temperature rose to $11^{\circ} 57''$. The employments of the officers, during this dreary interval, were chiefly sedentary, and consisted in the completion of their journals, drawings, and calculations; but they judiciously encouraged the amusements and occupations of the men, and promoted such sports as were calculated to engage their attention, and beguile the tedious hours.

As the summer approached, every effort was used for the accomplishment of the final, and most important purpose of the expedition. Arrangements were made with the

Hook, another Indian chief, residing near West Martin Lake, who agreed to collect provisions for the party on their return; and Akaitcho, from a spirit of rivalry or other motives, began to manifest renewed zeal in the cause. As the ice appeared to be dissolving on the rivers and lakes, in the commencement of June, one division moved on the 4th, under the command of Dr. Richardson, to Point Lake. On the 14th the party charged with the conveyance of the canoes followed, and finally Captain Franklin himself, with three Canadians, the two Esquimeaux, and Hepburn, carrying the instruments, and a remnant of the stores. Though at first suffering from renewed exertion, and the heat of the weather, all proceeded with alacrity, traversed Point Lake, Red Rock Lake, and Rock Nest Lake on the remaining ice, and at length entered the Copper Mine River, which at this point was 200 yards wide, and ten feet deep, and flowed rapidly over a stony bed. In this early period of their journey, they found it necessary to abandon one of their canoes, in order to spare the strength both of their men and dogs.

They commenced their descent of the Copper Mine River, on the 2d of July, and proceeded north-westward along its course, which is much broken by a succession of rapids, varying in breadth, and generally deep. On the 7th they encamped at the foot of a series of heights, the first they had yet seen in America which deserved the name of a mountainous range. The next day they arrived at the station of the Hook, and obtained from him the renewal of his promise, to remain and collect supplies of food against their return. The succeeding days they found the channel of the river skirted by steep ranges of hills, which circumscribed its waters till they were pent up between walls of perpendicular rocks, and formed almost a continued rapid. It here forced its way through the barrier of mountains, and flowed N.N.E. On the 11th they diverged to examine the Copper Mountains, described by Hearne, and collected a few trifling specimens of metal.

At this point the Indians left their canoes, to avoid the labour of navi-

gating them down the rapids; but the ulterior purposes of the expedition could not be fulfilled without those belonging to the party. Their descent was marked by no other incident, than a meeting with some Esquimeaux, who frequent the lower course of the river, but no intercourse took place, except with an old man, who was not sufficiently active to make his escape. At length on the 18th of July they had the satisfaction of reaching the mouth of the river, which at its influx to the sea is about a mile wide, shallow, and nearly barred across by sand banks. To sea-ward appeared many lofty islands. The latitude was found to be $67^{\circ} 47' 50''$, and the longitude $115^{\circ} 25' 52''$; the distance travelled from Fort Enterprise 334 miles, for 117 of which the canoes had been dragged over snow and ice. Here Mr. Wentzel and the Indians left them, with renewed promises to provide supplies of food against their return in the autumn.

On the 21st of July, they commenced their voyage on the Hyperborean sea, and paddled eastward, along the coast. No ice appeared, though an ice blink was visible in the horizon, and the islands were found to be rocky, barren, and of columnar structure. In this direction they proceeded for five days, passing the nights on shore. On the 26th they weathered a cape, to which they have given the name of Barrow, in honour of the Secretary of the Admiralty, and turned into an extensive inlet, called George the Fourth's, or Coronation Gulf, which enters the land from lat. 68° to $67^{\circ} 30'$. They spent a considerable period, and encountered no small danger, in exploring its various recesses, from the slightness and dilapidated state of their canoes, which were formed of no stronger material than birch bark. The furthest point to which they penetrated eastward, was Cape Turnagain, in lat. $68^{\circ} 30'$, and long. $109^{\circ} 15'$, from whence the coast appeared still to trend in the same direction.

One of the canoes being rendered unserviceable, and the other much injured, and their allowance of provisions extending only to a handful of pemmican, and a small portion of portable soup daily, they were neces-

sitated to desist from further attempts, and hasten their return. They drew towards the head of Coronation Gulf, and attempted to ascend the course of a river, which flows into it, on the south-west. They, however, found the stream so confined by precipitous rocks, and so obstructed by rapids, that they relinquished their purpose of proceeding by water; and from the materials of their damaged canoes formed two smaller ones, to cross any stream or lake which might intersect their line of march. Having arranged their baggage for as speedy a movement as possible, they proceeded in the direction of Point Lake, through a flat and uninteresting country, interspersed with small sheets of water. In this portion of their journey they experienced considerable obstruction from the snow, which already began to fall, and on the 5th of September they distributed their last morsel of pemmican. The sense of their privations was aggravated by the increasing severity of the weather, and they continued to toil onwards, amidst snow and ice, frequently unable to obtain even the comfort of a fire, and reduced to depend for subsistence on the skill and success of their hunters, in a season and situation alike unpromising. One of their canoes was first broken by a fall, and the other afterwards was rendered unserviceable, at the very time when it was most needed. Every step of their toilsome pilgrimage was marked by new difficulties—every hour by increasing sufferings and privations. Compelled to allay the cravings of hunger with an unpalatable weed, called *Tripe de Roche*, even this miserable resource frequently failed, and they were driven to devour the leather of their shoes, the putrid skins of animals, and even bones rendered friable by fire. Stopped at the most critical periods of their march, when existence itself seemed to depend on the loss of a single day, by lakes or streams, which they had not the means of passing, subordination ceased—despair succeeded—some sunk under their multiplied calamities; and even those, whose strength and spirits were yet equal to exertion, dragged their weary limbs along rather in fear than in hope. In this extremity, Mr. Hood, whose zeal and intelligence

had been honourably conspicuous, appears to have been shot by Michel, the Iroquois Indian, who is supposed to have been impelled by hunger to murder two of his companions for the sake of feeding on their flesh. At length, on the evening of the 29th of October, Captain Franklin, with some of the party, drew near their once cheerful abode of Fort Enterprise; but, instead of the supplies, on which they had calculated, from the Indians, it was found empty and desolate, and they had yet to struggle with famine and misery, till Mr. Back, who had proceeded in advance, could obtain aid from the Indians or the nearest trading settlement. In the mean time, the rest of the party, who were not entirely exhausted, reached the same place of refuge, only to undergo an aggravation of suffering; and the energies of nature were nearly subdued when, on the 7th of November, they were rescued from a lingering, and seemingly inevitable, fate, by the arrival of Indians with a small supply of provisions. In justice to the chief, Akaitcho, it is proper to add, that although with that indolence and thoughtlessness which are prominent features in the character of the savage, he had neglected to fulfil his promises, he no sooner heard of their distress, than he hastened to relieve it; and both he and his tribe manifested towards the unfortunate travellers, a degree of kindness and sympathy which would have done honour to the most civilised country. In a comparatively short period of time, they were enabled to travel; and, retracing their former course, finally terminated their journey, on the 14th of July, at York Factory, after traversing the distance of not less than 5550 miles.

We have now only to add, that the appearance of the coast traced by Captain Franklin, justifies the opinion of those who maintain the practicability of a North-west passage. A rise of the tide, perceptible in Coronation Gulf, proves its communication with the ocean, and the outline of the shore runs nearly east and west, in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie's River, to the Sound entered by Kotzebue on the side of Behring's Straits, and to Repulse Bay, at the northern extremity of Hudson's Bay. The

portion of sea explored by our voyagers was also navigable for vessels of any size, and the obstruction from ice too trifling to detain even a small boat.

Our limits will not permit us to advert to many important and curious details, in various branches of science

and natural history. We shall therefore conclude with observing, that this volume is illustrated with charts, and accompanied with a series of engravings, equally creditable to the unfortunate artist, Mr. Hood, and to the engraver, Mr. Finden.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

It is often a matter of some difficulty to determine whether the encouragement given to art is absolutely declining, or whether it takes new directions less visible to the common observer. Music appears lately to have presented a problem of this nature. Never was the science so generally cultivated, never was the art so universally practised. Yet the public performances fall away, so that it should seem the examples of the finest models fail to be attractive, in proportion to the diffusion of enjoyment amongst individuals. The Vocal Concerts, so long a favourite resort of the real lovers of music, were this year given up for want of support. The City Amateur Concerts have been suspended, if not wholly abandoned. The British Concerts (only three nights) have not engaged that attention which their intrinsic merits, and the *nationality* of their design, might be well imagined to have justly claimed; even the Oratorios are said to have entailed a loss upon the proprietor; while the Opera has lacked its customary attendance, *malgré* the impulsive influence of the Board of Management of Earls, Counts, and Barons. Amongst the causes, perhaps, may be some that are political; for even operas, concerts, and oratorios, cannot go on without participating in that pervading complaint, "the agricultural distress," and acknowledging that they have a sympathetic interest in the common source of subsistence. But we are rather inclined, like the superior authorities in the agricultural case, to attribute the evils of the musical world to superabundance—to that excess by which appetite sickens, and so dies. There is shrewd reason to suspect that the private cultivation of music does not neces-

sarily tend to its frequent enjoyment in public. On the contrary, perhaps, after so much at home, we are content with the less abroad; performers do not always make the most "comfortable hearers;" amateurs, like poets, will sometimes feel a little impatiently the *semper ego auditor tantum*, and hear their own imperfect execution with more complacency, than the expression of a Camporese, or the polish of a Vaughan. O! we are all marvellous approvers of our own style! Horace never made so great a mistake, nor ever so truly showed himself the companion of the ill-bred, as when he made his famous declaration, *omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, &c.*, for the remark applies to the untaught, and, perhaps, might have more resemblance to fact before the invention of pianofortes. In our boyish days, we do, indeed, remember misses that had perpetual colds, or that "really could not sing;" but now-a-days, amongst the instructed, (and who is not instructed?) it is far otherwise. There are few singers or players, who, if they would speak the sole truth, ever hear enough of themselves, and certainly never too much. From Madame Catalani, down to little Miss Strumansquall, the rule prevails; there is no singing, no playing, so agreeable as our own.

But neither poverty, nor self-complacency, nor both of them put together, probably produce half the ill effects that arise out of the costliness of musical amusements. The common rate of admission is half a guinea for each person, to a concert. The subscription to the Ancient Music is eight guineas for the twelve concerts; and to the Philharmonic, four—the two realizing a receipt of near nine thousand pounds per annum!! Such terms must exclude all

families of moderate income; for who, under such circumstances, would think of *repeating* an expense of from two to three guineas for one evening's pleasure for four persons? The purchase is far too costly—the thing is impossible. The Oratorios thus become the only general vehicles of musical pleasure. The Hanover Square, and the Argyll Rooms, are visited by certain classes alone, and they soon find out that the satisfaction does not compensate the expense.

We are quite aware that the point of primary importance in such assemblies is the almost exclusive privileges allotted to *Caste*. The Ancient Music is sought, principally, because it is what is called “select.” The Philharmonic, on the contrary, unquestionably the first concert in the metropolis for instrumental music, and as pre-eminent in the comparatively small portion of vocal it admits, does not number in the list of subscribers above half a dozen persons of title—the bulk of the audience consists of professors and their families, and amateurs, who seek good music at the fountain-head. The Vocal Concerts afforded a place of entertainment for the richer class of the inhabitants of the metropolis, but these are now extinct. They probably surfeited for lack of variety in the music; yet it should seem that there is some unacknowledged cause why the public—the mass of the public—is not found to encourage concerts, and this cause we conceive to be the costliness of the entertainment. If it is asked why it is necessary that such charges for admission should be made, it is replied at once, the enormous sums paid to the singers (principally females) is the visible reason. Four of them, Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Travis, do not receive less probably than 100*l.* nightly, for their attendance at the Ancient Concert; and, on Oratorio nights, they generally contrive to appear both at Hanover-square and at the Theatre. It is a question, whether the whole instrumental band, consisting of from forty to fifty performers, is paid more than double what these ladies obtain. This is really monstrous! But the evil will correct itself. Conductors must now

be satisfied of the impossibility of obtaining any profit adequate to their risk and labour. Means of distributing more tickets for the same sum, thus increasing the numbers of the audience without diminishing the receipts, will probably be devised. Without some such expedient, public music in the metropolis will sink away to nothing. The very diffusion of science, which ought to prepare the mind (and which does it in point of fact) to seek for, and to relish the finest models in art, will operate a contrary effect. The family concert will be the substitute for public music, and people will be content with pleasures of a less exalted description, simply because they are attained with little expense. To this end, the gratification of displaying talent will also contribute, and a more studious cultivation of individual ability will follow. Even now, indeed, these can hardly be esteemed anticipations, they are merely observations upon what is actually passing. It is only a matter of surprise, that amateur concerts in private houses, like the academias in Italy, are not more frequent in this country; the moment amateur attainment reaches a certain height, to which it appears to be rapidly advancing, such will probably be the consequence, and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Talent and accomplishment will have its best reward in its extended exercise, while the whole circle of intimate connections will participate in the rational and social exhibition.

The King's Theatre has at length launched a New Opera, *Elisa e Claudio*, a demi caractère, with “no character at all.” Accustomed, as we are, to look in the Italian musical dramas for such incidents “as are just possible to happen, but which never did, nor ever will happen,” we have seldom, if ever, fallen upon a more wretched thing than this. The scene is laid in Florence, where Elisa, a female of humble birth has been secretly married to Claudio, the son of Count Arnaldo, by whom she has two children. The Count has imprisoned his son for a year, when the Marquis of Tricotazio arrives with his daughter Silvia, to consummate a marriage between her and Claudio. At this point of time the

drama opens. The party reach Florence one day sooner than they were expected. Hence they occasion great confusion in the house of the Count, whose son is not even yet released from durance. He is, however, liberated, on condition that he marries Silvia, to which he gives a feigned consent, in order to obtain sight of Elisa and his children. The Count employs Luca, a servant, to discover the nature of Claudio's engagement with her; and on being made acquainted with the real state of the case, he bribes Luca to force away the children, and deliver them over to a leader of banditti. Elisa, stung to madness at their abduction, rushes out in search of them, and encountering the Marquis, accuses him of the cruel act, and attacks him with the fury of grief and insanity. The Marquis flies, and she pursues him into the presence of the Count; all the dramatis personæ are assembled, heaven knows how or why,—Elisa is turned out by the Count's domestics, and the act closes with a finale which very justly expresses the state of the case:

Dentro un vortice profondo
 Son rinvolti i miei pensieri;
 Così io tema, o cosa spero,
 No, non posso indovinar.

It is now necessary to relate that Celso, the lover of Silvia, has engaged himself as a servant to the Marquis her father, and has accompanied them in that capacity to Florence. In Claudio he recognizes an old friend, and they agree to elope with their two mistresses. The Marquis has begun to suspect the perfidy of the Count, from the mystery that pervades every thing, and is meditating a retreat from his engagements, when he endeavours to come to an explanation, which gives rise to a scene of absurd equivocation, but which is of course made the vehicle of comic music. The Count sends for Elisa in the hope of buying her off, but her virtue resists his gold, and they part, in fury on his side, and in anguish on hers. In the meanwhile Celso has engaged Luca to discover the place to which he has conveyed the children, on condition that he is to share six thousand crowns, and Celso is to carry off Elisa. At night the parties prepare for their

escape, when, as before, most of the characters are drawn together by some unseen influence, and poor Elisa is thrown into a dungeon. But at the dawn, Celso returns to the cottage of Charlotte, a friend with whom Elisa has resided, and brings the children, and the intelligence that he has delivered Luca over to the police, and that the Marquis is made acquainted with all the circumstances. The last scene is laid in the dungeon, where Elisa is visited by Claudio, her children, Charlotte and Silvia, Celso and the Marquis; and, lastly, comes the Count. The latter is obdurate, and the Marquis urges upon him "philosophy" and forgiveness. Just at this moment, Celso discovers himself, and sues for permission to espouse Silvia. The Marquis is enraged in his turn, and the Count retaliates "*filosofia*." At length all are made happy by forgiveness.

Such is the story which is delineated, with the *quant. suff.* of *Oh Ciel! figli, consorte, che crudeltà!* &c. which make up a lyric dramatic poem, as the courtesy of nations entitles these melodramas. The music is by Mercadante, a name new to this country, and is mediocrity itself, with the addition of being a direct imitation of Rossini, in which the copyist has caught the prominent defects of his prototype. It was but coldly received.

The Benefit Concerts have commenced this year rather earlier than usual; that of Mr. Hawes took place on the 18th, and was well attended, and Mr. Greatorex's is fixed for the 25th. It is really curious to observe how little novelty is brought forward. Is it that singers are desirous to avoid the trouble of acquiring new songs, or that the compositions which will display great powers are really so few? Whatever be the cause, the consequence is fatal both to the living composer and to music. The world is excessively tired of standard excellence, the "*Benedictus of the Requiem*," "*Gratias agimus*," and "*A Compir*," superior as they are.

The Royal Academy of Music has announced a grand concert for the benefit of the institution, at the Opera-house. There ought to be no fear of an audience, for the King, and the Duke of York, and Prince Leopold, and half the fashionable world, are patrons

presidents, vice-presidents, directors, trustees, and committee men; and all the musicians in London are to perform. The public will hardly fail to patronize with all its powers an institution, which, with its ponderous and mighty apparatus of directors, committee, and sub-committee (to say nothing of others enumerated above) boards, principal, master and matrons, professors and secretary, already actually supports and instructs ~~xxx~~ little boys, and as many little girls, in music; the professors, Messrs. Beale, Bochsa, Cramer, Hülmandel, &c. giving them lessons of *a quarter of an hour* each at a time. It is, however, no joke; for there never was perhaps so expensive a farce got up "by particular desire of several persons of distinction."

The Concert is in three acts, the first of which is a selection from Dr. Crotch's Palestine; the second and third are miscellaneous. The whole embraces the very finest modern compositions, and some of greater age and more established excellence. Each act has its leader; Messrs. F. Cramer, Spagnoletti, and Mori. Dr. Crotch, the "principal," conducts. The professors, whose benefit nights are rapidly following, will feel the effects of this grand absorbent, should

it attract the patronage which as a Concert it deserves, but of which as an Institution, upon its present plan, it seems very little worthy.

The publications of the month are comparatively few.

A Fourteenth Divertimento, by Mr. Cramer, for the pianoforte, he describes in the title page as "*piu tosto nello stile Italiano.*" The introduction and cantabile movement have much of the smoothness of Italian manner; but the Siciliano has more of Irish character about it. The lesson combines variety and contrast with grace and expression.

Mr. Moscheles' *Fantasia on three favourite Scotch Airs* is full of genius and power.

Mr. Kalkbrenner has published a *Twelfth Fantasia*, in which is introduced Auld lang syne. This air has been already often and variously arranged: its present adaptation is a sufficient test of the originality of Mr. Kalkbrenner's conceptions.

Mr. Neale's *Rondo on Spazza Cammin*, a Venetian Ariette, is a production of much taste.

The arrangements (which indeed are the most numerous publications) are *three books of select airs from Rossini's Pietro l'Eremita*, by Mr. Latour; *Gravn's Te Deum*, arranged by Mr. Burrows for harp and pianoforte, and as a duet for the latter; and the *Third Number of Brugnier's dramatic divertimentos*.

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

ICE CAVES OF THE JURA AND ALPS.

Professor Pictet, of Geneva, has published an account of these caves, of which there are two in the chain of the Jura; one called La Baume, five leagues from Besançon; the other St. George, in the slope of the Jura, 5000 toises to the north-west of Rolle. Two others, which likewise contain ice all summer, are found in the mountains of Faucigny; the one on that called Brezon to the south of Bonneville, the other on the south-west declivity of Mount Vergy. M. de Cosigny visited the cavern La Baume, in August, 1743, and in October, 1745. According to his account, it is sixty-four toises in length, and twenty-two in breadth, at the widest part; the bottom inclines downwards very rapidly from the entrance; the height varies from ten to fifteen

toises. De Cosigny found in his first visit, in August, that Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 33° in the cave, while in the open air it was at 77°. In October it was at, 35° in the interior, and at 50° without. At both times, the bottom of the cavern presented a surface of ice, with a little water in its cavities. Professor Prevost, who visited this cavern in 1769, states, that it appeared divided into three compartments: on entering it, in the middle of August, he felt a chilling cold, and was struck with the appearance of a mass of ice fed by the water, which constantly fell drop by drop from the roof. The cavern was entirely covered, from the entrance to where the bottom begins to rise, with a cake of ice, in which there was a number of holes filled with water; by sounding

one of which, it was ascertained that the ice was a foot thick. The evaporation is often considerable, causing the formation of a thick fog. The entrance of this cave is in a region, the temperature of which is far above the freezing point; and, from the form of the cavity, the winter's snow cannot enter, and cannot, therefore, contribute to the formation of the ice.

The cavern St. George's is situated in a wood of pines, thinly scattered. There are two entrances to it, at about the distance of twelve feet from each other. The length of its icy surface is seventy-five feet, and the mean width forty feet. In ordinary years it furnishes ice only to a small number of families, but when the winter is such as not to afford enough for the ice-houses of Geneva, recourse is had to it. The working of the ice is the same as that of a quarry. It is cut with appropriate tools into long wedges, and divided by transverse sections, about a foot from each other, and sufficiently deep to enable the workmen to detach blocks of the size of a cubic foot. The extent of the workable surface is 3000 square feet, from which there is carried off every second day, during the summer, about twenty-five quintals, or, in all, about 195,000 lb. At the extremity of this cave, at a certain height against its partitions, there are icy stalactites resembling those of carbonate of lime, formed by the filtration of a small stream of water, which is constantly freezing. The thermometer, at the entrance, stood at 60° Fahrenheit, and, in the middle, at two feet above the floor, at $34\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. The cold is so great, that when two blocks of ice are left close to each other on the bottom of the cave, they are, in the course of a few hours, frozen together. The cavern of Mont Brezon is not so large as those already described, being only about thirty-five feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and ten or twelve in height. The temperature of the interior was 41° . It is impossible to estimate the quantity of ice in it, it is so irregular; part of it seemed to be a remnant of the snow of the preceding year, the remainder was produced by the congelation of the water.

The cave of Mount Vergy is of

considerable extent. At the bottom of it there is a platform of ice sixty feet long, and thirty wide. Its temperature was $34\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit, while that of the atmosphere was 58° . The guide who accompanied Pictet, informed him that the last time he visited it there was no ice, and that it is found only when the temperature of the atmosphere is high, the quantity increasing according as the temperature rises.

Another of these remarkable caves has lately been described by M. Dufour, Lieutenant-Colonel of engineers. It exists in the side of a rugged mountain called Rothorn, near Thun, the ascent of which is very steep. The rock is calcareous, and of a deep gray colour, mixed with beds of clay, of from 8 to 12 inches in thickness. The strata are cut by fissures perpendicular to them, and to the general plane of the slope, so that they present externally the appearance of a wall of rouble work. The peaks of the mountains are crowned by a sandstone containing a great many particles of quartz. The ice-house of Rothorn is about 5840 feet above the level of the sea. It is covered by a mass of rocks of 1000 or 1500 feet in thickness, through the numerous fissures of which water passes and falls, drop by drop, into the cave, by which, owing chiefly to its evaporation, it is so much cooled, that it congeals when it reaches the floor, and thus a constant supply of ice is kept up. The height of the cave is at the entrance 25 feet, but it immediately increases to about 50; its width is about 100, and its general form is that of a Z. The first mass of ice is met with where the external light penetrates only in small quantity; consequently it cannot be formed by the winter's snow, which might be driven in by the wind. A little further in the ice covers the floor of the cave, and is so transparent, that the rocks can be easily seen through it. Beyond this, there is an inclined plane of ice, which leads to a magnificent hall, from the sides of which are suspended large masses or stalagmites of ice, the surface of which seems to be constantly undergoing evaporation. Though the heat of the external air was considerable, a thermometer at different places in the grotto never rose above 38° . The

extremity of this cavern is called Shafflock or Sheeps-hole, from its affording an asylum to those animals, from the burning heat of the sun, and when surprised by a storm.

In attempting to account for the formation of ice in these caves, Pictet states, that we must have recourse to some local cause, as it does not depend on the winter's snow, or the temperature of the earth; for in those latitudes the mean heat is far above the freezing point. It was remarked that there always issued a stream of cold air from the different openings connected with them, which, constantly exciting evaporation from the surface of the water, must produce a great degree of cold. This is supported by numerous facts. Thus there are many caves so formed, as to allow a continual flow of air through them, and which is many degrees colder at its exit than at its entrance. In one near Rome, the air as it entered was at 78° , but, as it issued, it was as low as 44° . The same is the case in many instances, there being a difference of from 15° to 20° , or even 30° , in the temperature of the air; and in all of them, the hotter the summer, the greater is the strength of the current. This is occasioned by the difference in the weight of the external and internal air, the heaviest rushing out, and having its place supplied by a current lighter and warmer, which, by accelerating evaporation, is itself cooled, and produces a great degree of cold in the cave—in those just described, perhaps sufficient to cause the water to freeze; for it is well known that water may be frozen by the cold excited merely by its evaporation.

HISTORY AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE PARROT.

The Greeks seem at first to have known only one species of parrot, imported from the East by one of the captains of Alexander's fleet. Aristotle speaks of it as a rare bird. Their beauty and faculty of speech soon made them objects of high request among the luxurious Romans, whom Cato reproached for this puerile attachment. In his time, they kept them in cages of silver and ivory, and paid as much for them as for a slave. 'Till the time of Nero

they knew no other species, when they were discovered by them in an island, far up the Nile, called Gaganda. The Portuguese, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, found the whole coast of Africa, and the islands of the Indian ocean, peopled with various tribes of them, and in such numbers, that they with difficulty preserved the rice and maize from them. They were, however, far inferior to those found in the new world, some of the islands of which are called Parrot Islands, from the immense quantity of parrots that frequented them. The green paroquet, with a red neck, is the first of this genus that was brought into Europe, and it is now known only by the description given of it by the ancients. The birds of this class have been arranged in two great divisions—those of the old and those of the new world; to the former belong cockatoos, parrots, lories, and paroquets; to the latter, acas, or maccaws, amazons, criks, popinjays, and paroquets. The lories inhabit the Moluccas, New Guinea, and other Asiatic islands. Owing to their powerless flight, the inhabitants of one island are quite different from those of the adjacent one. The touis or short tailed parrakeets, are the smallest of all the American parrots. They are of the size of a sparrow, and are, in general, incapable of speech.

Buffon supposed that parrots were confined to within twenty-five degrees on each side of the Equator; but in this he is incorrect. A species called the Carolina parrot inhabits Guiana, and migrates into Virginia and Carolina. Another species, the Illinois parrot, goes from South America far northward, being common on the banks of the Ohio and the southern shores of lake Erie. A third species, the emerald parrot, exists in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Magellan, and various others occur in different quarters. Of this splendid genus there are no less than 239 species.

ACTION OF HEAT AND COMPRESSION ON FLUIDS.

It is well known that, by means of a Papin's digester, fluids may have their temperature raised far above their boiling point, but at the same time, they are subjected to a

very great pressure from the vapour generated, which it is supposed would prove a bar to their complete conversion into the aeriform state. In reflecting on this subject, it occurred to M. de la Tour, that the expansion of a volatile fluid had necessarily some limit, beyond which, notwithstanding the pressure, it would be converted into vapour. To ascertain whether this was the case, he put some alcohol into a small glass tube, so as to occupy nearly two-fifths of it, and sealed it hermetically by a blowpipe. The tube was then cautiously heated, and in proportion as the fluid expanded, its mobility became greater; and after attaining nearly double its volume, it suddenly disappeared, and the tube became filled with a transparent vapour, which, on cooling, formed a thick cloud, and the fluid assumed its original state. A second tube, nearly half full, gave the same result; but one, more than half full, broke on the application of heat. Similar experiments were made with oil of petroleum of specific gravity 807, and with ether, which presented similar results, excepting that the latter required less space than the former to be converted into vapour without breaking the tube, and the petroleum less than alcohol, seeming to indicate that the more a fluid is naturally dilated, the less volume it requires to attain its maximum of expansion. In the above-mentioned experiments, the tubes were exhausted of their air before they were sealed, but it was found that the same occurred though it was left in; the progressive expansion of the fluid was even more easily estimated, as there was no inconvenient ebullition. The last experiment was made with a tube one-third filled with water; the glass lost its transparency, but broke in a few seconds afterwards. By putting a little carbonate of soda along with the fluid, its action on the glass was in a great measure prevented, and the effects of heat and compression on it were observed. It was found that at the temperature of about melting zinc it passed into vapour in a space nearly four times that of its original volume; whereas alcohol, petroleum, and ether, undergo the same change in a volume rather exceeding twice that of the fluid. The pressure exerted during

the change of form, De la Tour found varied in the different fluids subjected to experiment. By exposing them to heat in a particular apparatus, he ascertained that alcohol may be reduced to vapour in a space rather less than three times its bulk, and that it then exerts a pressure equivalent to that of 119 atmospheres, while the pressure of ether, converted into vapour, is only 37 atmospheres; the former requiring a temperature of 392 F. the latter of 492. These experiments promise to lead to interesting results, as it is likely that, by the joint action of heat and pressure, substances may be made to combine which cannot otherwise be united, and thus their action on each other may be ascertained.

FLUID IN THE CAVITIES OF CRYSTALS.

A fluid of a very singular nature has been discovered by Dr. Brewster in the cavities of minerals. It possesses the remarkable property of expanding *thirty* times more than water, and by a heat from 75 to 83 it enlarges, so as to occupy the cavity which contained it, and resumes its original state as the temperature falls. It is remarkable for its optical properties and for its extreme volubility, adhering very slightly to the sides of the crystal. It is almost always accompanied by another fluid like water, with which it does not mix, and which does not perceptibly expand at the above-mentioned temperature. In a specimen of chrysoberil, Dr. Brewster has discovered a stratum of these cavities in which he has reckoned *thirty thousand* in the space of one-seventh of an inch square, each containing this new fluid, a portion of the liquid like water, and a vacuity, all of which vacuities disappear at the temperature of 83, being then filled by the expanded fluid.

VARIATION IN THE BULBS OF THERMOMETERS.

Mr. Flauguergues has observed, that in mercurial thermometers, in which there is a vacuum above the mercury, the freezing point has gradually risen nine-tenths of a degree, and has gone on increasing for years, which is attributed to a change of form occasioned on the bulb by the pressure of the air; he therefore recommends that their stems should be left open, so that the pressure on the outside and inside may be the same.

The same fact has been long ago noticed by Bellani, of Milan, who mentions the following experiment to prove that the bulbs of thermometers are liable to alter their form. Take a mercury thermometer graduated above the boiling point, and the degrees of which are so large that the tenth of a degree can be easily seen, plunge it into boiling water and then into melting snow, and it will be found that the freezing point has sunk one-tenth of a degree in consequence of the expanded glass not having resumed its original form.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

February 27.—Mr. Goldenham read a paper on the velocity and force of sound, the experiments on which were made at Madras. At the fort, a gun is fired in the morning at daylight, and in the evening at eight o'clock; and at the artillery cantonments another is fired at sunrise and sunset; the former of which is very nearly double the distance of the other from the observatory, affording, therefore, a good opportunity of ascertaining whether sound travels at the same rate through paths of different lengths. The observations were made with Arnold's chronometers, making 100 beats in 40 seconds; the movements of which were counted by two people, from the instant the flash of the gun was seen, till the report was heard. The heights of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, the direction of the wind, and the general state of the weather, were at the same time noticed. From the experiments thus made, it appears that the mean velocity of sound, by the observations on the fort gun, is $1142\frac{1}{16}$ feet per second, and by those on the artillery gun $1142\frac{1}{16}$; the mean of both is $1142\frac{1}{16}$, which is very nearly that previously assigned by Newton and Halley. Mr. Goldenham has likewise shown, that the velocity of sound is considerably affected by the state of the atmosphere and by the wind, contrary to what has been asserted by others. The velocity, he found, increases to a maximum at the middle of the year, being then 1164 feet per second, the minimum is 1099 feet.

A paper was also read by Dr. Scudamore on the evolution of heat during the coagulation of blood. Nu-

merous experiments have been already made on this subject by Mr. John Hunter, Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Davy, which disagree in their results, occasioned, according to Dr. Scudamore, by the difference in the temperature of different parts of the same portion of blood. From his experiments he concludes that there is a slight evolution of heat during coagulation. It commences when the fibrin begins to concrete, but continues till the whole of the fluid is coagulated.

March 13.—On *Fluid Chlorine*, by Mr. Faraday. When chlorine (oximuriatic acid gas) is exposed to cold, crystals are formed on the sides of the vessel, which were at one time supposed to be pure chlorine, but which Sir H. Davy proved were a compound of it and water. It occurred to Sir H. Davy, that some interesting results might be obtained by decomposing this substance under pressure; and he requested Mr. Faraday to make experiments on the subject. With this view some of the crystals, dried on bibulous paper, were put into a glass tube, which was then hermetically sealed by a blow-pipe. When plunged into water, at the temperature of 100° , two fluids were produced, one of a pale yellow, the other of a deep green colour, and above these there was an atmosphere of chlorine much darker than usual. On opening the tube an explosion took place, the yellow fluid disappeared, and chlorine was evolved. This yellow fluid Mr. Faraday has found to be liquid chlorine. It may be distilled from the other, along with which it is produced in the tube by the application of a gentle heat. It is then limpid, and remains fluid at zero. It is very volatile, rising in vapour when exposed to the air. Since the above paper was read to the society, we understand that Mr. Faraday has succeeded in rendering fluid euchlorine, nitrous oxid, sulphurous acid, carbonic acid, and cyanogen gases. All the liquids obtained from them are highly volatile, and, with the exception of that from euchlorine, are colourless.

PERKINS'S NEW STEAM ENGINE.

We have already alluded to Mr. Perkins's Steam Engine: one of them, already, we suppose, in actual operation, is intended to exert a power

equal to ten horses; its generator (in place of a boiler) holds about eight gallons; the working cylinder is only eighteen inches long. The parts have been proved, by hydraulic pressure, to bear a force equal to two thousand pounds on the square inch; but a weak part has been subsequently introduced into it, which shall give way at one thousand pounds of pressure, the engine being intended to be worked by steam raised to seven hundred pounds.

REMARKABLE COLD IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.

A very extraordinary degree of cold was observed at Doune, in Inverness-shire, on the 6th of February. The following are the observations made with the thermometer:—

Feb. 5.—7 o'clock PM.	+ 2°
8	PM. — 2½
9½	PM. — 8
11	PM. — 10
Feb. 6.—1½	AM. — 15
7	AM. — 9
9	AM. — 2
10½	AM. + 20

This depression of the thermometer is the most remarkable that has ever been recorded in Scotland, being a degree lower than the great cold of January 14, 1780, when Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow, observed it at — 14.

ASCENT OF CLOUDS IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

M. Fresnel has ascribed the ascent of clouds in the atmosphere to the following cause. Air and all colourless aeriform bodies allow the solar rays, and even radiant heat, to pass through them without sensibly heating them. When a cloud, therefore, is composed of small globules of water, or minute crystals of snow, the air in the interior of the cloud becomes heated from the contact of the matter with which it is surrounded; it will, therefore, dilate, and the cloud will rise in the atmosphere to a height depending on the fineness of its particles, and the intervals which separate them. The fact that vapour exists in a vesicular form is well known, and that clouds are composed of it in this state, is generally believed; but it is by no means established that the vesicles are filled with air; this opinion of Fresnel must,

therefore, be received with caution, more particularly as the suspension of clouds is ascribed by M. Gay Lussac to a very different cause. He supposes that they are pushed upwards by ascending currents in the atmosphere, occasioned by the heat flying off from the surface of the globe, and that they continue to rise till this force of impulsion is balanced by the weight of the cloud. In proof of this opinion, he states that a soap-bubble will not rise in a room, but will fall directly when left to its own weight; but if it be blown in the open air above a heated soil, it will ascend to a certain height, being wafted up by the currents of heated air.

SKULLS FOUND IN GERMANY.

There has been lately found in the neighbourhood of Halberstadt, in Saxony, a number of skulls, which, it is said, present marked differences from the European race, and which approach the Coptic form. Their most remarkable feature is, their having only grinding teeth, the incisors being wanting, from which it is conjectured that they belonged to a frugiferous race, perhaps of the primitive or antediluvian world. Such is the account given of these skulls; M. Blainville, however, makes the following remarks on them: with regard to the absence of incisors, if the fact be certain, it is more than probable that it is merely accidental. He thinks it more rational to suppose that it is analogous to the peculiar disposition of the canine and incisor teeth, which seem wanting in the skulls of Egyptian mummies, but which have only been worn down, as has been observed by Soemmering; and as Blainville has himself found in those from Cairo, presented to him by M. Tedenat, son of the French Consul. The skulls of these mummies seem smaller than the generality of those of Europeans, especially about the forehead; the eyes are large, or rather the margins of the eyelids are much extended. The profile is not that of the negro, though it resembles it about the lower part of the face. The incisors are much worn, and cut square, as are also the canine teeth.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

France.—Besides several minor pieces, two new tragedies have been brought out at Paris this month. *Count Julian*, by M. Guiraud, author of the *Maccabées*, and *Le Maire du Palais*, by M. Ancelot, author of *Louis IX.* The hero of the first is Count Julian, so celebrated in the history of Spain for having betrayed his country to the Moors, in order to revenge the injury done him by King Roderick in the person of his daughter. M. Guiraud, however, has not taken the treason of Julian for his subject, but his repentance. At the time when the play commences, fifteen years have elapsed since the first invasion of the Saracens. Theodimir, the only prince remaining of the ancient reigning family, still defends with the last troops the Spanish independence; Julian reigns at Valencia; all the rest of the Peninsula obeys the Africans. A decisive battle is on the eve of being fought under the walls of Carthagera. Fernando, the son of Julian, commands the Mussulmen, whose faith he had adopted; and his father, with all the force of the kingdom of Valencia, hastens to his aid; but great changes have taken place in Julian's family. At the beginning of the revolution he had three children, Fernando, Lydda, the daughter who was the unhappy cause of her father's treason, and an infant daughter, Elvira, who had been placed in a monastery at Saguntum, by the name of Aurelia; but, on the day when she was to take the vow, Saguntum is taken by storm by Fernando: he makes the young novice captive, and, without recognizing her as his sister, conceives for her an incestuous passion, which Aurelia in her ignorance approves, and their marriage is going to be celebrated. Suddenly, an extraordinary female, known by the name of the Maniac of Murcia, arrives at Carthagera, and desires an interview with Fernando, which he refuses, but is persuaded by Aurelia to grant it. This female is Lydda, who comes with the intention of recalling Fernando to his duty, to his religion, and his country. Julian, oppressed by re-

morse, has come to declare to his son that he and his troops have embraced the part of Theodimir. Nothing, however, can move Fernando; he marries Aurelia, and hastens to the battle, which is supposed to take place between the fourth and fifth acts. Julian fights in the army of the king, and falls by the hand of Fernando, the victim of an involuntary parricide. Fernando stabs himself; Elvira sinks under so many misfortunes; Lydda hurries away her sister, and predicts that the total expulsion of the Moors will avenge the subjugation of her country.

This tragedy is rather severely criticised in some of the French journals, but they all allow that it was well received by the public, and that the beauties greatly outweigh the defects.

M. Quatremère de Quincy has just published an important work, under the title of *Essay on the Nature, the Object, and the Means of Imitation, in the Fine Arts.* This modest title of Essay cannot give a just and complete idea of the manner in which the author has considered his vast subject. It is a profound and complete treatise, not on Imitation in its absolute sense, but on Imitation confined within the circle of what are called the Fine Arts. The author (as he says himself) has not attempted to develop one of those pretended universal theories which are above the genius of their authors, or the understanding of their readers. In treating of the nature of imitation, of its objects, and its means, in the three successive parts of his work, relatively to the latter the author begs his readers to bear in mind his real intention. "I shall make myself understood by one word," he says. "I treat in this last part of the means of imitation, and not of those of the imitator."

M. Keratry has just published an *Examen Philosophique des Considerations sur le Sentiment du Sublime et du Beau* of Emanuel Kant, as a continuation of his work *Du Beau dans les Arts d'Imitation.*

Count Gregory Orloff, whose previous works have been so well re-

ceived, has now presented to the public a History of Painting in Italy, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The twelfth volume of the Description of Egypt is one of the most interesting that has yet appeared; it contains Memoirs on the Lakes of Natron, on the River without Water, on Nubia, on the Barabras, the Arabs of the Desert, and on the Arts and Trades of Egypt. At the same time, with this volume, is published the first portfolio of plates, of the very largest size, which would be spoiled by being doubled. They are twenty-five in number, and are reckoned equivalent to ten numbers, or fifty plates of the usual size. Some of those plates representing the palaces of ancient Egypt are really magnificent.

At the present moment, when all eyes are turned towards Spain, an author, who calls himself an old officer, but does not publish his name, has produced a work, which he calls the Duke de Vendome in Spain, an historical summary of his Life and last Campaigns. The success which that great General obtained in Spain, flatters the French at a time when their army is entering the peninsula, and makes them dream of Almanza and Villaviciosa. A French Journal states, that an author who stands high in the literary world is engaged in writing a History of the Spanish Monarchy.

M. Fievée, so well known by many able political writings, has lately published a work On Spain, and the Consequences of an Armed Intervention. The work is remarkable, not only for its real merit, but for its differing materially from the principles formerly advocated by the author. The indefatigable Abbé de Pradt has favoured the public with "a Parallel between the Power of Russia and that of England." Another partly political work, which has attracted considerable attention in France and England, is the Pyrenees and the South of France in December 1822, by A. Thiers. The author is evidently one of the liberal party, and gives no very flattering description of the members of the Regency and the bands of the defenders of the faith: if he does not extenuate, he, however, seems not to set down aught in malice: and his descriptions

of the manners of the inhabitants, and the scenery of the country, are most striking and interesting.

The Narrative of a Journey made in 1791, to Brussels and Coblenz, confessedly by his Majesty, Louis XVIII. has been so extensively read in England, as well as in France, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it. A counterpart to this little work has since been published. It is an account of a journey from Dantzic to Marienwerder, in 1734, by Stanislaus, King of Poland, who being besieged in Dantzic, by a Russian army under General Munich, who had offered a reward for his head, was obliged to fly disguised as a sailor, and escaped through the most imminent dangers. This work is the simple narrative (addressed by Stanislaus to the Queen of France, his daughter, Maria Charlotte Leszinska, Consort of Louis XV.) of the manner in which he escaped the pursuit of his enemies.

"Racine and Shakspeare," is a new production of the pseudonymous writer who calls himself Count de Stendahl. Those who have read his former productions, will not expect from him any thing very profound on this subject. He decries Racine, it seems (for we have not seen his book), and extols Shakspeare, very probably without understanding him. However, we must not judge of him by what the French critics say; a writer who abuses Racine, quarrels with the unities, and would have tragedies written in prose, must be a literary heretic in their estimation.

M. Robelet, Canon of Dijon, has written a work on the influence of the Reformation effected by Luther. This work is intended as a refutation of the Essay of M. de Villers, which gained the prize proposed twenty years ago by the French Institute, for the best answer to the question, "What has been the influence of the Reformation of Luther on the political Situation of the several States of Europe, and on the Progress of Knowledge?" M. Robelet attributes nothing but evil to the influence of the Reformation.

The 18th Livraison of the Masterpieces of the Foreign Theatres, has the singularity in it, that all it contains is new to the public, being deduc-

the blessings which must naturally flow from the presence of an enemy entering their soil for the avowed purpose of erasing their national constitution with the bayonet. The following extract comprises the essence of the entire composition, and we have no doubt will be considered as quite a sufficient specimen. "Spaniards, *France is not at war with your country.* Sprung from the same blood as your kings, I can have no wish but for your independence, your happiness, your glory. *I am going to cross the Pyrenees at the head of 100,000 Frenchmen,* but it is in order to unite myself to the Spaniards, friends of order and of the laws, to assist them in setting free their captive king, in raising again the altar and the throne, in *rescuing priests from proscriptions,* men of property from spoliation, and the whole people from the domination of an ambitious few, who, while they proclaim liberty, are preparing only the slavery and ruin of Spain." The arrangement for the march of the army is as follows: it is to advance in three divisions—one upon Tolosa, direct for Madrid—one upon Pampeluna, and another upon St. Sebastian. The French Minister read in the Chamber the first dispatch from the army, which was dated April 7, at St. Jean de Luz, the then head-quarters. It announced that the Bidassoa had been crossed, and that, immediately after, a troop of French and Italian refugees appeared, endeavouring, by seditious cries and songs, to corrupt the soldiery, who had, however, continued faithful. At sight of the artillery, they exclaimed, "Vive l'artillerie Française!" to which General Walin replied, "Yes, Vive l'artillerie, but Vive le roi!"—This was followed by a discharge from the guns, the result of which was, that eight men were killed and four wounded. Amongst the former are said to have been Mallet and Delamot, under sentence of death for former anti-Bourbon conspiracies. The reading of this dispatch was, of course, received in the Chamber with great marks of exultation. The accounts from the army state, that the Duke was to sleep on the 8th at Irun; on the 9th to advance only three or four leagues, and to proceed by short marches to Tolosa, where he was to sleep on the 12th. The slowness of his movements was

attributed to the necessity there was for allowing time for all the *matériel* of the army to join. The subsequent advance of the French was of course tedious; they had, however, invested St. Sebastian, and here the first fighting of any consequence took place. The account is contained in a French bulletin, dated Oyergon, April 9. No Spanish account has yet been received, and, therefore, we must take the bulletin with that qualification naturally to be attached to all *ex-parte* statements. St. Sebastian was invested by the division under General Bourke. He sent a flag of truce, which was received by the garrison with musket-shot. After some fighting, the French gained the heights which command the fortress, and then dispatched a second flag of truce, which was received. It soon, however, returned, and, after an hour's repose, the contest recommenced. Bourke acknowledges that the garrison made a sally with three battalions, sustained by the fire of fifteen pieces of cannon both from the town and citadel. This sally cost the French, according to Bourke's account, only twenty men, but, according to statements from Paris, upwards of 200. The next day the Duke d'Angoulême went to distribute the honours gained by this insignificant affair, and this ostentation very nearly terminated his glories. The Spaniards caught a glimpse of him, and a 24-pounder was immediately ordered forward; they were, however, so slow in mounting it, that the Prince had already set off on his return when they fired it, and the ball struck precisely on the spot where he had been distributing his decorations; fifteen men were killed or wounded. By a telegraphic dispatch of the 15th of April, the head-quarters of the army were stated to be on the 14th at Villa Franca; on the 15th they were to be at Vittoria—a name not very cheering to French recollections. Pampeluna was closely invested. Accounts are very speedily received at Paris: when the courier passes the frontiers, the telegraphic line, established between Bayonne and that city, transmits intelligence from one place to the other in the incredibly short space of two hours and an half! The distance, in consequence of some land circuit being rendered necessary, is estimated

at 200 leagues! In the mean time, the Spaniards are making all the necessary preparations to render the invasion fatal to their enemies; their fortresses are all well garrisoned and provisioned, and the spirit of the people is said to be excellent. It is not supposed to be their intention to risk many pitched battles, but rather to render the war one of sieges and guerillas, as in the last invasion. The Royal family had arrived at Seville; they were received in all the intermediate towns with loud vivas for the "Constitutional King," and all the favourite Generals. The houses were generally illuminated. His Majesty had recovered during the journey, in a really miraculous manner, from the gout; he rode a great part of the way on horseback, and was in high spirits. The Cortes have proved themselves excellent physicians. On the entry of the French into Spain, a new Royalist Regency was installed, consisting of Eguia, Evro, and Calderon. The Duke d'Angoulême, previous to his entry into Spain, gave audiences to all the Regency Generals, and, amongst the rest, to the Trappist, who appeared in the dress of his order, and attracted considerable notice. He is, indeed, in himself a moving epitome of the object of the invaders—a mixture of priestcraft and military daring. Their former forces in Spain, however, are said to be almost all annihilated, or at least so dispersed as not to require the cognizance of any large body of the constitutional army, whose leaders were every where concentrating their troops. Mina was, with an imposing guerilla force, upon the frontiers; and, it is said, even meditating an incursion into France. His enterprising spirit makes almost any surmise with respect to him credible. There can be no doubt that the Spaniards have been joined by a multitude of refugee French officers, men of indisputable talent, whose every thing in this world is staked upon the contest. Amongst others, General Lallemant has sailed from this country; he is gone direct to Lisbon, and is to have the command of the foreign legions in the Spanish service. He is a most accomplished cavalry officer, and headed almost all the cavalry charges in the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon's expressed o-

man of great combinations." He is under sentence of death, we believe, "par contumace," in France.

The Portuguese Ambassador demanded his passports when the account arrived that the French had crossed the Bidassoa, according to the previous instructions of his Government. The Portuguese remain firm in the constitutional cause, and a large army is actually on its march to assist the Spaniards; it is not likely that the latter will risk any battle of consequence till the arrival of this reinforcement. The French, at least, are not expected to meet any very serious obstacle in their advance to Madrid; but the fate of Joseph Buonaparte plainly proves, that the occupation of the capital by no means secures the triumph of the invader. The late insurrection in Portugal seems to have been completely subdued, and only to have afforded fresh assurance of the loyalty of the people, and the sincerity of their Monarch. There are strong reports current, that Alexander is about to march 120,000 men to the frontiers of France, in order to awe that people during this ultra experiment upon Spain—it is said they are to arrive by the way of Dantzig. This, at present but rumour, is, however, far from improbable: Alexander's ambition is capable of any thing, and he seems for the moment, at least, to have turned from Turkey in despair. No doubt our next Abstract must contain much intelligence of importance. From the Greek quarter there is now nothing new; and the only accounts from Turkey bring nothing but the news of a dreadful fire at Constantinople, which is said to have destroyed between 30 and 40,000 houses, together with the two great establishments of the Cannon Foundry and the Marine Arsenal at Tazuna and Tophana. We should be little surprised to find that it commenced in the quarter inhabited by the Christians.

The empire of Iturbide, in Mexico, is at an end. The accounts from Havannah relate the particulars of his downfall, which appears to have been attended with but little popular fermentation. His conduct since he obtained the crown proves him to have been utterly unfit for the post.

neral consent of all, not even excepting his own party, who made no stipulation except for the safety of his person, which has been guaranteed. Seeing the indignation of the provinces concentrating itself against him, and finding all the treasure expended, which he had plundered for the payment of his troops, he chose quietly to resign the diadem, and retired to his private house as a simple individual. A convention was signed on the 2d of February, between the respective leaders of the Imperial and Republican troops; but what the form of the future government of this fine country is to be, we are yet to learn.

Our domestic news is chiefly confined to the occurrences in the Houses of Parliament. The House of Commons has passed a very busy week since the recess. An immense volume of diplomatic papers has been laid upon the table of both houses, accompanied with long explanations from Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, relative to the conduct of our government in the Spanish transactions. It would occupy two good sheets of our Magazine even to condense these papers. It does appear from them, however, that our ministers had no idea that the Congress of Verona would discuss any other subject than the negotiations between Russia and Turkey, and first found out that the affairs of Spain were to form any topic for their consideration on the arrival of Lord Wellington at Paris. His Lordship was then instructed to declare that England would not be any party to an aggression on the part of France, which she held to be "objectionable in principle." At Verona, however, M. Montmorency, on the part of France, seems to have left little doubt as to the sentiments she entertained; he spoke plainly enough of the effect of Spanish principles and the "moral contagion" they were likely to produce in France. England then began to expatiate on the blessings of peace, to depict the dangers of war, and, finally, to offer herself as a mediator between the Bourbons and the Spaniards, an offer which both parties appear to have unequivocally rejected. Negotiations, however, still went on, and were continued by the Bourbons with such

art, that our ministers seem to have been duped into an implicit reliance on their sincerity. Our previous pages have shown how deceitful those appearances were.

In reference to this war, Lord Althorpe, a few nights after those papers were laid upon the table, made an ineffectual attempt to repeal the foreign enlistment bill. The motion produced an animated debate, but was finally lost by a majority of 106, the numbers being—for the motion, 110, and against it, 216.

The most important motion of the month, however, by far, whether we consider it in its conduct or its consequences, was the one annually made to emancipate, as it is called, the Roman Catholics of Ireland. On the discussion of a petition connected with this measure, Sir Francis Burdett declared that he would be no longer a party to the "annual farce" of arguing such a motion, a farce which had been over and over again repeated, and which had no other effect than to increase the discontent, and augment the dangers of the country. He denied strongly that the cabinet promoters of the measure could have any sincere reliance on its success, situated as the government now was; they therefore were only deluding the people of Ireland by affecting to hold out hopes to them which they themselves must be aware never could be realized. Under such circumstances, favourable as he was, and always had been, to the success of the measure, he considered he would best do his duty by withdrawing altogether from the house. Accordingly, when Mr. Plunket rose to advocate the petition with which he was entrusted, Sir Francis Burdett walked out of the House, and was followed by numbers of the Whig party, who had heretofore supported the petition. The consequence was, that the discussion ended after a very powerful speech from Mr. Plunket; and the cause of the Catholics may be truly said to have received a blow from which it cannot soon recover. What the consequences of this may be in Ireland, it is difficult to foresee,—five millions of her people have thus, at least during their lives, their hopes utterly frustrated; and this to them must be aggravated by the bitter re-

collection that, in order to obtain this measure, they became parties to the extinction of their country's independence. Whether this should lead any pure-minded man to sympathize with them in their present destitution, is another question. Perhaps, as honest chroniclers, we ought not to omit mentioning, that during the previous debate upon this subject, a serious personal discussion arose between Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham: it led, however, to nothing upon which we can have any pleasure in commenting:—such altercations in a legislative assembly neither raise the character of the House, nor of the parties.

Another investigation is proposed, and likely to be proceeded with in the House of Commons, relative to the conduct of the Sheriff of Dublin, during the late government prosecutions. The Attorney General of that country has accused the Sheriff of forming an unusual, and impliedly a partial pannel—the party accused has denied the fact, and upon this issue, evidence is to be heard at the bar. It is hard to anticipate what the result may be to the parties; but to Ireland, turn out how it may, it must be disastrous. Previous to this discussion, a motion was made implying a kind of censure upon the conduct of Mr. Plunket, in having instituted *ex-officio* informations against the Dublin rioters, after the rejection of the bills by a grand jury—the motion was subsequently withdrawn.

During the discussion on the Irish estimates, a grant was moved of 9,230*l.* for building churches and glebe houses in Ireland. This motion was opposed, but finally carried by a majority of 24. The debate, however, drew from Sir John Newport the almost incredible, but still uncontradicted fact, that the three principal personages of the Irish episcopacy who had died within the last fifteen years, had bequeathed to their families upwards of 700,000*l.* every shilling of which enormous property they had derived from their sees in Ireland! “That a wretched and impoverished Catholic peasantry,” said Sir John, “should be oppressed by cesses levied for such a purpose, is a disgrace to the Established Church.” The motion was carried.

The discussion of the various foreign, colonial, and domestic estimates, formed a principal part of the business of the House of Commons. Their details, however, are too minute to be generally interesting.

The accounts from Ireland are truly deplorable, and, we are sorry to say, not likely to improve. In England, the reports of the assizes just ended, present an awful assemblage of every crime which can disgrace human nature—their recapitulation could not prove otherwise than revolting.

April 24.

AGRICULTURE.

The retardations of the season of agricultural activity, from frosty and wet weather, are still felt; for although the sowing of peas, beans, and barley, and the setting of potatoes, have begun, and been pushed with the greatest possible vigour during the present month, they are scarcely any where completed. Some barley, peas, and beans, are, it is true, up, and looking exceedingly well,—but this is by no means a general case. Indeed, the backwardness of the year is visible in every hedge, where there is no appearance of verdure beyond what is common in March. The continuance of the cold winds from the north, north-east, and north-west, effectually checks vegetation. The farmer principally feels the conjoint causes (frost and cold) in the exhaustion of his turnips, and in the non-appearance of his grass, so that he has great difficulty in providing for his stock, ewes especially, which require the more sustenance, as many have to support twins.

A custom of ploughing up the stubbles the moment the corn is off the ground, and flinging on rye for a little spring feed, before turnips are sown, has been much adopted of late, and in seasons like the present with benefit: it affords green food for sheep when it is scarcely to be had any where else, and when turning into meadows might be dangerous.

The wheats have received no injury from the frost, but, on the contrary, look healthily and flourishing—of a good colour, though not as luxuriant as in ordinary seasons. A frosty winter it seems is actually advantageous to this crop. The stocks of corn in the hands of the farmer are less than were ever known, and it is

to be lamented that the small occupiers did not enjoy any benefit from the rise in prices, having been compelled to sell before it took place.

The hop and the wool trades are both very dull,—the hop planters are waiting in expectation that Parliament will afford them the relief they require.

In the prices of corn there has been little or no alteration during the month. The supply to Mark Lane by sea still continues to fall off in comparison with last year. The account of the last four weeks stands as follows:—

	Quarters.
1822 Four weeks.....	32,827
1823 Do.	25,115

The quantity of flour sent in has, however, been nearly double, owing probably to the continuance of strong winds, and abundance of water, which keep the mills in full work. The supply is a most momentous fact, and one to which we shall therefore pay constant regard, for if importation be indispensable, such a consideration must influence the question, and give it a very different turn to that which it would take if our own growth be adequate to our wants.

The supply of beasts to Smithfield has not been such as to occasion any considerable fluctuation. Beef sunk a trifle at the beginning of the month, but has recovered, and may be quoted at the same prices as in our last report.

COMMERCE.

Though hostilities have actually begun, and all uncertainty is therefore so far removed, the circumstance does not appear to have affected the markets in any sensible degree. In fact, the prices of many important articles have declined, and the uncertainty that still hangs over the real state of the political relations of Spain, Portugal, or France, with the formal declaration of the intention of the English government to preserve a strict neutrality, must naturally tend to repress speculation. The insurrection which has taken place in the North of Portugal has attracted some attention, from the disturbances being in the wine country near Oporto, and a rise in the prices has been the consequence; but as the last official accounts from Portugal favour the supposition that

the insurrection will be soon and easily suppressed, the effect will probably be but temporary. For the corn trade, the prospects are rather favourable than otherwise. At Barcelona, the magistrates, to encourage the importation of foreign grain, had reduced the duties one half; and it is generally believed that the period granted for importation would be prolonged. At Lisbon the government has given permission for the entry of 3000 moyos (about 9000 quarters) of foreign wheat, and it was expected that permission would be given for a further importation to 7000 moyos, by the close of the month, if it should appear to be required. The duty is 140 rees per alquiere, and the prices from 5*ks.* to 63*s.* per quarter. Should the stay of the French army in Spain be protracted, a supply of grain will be absolutely necessary; and it may probably be furnished at lower rates from this country than from France; we speak of the foreign corn now in bond here. A remarkable circumstance will tend to prevent any farther accumulation of foreign grain in this country; we mean a scarcity of grain in the kingdom of Poland, in consequence of which, the government has issued a proclamation allowing the importation of foreign wheat, oats, buck-wheat, and peas, duty free; and imposing a duty of two florins per korzec on the exportation of the same grain. This decree to be in force till the 30th of August. The distilleries are likewise prohibited from working in Warsaw and its environs.

The Russian Tariff for this year is expected to be very soon published; nothing has yet transpired with respect to any intended alterations.

The new Emperor of Brazil has decreed, that all articles imported from foreign countries shall pay an import duty of 24 per cent. Those coming from England, however, are to pay only 15 per cent. conformably to existing treaties. All goods, the produce of the fisheries, the manufactures, or the industry of Portugal, imported in foreign vessels, and for foreign account, to pay 24 per cent. like those of other nations. A particular tariff is established for wines, liqueurs, ardent spirits, oil, and vinegar.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the Press :—

Quentin Durward. By the Author of *Waverley*, *Peveril of the Peak*, &c. &c. In 3 Vols. post 8vo.

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Sermons preached in St. John's Church, Glasgow. By Thomas Chalmers, DD.

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Lord John Thynne, to the Rectory of Kingston Deverill, Wilts.—The Rev. Dr. Povah, to the Rectory of St. James', Duke's-place, London. The Rev. G. Schobell, DD. to the Rectory of Henley-upon-Thames.—The Rev. J. Smith, to the Rectory of Kirkby-cum-Aggerby, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. E. P. Owen, to the Vicarage of Wellington, Salop.—The Rev. Matthew Marsh, BD. to the Prebend of Beaminster Prima, in the Cathedral of Sarum.—The Rev. J. Swire, to the Vicarage of Mansfield, Yorkshire.—The Rev. W. G. Judgson, MA. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the Perpetual Curacy of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, on the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Cresswell.—The Rev. J. Macfarlane, MA. Fellow of Ditto, to the Vicarage of Shady Camps, Cambridgeshire, on the resignation of the Rev. T. Carr.—The Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Alexander, Bishop of Down and Connor, translated to the See of Meath, vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Lewis O'Bierne; also the Rev. Dr. Mant, Bishop of Killfenora, to the See of Down and Connor; and the Rev. Dr. Alex. Arbuthnot, Dean of St. Coleman's Cloyne, to the latter See.—The Rev. J. H. Hunt, AM. (the Translator of Tasso), to the Vicarage of

Weeden Beck, Northamptonshire; Patron, T. Reeve Thornton, Esq. of Brockdale, in the same county.—The Rev. W. Browne, AB. to the Rectory of Marlesford, Suffolk; Patron, A. Arce deckne, Esq.—The Rev. John Steggall, to the Perpetual Curacy of Ashfield Magna, in Suffolk; Patron, Lord Thurlow.—The Rev. Dr. Maltby, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Vicar of Buckden-with-Holbeach, elected Preacher to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, vice Dr. Heber, preferred to the Bishopric of Calcutta.

The Rev. James Pears, MA. late Fellow of New College, Oxford, to the Mastership of the Free Grammar School, at Bath, and the Rectory of Charlcomb, both on the resignation of the Rev. T. Wilkins; Patrons, the Mayor and Corporation of Bath.

CAMBRIDGE.—The plans for the new buildings at King's College have been decided upon: the first, with the motto "Pentalpha," is by Mr. Wilkins; the second, with the motto "Hæ mihi sunt artes," by Mr. Inman; and the third, with the motto "In hoc signo vinces," by Mr. Landge. The extent of front of this new pile of buildings will be 700 feet.

BIRTHS.

March 13.—In Portman-square, the lady of David Hale, Esq. a son.

23. In Grafton-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of Dr. Grafton, a daughter.

31. At Langley-hall, Berkshire, the seat of Chas. Beckford Long, Esq. the lady of Charles Devon, Esq. a son and heir.

April 2.—At Lindley-hall, Leicestershire, the lady of Edward Applewhalke, Esq. a son.

3. At the house of her father, E. Greetham, Esq. at East Cosham, the lady of Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart. her 7th son.

4. In Grosvenor-place, the Countess of Euston, a son.

— At Esrick, near York, the Hon. Mrs. Beelby Thompson, a son.

9. At Woodchester Park, the seat of Lord Duncle, the Right Hon. the Countess of Denbigh, twins, a son and daughter.

10. Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, a son.

14. In Queen Ann-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Charles Pepys, Esq. a daughter.

20. In Queen Ann-street, Lady de Vere Hunt, a son.

22. At Shooter's Hill, Kent, the lady of Sir Thos. William Blomfield, a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, the lady of Captain Berkeley, of the Royal Fusiliers, a son.

At Ballylickey-house, in the county of Cork, the lady of Major Clayton, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

Near Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-Col. McNeill, a daughter.

ABROAD.

At Calah, the lady of J. Wynne, Esq. of Garthmello, in the county of Denbigh, a son and heir.

At Fort William, Bengal, the lady of Major J. M. Coombs, a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 19.—At Marylebone-church, Henry Lucas, MD. to Miss Howel.

20. At Reading, Frederick Bailey, MD. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late J. Rainier, Esq.

22. By the Bishop of Exeter, Henry Robert Ferguson, Esq. Captain of the 9th Lancers, to Miss Davie, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir John Davie, Bart.

Lately, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, to Lady Mary Ann Gage, relict of Sir Thomas Gage, Bart.

— His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's to Mrs. Cuthbert.

31. At Bathwick-church, Bath, Sir William Hort, Bart. of Hortland, in the county of Kildare, to Louisa Georgiana, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Caldwell, Bart. of Castle Caldwell, in the county of Fermanagh, Ireland.

— At Cheltenham, Major Creagh, of the 86th, or

Irish regiment, to Eliza, only daughter of the late Right Hon. Judge Osborne, of Dublin.

— Sir James Dalrymple Hay, of Park-place, Wigtonshire, to Ann, eldest daughter of George Hathorn, Esq. of Brunswick-square.

— By Special License, Charles Calvert, Esq. MP. to Jane, youngest daughter of Sir William Rowley, Bart. MP. for Suffolk.

— At St. Pancras New Church, Colonel Adams, of Great Ormond-street, to Gabrielle, third daughter of John White, Esq. late of Selborne, Hants.

April 2.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Petre, to Emma Agnes, second daughter of Henry Howard, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street, and of Corby Castle, in the county of Cumberland.

— At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Kildare, Captain James Lindsay, of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay, of Balcarras, to Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart. of Grosvenor-square.

3. At All Saints', Cambridge, the Rev. Edward Miller, BA. of Emmanuel College, to Emily, fifth daughter of the late Dr. Mansel, Bishop of Bristol, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

8. William Bryan Cooke, Esq. to Isabella Cecilia Viviana, daughter of the late Sir William Middleton, Bart. of Belray Castle, in the county of Northumberland.

— At Lanrug, Carnarvonshire, Rowland Hunt, Esq. of Boreaton Park, in the county of Shropshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. of the Stone House, Shrewsbury.

9. At Totteridge, Herts, James Lewis Fenhoullet, Esq. of Hatton Garden, Solicitor, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of James Ensor, Esq. of Totteridge Lodge.

10. At St. Pancras, the Rev. E. T. Richards, AM. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, to Laura, eldest daughter of W. Page, Esq. of Fitzroy-square.

— At Cheltenham, George Nangle, Esq. son of Walter Nangle, Esq. of Kildalkey, in the county of Meath, to Lucy Mary, only daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, Bart. of Tichborne-house, Hants.

— By Special License, at St. Leonard's-lodge, Horsham, Francis Fletcher Vane, Esq. eldest son of Sir Frederick Vane, Bart. to Diana, third daughter of Charles Beauchamp, Esq.

11. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. R. B. Edwards, 18th Dragoons, of Bradfield, Suffolk, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Murray, Esq. of Ardelay-house, Hants.

12. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Stephen Renssieux, Esq. of Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, to Miss Mercier, of Bedford place.

— By Special License, William Bingham Baring, Esq. eldest son of A. Baring, Esq. MP. to Lady H. Montague, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Earl of Sandwich.

15. At Welsh Pool, Montgomeryshire, Colonel J. H. E. Hill, CB of the 2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to Jane, second daughter of the late James Turner, Esq. of that town.—Also the Rev. Richard J. Davis, of Oul'sold, Montgomeryshire, to Eliza Manser, youngest daughter of the same.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, James Edmund Leville, Esq. eldest son of James Leville, Esq. of Leville Hall, in the county of Antrim, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, of Edinburgh.
16. At the Friends' Meeting-house, Winchesterhill, John Sims, MD of Cavendish-square, to Lydia, third daughter of W. Dilwys, of Highnam Lodge, Walthamstow.
17. By Special Licence, at the residence of Lord Ravensworth in Portland-place, the Hon. Wm. Keppel Harrington, eldest son of Viscount Harrington, to the Hon. Jane Elizabeth Liddell.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, William Hay, Esq. Banker, to Harriet (Callender) eldest daughter of the late Wm. Grant, Esq. of Longalton.
- At Dunfermline, J. Warriner, Esq. son of the late Sir Patrick Warriner of Leckwood, Bart. to Lady Jane and Jane Mall and, youngest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.
- At Duff House, near Nairn, the seat of the Earl of Fife, Hugh Hall, Esq. to Mademoiselle Mermandet. Immediately after the ceremony they set off for Dalgary Castle, the seat of General Duff.
- At Edinburgh, Captain W. Murray, of the East India Company's service, the Madras Establishment, to Mrs. Campbell, widow of Col. Campbell, of Malachy, Argyllshire.
- At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Dunmore, to the Hon. Miss Stansfeld.
- At Brown and's, Kirkcaldy, the seat of George Charles Jones, Esq. John Barney, Esq. to Helen Cordelia Jones.
- At Rankelour house, George Gordon, MD of the East India Company's service, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Charles Maitland, Esq. Jun. of Rankelour.

IN IRELAND.

- At Limerick Cathedral, by the Dean, Thomas Jarvis, Esq. of his Majesty's regiment of Carabiniers, to Julia, eldest daughter of John Varker, Esq.

DEATHS.

- March 19.—In Bolton-row, May Fair, General James Hildes, of the 6th regiment of Foot.
20. At Turvey, Devon, Charlotte, wife of Greenville Plett, Esq. of Tudorhall Park, Bucks, youngest daughter of Edward Long, Esq. of Hampton Lodge, Surrey.
21. At the Earl of Liverpool's, Whitehall, Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, in his 41st year.
- At Harrow, Anna, wife of H. Mann, Esq. and youngest daughter of the late J. Chuter, Esq. of Upper Homerton.
22. In Berkeley-square, Lady Marianne Smith, wife of Abel Smith, Esq. MP. and sister to the Earl of Loxley and Melville.
23. John Highton, Esq. MD. FRS. many years Lecturer on Midwifery and Physiology in the Medical Schools of the United Hospitals, South-west.
27. At his house at Kensington, W. Mair, Esq. of Glasgow, N. Britain, one of his Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants for the county of Middlesex.
29. In Bedford-square, Brighton, in his 74th year, Sir John Fawcett Knight, one of the Aldermen for the City of London, in which office he is succeeded by Mr J. Key.
- At Fitchright Lodge, Surrey, in his 75th year, Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpeffer, Lanarkshire.
- At his Lodge, at Downing College, Cambridge, Edward Christian, Esq. Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely, Downing Professor of the Laws of England, and a Commissioner of Bankrupts. He was formerly Fellow of St. John's, BA. 1779, and MA. 1782.
30. Elizabeth, lady of Charles Osborne, Esq. of Dean-house, Hants.
31. At Cambridge after an illness of only three days, Sir Corbet Corbet, Bart. of Adderley-hill, Shropshire, and MA. of Trinity College.

April 2.—In Beaumont-street, in his 30th year, Captain Anthonse.

— At her father's seat, Burwood Park, Mary, the lady of James C. Tyler, Esq. of Trisham, Middlesex, and third daughter of Sir John Frederick, Bart.

3. In Portland-place, aged 62, Thomas J. Parker, Esq. of Vere, in Jamaica, and late of the Royal Crescent, Bath.

Laterly, at Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle-street, in his 44th year, Sir Thomas Webb, Bart.

5. At Reading, the Rev. W. J. Mansel, (eldest son of Sir W. Mansel, Bart.) Rector of Ellenborough, Bucks, and Hitha, Oxfordshire.

7. In Portland-place, the Rev. Dr Price, Prebendary of Durham, and Canon Honorary of Salisbury.

— At his house in Scitile-row, Sir George Gunning, Bart.

8. In Albemarle-street, Charles Chisholme, Esq. of Chisholme, in the county of Roxburgh, aged 49.

10. Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq. of Bryansstone-house, Dorsetshire, during many years MP. for the county of Dorset. His remains were deposited in the family vault at Bryansstone on the 10th.

— At Hampton, aged 18, the youngest daughter of Sir James Mackintosh.

11. At Clifton, near Bristol, Lady Anna Owen, of Portman-square, London, mother of the late Sir Hugh Owen, Bart. of Orleton, Pembrokeshire.

12. Jonathan Stuart Morgan, Esq. son of Jonathan Morgan, Esq. of the Crown, Bath.

— At her seat in Wales, in her 61st year, the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt, Harcourt, wife of Sir Gerard Noel Noel, Bart. MP.

13. At her house in Harley-street, Mrs. Leighton, eldest daughter of the late General Francis Leighton, and grand-daughter of Sir Edward Leighton, Bart. of Watlington, in the county of Salop.

14. In Bakers-street, the lady of Dr. Faithborn.

15. Mary, second daughter of Charles Andrew Thompson, Esq. of Maunton House, Cheshire, in the county of Cheshire.

— At Great Malvern, Worcestershire, after a long illness, Mrs. Bathurst, the lady of the Hon. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich.

16. In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Thomas Dimdale, Esq. aged 65.

— At St. John's Rectory, Southwark, in his 69th year, the Rev. W. Jarvis Abdy, AM. more than thirty years resident minister of that parish.

— At Brighton, Thomas Smith, Esq. Alderman of the Ward of Parrydown.

24. At Chelsea, Thomas Simpson, aged 69 years; resident engineer of the Chelsea Water-works for 41 years. He was the original professor of the Lambeth Water-works and London, Glasgow, and Liverpool, alike professed by his longevity. He was a native of Bishopton, in Cumberland, and much respected for his modesty, integrity, and kindness of heart.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Glasgow, Dr Taylor, one of the ministers of the High Church, and Principal of the College in that city.

IN IRELAND.

At Constown, the Countess of Constown.

ABROAD.

At Paris, after a few hours' illness, Mrs. Anderson, widow of the late Colonel Robert Anderson, and daughter of the late Captain Samuel Hutchinson.

At Paris, aged 61, Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Hall, Yorkshire, the celebrated sportsman, author of a Sporting Tour through the North of England and the Highlands of Scotland, 1804, and of a Sporting Tour through France, 1805.

At Madrid, aged 22, John Kelly, the second son of Isaac Kelly, Esq.

In Canada, Thomas Scott, Esq. Paymaster of his Majesty's 70th regiment; brother to Sir Walter Scott. He had been serving with this regiment in Canada, since the commencement of the late American war.

At Malta, in consequence of a fall from his horse, James Bell, Esq. merchant, of the firm of Bell and Co. in that island.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1823.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

Retrospect of Commerce.

Our Commercial friends will see that we are not so wholly devoted to Literature, as to be indifferent to their gratification ; and we appeal to them, whether a connected and comparative view of the course of prices for the last Six Months be not more satisfactory and useful, than the isolated records of monthly sales. We shall continue this kind of retrospect every half year at least ; which, in conjunction with our monthly reports, will give all the information that an *amateur* can require. The *practitioner* will have earlier, and, we hope, better intelligence than any Magazine can aspire to give.

We have received a long four-sided letter from Mr. Youatt, "Chairman of the Sub-committee of the Western Philanthropic Institution"—written all on *one* side—on that of Mr. Macready. He labours to assure us, that the play-bill was the composition of the committee, and not of Mr. Macready ; but as we stated this before it would be idle to repeat it. We really think that Mr. Youatt is a well-intentioned man, and therefore shall not help him to get himself a bad name by printing his extremely tedious letter, which appears written for no other purpose than to prove what we first asserted—to laud Mr. Macready's condescension—and to attempt another Benefit in our Magazine for the Western Philanthropic Institution.

Some months ago we received a letter from the editor of a well-known periodical work published in America, asking whether the candidates for literary fame on that side of the water would be allowed, on certain terms, to tourney with their elder brothers in the lists of the London ? Our answer was in the affirmative, and we suppose that the following poem, dated from "the United States of America," has been in consequence sent us.

LINES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF H—.

We met upon the world's wide face,
When each of us was young ;
We parted soon, and to her place
A darker spirit sprang :—
A feeling such as must have stirr'd
The Roman's bosom, when he heard,
Beneath the trembling ground,
The God his genius marching forth,
From the old city of his mirth,
To lively music's sound.

A sense it was, that I could see
The angel leave my side,
That thenceforth my prosperity
Must be a falling tide :—
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time, the yellow leaf
Had fallen on my hours ;
And that all hope would be most vain
Of finding in my path again
Its former vanish'd flowers.

But thou, the idol of my few
And fleeting better days,—
The light that cheer'd, when life was new,
My being with its rays ;
And though, alas ! its joy be gone,—
Art yet, like tomb-lamps, shining on
The phantoms of my mind,—
The memories of many a dream
Floating on thought's fantastic stream,
Like steam-clouds on the wind !—

Is thy life but the wayward child
Of fever in the heart,
In part, a crowd of fancies wild,
Of ill-made efforts, part?
And, oh! are such familiars thine,
As by thee were made early mine?
And is it as with me,—
Doth hope in birthless ashes lie,
While the sun seems a hostile eye,
Thy pains well pleased to see?

I trust, not so—though thou hast been
An evil star to mine,
Let all of good the world has seen
Hang ever upon thine!—
May thy suns those of summer be,
And time show as one joy to thee,
Like thine own nature pure;—
Thou didst but rescue, within my breast,
The sleeping devils from a rest
That could not long endure

The firstlings of my simple song
Were offer'd to thy name;
Again the altar, idle long,
In worship rears its flame:—
My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many betatombs of tears,
No happier hours recall;
Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever loved thee more
Than sickle fortune's all,—

And now farewell and although here
Men hate the source of pain,
I hold thee and thy follies dear,
Nor of thy faults complain:
For my misused and blighted powers,
My waste of miserable hours,
I will accuse thee not—
The fool who could from self depart,
And make his fate one human's heart,
Deserved no better lot.

I reck of mine the less, because
In wiser moods I feel
A doubtful question of its cause
And nature on me steal:—
An ancient notion that Time flings
Our pains and pleasures from his wings,
With much equality;
And that in reason, happiness,
Both of accession and decrease
Incapable must be. Δ.

We have billeted this Stranger on the Lion's Head, because he arrived late, and we had no room for him anywhere but at head-quarters.

We are sorry we cannot admit the following articles:—
Allschang; A Rural Dialogue; R. T.'s Poetry, &c. Simon; Adelmars Song of the Nightingale; L.'s Sonnet and Address to the Stars; Translations from the Alpine Dialect; Hauteur; Song by T. W. Aulus Atticus, Irish Characters; Stanzas to Sarah; British Liberty, On a Fly which had survived the Winter; Tom Thumb's Lines to Greece; G—e's Paraphrase.

X—x may be sure that it is with reluctance we refuse an old Friend and Correspondent.

The best and kindest advice we can give F. B. is to recommend her not to write at all.

THE
London Magazine.

JUNE, 1823.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

No. III.

No man has probably done so much for the revival of old Spanish poetical literature as Böhl de Faber. His *Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas* is a collection of uncommon value; and it is to be regretted that his critical remarks are so scanty. There is a taint of mystical and superstitious feeling in them, with which it is difficult to sympathize; but his industry has preserved many a beautiful fragment from oblivion, to be admired by those whose devotion has any of the ardour of his own.

The schools which were formed in Spain on the Latin and the Italian models are little worth. The extravagancies, and even the affectations, of the truly Spanish poets, are tenfold more agreeable than the heavy pedantry which was brought from ancient, and the imitative foppery which came from modern Rome. In the peninsula the wildest flowers are the sweetest. There are hedges

of myrtles, and geraniums, and pomegranates, and towering aloes. The sun-flower and the bloody-warrior (*Aleli grosero*) occupy the parterre. They are no favourites of mine.

Flowers! what hundreds of associations the word brings to my mind. Of what countless songs—sweet and sacred—delicate and divine, are they the subject. A flower in England is something to the botanist—but only if it be rare; to the florist—but only if it be beautiful; even the poet and the moralizer seldom bend down to its eloquent silence. The peasant never utters to it an ejaculation—the ploughman (all but one) carelessly roots it up with his share—no maiden thinks of wreathing it—no youth aspires to wear it. But in Spain ten to one but it becomes a minister of love—that it hears the voice of poetry—that it crowns the brow of beauty. Thus how sweetly an anonymous *cancionero* sings:

Fertiliza tu vega
dichoso Tormes
porque viene mi niña
cogiendo flores.

De la fertil vega
y el florido bosque
los vecinos campos
matizen y broten
lirios y claveles
de varios colores
porque viene mi niña
cogiendo flores.

Vierta el alba perlas
desde sus balcones

que prados amenos
enluzcan y borden
y el sol envidioso
pare el rubio coche
porque viene mi niña
cogiendo flores.

El Zefiro blando
las yerbas retose
y entre verdes hojas
claros ruiseñores
saluden el día
con sus dulces voces
porque viene mi niña
cogiendo flores.

Böhl, No. 161.

SHE COMES TO GATHER FLOWERS.

Put on your brightest, richest dress,
Wear all your gems, blest vales of ours!
My fair one comes in her loveliness,
She comes to gather flowers.

Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale;
Woods of green, your coronets bring;
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,
Come with your fragrant offering.
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,
Which Flora wakes in her spring-tide hours!
My fair one comes across the dell,
She comes to gather flowers.

Twilight of morn! from thy misty tower
Scatter the trembling pearls around,
Hang up thy gems on fruits and flower,
Bespangle the dewy ground!
Phœbus! rest on thy ruby wheels,
Look, and envy this world of ours,
For my fair one now descends the hills—
She comes to gather flowers.

List! for the breeze on wing serene
Through the light foliage sails;
Hidden amidst the forest green
Warble the nightingales,
Hailing the glorious birth of day
With music's divinest powers—
Hither my fair one bends her way—
She comes to gather flowers.

Many and many are the strains hung upon this beautiful and antique verse—'Aprended flores de mi.' Calderon has introduced Catherine of Arragon singing the mournful strain—and Gongora has thus amplified it.

Aprended flores de mi
lo que va de ayer á hoy
que ayer maravilla fui
y hoy sombra mia aun no soy.

La aurora ayer me dió cuna
la noche ataud me dió
sin luz muriera, sinó
me la prestara la luna:
pues de vosotras ninguna
¡deja de morir así:
aprended flores de mi!

Consuelo dulce el clavel
es á la brevedad mia
pues quien me concedió un día
dos apenas le dió á él
efimeras de un vergel

¡yo cardena, él carmesi
aprended flores de mi!

Flor es el jasmín y bella
no de las mas vividoras
pues vive pocas mas horas
que rayos tiene de estrella
si el ambar florece es ella
la flor que contiene en si:
¡aprended flores de mi!

El aleli aunque grosero
en fragancia y en olor
mas días ve que otro flor
pues ve los de Mayo entero
morir maravilla quiero
y no vivir alheli:
¡aprended flores de mi!

Gongora.

THE SONG OF CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

O take a lesson, flowers! from me,
How in a dawn all charms decay—
Less than my shadow doom'd to be,
Who was a wonder yesterday.

I, with the early twilight born,
 Found, ere the evening shades, a bier:
 And I should die in darkness lorn,
 But that the moon is shining here.
 So must *ye* die—though *ye* appear
 So fair—and night your curtain be:
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

My fleeting being was consoled
 When the carnation met my view:
 One hurrying day my doom has told—
 Heaven gave that lovely flower but two.
 Ephemeral monarch of the wold—
 I clad in gloom—in scarlet he:
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

The jasmin, sweetest flower of flowers,
 The soonest is its radiance fled;
 It scarce perfumes as many hours
 As there are star-beams round its head.
 If living amber fragrance shed,
 The jasmin, sure, its shrine must be:
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

The bloody-warrior fragrance gives—
 It towers unblushing, proud, and gay:
 More days than other flowers it lives—
 It blooms through all the days of May.
 I'd rather like a shade decay,
 Than such a gaudy being be:
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

I have spoken of the universal influence of song in Spain. There is a chief of banditti called Jayme Alfonso, who for more than fifteen years has been living a life of romantic adventure—more extraordinary, more incredible, than any tale of fiction. The facts I shall mention I gathered in the neighbourhood of his strong holds. A friend of mine saw him not long ago, seated on a rock, with his guitar in his hand, singing to its

plaintive music, while tears flowed fast down his hard and sun-burnt cheeks. He was chanting some such romances as those which are now putting in their claim to a moment's attention. It will be seen how much of chivalry and benevolence blend with the rugged ferocity of a free-booter, and what strange influences of poetical feeling decorate the wild adventures of a bandit's life.

De velar viene la niña
 de velar venia.

¿ Digas tu el hermitaño
 (asi Dios te dé alegría)
 si has visto por aqui pasar
 la cosa que mas querria?
 de velar venia.

Por mi fé buen caballero
 la verdad te diria
 yo la vi por aqui pasar
 tres horas antes del dia:
 de velar venia.

Lloraba de los sus ojos
 de la su boca decia
 mal haya el enamorado

que su fé no mantenía
 de velar venia.

Maldito sea aquel hombre
 que su palabra rompía
 y mas si es con las mugeres
 a quien mas se se debía
 de velar venia.

Y maldita sea la hembra
 que de los hombres se fia
 porque al fin quede engañada
 de quien antes la servia:
 de velar venia.

Juan de Linarez.

THE BANDIT'S SONG.

The maiden from her vigils came ;
She had watch'd through the night.

Tell me, hermit, tell me this,
As you hope for heavenly bliss,
Have you seen in the twilight pass
That which my bosom's treasure was—
She had watch'd through the night.

Noble knight ! may the hermit rue
If he should fail to tell thee true :
Three long hours before 'twas day
Before my cell she wound her way—
She had watch'd through the night.

And her eyes with gushing tears were red ;
And the maiden as she pass'd me said,
“ Let a curse upon that lover light
Who scorns his oath and breaks his plight ”—
She had watch'd through the night.

“ Let a curse upon the traitor sink
Who breaks his promise' faithless link :
And if a woman be betray'd,
A heavier curse light on his head ”—
She had watch'd through the night.

“ And let curses too on her descend
Who willing ears to *man* doth lend—
To man—who makes us bow and believe,
Then to desert us and deceive ”—
She had watch'd through the night.

“ Es bon home—es molt bon,” was a tribute with which the poor Valencian peasants always concluded their narratives of his feats. He distributes among the necessitous the wealth he plunders from the overloaded ;—and he has found, whenever his band has been dispersed, or diminished, a means of replenishing it from the attachment and fidelity of the cottagers. I could have believed myself transferred to the times of Robin Hood, or Roque Ginart.* Jayme often visits the villages, but in times of peril (and for some years a large body of troops have been constantly engaged in harassing and pursuing him) he keeps among that long chain of mountains which run from Crevillente, his native place, along Granada into Portugal, and which are full of deep recesses and caverns,

the old places of retreat during the Moorish wars, and in later days, the head-quarters of the different bands of robbers who have defied the “ Holy Brotherhood ” and the law.

Among those mountains, rugged heights, they dwell ;
The trackless rocks their walls—their citadel. †

Jayme often assembles round him his *chevaliers*—knights of the halberd—and the individuals whose purses he has lightened. He has been known to carry them off to the green spots between the rugged hills, and there amuse them with songs and music. His career has been unstained with cruelty—and he communicates to all around him a joyous and festive feeling.

* Whose history, by the way, is by no means fictitious, for I have examined original documents, proving that the narrative of Cervantes is quite borne out by the then state of things, even to the minutest particulars.

† Ocupando de estas montañas
la aspereza peñascosa
les han dado muros y torres
sus inexpugnables rocas.

¿ Que de vos y de mi, Señora,
que de vos y de mi dirán ?

De vos dirán, mi Señora
la merced que mi haceis
y que cosa justa es
querer á quien os adora ;
y que siempre como agora
mui fuerte y firme os verán
¿ que de vos y de mi, Señora,
que de vos y de mi dirán ?

De mi dirán que por vos
todo lo puse en olvido
y si así no hubiera sido
que me castigara Dios ;
¡ mi bien ! de entramos á dos
o cuanta invidia tendrán !
¿ que de vos y de mi, Señora,
que de vos y de mi dirán ?

De vos dirán cien mil cosas
si las saben entender :
que son otras mas hermosas
mas no de tal parecer :
de la mas gentil muger
todos sus votos os dan
¿ que de vos y de mi, Señora,
que de vos y de mi dirán ?

De mi dirán que he salido
con ser bien aventurado
y que bien pagado he sido
aunque poco he trabajado
mas que deitan alto estado
malas caidas se dan :
¿ que de vos y de mi, Señora,
que de vos y de mi dirán ?

WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF YOU AND ME ?

What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me ?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
That your heart is love and kindness' throne—
And it becomes you to confer it
On him who gave you all his own :—
And that as now, both firm and faithful,
So will you ever, ever be—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me ?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I for you all else forgot :—
And heaven's dark vengeance would have scathed me,
Its darkest vengeance—had I not.
My love ! what envy will pursue us,
Thus link'd in softest sympathy—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me ?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
A thousand things,—in praises sweet—
That other maidens may be lovely—
But none so lovely and discreet.
They will wreath for you the crown of beauty,
And you the queen of love shall be—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me ?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I have found a prize divine—
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,
So trifling as these toils of mine—
And that from heights so proud and lofty,
Deeper the fall is wont to be—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me ?

Jayme's haunts were frequently passed by a poor old muleteer, who was the common carrier between Alicante and some of the neighbouring villages. His cargo was borne on a miserable and exhausted animal.—One day Jayme stopped him:—"That's a sorry brute, father."—"Yes, but it is all I possess."—"Unlight your cargo, and I'll shoot the beast."—"Mercy for a poor old man," cried the trembling suppliant. "Do what I have said, or I'll shoot him with his burthen on his back." Resistance was useless. "Now," said Jayme, "they are selling, in such a place, a mule that's good for something. They asked me 150 dollars for it. Take the money—buy it, and return hither for your burthen." When the old man returned—Jayme, after assisting him to reload his wares, dispatched a party of his troops to stop the seller. "150 dollars only."—"I have not so much to save my life."—"Liar!" retorted the robber, "I will have precisely the sum which you have received for your mule."

On another occasion, Jayme fell in with a friar returning from preaching in an adjacent village.—"What did they pay you for your sermon, father?"—"Three dollars."—"We'll have a sermon too," said the other; and he bid his followers build up a pile of stones to serve for a pulpit. "And what must I preach about?" inquired the friar.—"A sermon fit for robbers." He preached—and Jayme asked the price of his sermon. "There is no fixed price—you can judge of its value." "Well then," said Jayme, "we will be generous—Caballeros, let us give him three dollars a piece. We are five—fifteen dollars—good day, father." The friar pocketed the money, and was marching off excessively well pleased with the adventure, when Jayme

called out—"Halt, father—I should like to preach a sermon too;" and in effect he mounted the rostrum, and made a long harangue. He might have chosen the friar's text, preached a "sermon fit for a robber" to hear, and not have missed his mark. "And now, Señor friar, what is *my* sermon worth?"—"I cannot judge."—"Then, gentlemen," turning to his band, "I think 'tis worth eighteen dollars at least—eighteen dollars, father, if you please."

I once met several *carreteros* (car-men) who had been robbed by Jayme, and who passed several hours with his band, in such sort that they declared they should like to meet him every day of their lives. Thirty dollars, which they had for the expenses of their journey, were taken from them: and in the meanwhile a gipsy appeared, who was immediately seized, and two hundred dollars confiscated, while Jayme thus addressed the *carreteros*:—"Gentlemen, I am a brave and honest robber—I meet you in open day, and any one of you, if you had courage enough, or wit enough, might blow out my brains; but this fellow is a sneaking cowardly pilferer, who will steal your mules and your purses by night, and not give you a chance. Take all he has got, men." When these *carreteros* left him they entreated him to return money enough for their journey homeward, as they were on an unusual road. Jayme inquired what sum had been taken from them—and ordered double the amount to be given from the gipsy's store.

Conceive of such a man, entering into the enjoyment, and feeling all the force, of exquisite poetical imagery; and leaving the caves and the dens of mountains and forests to participate in the calm pleasures created by such compositions as these.

¡ Mui graciosa es la doncella
como es hermosa y bella !

¿ Digas tu el marinero
que en las naves vivias
si la nave ó la vela
ó la estrella es tan bella ?

¿ Digas tu el caballero
que las armas vestias

si el caballo ó las armas
ó la guerra es tan bella ?

¿ Digas tu el pastorcico
que el ganadico guardas
si el ganado ó los valles
ó la sierra es tan bella ? Gil Vicente.

HOW FAIR THE MAIDEN.

How fair the maiden! what can be
So fair, so beautiful, as she?

Ask the mariner who sails
Over the joyous sea,
If wave, or star, or friendly gales,
Are half so fair as she?

Ask the knight on his prancing steed
Returning from victory,
If weapon, or war, or arrow's speed,
Is half so fair as she.

Ask the shepherd who leads his flocks
Along the flowery lea,
If the valley's lap, or the sun-crown'd rocks,
Are half so fair as she?

En la huerta nace la rosa
quierome ir allá
por oír al ruiseñor
como cantaba.

Por las riberas del río
limones coge la virgo ;
quierome ir allá
por oír al ruiseñor
como cantaba.

Límones coge la virgo
por dar al su amigo
quierome ir allá
por oír al ruiseñor
como cantaba.

Para dar al su amigo
con un sombrero de sirgo ;
quierome ir allá
por oír al ruiseñor
como cantaba.

Idem.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river side
Culling the lemons pale ;
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath cull'd,
'Tis for her lover all :
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale.
Thither—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

El cabello negro
y la niña blanca
entre nubes negras
parece el alba.

Al alba parece
pareciendo ella
el alba mas bella
que el sol nos ofrece.

Más aunque amanece
bella y clara

entre nubes negras
parece el alba

Por aquel cabello
ilustre que peyna
ella es de amor reyna
y corona es ello.

Alabastro el cuello
nieve la cara
entre nubes negras
parece el alba.

That hair which shrouds
Thy form of snow,
Is like the clouds
On Morning's brow.

But Morning ne'er,
In light array'd,
Was half so fair
As that fair maid,

Whose tresses shroud
Her form of snow,
Like some dark cloud
On Morning's brow.

Rich, raven tresses,
A coronet they
For Love's display
Of lovelinesses.

An ivory neck,
A form of snow—
And smiles to deck
Fair Morning's brow.

Jayme has numerous spies in his service, whom he liberally rewards; and when he has money, he scatters it with singular prodigality, giving many dollars for a meal, and large sums for small services.

He had information, not long since, that a traveller, who was journeying with several others, had received eleven ounces of gold for a specific object. He stopped the man and demanded his money, who offered him a small sum, and declared—repeating his declaration often—that he had no more. “We cannot trust him; he lies; tie him up to a tree, gentlemen, shoot him, and he won't tell us again that he has not eleven ounces of gold about him.” The man fell trembling at his feet; and Jayme burst into a loud laugh; said, he supposed he was a Constitutionalist, and he would have the trifling difference between them settled in a constitutional way. “Choose a man from your fellow-travellers (said he), I'll choose one of my friends, and they shall arrange the matter.” It was decreed that the eleven ounces should be divided.

When the constitution was proclaimed, and the *Lapida Constitucional* erected in the market-place at Crevillente, Jayme came down and mingled with the crowd, and ordered large quantities of brandy and chocolate to be distributed. The people begged that a famous image which

had been brought down from a neighbouring mountain, should be carried thither again, and this being granted, Jayme and his fellows preceded the procession, firing guns and pistols all the way. Among the spectators was his sister, who rushed into his arms, and they wept together. His mother too was there, but Jayme refused to see her: “I spare her, and I spare myself,” he exclaimed; but the old woman insisted on making her way to him. He was in an agony of grief:—he had not seen her for six years. He said, his hour of pardon, and consequently his hour of reformation, was past; she had been a good mother to him, but he had been careless of her counsels; and he expressed the greatest indignation that she should have been so cruelly treated on his account. She, as well as the other members of Jayme's family, had, in effect, been confined many years in prison, and been tormented in a variety of ways, on the supposition that they knew his haunts, and would thus be forced to discover them. Once, after some acts towards her which Jayme deemed arbitrary—a fine and seizure of her property—he presented himself, unaccompanied, to the governor in his cabinet, and said, “You don't know me. I am Jayme the robber. Before eight o'clock to-morrow morning, restore what you have plundered from my innocent mother. If you do not—you will

see me again." The amount of the fine, and of the confiscated property, was sent.

Where there is no resistance, Jayme generally inquires whither his victims are bound, and says, "You will require so much money for your journey: there it is." He values himself on his expertness and sagacity. A party of his people lately fell in with two travellers, one of whom, before he entered on his journey, had concealed a pretty large sum in one of his boots. All the robbers could find was taken from the two men; who congratulated themselves, however, on having secured a part of their treasures; but they were soon stopped by another company, headed by Jayme himself. "Your money."—"It has been all taken from us by Jayme's people, from whom we are just escaped." "I like those boots," said the chief, "they would fit me." The money was of course discovered. Jayme whistled, and his band collected round him. "Look there," said he, "blockheads—Vosotros no sabeis robar!—you don't know how to rob!" He is said to avoid the shedding of blood, and to have dismissed one of his followers who had cut a Frenchman's finger whom they had attacked. One of his fellows was lately killed by a peasant while eating at table; within a few days he got possession of that peasant's son, and sent immediate notice, that unless 500 dollars were instantly sent to such and such a spot, he would murder the boy there. The money was immediately deposited, and the boy restored.

Jayme formerly belonged to a band which spread desolation and terror throughout Valencia, and left it when its excesses of cruelty and murder either disgusted or alarmed him. He said one day, that he had shed the blood of none, but of a man who murdered one of his party when he slept: and, it is notorious, that when he had wounded an officer in a skirmish, he took him to the mountains, attended him with the greatest kindness, and sent him down cured to rejoin his troops.

The history of the banditti just mentioned is of a more dreadful cast, but singularly illustrative of Spanish character—they were headed by three brothers, called Mogica,

whose limbs I remember to have seen afterwards suspended in different parts of the province.—Though not very numerous, no less than four thousand armed men were engaged in pursuit of them, and when escape was impossible, they destroyed themselves. The elder brother was discovered in an inn—he could not escape—he barricaded the door, shut up the landlord and family, and presented himself at the window, whence he fired for a long time upon the troops, and, at last, bid the officer approach. "It is over with me," he said, "my cartridges are exhausted; the two last are for Mogica." They burst the doors, and found his brains scattered over the ceiling—the first fire had carried away his jaw—he had loaded again, and his skull was blown to pieces. His second brother was pursued like a wild beast—a solitary wanderer among rocks and caves—a shepherd's boy saw him enter a deep cavern, and informed the commanding officer of his hiding-place. The boy led the way into the cavern, and groping about, put his hand upon him—he had got into a small hole at the extremity. The lad was frightened, and immediately cried out "He is not here." Coming out of the cavern, he divulged the place of his retreat, and from the cavern's mouth they fired upon their victim—he escaped by some unknown aperture, and they found by after-discovered marks of blood, that he was severely wounded—they were enabled to track him the following day, and he was seen sitting by a brook washing the most dreadful wounds. "You are our prisoner," they cried. "Your prisoner! never!" and he drew his weapon, and gave himself ten mortal stabs in his bosom. The third brother was taken alive—shot, and his body exposed in quarters in the neighbourhood of Orihuela. These men had a brother, who is still living in a *presidio* (place of banishment): he was a young lad at the time of the above-cited events. One day he went to the house of the commander of the troops who were acting against his brothers, and, as the officer entered, he fired at him—the ball passed through his hat. Astonished at such an act from the unfortunate youth, the commander asked what he meant—and the boy boldly an-

swered, "To kill you; do you think I meant it for a salute of honour? My name is Mogica." "For your bravery and your honesty, you shall not die," was the reply of the brave soldier.

A man who was plundered by Jayme's band, mentioned that when one of the bandits said to him, "Give up your money, *ladron*," (robber) Jayme immediately reprehended him. "What do you mean by such insolence? You and I are robbers (*ladrones*). This gentleman is, for aught you know, an honest man. It is enough for him to lose his money. Do not make him suffer your brutality in addition."

The brother of a peasant from whom I heard the anecdote—a lad of fourteen or fifteen—once saw a man sitting by the side of a rivulet, whose course he was mournfully contemplating, and throwing every now and then a stone into it, as if in absence of mind. The man called the boy to him, and asked his name. "My name," said he, is Macia. "I knew your parents," replied the other, "they were good and honest people. Do you strive to be like them, and mind their advice, and you will be happy. I had good and honest parents too—I did not mind their advice, and I am—what I am—Jayme the robber!—you will tell nobody that you have seen me." All this while tears were rolling down the cheeks of the bandit. It was twelve months after this circumstance that the lad first mentioned it, and then he was at his daily labours, with the peasant I spoke of; and, in passing near the spot, he

said, "On that rock I saw Jayme," and he related what I have recorded above.

Jayme's term is probably drawing to its close—he no longer trusts even his companions with the secrets of his nightly haunts; and he has been in such extremity, as to have petitioned for a morsel of bread, protesting he had tasted no food for three days. Every day he is pursued, and has been, in truth, for some years, but he has already been abandoned by some of his party, who have joined the troops that are in search of him. He believes himself to be the child of fatality, and has often said, "When my hour is come, an infant may put fetters on me;" and when he was urged to leave his old haunts, he replied, "No—God, when he is out-wearied with my sins, will have me punished in the place where they were committed." There are men who tell us that the best of human hearts are all corrupt and worthless; but for me, and the conviction is full of soothing consolation—even in the heart of this daring bandit I fancy I perceive more good than evil. There are some who stand upon the pinnacle of worldly reputation, who are more vile than he; even among those who fast twice a week, and give great alms.

I confess that the recollections of such men and such scenes have an interest for me which is most painfully vivid. I am almost glad to get rid of them, and to fly to those romances from which I have been wandering so long.

Madre mia, aquel pajarillo
que canta en el ramo verde
rogalde vos que no cante
pues mi niña ya no me quiere.

Decid que por darme gusto
deje el contento que tiene
que causa dolor á un triste
ver que los otros se alegran.

Que deje los verdes ramos
y que á su mesa se asiente
y si sabe de amor
en mi pastora escarmiente.

Decid que con su armonia
tanto el alma me entristece
que pienso que está haziendo
las exequias de la muerte.

Que no si dé tanta prieta
que por agora lo deje
que querrá Dios que algun dia
el esté triste y yo alegre.

Pero si con todo aqueo
acaso cantar quisiere
rogalde vos que no cante
pues mi niña ya no me quiere.

Romancero de 1614.

THE THRUSH.

Mother of mine! yon tuneful thrush
That fills with songs the happy grove—
Tell him those joyful songs to hush!
For ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

Tell him to sympathise—for this
 Is music's triumph—music's care ;
 Persuade him that another's bliss
 Makes bitter misery bitterer.
 Then bid him leave the emerald bough,
 Seek *her* abode, and warble there ;
 And—if young love have taught him how,
 Be love's sweet-tongued interpreter.
 He thinks his notes are notes of joy,
 That gladness tunes his eager breath ;
 O tell him, mother mine ! that I
 Hear in his songs the tones of death.
 If, spite of all those prayers of thine,
 He still will sing, I'll pray that he
 May one day feel these pangs of mine,
 And I—his thoughtless ecstasy.
 Then mother mine ! persuade the thrush
 To charm no more the verdant grove :
 Bid him his sweetest music hush—
 For ah ! my nymph has ceased to love.

Vanse mis amores
 madre mia, y dejame :
 moriré cuitada
 que soy niña y tengo fé.

Yo que no podía
 sufrir un desden
 que apenas un bien
 sin ruego admitia,
 yo que no sufría
 una hora de ausencia
 tan larga dolencia
 que mal sufriré !

moriré cuitada
 que soy niña y tengo fé.

No hay disimular
 madre en tal dolor
 que aunque quieta amor
 no sabe callar :
 si voy al lugar
 finjome doliente
 y llevo en la frente
 escrito el porque,
 moriré cuitada
 que soy niña y tengo fé.

Pero Arias Perea.

I AM YOUNG AND—O ! SINCERE.

Mother ! my love is all departed,
 And I am left in sorrow here ;
 And I shall perish, broken-hearted,
 For I am young and—O ! sincere.
 How could I bear, how bear disdain,
 Who not the slightest favour ever
 Received without a blush of pain ;
 How could I bear disdain ?—O never !
 One hour of absence, swift and brief,
 I could not bear—how should I bear
 A long and tedious age of grief,
 An age of grief and gloom and fear ?
 ! I shall die without relief,
 For I am young and, O ! sincere.
 Mother ! you think my heart conceals
 The thoughts my tongue in vain would speak ;
 No ! love would breathe the thought it feels :
 Lest love's distended heart should break.
 I seek the spot where thou didst dwell,
 And sorrow sinks my spirits there ;
 Look ! for my gloomy eyelids tell
 My cause of grief—my thoughts of care.
 Yes ! I shall die ! I loved too well—
 For I am young and, O ! sincere.

THE PICTURES AT HAMPTON-COURT.

THIS palace is a very magnificent one, and, we think, has been undeservedly neglected. It is Dutch-built, of handsome red brick, and belongs to a class of houses, the taste for which appears to have been naturalised in this country along with the happy introduction of the Houses of Orange and Hanover. The approach to it through Bushy-Park is delightful, inspiring at this time of year; and the gardens about it, with their close-clipped holly hedges and arbours of evergreen, look an artificial summer all the year round. The statues that are interspersed do not freeze in winter, and are cool and classical in the warmer seasons. The *Toy-Inn* stands opportunely at the entrance, to invite the feet of those who are tired of an unintentional walk from Brentford or Kew, or oppressed with thought and wonder after seeing the Cartoons.

Besides these last, however, there are several fine pictures here. We shall pass over the Knellers, the Verrios, and the different portraits of the Royal Family, and come at once to the *Nine Muses*, by Tintoret. Or rather, his Nine Muses are summed up in one, the back-figure in the right-hand corner as you look at the picture, which is all grandeur, elegance, and grace. We should think that in the *gusto* of form and a noble freedom of outline, Michael Angelo could hardly have surpassed this figure. The face too, which is half turned round, is charmingly handsome. The back, the shoulders, the legs, are the perfection of bold delicacy, expanded into full-blown luxuriance, and then retiring as it were from their own proud beauty and conscious charms into soft and airy loveliness—

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.

Is it a Muse? Or is it not a figure formed for action more than contemplation? Perhaps this hypercritical objection may be true; and it might without any change of character or impropriety be supposed, from its buoyancy, its ease, and sinewy elas-

ticity, to represent the quivered Goddess shaping her bow for the chase. But, at any rate, it is the figure of a Goddess, or of a woman in shape equal to a Goddess. The colour is nearly gone, so that it has almost the tone of a black and white chalk drawing; and the effect of form remains pure and unrivalled. There are several other very pleasing and ably-drawn figures in the group, but they are eclipsed in the superior splendour of this one. So far the composition is faulty, for its balance is destroyed; and there are certain critics who could probably maintain that the picture would be better, if this capital excellence in it had been deliberately left out: the picture would, indeed, have been more according to rule, and to the taste of those who judge, feel, and see by rule only! Among the portraits which are curious, is one of Baccio Bandinelli, with his emblems and implements of sculpture about him, said to be by Correggio. We cannot pretend to give an opinion on this point; but it is a studious, powerful, and elaborately painted head. We find the name of Titian attached to two or three portraits in the Collection. There is one very fine one of a young man in black, with a black head of hair, the face seen in a three-quarter view, and the dark piercing eye, full of subtle meaning, looking round at you; which is probably by Titian, but certainly not (as it is pretended) of himself. It has not the aquiline cast of features by which his own portraits are obviously distinguished. We have seen a print of this picture, in which it is said to be done for Ignatius Loyola. The portrait of a lady with green and white purpled sleeves (like the leaves and flower of the water-lily, and as clear!) is admirable. It was in the Pall-Mall exhibition of the Old Masters a short time back; and is by Sebastian del Piombo. The care of the painting, the natural ease of the attitude, and the steady, sensible, *conversable* look of the countenance, place this in a class of pictures, which one feels a

wish to have always by one to refer to, whenever there is a want of thought, or a flaw in the temper, that requires filling up or setting to rights by some agreeable and at the same time not over-exciting object. There are several *soi-disant* Parmegianos; one or two good Bassans; a *Battle-Piece* set down to Julio Romano; a coloured drawing (in one corner of a room) of a *Nymph* and *Satyr* (very fine); and some of Polemberg's little disagreeable pictures of the same subject, in which the Satyrs look like paltry bits of *terra cotta*, and the Nymphs like glazed China-ware. We have a prejudice against Polemberg, which is a rare thing with us!

The *Cartoons* occupy a room by themselves—there are not many such rooms in the world. All other pictures look like oil and varnish to these—we are stopped and attracted by the colouring, the pencilling, the finishing, or the want of it, that is, by the instrumentalities of the art—but here the painter seems to have flung his *mind* upon the canvas; his thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail; there is nothing between us and the subject; we look through a frame, and see scripture-histories, and are made actual spectators of miraculous events. Not to speak it profanely, they are a sort of revelation of the subjects of which they treat; there is an ease and freedom of manner about them, which brings preternatural characters and situations home to us, with the familiarity of common every-day occurrences; and while the figures fill, raise, and satisfy the mind, they seem to have cost the painter nothing. The *Cartoons* are *unique* productions in the art. They are mere intellectual, or rather *visible abstractions* of truth and nature. Every where else we see the means; here we arrive at the end apparently without any means. There is a Spirit at work in the divine creation before us. We are unconscious of any details, of any steps taken, of any progress made; we are aware only of comprehensive results, of whole masses and figures. The sense of power supercedes the appearance of effort. It is like a waking dream, vivid, but undistinguishable in member, joint, or limb; or it is as if we had ourselves

seen the persons and things at some former period of our being, and that the drawing certain dotted lines upon coarse paper, by some unknown spell, brought back the entire and living images, and made them pass before us, palpable to thought, to feeling, and to sight. Perhaps not all is owing to genius: something of this effect may be ascribed to the simplicity of the vehicle employed in embodying the story, and something to the decayed and dilapidated state of the pictures themselves. They are the more majestic for being in ruin: we are struck chiefly with the truth of proportion, and the range of conception: all the petty, meretricious part of the art is dead in them; the carnal is made spiritual, the corruptible has put on incorruption; and, amidst the wreck of colour, and the mouldering of material beauty, nothing is left but a universe of thought, and the broad, imminent shadows of "calm contemplation and majestic pains!"

The first in order is the *Death of Ananias*; and it is one of the noblest of these noble designs. The effect is striking; and the contrast between the steadfast, commanding attitude of the Apostles, and the convulsed and prostrate figure of Ananias on the floor, is finely imagined. It is much as if a group of persons on shore stood to witness the wreck of life and hope on the rocks and quicksands beneath them. The abruptness and severity of the transition are, however, broken and relieved by the other human interests in the picture. The Ananias is a masterly, a stupendous figure. The attitude, the drawing, the expression, the ease, the force, are alike wonderful. He falls so naturally, that it seems as if a person could fall in no other way; and yet of all the ways in which a human figure could fall, it is probably the most expressive of a person overwhelmed by and in the grasp of Divine vengeance. This is in some measure, we apprehend, the secret of Raphael's success. Most painters, in studying an attitude, puzzle themselves to find out what will be picturesque, and what will be fine, and never discover it: Raphael only thought how a person would stand or fall naturally in such or such circumstances, and the pic-

stareque and the *finis* followed as matters of course. Hence the unaffected force and dignity of his style, which are only another name for truth and nature under impressive and momentous circumstances. The distraction of the face, the inclination of the head on one side, are as fine as possible, and the agony is just verging to that point, in which it is relieved by death. The expression of ghastly wonder in the features of the man on the floor next him is also remarkable; and the mingled beauty, grief, and horror in the female head behind can never be enough admired or extolled. The pain, the sudden and violent contraction of the muscles, is as intense as if a sharp instrument had been driven into the forehead, and yet the same sweetness triumphs there as ever, the most perfect self-command and dignity of demeanour. We would hazard a conjecture that this is what forms the great distinction between the natural style of Raphael and the natural style of Hogarth. Both are equally intense; but the one is intense littleness, meanness, vulgarity; the other is intense grandeur, refinement, and sublimity. In the one we see common, or sometimes uncommon and painful, circumstances acting with all their force on narrow minds and deformed bodies, and bringing out distorted and violent efforts at expression; in the other we see noble forms and lofty characters contending with adverse, or co-operating with powerful impressions from without, and imparting their own unaltered grace, and habitual composure to them. In Hogarth, generally, the face is excited and torn in pieces by some paltry interest of its own; in Raphael, on the contrary, it is expanded and ennobled by the contemplation of some event or object highly interesting in itself; that is to say, the passion in the one is intellectual and abstracted; the passion in the other is petty, selfish, and confined. We have not thought it beneath the dignity of the subject to make this comparison between two of the most extraordinary and highly gifted persons that the world ever saw. If Raphael had seen Hogarth's pictures, *he* would not have despised them. Those only can do it (and they are welcome!) who,

wanting all that he had, can do nothing that he could not, or that they themselves pretend to accomplish by affectation and bombast.

Elymas the Sorcerer stands next in order, and is equal in merit. There is a Roman sternness and severity in the general look of the scene. The figure of the Apostle, who is inflicting the punishment of blindness on the impostor, is grand, commanding, full of ease and dignity: and the figure of Elymas is blind all over, and is muffled up in its clothes from head to foot. A story is told of Mr. Garrick's objecting to the natural effect of the action, in the hearing of the late Mr. West, who, in vindication of the painter, requested the celebrated comedian to close his eyes and walk across the room, when he instantly stretched out his hands, and began to grope his way with the exact attitude and expression of this noble study. It may be worth remarking here, that this great painter and fine observer of human nature has represented the magician with a hard iron visage, and strong uncouth figure, made up of bones and muscles, as one not troubled with weak nerves, nor to be diverted from his purpose by idle scruples, as one who repelled all sympathy with others, who was not to be moved a jot by their censures or prejudices against him, and who could break with ease through the cobweb snares which he laid for the credulity of mankind, without being once entangled in his own delusions. His outward form betrays the hard, unimaginative, self-willed understanding of the Sorcerer.—There is a head (a profile) coming in on one side of the picture, which we would point out to our readers as one of the most finely relieved, and best preserved, in this series. The face of Elymas, and some others in the picture, have been a good deal hurt by time and ill-treatment. There is a *snuffy* look under the nose, as if the water-colour had been washed away in some damp lumber-room, or unsheltered out-house. The Cartoons have felt "the season's difference," been exposed to wind and rain, tossed about from place to place, and cut down by profane hands to fit them to one of their abodes; so that it is altogether wonderful, that "through their

looped and tattered wretchedness," say traces are seen of their original splendour and beauty. That they are greatly changed from what they were even a hundred years ago, is evident from the heads in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which were cut out from one of them that was nearly destroyed by some accident, and from the large French engravings of single heads, done about the same time, which are as finished and correct as possible. Even Sir James Thornhill's copies bear testimony to the same effect. Though without the spirit of the originals, they have fewer blots and blotches in them, from having been better taken care of. A skeleton is barely left of the Cartoons: but the mighty relics, like the bones of the Mammoth, tell us what the entire and living fabric must have been!

In the *Gate Beautiful* there is a profusion of what is fine, and of imposing contrasts. The twisted pillars have been found fault with; but there they stand, and will forever stand to answer all cavillers with their wreathed beauty. The St. John in this Cartoon is an instance of what we have above hinted as to the ravages of time on these pictures. In the old French engraving (half the size of life) the features are exceedingly marked and beautiful, whereas they are here in a great measure defaced; and the hair, which is at present a mere clotted mass, is woven into graceful and waving curls,

Like to those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.

Great inroads have been made on the delicate outline of the other parts, and the surface has been generally injured. The Beggars are as fine as ever: they do not lose by the squalid condition of their garb or features, but remain patriarchs of poverty, and mighty in disease and infirmity, as if they crawled and grovelled on the pavement of Heaven. They are lifted above this world! The child carrying the doves at his back is an exquisite example of grace, and innocence, and buoyant motion; and the face and figure of the young woman directly over him give a glad welcome to the eye in their

fresh, unimpaired, and radiant sweetness and joy. This head seems to have been spared from the unhallowed touch of injury, like a little tale or circlet of beauty. It was guarded, we may suppose, by its own heavenly, feminine look of stilling loveliness. There is another very fine female head on the opposite side of the picture, of a graver cast, looking down, and nearly in profile. The only part of this Cartoon that we object to, or should be for turning out, is the lubberly naked figure of a boy close to one of the pillars, who seems to have no sort of business there, and is an obvious eye-sore.

The *Miraculous Drought of Fishes* is admirable for the clearness and prominence of the figures, for the vigorous marking of the muscles, for the fine expression of devout emotion in the St. Peter, and for the calm dignity in the attitude, and the divine benignity in the countenance of the Christ. Perhaps this head expresses more than any other that ever was attempted, the blended meekness, benevolence, and sublimity, in the character of our Saviour. The whole figure is so still, so easy, it almost floats in air, and seems to sustain the boat by the secret sense of power. We shall not attempt to make a formal reply to the old objection to the diminutive size of the boats, but we confess it seems to us to enhance the value of the miracle. Their load swells proportionably with it, and the waves conspire to bear them up. The storks on the shore are not the least animated or elevated part of the picture; they exult in the display of divine power, and share in the prodigality of the occasion.

The *Sacrifice at Lystra* has the marks of Raphael's hand on every part of it. You see and almost hear what is passing. What a pleasing relief to the turbulent, busy scene, are the two children piping at the altar! How finely, how unexpectedly, but naturally, that innocent, rustic head of a girl comes in over the grave countenances and weighty thoughtful heads of the group of attendant priests! The animals brought to be sacrificed are equally fine in the expression of terror, and the action of resistance to the rude force by which they are dragged along.

A great deal has been said and written on the *St. Paul preaching at Athens*. The features of excellence in this composition are indeed so bold and striking as hardly to be mistaken. The abrupt figure of St. Paul, his hands raised in that fervent appeal to him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," such as are seen in gorgeous splendour all around, the circle of his auditors, the noble and pointed diversity of heads, the one wrapped in thought and in its cowl, another resting on a crutch and earnestly scanning the face of the Apostle rather than his doctrine, the careless attention of the Epicurean philosopher, the fine young heads of the disciples of the Porch or the Academy, the clenched fist and eager curiosity of the man in front as if he was drinking sounds, give this picture a superiority over all the others for popular and intelligible effect. We do not think that it is therefore the best; but it is the easiest to describe and to remember.

The *Giving of the Keys* is the last of them: it is at present at Somerset-House. There is no set purpose here, no studied contrasts: but it is an

aggregation of grandeur and high feeling. The disciples gather round Christ, like a flock of sheep listening to some divine shepherd. The figure of their master is sublime: his countenance and attitude "in act to speak." The landscape is also fine and of a soothing character. Every thing falls into its place in these pictures. The figures seem to stop just where their business and feelings bring them: not a fold in the draperies can be disposed for the better or otherwise than it is.

It would be in vain to enumerate the particular figures, or to explain the story of works so well known: what we have aimed at has been to show the spirit that breathes through them, and we shall count ourselves fortunate, if we have not sullied them with our words. We do not care about some works; but these were sacred to our imaginations, and we should be sorry indeed to have profaned them by description or criticism. We have hurried through our unavoidable task with fear, and look back to it in doubt.

W. H.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO BERNARD BARTON,

BY HIS FRIEND, JOHN MITFORD.

WHAT to thy broken Spirit can atone,
 Unhappy victim of the Tyrant's fears;
 Or who to thee recal thy perish'd years,
 Nature's sweet gift destroy'd:—when one by one,
 The blossoms of thy vernal life were strown
 Upon that dungeon floor:—Ungentle ears
 Heard not, poor Tasso, thy lament; no tears
 Unlock'd Ferrara's sepulchre of stone.
 Like Captive, my own Bard, art thou: yet he
 Had thought, time, feeling free to count his chain,
 While thine is heavier thralldom, double pain,
 Prisoner at once, and Slave.—Oh! thoughtless ye,
 Who make the gifted mind, that should be free,
 A monumental lamp to burn in vain.

Benhall, March 31, 1823.

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. II.

SCOGGINS IESTES. VVHEREIN IS DECLARED HIS PLEASANT PASTIMES IN FRANCE; AND OF HIS MERIMENTS AMONG THE FRYERS: FULL OF DELIGHT AND HONEST MIRTH. LONDON, PRINTED BY RALPH BLOWER, DWELLING ON LAMBERT HILL NEARE OLD FISH STREET. 1613.—12mo. containing 47 leaves.

This is the earliest edition of Scoggin's Jests we have yet been able to meet with, although they must have appeared half a century earlier, since "*The Gestes of Skoggan gathered together in this volume*" was entered in the Stationers' Register by Tho. Colwell, in 1565; and probably printed in that year. The edition now before us was in the famous Harleian Collection, *Bibl. Harl.* vol. iv. No. 19636; there is a copy in the British Museum, dated in 1626, purporting to be "The first and best part of Scoggin's Jestes, full of witty mirth and pleasant shifts, done by him in France and other Places; being a preservative against melancholy;" and there was another, printed in quarto, without date, for William Thackery, a great vender of story books and romances, about the year 1670.

Of the author of the Jests in question, Holinshed thus writes,* "Scogan, a learned gentleman and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasant wit, and bent to merrie deuises, in respect whereof he was called into the court, where giuing himselfe to his naturall inclination of mirth and pleasant pastime, he plaied manie sporting parts, although not in such vuciull manner as hath beene of him reported." Bale, who calls him "alter Democritus," affirms that

he was educated in Oxford, where he became Master of Arts, and that, in addition to his facetious qualifications, he was admirably skilled in philosophy and all other liberal arts and sciences. The same writer places him as flourishing in 1480.† It should, however, be noted that there was another Scogan, with whom our jester has been frequently confounded. This was Henry Scogan, a poet, who lived in the reign of Henry IV. and wrote "A morall Ballade to the King's Sonnes," printed in the collection of Chaucer's pieces, and another entitled "Flee from the Prese," which has been erroneously ascribed to Chaucer in Urry's edition, though given to the real author in a good manuscript in Corpus Christi College, Oxford. It was to this Scogan, that the father of English poetry addressed a metrical remonstrance, extant in manuscript in the Bodleian (Fairfax, No. 16), beginning:

To broken been the statutes hye in hevene,
That creat weren eternaly to dure, &c.

and Ben Jonson introduces him in one of his masques, *The Fortunate Isles*, as him—

—— that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad
royal
Daintily well.

The Jestes of Scoggin are said to have been *gathered* by Dr. Andrew Borde, a physician, poet, and great traveller, of whom we shall have to take notice, when we come to the mention of *The merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham*, another of his popular compilations. In a preface to the latter editions (for that of

* In his list of learned men, in the reign of Edward IV. Chronicle iii. 710. Ed. folio, 1587.

† *Scriptorum Britannicæ Catalogus*, sæc. xi. num. 70, ed. folio, 1559. This date is corroborated also in one of the Jests, where Scoggin gives a man a bond for a sum of money payable upon the feast of St. Peter, 1490, for which he ingeniously contrives to substitute 1590, and so postpones the day of payment only for one century.

1613 has it not), Borde gives a very brief account of the author. He had (he tells us) "heard say, that Scoggin did come of an honest stock, no kindred,* and that his friends did set him to schoole at Oxford, where he did continue till he was made master of art:"† and we learn a little of his history from various adventures incidentally detailed in his merry pranks. He was, it seems, banished from England on account of a deception practised on the simple daughter of a goldsmith of London, whose honesty he corrupted by a very unworthy stratagem. Clothing "himselfe like a scholler," he crosses from Dover to Calais, where he lined his purse by a wager with one of the burgo-masters, "that he would make an oration in the middle of the market place, which should make one halfe of his auditors to laugh, and the other halfe to weepe;" he effects this in no very decent manner, and then travels into Picardy, where, after long solicitation, he was made chief warrener to a noble knight. Scoggin, however, puts a practical joke on his master, which occasions his dismissal in disgrace; affording a sufficient proof, as the compiler sagely remarks, "how a man may lose that in an houre, that was not got in a yeate." He next becomes "a horse-courser's servant," but is not more fortunate in this more humble situation, for he plays divers silly pranks, and is at last turned out of his service as an ungracious knave for his pains. We next hear of him at Paris, where he "was gretly beloued for his subtill wit and crafty deceites;" then at Caen in Normandy; and lastly at Rome, where, after being invited to sup with his Holiness, he is so reduced, if we may believe the tale, as to keep an ale-house upon the Cardinal rents. How to reconcile this with mention that is afterwards made of his holding a benefice, and being "so merry conceited, that he would always say service quite contrary to

all others," we know not; but as we conjecture many of Scoggin's residences and offices are made to suit the stories that are related of him, we must be content to follow our authority, without very minutely canvassing the probable authenticity of the account. The little volume of 1613, which we believe to be only the first part of the whole collection, leaves its hero in the humble capacity of "serving man to a certaine squire that tooke great delight to trauell into strange countries to see fashions, the which pleased Scoggin wondrous well;" and here we also must bid him farewell, giving our readers a specimen or two of the wit which is said to have rendered our hero so popular at court, in the days of king Edward IV.

How Scoggin made the country people offer their money to a dead man's head.

Vpon a time when Scoggin lacked maintenance, and had gotten the displeasure of his former acquaintance by reason of his crafty dealings and vnhappy tricks, he be-thought himselfe in what manner he might get money with a litle labour; so traueiling vp into Normandie, he got him a priest's gowne, and clothed himselfe like a scholler, and after went into a certaine churchyard, where hee found the scull of a dead man's head, the which hee tooke vp and made very cleane, and after bore it to a goldsmith, and hired him to set it in a stud of siluer, which being done, he departed to a village thereby, and came to the parson of the church, and saluted him, and then told him that he had a relique, and desired him that he would do so much for him, as to shew it vnto the parish, that they may offer to it; and withall promised the parson that hee should haue the one halfe of the offeringes. The parson, moued with couetousnesse, granted his request, and so vppon the Sunday following told his parishioners thereof, saying that there was a certaine religious scholler come to the towne that had brought with him a precious relique; and hee that would offer thereunto should haue a generall pardon for all his forepassed sinnes, and that the scholler was there present himselfe to shew it them. With that Scoggin went vp into the pulpit, and shewed the people the re-

* Meaning, of no great family, although of honest parents.

† It is mentioned in one of the Jests, that his degree of M.A. had great weight with his holiness the Pope, when Scoggin desired to be made a priest: "considering with himselfe that hee was a maister of arte, and sufficient enough to performe any office of the church, whereupon he made sute to the Pope to be made a priest, the which was done immediately." Sign. D. 7.

lique that he had, and said to them that the head spake to him, and that it bad him that hee should build a church ouer him, and that the money that the church should be builded withall should be well gotten. But when the people came to offer to it, Scoggin said vnto them, "Al you women that have made your husbands cuckolds, I pray you sit still and come not to offer, for the head bad mee that I should not receiue your offerings;" whereupon the poore men and their wiues came thicke and thres fould to this offering, and there was not a woman but she offered liberally, because that hee had said so, and he gaue them the blessing with the head. And there was some that had no money that offered their rings, and some of them that offered twice or thrice because they would bee seene. Thus receiued he the offrings both of the good and the bad, and by this practise got a great summ of money.

How Scoggin sate at the Pope's Table.

VVithin a month after Scoggin's arriual in Rome, he got so much fauour that he was vpon a time bidden to supper by the Pope himselfe, and being in the midst of their junkets, the Pope asked his seruitors for the peacocke that was dressed for his dinner, which he comanded to be kept for his supper, which not beeing done according, he grew into a great rage for it. Scoggin, sitting then by him at board, perswaded his holinesse not to be angry: To whom the Pope replied, saying, "If God were so highly offended in Paradise for casting out our old father Adam from thence, and onely for eating an apple, why should not I (being his vicar on earth) be more furious for a peacocke, knowing how farre it is in value aboue a rotten apple?"

How Scoggin answered a Popish Priest.

It was Scoggin's chance vpon a time to be in a church in Rome, whilst a holy frier was casting about his holy water, whereupon there came a priest vnto Scoggin and reprocued him because hee did not put off his cap, when the frier sprinckled him with holy water, who answered; "If it haue power (as you say) to passe to purgatorie, surely it must haue easier passage through my cap."

How Scoggin for one day serued in a Priest's roome.

Scoggin beeing at Rome, and lodged in a priest's house there, where an old churchman that on a sonday could not performe his dutie to the parish. Whereupon Scoggin, taking vpon him the prieste's office, and as though he had bene another curate dwelling hard by, went to the church and said seruice both forenoon and afternoone: but, as the order was then, the parishioners came before seruice and confessed them to

the priest; but amongst the rest there came to Scoggin a poore blacksmith to be confessed, to whom he said: How sayest thou, friend, art thou not a fornicator? The poore man said, No. Quoth Scoggin againe, art thou not a glutton? Art thou not superbious? He said still no. Scoggin perceiuing he said still no, to euery thing, began to wonder, asking againe: Art thou not concupicent? No, Sir, said hee. Why what art thou then, quoth Scoggin? I am, said hee, a poore blacksmith, for, beholde, here is my hammer. There was also another that answered in like manner—It was a sheepeheard, whom Scoggin did aske: Friend, how sayest thou? hast thou kept the commandements of the church? No, never. Then, said Scoggin vnto him, What hast thou then kept? I neuer kept any thing but sheepe in all my life, quoth the shepheard. Yet there was another who, after hee had declared all his faults, was asked if any thing else stucke in his conscience? He answered nothing, but that vpon a time he had stolen a halter. Well (said Scoggin), to steale a halter is no great matter. Yea, but (said the man) there was a horse tyed at the end thereof. I, marry (qd Scoggin) that is another manner of matter: there is difference betweene a horse and a halter; you must therefore restore backe the horse, and the next time that yee come againe I will absolue you for the halter.

How Scoggin tested with a Boy in the street.

A wag-halter boy met Scoggin in the streete and said Maister Scoggin, who lues longest? Marry boy, saies Scoggin, he that dieth latest. And why die men so fast? said the boy: Because they want breath, said Scoggin. No, rather (said the boy) because their time is come, they die. Then thy time is come, said Scoggin, see, who comes yonder? Who? said the boy, Marry, said Scoggin, Swag the hangman. Nay, hang me then, if I imploy him at this time; sayes the boy. Well, said Scoggin, then thou wilt be hanged another time by thy owne confession. And so they departed.

Of Scoggin and a countrey Milke-maide.

Scoggin vpon a time beeing in a countrey village, came to Rome in the company of a merrie conceited milke maide, carrying vpon her head a paille of milke to the market, thinking to sell it. To passe the time away to maister Scoggin, shee made her reckoning aforehand in this manner. "First (quoth the maide) I will sell my milke for two pence, and then with this two pence, buy eight egges, which I will set a-brood vnder a hen, and shee will haue eight chickens: which chickens being growne vp, I will craume them, and by

that meanes they will bee capons: These capons being young, will bee woorth twelue pence a peece, that is iust eight shillings, with the which I will buy two pigs, a sow-pig, and a boare-pig, and they growing great, will bring forth twelue others, the which I will sell (after I haue kept them a while) for halfe a crowne peece, that is just thirty shillings. Then I will buy a mare that will bring foorth a faire foale: the which will grow vp, and be gentle and faire, that she will play, skip, leape and sing and cry weehee after euery beast that shall passe by. But now for the ioy this milke-maide tooke of her supposed foale, and in her iollity counterfetting to shew her foale's lustinesse, her palle of milke fell downe from her head, and was all spilt. Then Scoggin laughing, said vnto her: "there now lies all your egges, your chickens, your capons, your pigges, your mare, her colt and all vpon the ground"! so, by this meanes was she deprived of all her purposes.

This tale cannot fail to remind the reader of a similar story told of the man and his basket of crockery, in the Arabian Nights, a work of which no English translation appeared till long after the Jests of Scoggin had been collected and given to the public. It is besides curious to gather from some of the maiden's calculations, what were the prices of provisions at that period. That valuable old English historian Holinshed tells us, that in his time (in 1574, which was a year of great scarcity,) wheat was sold at London, about Lammas, for three shillings the bushell, "but shortlie after it was raised to foure shillings, five shillings, six shillings; and before Christmas to a noble, and seuen shillings, which so continued long after. Beefe was sold for twentie pence, and two and twentie pence the stone, and all other flesh and white meats at an excessiue price, all kind of salt fish verie deare, as five herings two pence: pease at foure shillings the bushell, otemeale at foure shillings eight pence; baie salt at three shillings the bushell &c: All this dearth notwithstanding (he continues) there was no want of anie thing to them that wanted not money."

It is pretty evident, from some of the passages we have now given, that the Jests of Scoggin must have been collected after the Reformation; at no other time would allusions so dero-

gatory to the papal dignity, nor such sarcasms on the ceremony of absolution, have been tolerated. The time, therefore, well agrees with the supposition that Andrew Borde was the collector, although we cannot trace the first appearance of the volume till some years after his decease. Borde had himself been a Carthusian friar in early life.

We meet with some amusing instances of the power claimed by the Holy Pontiff in Cellini's Memoirs, lately published by Mr. Roscoe.—Benvenuto (who, by the way, performs some acts of heroic valour, equalled only by Jack the Giant Killer), having cut a man into two pieces at the siege of the castle of St. Angelo, and in the presence of the Pope, falls upon his knees, and entreats his holiness to absolve him from the guilt of homicide, &c. "The Pope (says Cellini), lifting up his hands, and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me, and gave me his absolution for all the homicides that I had ever committed, *or ever should commit*, in the service of the apostolic church." Benvenuto makes the most of this absolution a few years afterwards, by which time he had quarrelled with, and killed, some half-dozen people, for he thus quiets his conscience when in confinement: "Though I had sometimes been guilty of manslaughter, yet as God's vicar upon earth *had confirmed my pardon by his authority*, and all that I had done was in defence of the body which his Divine Majesty had given me, I did not see how I could, in any sense, be thought to deserve death." He gets out of prison in consequence of a papal debauch, which is no bad parallel to the story of the peacock; but for this we refer to the original.

The following monkish epitaph on Scogan occurs in a manuscript in the Harleian Collection, No. 1587, written about the year 1483, and containing the autograph of Cardinal Pole:—

Hic jacet in tumulo corpus SCOGAN ecce
JOHANNIS
Sit tibi pro speculo, letus fuit ejus in annis.
Leti transibunt, transitus vitare nequibunt;
Quo nescimus ibunt, vinosi cito peribunt.

ON THE TRAGIC DRAMA OF GREECE.

INTRODUCTORY TO A SERIES OF SCENES FROM THE GREEK TRAGIC POETS.

AMONG the numerous degrading misapprehensions of the moderns relative to points of ancient history, arts, and customs, may perhaps be classed the popular notions, countenanced and consecrated by many a grave archæologist, on the origin and progress towards perfection of the Grecian drama. At the festival of Bacchus, it is matter of notoriety that, on the principle of the heathen sacrifices, the goat, as an enemy to the vine, was immolated to its patron God. Hymns were sung on this occasion, and solemn dances performed. There was also a poetic contest, of which a goat was constituted the prize: the poem sung was named the *song of the goat*; the origin of the term of *tragedy*. The dance, the hymn, and the prize-poem, in time received the addition of gesticular imitation, and the assumption by the reciter of the character of Bacchus, or some other God or hero connected with the Dionysian legends. That the subject of this acted recitation was thus restricted, seems probable from the remark of Plutarch in the *Symposiasts*: who observes, "that Phrynicus and Æschylus first diverted tragedy from its original purpose to fictions and representations directed to move the passions; and that people began to say, what is all this to the purpose when the subject is Bacchus?" But the honour of applying tragedy to representative fiction seems rather due to Thespis himself, with the sole restriction of Bacchus being his hero.

As the vulgar tradition runs, a set of tippling clowns met, after their labour at the vintage, to sing and dance in honour of Bacchus, and bandy jests

with each other. Somebody, we are told, took it into his head to accompany the songs with piping; and this was the beginning of the tragic chorus. Then came Thespis, who chose out of this embryo chorus a set of persons, whom he placed in a cart, and employed to chant some story or adventure, having their faces disguised with wine-stains: the exhibition ended, it is thought, with pleasant gibes on the spectators; as if the tragedy must needs have a farce tacked on to it: and so we have the rise of comedy.

To this wretched burlesque of circumstances, we may oppose the fact, that sacrificial rites and processions were not, even in the most barbarous times, performed by drunken peasants: the festival of Bacchus was not a revel or a wake; nor were the Greek bards and minstrels jesters and ballad-singers. Tragic fiction and action arose out of Orphic hymns and Homeric tales of Troy. Thespis was probably a rhapsodist, who, on the occasion of the Bacchic solemnities, conceived the idea of personating by gesture the heroes or Gods whose exploits he narrated. He was perhaps, at first, the only gesticulator and reciter, and afterwards sought assistants to relieve the exhaustion of his single efforts: it is most likely they were rhapsodists like himself. It is not credible that the Grecian people, who had been accustomed to listen to the recitations of Homer, would have been satisfied with the carols of Bowzibees* and boors. Horace describes a band of tragedians; and Dr. Francis, with the Vagrant Act before his eyes, contributes to sink

- * O Bowzibee! why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large; the drink was wond'rous strong:

.....
Of raree-shows he sung, and punch's feats;
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats:
In tender strains he raised his voice to tell
What woeful woes in chevy chase befell.

.....
Then he was seized with a religious qualm,
And suddenly did sing the hundredth-psalm.

Gay's *Shepherd's Week*.

Saturday, The *Flights*.

them in modern estimation, by investing them with the character of strollers:

Carried his vagrant players in a cart.

Horace says, his "poems;" though he adds, that they were sung by persons whose visages were smeared with wine-lees. It does not follow from this account that there was any reciprocity of declamation. One actor, it is most natural to suppose, in this dawn of the art, succeeded another, and a series of detached actions were represented in monologue by single performers. That nothing as yet approached to the interchange of sentiments by different actors at the same time, is evident from the testimony of Aristotle, who ascribes the addition of a second actor to Æschylus: he certainly means an interlocutor. Sophocles, he tells us, increased the number to three, and amplified the stage-decorations. Æschylus had first made the scene stationary, which in the time of Thespis was moveable, his theatre being supplied by a platform erected on a car. Comedy ran the same race; it might have had better models than the ribaldry of vintagers: it was preceded by the comic touches in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Homer's satire of Margites. Susarion, like Thespis, merely ingrafted action on satyric recitations. These were at first exhibited in the villages, and hence the title *Comedy*. Epicharmus reduced them to scenes, and did for comedy what Chærilus, Phrynicus, and Æschylus, had done for tragedy. His pieces were introduced on the Athenian stage by Pericles.

It must be obvious that if the first tragic essays were rude and vulgar, as they are uniformly described, the leap is too vast and too abrupt to the dignified and impassioned style, the faithful manners, the lofty invention, the serious and profound reflexion of Æschylus: nor can there be a doubt, that the same observation would apply to the remains of Epicharmus, did any such exist. The scenes which obtained the patronage of Pericles, and which heralded the caustic humour and grotesque fancy of Aristophanes, and the sense and delicacy of Menander, must have kept pace with those of the venerable refiner of tragedy.

As the learned blazoners of the superiority of the ancients seem to have considered the glory of Æschylus, as a poet, to be about equally balanced by his fame as a mechanist; and as the music and machinery of the Greek theatre are thought to divide the merit of its poetry,—it may be proper to say something on this head; and as, for myself, I venture to prefer the poetry, I shall reserve it as the last point for consideration.

The founders of tragedy seem unfortunately to have conceived that the known features of the actor would interfere with the truth of his personation. The lees of wine, it is most probable, were used as a disguise. The mask, adopted by Æschylus, must therefore have appeared a great improvement, and its advantages, with respect to fidelity of representation, were demonstrated in the facility with which the artists of the stage were enabled to copy the busts and coins (or, as in the case of Socrates, the living originals) of the characters presented on the scene: but what a poor substitute was this artificial portrait-modelling for the cruelty of Nero or the pride of Coriolanus, as expressed in the working features and fire-darting eye of Talma and Kemble!—Besides, the mask was of necessity accommodated to the reception of a mouth-piece, which was designed to reverberate the echo of the voice, and, we are told, to modulate or diversify its tones, by striking the lips and breath against a thicker or thinner plate of brass. Still, wheel within wheel of mechanism! The visage of Agamemnon or Ulysses, judged by the hideous frog-like masque of ancient sculpture, must have resembled, if it resembled any thing that bore an affinity to human, the famous head at Merlin's, into which the visitors were accustomed to shoot bullets for the amusing purpose of seeing this grim Saracenic physiognomy roll its eyes and gape with its jaws: signs of life and proofs of flexibility, in which unhappily the Grecian mask was deficient. It is contended, that owing to the vastness of the theatric area, the spectators could not have discerned the play of the natural features; and that, as the performances took place in open daylight, the lines of the face were not brought out in

such relief as they are by means of the false lights of the modern theatre. As an auxiliar proof we are reminded of the *buskins* which were necessary to raise the height of the actors in order to make them conspicuous at a distance. Others, however, take a bolder tone of defence in favour of the buskin; they tell us, that the heroes of old were supposed to have been of larger stature than their degenerate descendants, and that the being thus propped upon stilts was highly favourable to the maintaining a slow and solemn step becoming the state of tragedy. All, however, that can be said is, that the Greeks were ingenious in devising contrivances to obviate the fatal inconvenience of their enormous theatre: but we have reason to congratulate ourselves in possessing one of more limited dimensions. We may well rest satisfied with the art of making statues and puppets imitate men, and need not envy the art of the Greeks, in making men imitate statues and puppets.

The ancients never considered their dramas disconnectedly from the music. Cicero speaks of a tragedy as excellent, because equally pathetic in the argument, the diction, and the *notes*: *rebus, verbis, et modis*. The modern serious opera is the traditional image of ancient tragedy. In what concerns the representation and the music, we can scarcely doubt that the copy exceeds the archetype.

The wonders of Grecian music, like the wonders of Grecian painting, must be judged by reference to certain data, supplied by facts. "The remains of the ancient painting," observes Perrault, "discover great skill in drawing, great judgment in the ordering of the postures, much nobleness and majesty in the air of the heads; but little design, at the same time, in the mixing of the colours, and none at all, in the perspective or the placing of the figures. Their colouring is all equally strong: nothing comes forward, nothing falls back in their pictures; the figures are almost all upon a line; so that their paintings appear like pieces in *basso relievo* coloured; all dry and immoveable; without union, without connexion, and that living softness which dis-

tinguishes pictures from* statues in marble or copper." Sir William Temple affirms, that the "science of music, so admired by the ancients, is wholly lost in the world; and that what we have now is made up of certain notes that fell into the fancy of a poor friar in chanting his matins." But the probability is, that the music of the ancients bore the greater resemblance to the chant of the friar. Their diagramma is thought not to have substantially differed from the scale of Guido; but it is ascertained that they had not nearly so many gradations of half-notes and quarter-notes between the whole ones; and as the greater the number of the notes, the more complex, and therefore the more varied, the combination, it is demonstrable that the ancient music was comparatively defective in harmony.

Of the compass or power of their instruments we know little or nothing. The lyre was subdivided into at least ten species, varying in their number of strings, from three to seven and eleven; these were played by striking them with a small rod, called, from the act of striking, *plectrum*. The gravest sounds, on a principle the reverse of the modern, were produced from the uppermost chords; and they gave the appellation of *high* to the deeper notes, and of *low* to the more acute. What was called the *chelys* resembled the guitar. The *tripodion* had three keys, and a vase at the top, which acted as a sounding-board.

Of their flutes, we know only that the *auletes*, or flute-players, breathed the instrument *à bec* as it is called; as we do the clarionet; and not transversely through a hole in the side, as with the German flute. The double flutes, or right and left, which were used in the Roman theatre, were blown in the same manner: the right flute was fingered by the right hand of the musician, the left by the left. It is singular that we mistranslate the *syrinx* and the *aulos*; for with us the *pipe* conveys the idea of a shrill and the flute of a *soft* sound: but it was the reverse with the Greeks. Their *aulos*, which we call a flute, was sharp; their *syrinx*, or pipe, full and mellow.

* The criticism may apply to the modern school of painting in his own nation.

Whatever were the merits of their music, we perceive in its application the same mechanical artificiality which pervades the whole of their scenic arrangements. There was one sort of melody to regulate the recitation or recitative, and another to time the action: surely the last must have possessed any but a free and natural effect. The Romans were in the habit of introducing two actors on the stage at once, to express one character: The mute gesticulated, and the declaimer was motionless. Seneca, in his 121st epistle (var. ed. tom. 2. 601.), admires good stage actors (*scenæ peritos*) for the readiness with which their hand accompanies every subject and affection, and the exactness with which the gesture keeps pace with the velocity of the words. Commentators wish to disturb the reading here; and for "*scenæ peritos*" substitute *saltationis*; supposing that the allusion is to pantomimic actors; as if they only expressed by their gestures the rapid meaning of words. But Seneca is evidently speaking of the match of time between gesture and speech, in the above division of scenic labour assigned to two actors, who represent between them one person. It is unlikely that he is speaking of one single actor, for the promptitude with which a declaimer "suits the action to the word," is not a subject of any extraordinary admiration. Valerius Maximus (l. 2. c. 4.) makes mention of a player of the name of Livius Andronicus, who, finding himself exhausted by being repeatedly called back to repeat his speeches, brought a boy to declaim for him, and a flute player to time the recitation, while he himself supplied the gesture; and with this arrangement the audience appeared to have been exceedingly well satisfied.

If in our own theatres, in which nature is so far better imitated, we still find the appliances and appurtenances of the stage inadequate to the perfect embodying of the poet's conceptions; if, for instance, we retire dissatisfied and disappointed, not to say, disgusted, from the representation of *Lear*, the *Tempest*, and the

Winter's Tale, the causes of this unsatisfied feeling must have operated with accumulated force in reference to the mechanical stage of Greece. We need scarcely regret, that we can no longer hear the remonstrances of *Electra* howled through the orifice of a yawning mask, or see the actor of *Agamemnon* clamber on buskins, that we may wonder at the tallness of an old hero.

That the writers of tragedy have, from the oldest times, written with a view to the living personification of their characters, and relied on the plastic sensibility of the actor to give weight and pathos to their words and sentiments, does not impugn the principle of the poet's unapproachable superiority; of his proud independence of mechanism and mimicry. Yet the commentators on the ancient drama, and the critics of the modern, have invariably considered the poet with reference to the representation: have looked narrowly to the exits and entrances, calculated the congruities of place, and computed the credibility of the time consumed by the action. Quite as much glory, however, seems to have been attributed to *Æschylus* for his invention of the mask and buskin, as for his excitement of tragic emotion; and the language of *Horace* would appear to be intended in praise of the master of a puppet-show. The technicalities of the conduct of the fable, the *exposition*, the *plot*, and the *discovery*, are watched and weighed as the symbol and the touchstone of dramatic excellence; and the French critics regard a departure from any one of the unities, as a betrayal of barbarous ignorance, or unskilfulness, which no mastery over the passions or the imagination can redeem. They remind us of the pit-critic in *Sterne*, minuting by a stop-watch the pauses in *Garrick's* soliloquy.

To the unity of *time*,* the Greeks were not always attentive. They apparently thought, that the distraction occasioned by the intervention of the chorus would favour the illusion of an indefinite lapse of time, between the anticipation of an event and its

* This, in the strict sense, exacts that the time of the action should be commensurate with that of the representation. Generally, it is defined by Aristotle to consist in the restriction of the action to the compass of a single day.

consummation. Thus, in Euripides, we see Hippolitus leave the stage; the chorus laments his exile; and no sooner is the ode concluded, than a messenger returns to narrate the circumstances of the prince's death by a sea-monster, after having proceeded for some way on the road to Argos, and reached the desert that skirted the Saronic gulph. The unity of *place* exacted this sacrifice to its own immutable laws. *Shakespeare* would at once have transported the spectators to the sea-shore. The Greeks have shown, in this and similar instances, that they were aware of the credulity of the imagination. They admitted, therefore, the principle of the rationality of making strict verisimilitude bend to poetic convenience. Had they been familiar with moveable scenes, this admission might have led to their acknowledgment of the utility which resulted from a change of place, which, instead of breaking the unity of the action, would, in fact, strengthen its coherency.

A strict regard, therefore, to the unity of *place*, induces a greater violation of dramatic probability than that which it is designed to obviate. It must inevitably happen, that the persons of the drama will often be unnaturally brought together, and collected in a spot where common sense would require that they should not meet. This is excellently shown by Dennis, in his remarks on the *Cato* of Addison, one of the best pieces of dramatic criticism in the English language. Another evil consequence is, the necessity of throwing many of the incidents of the story into dry narration; for dry it must unavoidably prove, as compared with representative action; and thus is reversed the maxim of Aristotle, which distinguishes the drama from the epopœa, by ascribing narration to the one, and imitation to the other.

The only one of the three unities, which is of essential utility, and of paramount interest and importance, is then the unity of *action*; by which the events arise naturally out of each other (the episodes being not independent but auxiliar), and all concur to the disentanglement of the *intrigue*, or web of interposed difficulties, and the hastening of the final

catastrophe. *Macbeth* and *Othello* are perfect instances of the unity of action, as are *Agamemnon* and *Orestes* among the Greeks.

In what the French call *coups de théâtre*, or striking scenic situations, no modern dramatist has excelled the Greeks. Witness the discovery of *Phædra*, suspended by her own hand, with the criminatory letter in her grasp, and that of *Clytemnestra's* corpse, by the removal of the veil, which *Ægisthus* supposed to conceal the dead body of *Orestes*. In the *manners* also, the lines of character by which the persons are discriminated from each other, we have the same truth and force of contrast, which affixes the stamp of individuality to the men and women of the "tale of Troy."

The chorus was chosen from that class of persons, which might be supposed with greatest probability to be the bye-standers or spectators of the chief incidents in the story. They did not merely, as the vulgar notion is, relieve the business of the scene by the charms of music and singing, or point the moral of the passing events; they served as links in the action; they helped on the discovery by intimations and warnings; they prophesied, reproved, exhorted, expostulated, supplicated, and consoled; they took themselves an interest in the transactions represented, and might be said to be negative actors in the proceedings which they observed: occasionally also they assumed a more positive character, and ranked among the personages most affected by the occurrences of the drama. Whether as interlocutors or as lyrical soliloquists, the characters of the chorus intersperse, with their general subject, reflexions on the ways of Providence and the nature of man, which indicate, no less than the speculations of *Pindar* and *Plato*, that even in the heathen world the Deity had not "left himself without witness."

It may seem inconsistent to introduce the name of *Plato*, the enemy equally of heroical and dramatic poetry, and the particular censurer of *Æschylus*. But this hostility to the epopœa and the drama was grounded, in part, on a mistaken theory: his censure of the tragic poets is only so far just as it affects ~~the~~

use of the popular theology. It is remarkable, that Solon also was hostile to the recitations of Thespis. One ground assumed by Plato is, that the excitement of the passions, by means of tragic emotion, is unfavourable to equanimity. But the exclusion of sympathy and experience is not the true secret of moral education. Aristotle shows himself a more practical philosopher in his apparent assent to the usefulness of tragic poetry, as "purifying the passions by means of pity and terror." If history be "philosophy teaching by example," tragedy may claim the same honour in a more emphatical sense; for, as Bacon remarks, "representative poetry," by which he means dramatical, "is visible history;" and what he observes of "narrative, or heroical poetry," applies equally to the dramatical; that it "seems to be raised from a most noble foundation, and which makes most for the dignity of man's nature. For the sensible world being inferior in dignity to the rational soul, this poetry seems to give to human nature what history denies it; and to satisfy the mind with shadows, at least, of things, where the substance is unattainable. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from poetry, that a more illustrious magnitude of things, a more perfect goodness, and a more beautiful variety pleases the soul of man, than what it can by any method find in mere nature since the fall. Wherefore, seeing the acts and events, which are the subject of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the soul of man, poetry is ready at hand to feign acts greater and more heroical. Seeing that true history propounds the successes of actions in no wise proportionable to the merit of virtue and vice, poetry corrects it, and exhibits issues and fortunes more agreeable to desert, and more according to the law of Providence. Seeing that true history, by representing actions and events more ordinary, and less interchanged, satiates the mind of man, poetry cheers and refreshes the same; chanting things rare and unexpected, and full of alternated variations. So that poetry serves and contributes not

only to delight, but also to magnanimity and morality. Wherefore it may seem, and with reason too, to partake of a kind of divinity, because it erects and exalts the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the images of things to the desires of the mind; not by buckling and bowing the mind to the nature of things, as reason and history do: and by these allurements and congruities, whereby it soothes the soul of man, joined also with symphony of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it has made itself a way to esteem even in very rude times, and with barbarous nations, where other learning has stood wholly excluded."—*De Augmentis Scientiarum, Lib. 2. c. 13.*

The argument and the style are alike worthy of Plato, to whom the author stands opposed. The reasoning of the latter, however, as a religious philosopher, and as a legislator, is in some points irrefragably just, as it is eloquently impressive.

In objecting to the Homeric Gods warring against each other, he throws out an intimation not unworthy the notice of some, who, having the benefit of revelation, ascribe to their deity attributes and qualities, which, if imitated by their fellow-men, they would deprecate with horror. "This (says Plato), is no true example; if, at least, it becomes those who are to be guardians of the state, to think it the highest infamy that we should fall easily into enmity with each other." For the same reason, he condemns the "decking out in attractive story the wars of heroes with their near kindred and neighbours; but, if by any means we can be persuaded that no citizen should ever be at enmity with another, and that this would not be holy, then such rather should be the subjects to be related to boys by the elders and aged women, and such the themes of which the poets should be compelled to treat."—*De Republicâ, lib. 2.*

He argues forcibly on Æschylus imputing mendacity and perfidy to the God Apollo. "Such as God is," he observes, "so should he ever be represented, whether he be made the subject of epic verses or odes, or tragedy. Is not God good, and is he

not so to be spoken of?" These suggestions are wise as they are pious; but in touching on the question of moral evil, which the tragic poets have endeavoured to explain by the machinery of fate, he naturally loses himself in the intricacy of a question which even revealed religion has veiled with the cloud of allegory, and which unassisted intellect would penetrate in vain. "Let not the youths hear what is said by Æschylus; when God wishes utterly to destroy a house, he invents for mortals the cause of destruction. Should any one cite the iambics, in which are contained the sufferings of Niobe, or of Pelops, or the Trojans, or others similar, either it should not be permitted to say that these are the works of God, or if they are of God, we must find in them that reason which we are seeking; and, we must say, that God has wrought what is just and good, and that they have been helped by being chastened." If the words are rightly translated, he seems here to have a glimpse of the deity's possible production of general or ultimate good by the instrumentality of evil; but his ideas are not distinct; and he soon introduces a conflicting power or blind antagonism, and stumbles by anticipation on the Manichæan principle: "Does that which is not injurious injure? By no means. Can that which does not injure do any thing evil? This also cannot be granted. Then that which does no evil cannot be the cause of evil. Is not the good being conducive to good? Certainly. He is therefore the cause of well-doing. The good being is not the cause of all things, but he is the cause of those only which are good, and by no means of those which are evil. Of evil things, we must seek some other cause than God." This syllogistic induction leaves the grand difficulty unsolved, or rather "worse confounded." But his argument against the imputed transformation of the

deities is no less clear than sublime. He asks whether God, who is from necessity immutable, and being the best of beings cannot change, except into something worse, ought to be represented as a juggler assuming different forms, and presenting illusions; and he objects to mothers telling such things* to their children, lest they should, at the same time, blaspheme the Gods, and increase their children's natural timidity. "It is impossible," he observes, "that God should will his own change; but as he must needs be the fairest and the best which is possible to be, he must needs remain to eternity in the simplicity of his own form." The Gods, however, of the Greek dramatists, act upon the whole a more suitable and dignified part than those of Homer; and whatever be the errors of their theology in the eyes of an enlightened theist, it cannot be doubted that the general design and tendency of their dramas is to awaken virtuous sympathies, and supply a moral check to the excesses of the passions; nor can it be denied that they are fraught with reflexions, evincing something more than the wisdom of popular apothegms, and indicating the observant study of the minds, as well as the manners of men.

Those chorusses have naturally the most interest which bear directly on the business of the scene. In this respect, those of Æschylus and Euripides appear to have generally the advantage over those of Sophocles, which are more remote and indirect in their allusions, and stand more detached from the action. Those of Æschylus partake of the imputed turgidness, or *grandiloquence*, as Quintilian terms it, of his general style. Where they have a prophetic character, however, their metaphorical expression and desultory connexion are in unison with their scope and subject. Euripides, in his lyrical passages, seems to have the

* What he observes in another place is well worthy attention. He decides that the fables of mythology "should not be allowed admission into the state, or permitted to be taught the young; whether these things be spoken under the figure of allegory or not; for that the young cannot discriminate in these matters, and the opinions imbibed at that early age, are with difficulty eradicated. For their sake, therefore, the greatest care should be taken that in regard to what they first hear, they may hear such tales only as have a beautiful and virtuous tendency."

most variety and passion; nor is there any choral strain of Sophocles which equals in tenderness the Ode to Love, in Hippolitus. Were the three dramatists to be characterized, it might be said that Æschylus stood alone in preternatural grandeur, and terrific energy. The Prometheus resembles the gigantic creations and superhuman passion and pathos of Milton. Sophocles has a more elegant and chastened dignity, and conducts his fable to its close with perfect judgment and knowledge of effect. He opens his dramas skilfully, by bringing forward his characters, and entering at once upon the action; in which he has a great advantage over Euripides, whose tedious prologizing narrations have a heavy and inartificial air. Sophocles is distinguished by the poetry of his style, the sublimity of his passion, and his bold invention of solemn and striking situations. His picture of Œdipus waiting with his daughters at the mouth of an unfathomable cavern, in expectation of being removed from the world, the supernatural voice that calls him, and the manner of his disappearance, shrouded in darkness and mystery, and only to be collected from the posture of Theseus, as he stands motionless, with his hands veiling his eyes, are imagined with uncommon feeling and power. Tenderness and melancholy pathos are more peculiarly the province of Euripides. Aristotle speaks of him as the most "tragical:" by which he means that the issue of his dramas is more frequently sad and fatal: that critic conceiving that an unhappy catastrophe was best suited to the end of tragedy; the moving terror and compassion. There is more general nature in Euripides. Aristophanes taunts him, in the spirit of a French critic, with his ragged princes. This is a compliment to his fearless good sense and truth of feeling, and his disdain of a false dignity. His nurses and domestics act their parts with his Gods and heroes, and his scenes are in consequence more diversified, and more tinged

with common-life reality. In this he resembles Shakspeare, who combined in himself, by the happy accident of his genius, the differing characters of Æschylus and Euripides. He resembles Shakspeare also in those comic strokes which* throw a gleam of strong contrast and effect on circumstances of stirring interest and busy horror. The incident of Hercules entering with rough joviality, a self-invited guest, ignorant that the wife of his host was dying in another chamber, is quite in Shakspeare's best manner. His superiority to Sophocles in the pathetic, may be determined by comparing the two poets in their management of the assassination of Clytemnestra. In both, Electra encourages with her voice the deed of her brother, which is perpetrated behind the scenes: but in Euripides, he immediately afterwards comes forward with "strong compunctious visitings," and she also shares in the agony of the shame and the remorse. None but a master of tragic pathos would have ventured to create this opportunity. As a poet, exclusive of dramatic art, Euripides abounds with imagery: the *Bacchæ* is rich in romantic luxuriance of description. He is distinguished from the other dramatists by being more rhetorical, and exhibiting contests of reasoning between his characters. He abounds also in moral sentiments; and, on this account, is thought by Quintilian to be the most useful tragedian of the three.

Ingenuity has been exercised in seeking among the moderns for parallels with the three tragic poets of Greece. Corneille has been chosen to match with Æschylus, Racine with Euripides, and Voltaire with Sophocles. This may serve to mark the proportional differences of manner, but there are no just grounds of comparison. The French dramas are essentially anti-dramatic; they are descriptions, not imitations; they are rather epics, in the form of dramas, than genuine tragedies. They are pieces of declamatory sen-

* The exclusion of the drunken porter, whose soliloquizing fills up the appalling interval left between the murder of Duncan, and the opening of the door at which the knocking is heard, is a proof of the refinement of the modern theatre and its audience. It equally proves how much wiser Shakspeare was than his critics.

timent and rhetorical argument, by means of which the poet himself describes an action. They are without force of invention, without manners, without poetry, and without pathos. Among the English, Otway and Rowe have been compared with Euripides and Sophocles. The former is below the standard, and the latter

has little but his "golden lines" to countenance his affinity. The elder poets have alone strength to stand the trial. In Shakspeare, the traits of connatural genius are striking. If Shakspeare must rank with Æschylus, perhaps Ford and Massinger may complete the parallel triumvirate.

VIDA.

ANGLING AND IZAAK WALTON.

" Oh the gallant Fisher's life !
It is the best of any,
Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd by many:
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is,
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure."

MAY is born—and the fishing season is now come on ; they who find pleasure at the water side, in tender green meadows, or at the troublous tail of a noisy mill—may leave the busy, crowded parts of the earth, and betake themselves to the solitary streams to diet off that "content and pleasure," which only angling gives. " Oh, the gallant fisher's life !" What can compare with it ? The huntsman's is a maddening and a fearful sport:—the shooter is but an armed pedestrian:—the cocker feeds on a vicious joy:—only the angler parleys with nature, and cultivates that skill which "breeds no ill." *He* is your only pure liver ! He it is, who, according to his own account, contemplates heaven in the clear rivers, who tunes his life to the calmness of their course, and who asks no other society but

The silver scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.

Happy must that man be, the thread of whose life is "a silken line," who finds nothing more crooked in existence than the hook upon which he wreathes his fly,—and who covets but

—— To meditate his time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

There are two kinds of anglers, as there are two kinds of poets ; there is the angler who adores the artless pursuit for its own dear sake, and who finds its own exceeding great reward in it:—and there is the angler who has read himself into a watery-inspiration, and who commits himself to his *lines*, because he sees so much beauty in the art, as laid down by those who have tenderly expounded it. There are very few *honest* brothers of the angle in this world, we verily believe;—for to be a real fisherman, a man must be, rarely made about the heart, and innocently, not craftily, qualified in the mind. He must be quiet, persevering, passionless. He must be healthy—and unwearying. He must love early hours at night and morning. He must be no speculatist—and yet greedy of solitude. The true angler must be one who can quit his warm bed, when the morning covers the streams with its first cold pearly light, who can steal quietly about his house, break his fast with a crust and a cup of chill milk—hang his basket at his back, and sally forth alone to rivers

—— By whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

He must be able to *plash* about in the wet reeds, and the long dank

grass in the meadows, toiling after the prowling pike or the darting trout. He must be willing to divorce himself from the human voice, from the social pleasures of life, and be satisfied with returning at evening, hungry and wet, and with spreading on the dresser one or two fast-fading speckled trout, fished a second time, with difficulty, out of their bed of wet and fresh-scented grass. A man thus qualified, must surely, like the poet, be born, and not made; it is the would-be-angler, as well as the would-be-poet, that is imperfectly built out of books.

Izaak Walton has much to answer for in the way of converting men into anglers. He is at the head of that sect of water-Quakers, who profess peace and simplicity, and who covet none but drab-coloured pleasures. He gave the epithet of "gentle," to anglers, and set forth the patient contentment of the art in language that readeth like artlessness itself. He it was who showed how necessary it was for a man to pass his life by the side of a winding river, or up to his ankles in the shallows, in order to the well fitting his mind for virtuous and soothing contemplation. He was the wight who proved that truth did not lie in a well, but in running waters. It is next to impossible for a man to read Walton's *Complete Angler*, and not to sigh for a day by the Lea River; a struggle with "a logger-headed chub," a discourse on the dressing of a silver eel, and a taste of honest Maudlin's voice, in one of her sweetest milking songs,—“that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow.” The language of the book is not mere language, not poor dead words, but words living and winding as the silver Dee; for the very babbling of the waters seems to have crept into it—and the air of fresh fishing-days breathes in every sentence.

The latest edition* of Walton's artless book, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting publications that has appeared since that honest old man was wont to leave his ricketty house in Fleet-street, and to unthread the lazy, silent Lea for days

together. All that could be done to make it the *Complete Angler* has been done. Every thing in the book is of the fish,—fishy. The simple gills of Master Izaak bask quietly beneath the shadow of the first leaf—and every honest angling character,—fishing spot,—or trolling incident,—is illustrated by the artist in graven pictures, which hold the subjects in lines, fine and powerful as those which the fly-fisher casts over the gallant river. The trout, the pike, the perch, and the salmon, never had their portraits taken at full length before: they seem alive and just out of the water, and laid on the fresh leaves for the lover of the angle to look at. The spots—the streaks—the pearly lustre of life is upon them; and, if old Izaak could see himself so enriched, he would stare to find fish so well and cunningly dressed. The views of Amwell—of the Lea River—Ware—and the sketches of Dove-Dale, have a spirit and beauty in them, worthy of the spirit and beauty which mark the descriptions in the work itself. Nature sees herself reflected in the book, as in a brook; and no reader can help angling about the pages, so long as the smallest vignette remains to be *caught*. We can only say that those who love a delightful book—delightfully *got up*, ought to have Major's edition of Izaak Walton. At the same time, we must say, that the purse will not close with the purchase of this completest edition of the *Complete Angler*; for we will defy the reader, after perusing it, and dwelling on the illustrations, to avoid buying a rod—a reel—a line—a plumb—a dozen hooks—gym—gut—and a gentle-box: we will defy him to abstain from rambling about the fresh waters, near Tottenham Cross, with peace at his heart, and a basket at his back; we will defy him to sleep quietly in his bed, on a *likely* morning, when the wind is south, and the May-fly is expected to unfurl his cowslip-coloured wing over the waters.

We grow poetical. We must draw in our lines. Our readers must pardon us. Two of our *body*, it must

* The *Complete Angler* of Izaak Walton, and Charles Cotton, extensively embellished with engravings on copper and wood, from original paintings and drawings, by first-rate artists, &c. Major, Fleet Street, 1823.

be confessed, are true brothers of the angle; and, the remarks we offer are written under the influence of their spirit. In conclusion, however, to show that we are not all of us troubled with *water in the head*, we beg to submit an Ode, writ by one of our fraternity, expressive of his love for Walton, and the literature of the angler's art, and of his own ina-

bility to practise the art itself. He shows that he can *read* Walton—but not *act* him; admire the line, which he cannot throw. Indeed, we question whether any person in existence could help fishing by his own fire-side, when his mind could cast a fly, or steep a float in such streams as wind through the pages of Izaak Walton.

ODE TO MASTER IZAAK WALTON.

1.

Oh pleasant Old Master Walton!—
The white and sweet Lea river,
That runneth through meads,
And 'tween flagged reeds,
Babbleth of thee for ever!

2.

God rest thee, ah, Gentle Izaak!
Thou hast cast good lines in the Lea, to
Entrap silly fish;
And 'tis now my wish
To throw these lines to thee too.

3.

I have oft tried to be a fisher:
And still for the angle sigh now—
But my rod is in pickle,
My lines are fickle;
And my *hook* is all my *eye* now!

4.

I have taken thy work to the water,
And long angled *per* Piscator:
But to fish by the book,
In the fishiest brook,
I find is against my *natur*!

5.

The Angler is like the poet,—
That is, he—*nascitur, non fit*;
My fish has no mouth,
For the wind of the South,
And I find 'mid my maggots not one fit.

6.

I walk with a *reel* like a drunkard:
And toil in my troutless rambles:
Oh! my *gut* wears out
Long before the trout,
And my flies make friends with the brambles.

7.

Oh teach me, sweet Master Walton,—
Teach lovers of thine who wish well!
To chuck the chin
Of the chubb, within
His deeps;—and in shallows to fish well.

8.

I never caught more than one pike,
And that was the longest of fishes;
But a serjeant, whose eye
It caught passing by—
Said 'twas one of the third Militia's!

9.

God rest thee—oh sweetest Izaak !
 Thou wert the best of the Angle ;
 All the river fair,
 From Lea-bridge to Ware,
 Thou did'st love to disentangle.

10.

Oh thou wert an honest pilgrim,
 And nought could be sweeter or calmer,—
 Than gently to look
 Up the gadding brook,
 On the Pilgrim with his *brown Palmer* ! *

11.

Thy Soul was a gentle creature—
 And always prepared to die was ;
 And when her bright
 Wing took its flight,
 It no *artificial fly* was !

12.

But the worms, I fear me, hail'd thee ;
 And to catch thee 'twas their desire once :—
 “ Come nibble away,
 Brother brandlings gay,
 For he lined our bellies with wire once ! ”

13.

Yet enough !—Thy book must content me,
 For skill will not come with the wishing ;
 So I'll take to thy lines,
 As the summer shines,—
 And so, go a-fancy-fishing.

14.

Farewell, good Master Walton !
 May Madge sing her verses near thee !
 And Lea as it speeds
 Through the merry meads,
 With its watery voice endear thee ! E. W.

* Master Izaak was not mighty in *fly-fishing*. In this branch of the art he was worsted by Cotton.

SONNET:—DEATH.

Tom Hood

It is not death, that some time in a sigh
 'This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight ;
 That some time the live stars, which now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow ;—
 That verse shall cease, and the immortal spright
 Be lapp'd in alien clay, and laid below :—
 It is not death to know this, but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves,
 In tender pilgrimage will cease to go
 So duly and so oft ; and when grass waves
 Over the past-away, there may be then
 No resurrections in the minds of men ! T.

**ST. PAUL'S CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT CRETANS, EXEMPLIFIED
BY AN INTERESTING STORY FROM POLYBIUS.**

THE Cretans, from very early times, have had the misfortune to be stigmatised as a vicious nation. Their character for falsehood in particular was so firmly established, as to become a proverb; so that, *to play the Cretan* was another phrase to signify lying. With this vice especially, and with some others, they were reproached by Epimenides, one of their own countrymen. And though ancient history has not left us a large account of them, we may yet collect enough to understand that his character of them was at least as good as they got from the rest of the world. The common saying, that was current in the world respecting them, joined the Cretans with the Cilicians and the Cappadocians (the names beginning all with the same letter), and pronounced them to be the three worst people existing. What it might be that entitled the Cappadocians to such a distinction I know not; but the Cilicians were a villanous tribe, who were situated on the southern shores of Asia Minor, and infested all that part of the Mediterranean with their piracies. Polybius has related something more specific of the Cretan manners. "Their laws (says he) allow them to possess land to an unlimited extent; and they count it to be not only a necessary, but a most honourable acquisition to get as much as they can. In short, sordid avarice is so general and inherent there, that, of all mankind, the Cretans are the only people who think no gain whatever to be disgraceful." The same author describes another part of their character in these terms: "The Cretans, for ambushes on land or sea, for attacks by night, and for any thing of stratagem, are superior to all others; but for a set battle, face to face, they have neither courage nor steadiness. In all those qualities the Achæans and the Macedonians are directly opposite to them."

The evidence of Epimenides against the Cretans is cited by St. Paul; and his manner of doing so renders it double: for to the words of Epimenides he adds, *this witness is true*. We may therefore rely upon it that he had acquaintance enough

with their character to warrant him in joining his testimony to that of the Cretan sage.

Whether or no the commentators have brought forward any historical facts to corroborate St. Paul's statement, I am not sufficiently conversant with them to say; but this I will venture to assert, that the story to be detailed in these pages from the history of Polybius, confirms the Cretan character for falsehood, treachery, and deliberate wickedness, beyond any other upon record.

INTRODUCTION.

To render the following story intelligible, it is necessary to premise a few circumstances relating to the persons engaged in it, and the state of the country in which it happened.

Seleucus the younger succeeded his father, of the same name, in that extensive portion of Alexander's conquests, then denominated the kingdom of Syria, which included some considerable provinces on the western side of Mount Taurus. Soon after his accession, he marched with a large army against Attalus, King of Pergamus, who, a few years before, had invaded and possessed himself of those provinces. But while he was upon his march he was treacherously murdered; the command of the expedition then fell to his near relation, by name Achæus; whose conduct was so able and successful, that the troops proposed to make him king. This for the present he refused, acknowledging as his sovereign, Antiochus, the next brother of Seleucus: but, not long after, having regained all that Attalus had taken, and reduced that monarch to extremity, and having beside subdued all the country around, he assumed the royal title and diadem; and still continuing to govern with great ability and energy, his alliance was courted by divers states, and he was esteemed the most formidable potentate of Asia Minor. Meanwhile, Antiochus had no leisure to disturb him; for he was employed in putting down a rebellion in a different part of his dominions, and otherwise engaged in a war with Ptolemy Philopator,

King of Egypt: but having, after some time, extinguished the first, and made peace with the latter, he turned his arms against Achæus, and pressed him so hard, that he was constrained to shut himself up in Sardes, his capital, where Antiochus closely besieged him. The citadel of Sardes, which stood upon a high rock, was impregnable; the city itself was very strong; but this was taken by surprize in the second year of the siege; and it deserves to be told how the wily sagacity of a Cretan (one who served in the army of Antiochus) led to the capture. A part of the city wall stood just above a lofty precipice, at the bottom of which was a great pit or hollow; here the besieged used to cast their offal, and throw down the carcasses of their horses, and other dead beasts, so that the place was continually haunted by vultures and birds of prey. This man then observed, that the birds, after feeding, always mounted to the top of the precipice, or the wall, and sat there undisturbed; from whence he concluded for certain, that no guard could be stationed thereabout. Antiochus, acting upon the information of this Cretan, entered the town from that quarter, and took it by assault. Achæus, however, still held out in the citadel, which was not to be reduced, except by famine: but the blockade had continued more than a twelvemonth, and was still obstinately carried on.

Under these circumstances, Ptolomy, King of Egypt, became anxious for the personal safety of Achæus, who had been his ally: and the ensuing fragment of Polybius is a narrative of the attempt which he made to extricate him, and the event.

There was a native of Crete, named Bolis, who had long resided as an officer in the court of Ptolomy. He was intelligent, bold, and for military practice and experience esteemed equal to the best. Sosibius (Ptolomy's chief minister) having held many discourses with this man, and finding him well disposed towards himself, and ready to be employed on any service, informs him that there was nothing by which he could at that time gratify the King so much, as by devising some means to save Achæus. Hereupon Bolis

promised to consider what was proposed, and departed. After two or three days' deliberation, he returns to Sosibius, and engages to undertake the business; saying, that he had been a considerable time in Sardes, and was well acquainted with all the place: and also, that Cambylus, the commander of the Cretan troops in the service of Antiochus, was not only his fellow-citizen, but his relation and friend. Now it happened that Cambylus, and the Cretans under his command, were entrusted with the care of a port which lay just beneath the citadel: and the nature of the place being such, that they could not erect any works to secure it, they kept a constant guard upon the spot. Sosibius readily embraced the proposal, believing that, if it were possible to rescue Achæus from his situation, no man could perform it so well as Bolis, who manifested such an alacrity for the undertaking. It was, therefore, presently resolved upon; and that nothing might be wanting, Sosibius advanced money, and also made great promises in case of success: moreover, enlarging upon the favour which Bolis would obtain both from the King, and Achæus when delivered; so that he was incited to entertain the highest hopes. And now being ready, he set sail without delay; taking confidential letters to Nicomachus at Rhodes, (who bore towards Achæus the affection of a father) and likewise to Melancomas at Ephesus. These were the men by whom Achæus used to communicate with Ptolomy, and whom he employed in all his other foreign correspondence. Bolis, having found them willing to assist in the project, sends forward one Arian, a man under his command, to Cambylus, informing him that he was sent out from Alexandria to enlist a number of foreign troops; and that he was desirous of conferring with Cambylus upon some necessary matters: that for this purpose he wished to meet him privately, at some time and place appointed.

Cambylus did not hesitate to comply with his request: he appointed a place well known to them both, and engaged to repair thither by night; and, with this answer, Arian was sent back. In the meanwhile,

Bolis, being, like a Cretan, of an unsteady and crafty nature, turned the whole affair over again in his mind, considering it in every circumstance and shape: the result was, that, having met Cambylus, according to the appointment, he produced his commission and instructions; which being laid between them, they held a consultation, after the Cretan fashion: that is, they did not deliberate upon saving the person who was in danger, nor upon performing the promise made to their employers; but how they might, with security, best turn the thing to their own profit: and being both Cretans, they soon came to an agreement; which was, first, to divide the money (ten talents) advanced by Sosibius, between themselves: next, to disclose the matter to Antiochus; and, if they could obtain his concurrence, to promise to deliver Achæus into his hands; on condition, however, of a present reward, and future expectations, such as so extraordinary a service merited. This being settled, Cambylus undertook to treat with Antiochus, and Bolis engaged to send Arian to Achæus, with a token, and letters from Nicomachus and Melancomas. Cambylus again was to take care that Arian should pass safely to and from the citadel; and, if Achæus approved of the scheme offered him, and gave answers to Nicomachus and Melancomas, then Bolis was to step in and conduct the business. Their parts being thus arranged, they separated, and began to act. And, first, Cambylus laid the affair before the King. Antiochus was overjoyed at a proposal so agreeable and so unexpected, and readily promised all that they asked of him: yet he was not without some doubt, till having inquired circumstantially into their plan and measures, he, at last, gave them full credit—thought that Providence itself concurred in the design, and repeatedly intreated Cambylus to accomplish it. Bolis, likewise, performed his part with Nicomachus and Melancomas, who, believing that he was sincere, immediately gave to Arian letters for Achæus, advising him to trust Bolis and Cambylus. These letters were in their usual cipher, and so written, that if they fell into the hands of a stranger,

he would not understand them. Arian, by means of Cambylus, got into the citadel, and delivered the letters: and, as he had witnessed the business from the beginning, he gave a particular and accurate account of the whole. He was often and strictly examined respecting Sosibius and Bolis, and again respecting Nicomachus and Melancomas, but especially respecting Cambylus; and he answered sincerely and openly; which he might well do, as he knew nothing of the agreement that Bolis and Cambylus had made in secret. Achæus trusting to the replies of Arian, but much more to the communications from Nicomachus and Melancomas, immediately sent back Arian with an answer; and this correspondence was repeated more than once. In conclusion, Achæus, having no other hope of safety, resolved to follow the advice of Nicomachus; and desired him to send Bolis and Arian in some night, when there was no moon, and he would put himself into their hands. This letter was received by Melancomas, who thereupon directed Bolis to proceed, making him great promises in case of success. He accordingly had another private consultation with Cambylus; and that was, how to take Achæus alive, if possible; for upon that circumstance depended a great part of their expectation from Antiochus. This then was the arrangement they made. When Achæus came out, Arian was to go foremost, because he knew the path, having gone by it several times in passing to and from the citadel; and Bolis was to keep behind the rest, that when they came to the spot where Cambylus placed his ambush, he might lay hold on Achæus, lest in the tumult and darkness he should escape into the woods; or throw himself down some precipice, and so not be taken alive, as they intended. This being settled, Cambylus that same night introduced Bolis to Antiochus, who received him graciously, and gave him full assurance of what he had promised; and earnestly intreated them both not to delay their undertaking. They then returned to their quarter; and, towards the morning, Bolis, taking Arian with him, went up to the citadel, and entered while it was yet dark. There

he was received with the greatest kindness by Achæus; who questioned him at much length upon every circumstance of his engagement; and, perceiving him, both by his appearance and discourse, to be a person fully capable, he was one while overjoyed at the hopes of saving himself, but again terrified to a degree of agony at the view of what might befall him. Being then a man of excellent understanding, and much experience in the world, his determination was not to rely on Bolis entirely. He therefore told him, that, for the present, it was impossible for himself to leave the citadel; but that he would send out with him three or four friends, and when they were come to Melancomas, that he himself would be ready. In this Achæus did as much as possible: but he did not recollect, that, according to the proverb, he was acting the Cretan against a Cretan: for the sagacity of Bolis perceived what must be meant under this pretence. When the night arrived, in which he said he should send out his friends, he dismissed Bolis and Arian first, to the entrance of the citadel, with orders to wait there for those who were to accompany them out. While they did so in obedience to his commands, he communicated his plan to his wife: and, having staid some little time to comfort and soothe her—for she was distracted by the suddenness of the information—he took four companions, whom he clothed as persons of a middle rank, but drest himself as a common man, in a coarse and ordinary garment. To one of those companions, he gave directions that he alone should answer, if Arian or Bolis asked any questions; and also be the person to make inquiries, if necessary; and should say that the rest were barbarians. When they had joined Arian, he led the way, as being acquainted with it; and Bolis, according to his plan, stationed himself in the rear; but not without feeling some doubt and perplexity. For though he was a Cretan, and ready to suspect any thing against his neighbour, yet now, because of the darkness, he was at a loss respecting Achæus, being unable not only to discover which he was, but even to perceive whether or *no he was in the company.*

The path by which they were descending was for the most part steep and difficult to walk upon, with some slippery and dangerous passes. As often then as they came to such a place, some would help Achæus down, others received him from their hands (for they could not entirely forbear showing him their accustomed respect, even at that season): by this Bolis quickly perceived which of them was Achæus. When they came near the place which Cambylus had appointed, Bolis gave the signal by a whistle; the men in wait rose up and laid hold of the rest, Bolis himself seizing Achæus, while he had his hands within his clothes; for he was afraid lest he should dispatch himself with a sword he had about him. Being then surrounded on all sides, he fell into the hands of his enemies, and was, together with his friends, directly brought to Antiochus. That monarch had begun to entertain doubts of the enterprise, and anxiously expected the result. He had dismissed his company, and was sitting awake in his tent, attended only by two or three of his body guard. When Cambylus and his party entered and laid down Achæus in bonds on the ground before him, he was struck dumb at the sudden sight, and after keeping silence for some time burst into tears. He was moved to this, in my opinion, at beholding the inevitable and strange reverses of fortune. For Achæus was the son of Andromachus, the brother of Laodice, Seleucus's Queen; he had himself married Laodice, the daughter of King Mithridates, and he was lord of all the country west of mount Taurus. In that same hour, when both his own troops, and the adversary, thought him posted in the securest fortress in the world, he was sitting bound on the earth, in the hands of his enemies; while no one yet knew what had happened, but those who were engaged in his capture.

At break of day the King's friends assembled as usual in his tent; and were not less affected than the King had been, by the spectacle which was there exposed to their view; wondering at what had occurred, and hardly believing their sight. A council being called, there was much debate on the punishment that Achæus

ought to suffer; and in conclusion they passed on their wretched prisoner this sentence, to have his hands and feet cut off, then to be beheaded, his head to be sewed up in the bladder of an ass, and his body crucified. This having been put in execution, and the army informed of what was done, it caused such a sensation throughout the whole camp, that Laodice in the citadel, who knew only of her husband's departure from thence, understood his fate by the extraordinary commotion that prevailed there. A herald soon after arrived to announce the capture and death of Achæus, and to summon her to lay down her authority, and retire from the fortress. His message received no other answer from those within it than frantic cries and lamentations, which proceeded not more from good will to Achæus than from the calamity which so strangely and unexpectedly now threatened every one of themselves. From this time they fell into great difficulty and distress. In the meantime, Antiochus, having dispatched Achæus, continued his blockade, with confidence that he should get possession of the citadel, by means of those within it, especially the soldiers, as it came to pass; for they disputed among themselves, and fell into parties: some siding with Ariobazus (he had been governor of the city till it was taken), and some with Laodice: upon which account each distrusting the other, they soon both yielded up themselves and the place.

Thus Achæus having done every thing for his safety that reason could suggest, fell by the treachery of those

whom he relied on: leaving to posterity this twofold lesson: 1st, to trust no man readily: 2d, not to be lifted up by prosperity; but to be prepared for the greatest reverse of fortune, from which no man is secure.

For the chronology of these transactions the following outline may be sufficient:

A. C.

Antiochus succeeded his brother Seleucus, in the year before Christ..... 223

At this period Achæus took the command of Seleucus's army, which is his first appearance in history.

The great battle of Raphia was fought between Antiochus and Ptolemy..... 217

Three months afterwards a peace was concluded between those monarchs; and then Antiochus turned his arms against Achæus.

It does not appear that Achæus made a long resistance in the field; but Sardes, whither he retired, endured more than a year's siege. Chronologers place his capture and death in the year..... 215

He was probably not far advanced in years at that time; for his father, Andromachus, was living but a few years before; according to Usher, four; and Nicomachus, by whose counsel he trusted to Bolis, loved him as a son. See Usher's *Annal.* p. 279. and Polyb. b. 4, and 8.

This is the Antiochus who was afterwards engaged in an unsuccessful war against the Romans, and obliged to give up all the territories which he now recovered from Achæus, as the price of peace.

ON SIGNS, A RAMBLE.

I CONFESS, Mr. Editor, that I should not like to have been that man who—

Died and made no sign.

I own my respect for signs. Yes; I like 'em all,—from *Aquarius* and *Virgo* down to the *Cat and Kittens* (they, indeed, carry somewhat of a domestic interest) in the vicinity of Eastcheap. I was born opposite *The Ring of Bells*, as it was called, in the little village of

R——. The church was near, and, when I was exceeding young, I used to confound the house of prayer with the house of entertainment, its neighbour. I could not understand what bells they could be which rung unless they were those on the sign.

But as to signs—as I have said, I like 'em all. One of your waggish correspondents objects to the *Swan with Two Necks*, because of the

"double bills." I am free from such apprehensions. I put great faith in the hospitality of signs. They speak to me for ever in the same unruffled tone "Welcome, welcome." They are not old friends with new faces. They are never surprised to see me, yet always glad. If I am hungry, I know there is food; if I am wet, there is a fire; and, if weary, a bed. An inn is the only place where there seems to be *profusion*. You feel that you are in a land of plenty. The look of the larder is as the fumes of the rich man's kitchen to the nostrils of Signor de Santillane. He sniffed—to absolute repletion. That *was* a steam! What is the goading of boats or barges to this? Can we fill a man's stomach with steam *now*? (I mean satisfactorily.) What is a whole cauldron, though of 1000 horse power, to the odour of your friend Elia's roast pig? What would the whole Thames be, fuming and curling up in hot vapours, to the strange miscellaneous relish which takes the nostrils in the great dinner room at Greenwich? Mere water, heat it and multiply it how you will, is after all nothing more than water. Even Dr. Sangrado failed to establish its nutritive reputation: it perished after all—with his patients.

But I said that I liked signs—I do. I like them because they indicate the comfortable. And I like them for their own sakes too. The most jealous sign (even *The Horns* at Kennington) must be satisfied with such admiration. Oh! there is something admirable even in the extravagance of a sign. It seemeth to enlarge Nature. The bears and lions (red, blue, and white,) are not an affront to her divine simplicities. They seem less to thrust in an anomalous population upon her, than to extend the boundaries of "legitimate science." There *may* be lions and bears of any and every colour. I believe that the imagination cannot create an impossibility. Once we believed that there were no mermaids, but we live to repent our error. Who (that has *paid* his shilling) will deny that fact?

The most delicate sign of all is *The Angel*. It looks like an indirect compliment to "the sex:" or, if it aim at higher portraiture, so much

the better. I prefer them with wings, I confess; for then there can be no mistake. I do not dislike the *Lord Nelson*, though he is out of date, nor the *Lord Wellington*, though he is too modern, nor *The King's Head*, though it looks ambitious, nor the *Jolly Angler*, though it be out of season: but the *Duke of Marlborough's* head has too much hair to please me, and the *Marquis of Granby's* too little. In the heels of the *Horse* and the horns of the *Bull* there appeareth, indeed, something objective. I do not ask for such Cerberean introducers. But to the *Dog* I have no such dislike: I rather anticipate a pleasure in giving him the crumbs. Then again the *Duck* is well enough; you admire its ubiquity,—*there* and in the larder at once. The *Hen and Chickens* lead one to guess that our host may have a family,—a dozen children, and a busy stirring wife. The *Punch-bowl* is good, so it be capacious; and the *Pope's Head*, looking so full of absolutions, almost tempts one to be a sinner in one's drink.

These are some of the more simple signs: but there are others more complex—more abstruse. They have a meaning, and sometimes a moral, and now and then a puzzle involved in them. There is the *Cock and Harp*. What is the cock and harp? If it mean eating and music, the "Harp and Capon" were better. If it would be euphonious, I would advise the "Hen and Harp,"—but the "Cock and Harp" is little more than an insult upon the public.—At Canterbury there is the figure of a gentleman in a long gown. This I found on inquiry (of the guard) to be St. Lawrence, who was broiled as, I am told, we now-a-days broil eels—alive. (What fellows those infidels were!) And at Gadshill there is the sign of the "Falstaff." These things I like well enough: they are matters of history, and should be remembered. Then there is the *Goose and Gridiron*, which is apt and emblematic. The *Bacchus* with the bunch of grapes, is absolutely mythological. What a maker of Pagans would he be beyond the rest of his brother Gods! The *Mouse and Mopstick* I do not entirely comprehend, nor the *Wig and Waterspout*, though the last must, I conceive, have been the invention of some traveller.

Besides these, there is *The Hole in the Wall* in Chancery-lane, which probably has its tradition. This last ingenious sign (every thing now is ingenious) has contrived to enlist under its banner, as landlord, Mr. John Randall, the eminent pugilist. The fame of this gentleman (shall I call him of "science" or "art?") is of the same attractive quality as the rock which took the zechins out of Sadak's pocket when he was voyaging towards the 'waters of oblivion.' You go into his house confident of your half-crown (you are provided with your threepence for porter), but you come away empty,—beguiled,—an unconscious spendthrift. Sounds and sentiments, all glory and ambition and courage, are as common as copper. Your half-crown is gone and eleven o'clock struck before you know where you are. I avoid all particulars of the interesting colloquies which one may hear there. I own that I could not do them justice. Who is there can describe the noise, the hubbub, the clatter of pipes and mugs, the calling for beer and brandy, the stories (six at a time), the assertions, the denials, the oaths, the bets, the loud laughing, the hallooing from table to table, through mists of tobacco-smoke and fumes of spirits, &c., which form that noisy populous chaos, whose whirring and rage would split the sides of any thing but a tap-room!—

One sign more, and I have done. I speak of that problem, *The Pig and Whistle*. Does any one doubt that they are?—I answer, "I HAVE HEARD THEM." It is too true. There are mammoths, and krakens, and sea-

serpents (150 feet long), and mermaids (amphibious and half-human): there are pigs who play at cards, and a dog, now expected in London, *who can talk*. Then why not the Pig and Whistle? Sir, I once lodged at that perilous sign, and had my comfortable attic for 2s. 6d. a-week, and was content. I was induced to go there principally on account of the toasted cheese (I was born at Caernarvon), and because I was distantly related to the half-brother of the second cousin of the landlord's wife. I say that I lodged at this place of entertainment, and heard the strange conference (like Orpheus) between the music and the beast. Yes; night after night I lay awake, through the loud winds of autumn, and the rain and pattering sleet of December, in the sweet breath of spring, and the silent sultry sleep of summer;—night after night that infernal 'Pig and Whistle' sung their melancholy catches to my ear—first, a hoarse and grating grunt, and then a whining answering noise, like a gate in pain,—bass and treble—treble and bass—constant and terrible discord. I bore it for twelve months, and then ran away, leaving every thing (even the bill) behind me. I was then a medical student and walked St. Thomas's hospital. The puzzle was once discussed in a club, which we instituted for the purpose of inquiring into the "Eleusinian Mysteries," but it has never yet been thoroughly accounted for. Neither has the origin of the sign been detected. Can you or your correspondents throw any light on the subject?

CRITO-GALEN.

BANNOCKS OF BARLEY.

[The following song was written to an old and popular air by Allan Cunningham, for the new edition of Thomson's *Select Melodies of Scotland*.]

1.

Here's to the lake, and the hill, and the heather,
The kilt and the plaid, and the bonnet and feather;
The dirk, the claymore, and the martial pipe charming
The clans to the dance, and the charge, and the storming;
Lads who cry onward, but never cry parley,—
Bold Scottish lads with their bannocks of barley.

2.

In Brussels of late, when the wine-cup was glowing,
The trump sung at midnight while music was flowing;
The Frenchman's plume waved o'er his war-horses foaming,
And " Britain—(he shouted)—thy day's at the gloaming;
Who was't cried " Scotland!" and rush'd on them rarely,—
Who but the lands wi' the bannocks of barley?

3.

And France, when thy best blood was flowing like water,
Amid the fierce onset, the chace, and the slaughter;
When matrons were wailing, and maidens were weeping,
And death the rich harvest of heroes was reaping;
Who spared thee at Laon, and saved thee at Marli,
Who but the lads with the bannocks of barley?

4.

Merry are they as the bird of the forest,
Steadfast are they when the trial is sorest;
Their pipes playing proudly, their flags flying gaily,
Success—like the sun—comes and shines on them daily:
On all who gainsay them the raven feeds rarely;—
Here's to the lads with the bannocks of barley.

5.

Deem ye I dare not step prouder and prouder,
Wake a martial strain more, and sing louder and louder
Of Cluny, Clanranald, Glengary, and Airley,
Lochiel, and the lads who drew claymore for Charlie!
They fought as none fought—they rued it as sairly:—
So here's to the lads with the bannocks of barley.

ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

Who brought me a proof to be corrected, and who fell asleep while it
was undergoing correction:—being an *Ode founded on fact!*

Fallen Cherub!—Milton's Paradise Lost.

1.

Oh! bright and blessed hour;—
The Devil's asleep!—I see his little lashes
Lying in sable o'er his sable cheek:
Closed are his wicked little window sashes,
And tranced is Evil's power!
The world seems hush'd and dreaming out a-doors;
Spirits but speak;
And the heart echoes,—while the Devil snores;

2.

Sleep, baby of the damn'd!
Sleep, where no press of trouble standeth by!
Black wanderer amid the wandering,
How quiet is thine eye!
Strange are thy very small pernicious dreams,—
With shades of printers cramm'd,
And pica, double pica, on the wing!
Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying
The world about,—
Dying,—and yet, not like the Devil dying—
Dele,—the Evil out!

3.

Before sweet sleep drew down
 The blinds upon thy *Day and Martin* eyes,—
 Thou didst let slip thy slip of mischief on me,
 With weary, weary sighs :
 And then, outworn with *demoning* o'er town !
 Oblivion won thee !
 Best of compositors !—Thou didst compose
 Thy decent little wicked self,—and go
 A Devil-cruiser round the shores of sleep—
 I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,
 In the waves of woe :
 Dropping thy lids of lead,
 To sound the dead !

4.

Heaven forgive me !—I
 Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one ;
 And in my scheming, sigh,
 And stagger under a gigantic thought :
 “ What if I run my pen into thine eye,
 And put thee out !
 Killing the Devil will be a noble deed,
 A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—
 To make the Methodist's a stingless creed—
 To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—
 And break the bondage which the Printer presses—
 To change the fate of Lawyers—
 Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—
 Make worthless Sin's approaches—
 To justify the bringing up addresses
 To me, in hackney coaches,
 From operative Sawyers !”

5.

“ To murder thee ”—
 Methinks—“ will never harm my precious head ”—
 For what can chance me, when the Devil is dead !
 —But when I look on thy serene repose,
 Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose,—
 My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep :
 I can but wish thee everlasting sleep !
 Sleep free from dreams,—
 Of type, and ink, and press, and dabbing ball—
 Sleep free from all
 That would make shadowy devilish slumber darker,
 Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker !

6.

Oh ! Fare thee well !
 Farewell—black bit of breathing sin !—Farewell
 Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's hell !
 Young Thing of darkness, seeming
 A small poor *type* of wickedness, *set up* !
 Full is thy little cup
 Of misery in the waking world !—So dreaming
 Perchance may now *undemonize* thy fate
 And bear thee, Black-boy, to a whiter state !
 Yet mortal evil is, than thine, more high :—
 Thou art *upright* in sleep ;—men sleep,—and *lie* !
 And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,
 For *I correct my errors,—while the Devil sleeps* !

NED WARD, JUN.

Mr. Schnackenberg;

OR,

TWO MASTERS FOR ONE DOG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from the last Number.)

CHAPTER XIII.

In which Good Luck and Bad Luck are distributed in equal proportions.

The good luck seemed to have anticipated Mr. Schnackenberg's nearest wishes. For on reaching the Double-barreled Gun, whither he arrived without further disturbance than that of the general gazing to which he was exposed by the fragment of a coat which survived from the late engagement, a billet was put into his hands of the following tenour: "Come and explain this evening, if you can explain, your astonishing neglect of this morning's appointment. I shall be at the theatre; and shall do what I can to dismiss my attendants."

But bad luck came also—in the person of a lawyer. The lawyer stated that he called on the part of the landlady of the Golden Sow, to put the question for the last time in civil terms, "whether Mr. Schnackenberg were prepared to fulfil those just expectations which he had raised in her heart; or whether she must be compelled to pursue her claims by due course of law."

Mr. Schnackenberg was beginning to launch out with great fury upon the shameless and barefaced impudence of such expectations: but the attorney interrupted him; and observed with provoking coolness, "that there was no occasion for any warmth—no occasion in the world; that certainly Mrs. Sweetbread could not have framed these expectations wholly out of the air: something (and he grinned sarcastically), something, it must be supposed, had passed: now, for instance, this wedding-shirt of the late Mr. Sweetbread—she would hardly, I think, have resigned this to your use, Mr. Schnackenberg, unless some engagements had preceded either in the shape of words or of actions. However, said he, this is no part of my business: what remains for me to do on

this occasion is to present her account; and let me add, that I am instructed to say that, if you come to a proper understanding with her on the first point, no further notice will be taken of this last part of my client's demand.

The unfortunate Mr. Schnackenberg considered the case most ruefully and in awful perturbation. He perspired exceedingly. However, at length—"Come, I don't care," said he, "I know what I'll do:" and then sitting down, he drew up a paper, which he presented to Mr. Attorney; at the same time, explaining to him that, rather than be exposed in a court of justice as a supposed lover of Mrs. Sweetbread's, he was content to pay the monstrous charges of her bill without applying to a magistrate for his revision: but upon this condition only, that Mrs. Sweetbread should for herself, heirs, and assigns, execute a general release with regard to Mr. Jeremiah Schnackenberg's body, according to the form here drawn up by himself, and should engage on no pretence whatever to set up any claim to him in times to come.

The attorney took his leave for the purpose of laying this release before his client: but the landlord of the Double-barreled Gun, to whom in confidence Mr. Jeremiah disclosed his perilous situation, shook his head, and said, that if the other party signed the release on the conditions offered, it would be fortunate: as in that case, Mr. Schnackenberg would come off on much easier terms than twenty-three other gentlemen had done, who had all turned into the Golden Sow on different occasions, but not one of whom had ever got clear of the Golden Sow without an expensive contest at law. "God bless my soul!" said Mr. Schnack-

berger, who now "funked" * enormously; "if that's the case, she might well have so much spare room to offer me: 23 gentlemen! God bless my soul!

At this instant, a servant brought back the shoes and clothes of Mr. Schnackenberg's own manufacture, which had been pulled off and left at the hotel of the princess. The student

gave up the pumps and the borrowed coat to the astonished servant, with an assurance that he would wait on her highness and make his personal excuses to her, on account of "a little accident" which had that morning befallen the coat. He then dispatched his own coat to a quarter where something or other might be done to fit it for this sublunary world.

CHAPTER XIV.

In what way Mr. Jeremiah supplies the want of his Coat.

The play-hour was arrived; and yet no coat was forthcoming from the tailor: on the contrary, the tailor himself was gone to the play. The landlord of the Double-barreled Gun, who would readily have lent one, was off upon a rural excursion, and not expected at home before the next morning; and the waiter, whose assistance would not have been disdained in such a pressing emergency, was of so spare and meagre a habit, that, in spite of furious exertions on the part of Mr. Schnackenberg, John's coat would not let itself be entered upon by this new tenant. In this exigency, John bethought him of an old clothesman in the neighbourhood. There he made inquiries. But he, alas! was out on his summer rounds with his whole magazine of clothes; no one article being left with his wife, except a great box-coat, such as is technically called a "dreadnought," for which it was presumed that no demand could possibly arise at this season of the year.

On this report being made, to the great astonishment of the waiter, Mr. Jeremiah said, "Well, then, let us have the dreadnought. If the Fates ordain that I should go to the play in the dog-days appareled in a dreadnought, let not me vainly think of resisting their decrees."

"But," said the waiter, shrugging his shoulders, "the people

"The what?" said Mr. Schnackenberg: "the *people*—was it you said; the *people*? Pray how many people do you reckon to a man? No, Sir, do as I bid you; just bring me the dreadnought and a round hat."

The waiter obeyed: and, although the dreadnought was by one good ell too short, yet Mr. Jeremiah exulted in his strange apparel, because he flattered himself that in such a disguise he could preserve a strict incognito; with a view to which he also left Juno behind, recommending her to the vigilant attentions of the waiter.

CHAPTER XV.

Which contains a Play within a Play.

All the world was astonished, when from the door of the Double-barreled Gun a man stepped forth on the hottest day in August, arrayed as for a Siberian winter in a dreadnought, guarded with furs, and a hat pressed down, so as almost to cover his face. The train of curious persons who attended his motions naturally grew larger at every step.

Whosoever had hitherto doubted whether this man were mad—doubted no longer when he was seen to enter the theatre; where in the lightest summer-clothing the heat was scarcely supportable.

Within the theatre, the attention of all people was directed so undividedly upon himself, that even Mr. Schnackenberg began to opine that he had undertaken something extraordinary: so much the more, thought he, will it be prudent to hide my face, that I may not again compromise my dignity in the presence of her Highness. But this concealment of his face raised the strongest suspicions against him. Throughout the whole house—pit—boxes—and galleries—there was but one subject of conversation; viz. the man in the dreadnought; and, whilst in all

* If any reader should happen not to be acquainted with this word, which, however, is fine old English, and classical at Eton, &c.—the nearest synonyme which I remember at this moment is *Expavescere*.

other parts the house was crowded to excess, upon his bench no soul would sit: and he *created* as much superfluity of room as he had *found* at the Golden Sow. At length the manager waited upon him, and requested that he would either retire from the theatre, or that he would explain what could have induced him to make his appearance in a costume which had spread alarm and anxiety through the public mind; and which was likely to do a serious injury to the receipts of the night.

At this moment several children began to cry—taking him for black* Robert. The consequence was, that, as they could not be pacified, the first scene was mere dumb show to the audience; and some giddy young people set up a loud “off, off, Dreadnought!” which cry was instantly seconded by the public. Nevertheless, as the Princess at that instant entered her box, Mr. Schnackenberg, however hard pressed, thought it became him to maintain his post to the last extremity. This extremity forthwith appeared in the shape of three armed soldiers, who, on behalf of the police, took him into custody. Possibly Mr. Jeremiah might have shown himself less tractable to the requests of these superannuated antiquities—but for two considerations; first, that an opportunity might thus offer of exchanging his dreadnought for a less impressive costume; and, secondly, that in

case of his declining to accompany them, he saw signs abroad that a generous and enlightened public did very probably purpose to kick him out; a conjecture which was considerably strengthened by the universal applause which attended his exit at quick time.

Mr. Schnackenberg was escorted by an immense retinue of old street-padders and youthful mudlarks to the city goal. His own view of the case was, that the public had been guilty of a row, and ought to be arrested. But the old Mayor, who was half-deaf, comprehended not a syllable of what he said: all his remonstrances about “pressing business” went for nothing: and, when he made a show of escaping upon seeing the gloomy hole into which he was now handed, his worship threatened him with drawing out the city guard.

From one of this respectable body, who brought him straw to lie upon, and the wretched prison allowance of food, he learned that his examination could not take place that day nor even the next; for the next was a holiday, on which Mr. Mayor never did any business. On receiving this dolorous information, Mr. Schnackenberg’s first impulse was to knock down his informant and run away: but a moment’s consideration satisfied him—that, though he might by this means escape from his cell, he could have no chance of forcing the prison gates.

CHAPTER XVI.

In what way Mr. Jeremiah escapes; and what he finds in the street.

A most beautiful moonlight began at this juncture to throw its beams in the prison, when Mr. Schnackenberg, starting up from his sleepless couch, for pure rage, seized upon the iron bars of his window, and shook them with a fervent prayer, that instead of bars it had pleased God to put Mr. Mayor within his grasp. To his infinite astonishment, the bars were more obedient to his wrath than could have been expected. One shake more, and like a row of ca-

rious teeth they were all in Mr. Schnackenberg’s hand.

It may be supposed that Mr. Schnackenberg lost no time in using his good fortune; indeed, a very slight jump would suffice to place him at liberty. Accordingly, when the sentinel had retired to a little distance, he flung his dreadnought out of the window—leaped upon it—and stood without injury on the outside of the prison.

“Who goes there?” cried the a-

* In the original *Knecht Rupert*. The allusion is to an old Christmas usage of North Germany: a person comes in disguise, in the character of an ambassador from heaven, with presents for all the young children who are reported to him as good and obedient: but those, who are naughty, he threatens and admonishes. See Coleridge’s *Friend*, vol. 2, p. 322.

larmed sentinel, coyly approaching the spot from which the noise issued.

"Nobody," said the fugitive: and by way of answer to the challenge—"Speak, or I must fire"—which tremulously issued from the lips of the city hero, Mr. Schnackenberg, gathering up his dreadnought to his breast, said in a hollow voice, "Fellow, thou art a dead man."

Straitway the armed man fell upon his knees before him, and cried out—"ah! gracious Sir! have mercy upon me. I am a poor wig-maker; and a bad trade it is; and I petitioned his worship, and have done for this many a year, to be taken into the city guard; and yesterday I passed"---

"Passed what?"

"Passed my examination, your honour:—his worship put me through the manual exercise: and I was 'triculated into the corps. It would be a sad thing, your honour, to lose my life the very next day after I was 'triculated."

"Well," said Mr. Jeremiah, who

with much ado forbore laughing immoderately, "For this once I shall spare your life: but then remember—not a word, no sound or syllable."

"Not one, your honour, I vow to heaven."

"And down upon the spot deliver me your coat, side arms, and hat."

But the martial wig-maker protested that, being already ill of a cold, he should, without all doubt, perish if he were to keep guard in his shirt-sleeves.

"Well, in that case, this dreadnought will be a capital article: allow me to prescribe it—it's an excellent sudorific."

Necessity has no law: and so, to save his life, the city hero, after some little struggle, submitted to this unusual exchange.

"Very good!" said Mr. Schnackenberg, as the warrior in the dreadnought, after mounting his round hat, again shouldered his musket:—"Now, good night;" and so saying, he hastened off to the residence of the Mayor.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Jeremiah's Night Interview with the Mayor upon State Affairs.

"Saints in heaven! is this the messenger of the last day?" Screamed out a female voice, as the door-bell rang out a furious alarm—peal upon peal—under that able performer, Mr. Jeremiah Schnackenberg. She hastened to open the door; but, when she beheld a soldier in the state uniform, she assured him it was all over with him; for his worship was gone to bed; and, when *that* was the case, he never allowed of any disturbance without making an example.

"Aye, but I come upon state-business."

"No matter," said the old woman, "it's all one: when his worship sleeps, business must sleep: that's the law, I'll assure you, and *has* been any time since I can think on. He always commits, at the least."

"Very likely; but I *must* speak to him."

"Well, then, take the consequences on yourself," said she: "recollect, you're a state soldier; you'll be brought to a court-martial; you'll be shot."

"Ah! well: that's *my* concern."

"Mighty well," said the old woman: "one may as well speak to the wind. However, I'll get out the way: I'll not come near the hurricane. And don't you say, I didn't warn you."

So saying, she let him up to her master's bed-room door, and then trotted off as fast and as far as she could.

At this moment Mr. Mayor, already wakened and discomposed by the violent tintinnabulation, rushed out: "What!" said he, "am I awake? Is it a guardsman that has this audacity?"

"No guardsman, Mr. Mayor," said our hero; in whose face his worship was vainly poring with the lamp to spell out the features of some one amongst the twelve members of the state-guard; "no guardsman, but a gentleman that was apprehended last night at the theatre."

"Ah!" said the Mayor trembling in every limb, "a prisoner, and escaped? And perhaps has murdered the guard?—What would you have of me---me, a poor, helpless, unfortunate man?"

And, at every word he spoke, he continued to step back towards a bell that lay upon the table.

"*Basta*," said Mr. Schnackenberg, taking the bell out of his hands. "Mr. Mayor, I'm just the man in the dreadnought. And I've a question to ask you, Mr. Mayor; and I thought it was rather long to wait until morning; so I took the liberty of coming for an answer to-night; and I'd think myself particularly obliged to you for it now:— Upon what authority do you conceive yourself entitled to commit me, an innocent man, and without a hearing, to an abominable hole of a dungeon? I have not murdered the guard, Mr. Mayor: but I troubled him for his regimental coat, that I might gain admittance to your worship: and I left him the dreadnought in exchange.

"The dreadnought?" said the Mayor. "Aye: now this very dreadnought it was, Sir, that compelled me (making a low bow) to issue my warrant for your apprehension." And it then came out, that in a list of stolen goods recently lodged with the magistrates a dreadnought was particularly noticed: and Mr. Mayor having seen a man enter the theatre in an article answering to the description, and easily identi-

fied by a black cross embroidered upon the back, was obliged by his duty to have him arrested; more especially as the wearer had increased the suspicion against himself by concealing his face.

This explanation naturally reconciled Mr. Schnackenberg to the arrest: and as to the filthy dungeon, that admitted of a still simpler apology, as it seemed that the town afforded no better.

"Why then, Mr. Mayor,—as things stand, it seems to me that in the point of honour I ought to be satisfied: and in that case I still consider myself your prisoner, and shall take up my quarters for this night in your respectable mansion."

"But no!" thought Mr. Mayor: "better let a rogue escape, than keep a man within my doors that may commit a murder on my body." So he assured Mr. Schnackenberg—that he had accounted in the most satisfactory manner for being found in possession of the dreadnought; took down the name of the old clothesman from whom it was hired; and lighting down his now discharged prisoner, he declared, with a rueful attempt at smiling, that it gave him the liveliest gratification on so disagreeable an occasion to have made so very agreeable an acquaintance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Misery acquaints Mr. Schnackenberg with strange bed-fellows.

When Mr. Schnackenberg returned home from his persecutions, he found the door of the Double-barreled Gun standing wide open: and, as he had observed a light in his own room, he walked right up stairs without disturbing the sleeping waiter. But to his great astonishment, two gigantic fellows were posted outside the door; who, upon his affirming that he must be allowed to enter his own room, seemed in some foreign and unintelligible language to support the negative of that proposition. Without further scruple or regard to their menacing gestures, he pressed forwards to the chamber door; but immediately after felt himself laid hold of by the two fellows—one at his legs, the other at his head—and, spite of his most indignant protests, carried down stairs into the yard. There he was tumbled into a little *dépôt* for certain four-footed

animals—with whose golden representative he had so recently formed an acquaintance no less intimate;—and, the height of the building not allowing of his standing upright, he was disposed to look back with sorrow to the paradise lost of his station upon the back of the quiet animal whom he had ridden on the preceding day. Even the dungeon appeared an elysium in comparison with his present lodgings, where he felt the truth of the proverb brought home to him—that it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Unfortunately, the door being fastened on the outside, there remained nothing else for him to do than to draw people to the spot by a vehement howling. But the swine being disturbed by this unusual outcry, and a general uproar taking place among the inhabitants of the sty, Mr. Schnackenberg's single voice, suf-

focated by rage, was overpowered by the swinish accompaniment. Some little attention was, however, drawn to the noise amongst those who slept near to the yard: but on the waiter's assuring them that it was "only a great pig who would soon be quiet," that the key could not be found,

and no lock-smith was in the way at that time of night; the remonstrants were obliged to betake themselves to the same remedy of patience which by this time seemed to Mr. Jeremiah also the sole remedy left to himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

Whose end reconciles our Hero with its beginning.

Mr. Schnackenberg's howling had (as the waiter predicted) gradually died away, and he was grimly meditating on his own miseries, to which he had now lost all hope of seeing an end before day-light, when the sudden rattling of a key at the yard door awakened flattering hopes in his breast. It proved to be the waiter, who came to make a gaol delivery—and on letting him out said, "I am commissioned by the gentlemen to secure your silence;" at the same time putting into his hand a piece of gold.

"The d——I take your gold!" said Mr. Schnackenberg: "is this the practice at your house—first to abuse your guests, and then have the audacity to offer them money?"

"Lord protect us!" said the waiter, now examining his face, "is it you? but who would ever have looked for you in such a dress as this? The gentlemen took you for one of the police. Lord! to think what a trouble you'll have had!"

And it now came out, that a party of foreigners had pitched upon Mr. Jeremiah's room as a convenient one for playing at hazard and some other forbidden games; and to prevent all disturbance from the police, had

posted their servants, who spoke not a word of German, as sentinels at the door.

"But how came you to let my room for such a purpose?"

"Because we never expected to see you to-night; we had heard that the gentleman in the dreadnought had been taken up at the theatre, and committed. But the gentlemen are all gone now; and the room's quite at your service."

Mr. Schnackenberg, however, who had lost the first part of the night's sleep from suffering, was destined to lose the second from pleasure: for the waiter now put into his hands the following billet: "No doubt you must have waited for me to no purpose in the passages of the theatre: but alas! our firmest resolutions we have it not always in our power to execute; and on this occasion, I found it quite impossible consistently with decorum to separate myself from my attendants. Will you therefore attend the hunt to-morrow morning? there I hope a better opportunity will offer."

It added to his happiness on this occasion that the Princess had manifestly not detected him as the man in the dreadnought.

CHAPTER XX.

In which Mr. Schnackenberg acts upon the ambitious feelings of a man in office for an amiable purpose.

Next morning, when the Provost-marshal came to fetch back the appointments of the military wig-maker, it struck our good-natured student that he had very probably brought the poor fellow into an unpleasant scrape. He felt, therefore, called upon as a gentleman, to wait upon the Mayor, and do his best to beg him off. In fact, he arrived just in time: for all the arrangements were complete for demonstrating to the poor wig-maker, by an *à posteriori* line of argument, the import-

ance of valour in his new employment.

Mr. Schnackenberg entreated the Mayor to be lenient: courage, he said, was not every man's business: as a wig-maker, the prisoner could have had little practice in that virtue: the best of wigs were often made by cowards: "and even as a soldier," said he, "it's odds if there should be such another alarm for the next hundred years." But all in vain: his judge was too much incensed: "Such a scandalous dereliction of duty!" said

he; "No, no: I must make an example of him."

Hereupon, Mr. Jeremiah observed, that wig-makers were not the only people who sometimes failed in the point of courage: "Nay," said he, "I have known even mayors who by no means shone in that department of duty: and in particular, I am acquainted with some who would look exceedingly blue, aye d——lish blue indeed, if a student whom I have the honour to know should take it into his head to bring before the public a little incident in which they figured, embellished with wood-cuts, representing a retreat by forced marches towards a bell in the background."

Mr. Mayor changed colour; and pausing a little to think, at length he said—"Sir, you are in the right; every man has his weak moments. But it would be unhandsome to expose them to the scoffs of the public."

"Why, yes, upon certain conditions."

"Which conditions I comply with," said his worship; and forthwith he commuted the punishment for a reprimand and a short confinement.

On these terms Mr. Schnackenberg assured him of his entire silence with respect to all that had passed.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which the Hopes of two Lovers are wrecked at once.

"Beg your pardon, Sir, are you Mr. Schnackenberg?" said a young man to our hero, as he was riding out of the city gate.

"Yes, Sir, I'm the man; what would you have with me?" and, at the same time looking earnestly at him, he remembered his face amongst the footmen on the birth-night.

"At the Forester's house—about eleven o'clock," whispered the man mysteriously.

"Very good," said Mr. Schnackenberg, nodding significantly; and forthwith, upon the wings of rapturous anticipation, he flew to the place of rendezvous.

On riding into the Forester's courtyard, among several other open carriages, he observed one lined with celestial blue, which, with a strange grossness of taste, exhibited upon the cushions a medley of hams, sausages, &c. On entering the house, he was at no loss to discover the owner of the carriage; for in a window-seat of the bar sate the landlady of the Golden Sow, no longer in widow's weeds, but arrayed in colours brighter than a bed of tulips.

Mr. Schnackenberg was congratulating himself on his quarrel with her, which he flattered himself must preclude all amicable intercourse, when she saw him, and to his horror approached with a smiling countenance. Some overtures towards reconciliation he saw were in the wind: but, as these could not be listened to except on one condi-

tion, he determined to meet her with a test question: accordingly, as she drew near, simpering and languishing,

"Have you executed?" said he abruptly, "Have you executed?"

"Have I what?" said Mrs. Sweetbread.

"Executed? Have you executed the release?"

"Oh! you bad man! But come now: I know——"

At this moment, however, up came some acquaintances of Mrs. Sweetbread's, who had ridden out to see the hunt; and, whilst her attention was for one moment drawn off to them, Mr. Schnackenberg slipped unobserved into a parlour: it was now half-past ten by the Forester's clock; and he resolved to wait here until the time fixed by the Princess. Whilst sitting in this situation, he heard in an adjoining room (separated only by a slight partition) his own name often repeated: the voice was that of Mr. Von Pilsen; loud laughter followed every sentence; and on attending more closely, Mr. Schnackenberg perceived that he was just terminating an account of his own adventures at the Golden Sow, and of his consequent embroilment with the amorous landlady. All this, however, our student would have borne with equanimity. But next followed a disclosure which mortified his vanity in the uttermost degree. A few words sufficed to unfold to him that Mr. Von Pilsen, in concert

with the waiter of the Double-barrelled Gun and that young female attendant of the Princess, whose kitten had been persecuted by Juno, had framed the whole plot, and had written the letters which Mr. Schnackenberg had ascribed to her Highness. He had scarce patience to hear out the remainder. In some way or other, Von Pilsen had so far mistaken our hero, as to pronounce him "chicken-hearted:" and upon this ground, he invited his whole audience to an evening party at the public rooms of the Double-barrelled Gun—where he promised to play off Mr. Schnackenberg as a glorious exhibition for this night only.

Furious with wrath, and moreover anxious to escape before Von Pilsen and his party should see him, and know that this last forgery no less than the others had succeeded in duping him into a punctual observance of the appointment, Mr. Schnackenberg rushed out of the room, seized his horse's bridle—and was just on the point of mounting, when up came his female tormentor, Mrs. Sweetbread.

"Come, come, now," said she, smiling in her most amiable manner; "we were both under a mistake yesterday morning: and both of us were too hasty. The booby of a lad took you to the Gun, when you wanted nothing but the Sow: you were a little 'fresh,' and didn't know it; and I thought you did it on purpose. But I know better now. And here I am to fetch you back to the Sow: so come along: and we'll forget and forgive on both sides."

So saying, she would have taken his arm most lovingly: but Mr. Schnackenberg stoutly refused. He had nothing to do with her but to pay his bill; he wanted nothing of her but his back-sword, which he had left at the Sow; and he made a motion towards his stirrup. But Mrs. Sweetbread laid her hand upon his arm, and asked him tenderly—if her person were then so utterly disgusting to him that, upon thus meeting him again by his own appointment, he had at once forgotten all his proposals?

"Proposals! what proposals?" shrieked the persecuted student; "Appointment! what appointment?"

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"Oh you base, low-lived villain! don't you go for to deny it, now: didn't you offer to be reconciled? didn't you bid me to come here, that we might settle all quietly in the forest? Aye, and we *will* settle it: and nothing shall ever part us more; nothing in the world; for what God has joined——"

"Drunken old witch!" interrupted Mr. Jeremiah, now sufficiently admonished by the brandy fumes which assailed him as to the proximate cause of Mrs. Sweetbread's boldness; "seek lovers elsewhere." And hastily turning round to shake her off, he perceived to his horror that an immense crowd had by this time assembled behind them. In the rear, and standing upon the steps of the Forester's house, stood Von Pilsen and his party, convulsed with laughter; immediately below them was the whole body of the hunters, who had called here for refreshment—upon whose faces struggled a mixed expression of merriment and wonder: and at the head of the whole company stood a party of butchers and butchers' boys returning from the hunt, whose fierce looks and gestures made it evident that they sympathized with the wrongs of Mrs. Sweetbread, the relict of a man who had done honour to their body—and were prepared to avenge them in any way she might choose. She, mean time, whose whole mighty love was converted into mighty hatred by the opprobrious words and fierce repulse of Mr. Schnackenberg, called heaven and earth, and all present, to witness her wrongs; protested that he had himself appointed the meeting at the Forest-house; and in confirmation drew forth a letter.

At sight of the letter, a rattling peal of laughter from Mr. Von Pilsen left no room to doubt, in our student's mind, from whose witty manufactory it issued; and a rattling peal of wrath from the butchers' boys left no room to doubt in any body's mind what would be its consequences. The letter was, in fact, pretty much what Mrs. Sweetbread alleged: it contained a large and unlimited offer of Mr. Schnackenberg's large and unlimited person; professed an ardour of passion which could brook no delay; and entreated her to grant him an interview for the

final arrangement of all preliminaries at the Forest-house.

Whilst this letter was reading, Mr. Schnackenberg perceived that there was no time to be lost: no Juno, unfortunately, was present, no "deus ex machinâ" to turn the scale of battle, which would obviously be too unequal, and in any result (considering the quality of the assailants) not very glorious. So, watching his opportunity, he vaulted into his saddle, and shot off like an arrow. Up went the roar of laughter from Von Pilsen and the hunters: up went the roar of fury from the butchers and their boys: in the twinkling of an eye all were giving chase; showers of stones sang through the trees; threats of vengeance were in his ears; butchers' dogs were at his horse's

heels; butchers' curses were on the wind; a widow's cries hung upon his flight. The hunters joined in the pursuit; a second chase was before them; Mr. Pilsen had furnished them a second game. Again did Mr. Schnackenberg perspire exceedingly; once again did Mr. Schnackenberg "funk" enormously; yet, once again did Mr. Schnackenberg shiver at the remembrance of the Golden Sow, and groan at the name of Sweetbread. He retained, however, presence of mind enough to work away at his spurs incessantly; nor ever once turned his head until he reached the city gates, which he entered at the *pas de charge*, thanking heaven that he was better mounted than on his first arrival at B——.

CHAPTER XXII.

It never rains but it pours.

Rapidly as Mr. Schnackenberg drove through the gates, he was arrested by the voice of the warder, who cited him to instant attendance at the town-hall. Within the memory of man, this was the first time that any business had been transacted on a holiday; an extraordinary sitting was now being held; and the prisoner under examination was — Juno. "Oh! heaven and its mercies! when will my afflictions cease?" said the exhausted student; "when shall I have a respite?" Respite there could be none at present; for the case was urgent; and, unless Juno could find good bail, she was certain of being committed on three very serious charges of, 1. trespass; 2. assault and battery; 3. stealing in a dwelling-house. The case was briefly this: Juno had opened so detestable an overture of howling on her master's departure for the forest, that the people at the Double-barreled Gun, out of mere consideration for the city of B——, had found it necessary to set her at liberty; whereupon, as if the devil drove her, forthwith the brute had gone off in search of her old young enemy the kitten, at the hotel of the princess. She beat up the kitten's quarters again; and again she drove in the enemy pell-mell into her camp in the kitchen. The young mistress of the kitten, out of her wits at seeing her darling's danger, had set down a pail of milk, in which

she was washing a Brussels' veil and a quantity of Mechlin lace belonging to the princess—and hurried her kitten into a closet. In a moment she returned, and found—milk, Brussels' veil, Mechlin lace, vanished—evaporated into Juno's throat, "abiit—evasit—excessit—erupit!" only the milk-pail, upon some punctilio of delicacy in Juno, was still there; and Juno herself stood by, complacently licking her milky lips, and expressing a lively satisfaction with the texture of Flanders' manufactures. The princess, vexed at these outrages on her establishment, sent a message to the town-council, desiring that banishment for life might be inflicted on a dog of such revolutionary principles, whose presence (as she understood) had raised a general consternation throughout the city of B——.

Mr. Mayor, however, had not forgotten the threatened report of a certain retreat to a bell, illustrated by wood cuts; and, therefore, after assuring her highness of his readiness to serve her, he added, that measures would be adopted to prevent similar aggressions—but that unhappily, from peculiar circumstances connected with this case, no further severities could be inflicted. Meantime, while this note was writing, Juno had contrived to liberate herself from arrest.

Scarce had she been absent three

minutes, when in rushed to the town-council the eternal enemy of the mayor—Mr. Deputy Recorder. The large goose's liver, the largest, perhaps, that for some centuries had been bred and born in B——, and which was destined this very night to have solemnized the anniversary of Mrs. Deputy Recorder's birth; this liver, and no other, had been piratically attacked, boarded, and captured, in the very sanctuary of the kitchen, "by that filibustier (said he) that buccaneer—that Paul Jones of a Juno." Dashing the tears from his eyes, Mr. Deputy Recorder went on to perorate; "I ask," said he, "whether such a Kentucky marauder ought not to be outlawed by all nations, and put to the ban of civilized Europe? If not"—and then Mr. Deputy paused for effect, and struck the table with his fist—"if not, and such principles of jacobinism and French philosophy are to be tolerated; then, I say, there is an end to social order and religion: Sansculotterie, Septemberising, and red night-caps, will flourish over once happy Europe; and the last and best of kings, and our most shining lights, will follow into the same bottomless abyss, which has already swallowed up (and his voice faltered)—my liver."

"Lights and liver!" said Mr. Schnackenberg; "I suppose you mean liver and lights; but, lord! Mr. Recorder, what a billous view you take of the case! Your liver weighs too much in this matter; and where that happens, a man's judgment is sure to be jaundiced."

However, the council thought otherwise: Mr. Deputy's speech had produced a deep impression; and, upon his motion, they adjudged that, in twelve hours, Juno should be con-

ducted to the frontiers of the city lands, and there solemnly outlawed: after which it should be free to all citizens of B—— to pursue her with fire and sword; and even before that period, if she were met without a responsible guide. Mr. Schnackenberg pleaded earnestly for an extension of the armistice: but then arose, for the second time, with Cautonic severity of aspect, Mr. Deputy Recorder; he urged so powerfully the necessity of uncompromising principle in these dangerous times, insisted so cogently on the false humanity of misplaced lenity, and wound up the whole by such a pathetic array of the crimes committed by Juno—of the sausages she had robbed, the rabbits she had strangled, the porcelain she had fractured, the raspberry-vinegar she had spilt, the mutton she had devoted to chops ("her own 'chops,' remember," said Mr. Schnackenberg), the Brussels' veil, and the Mechlin lace, which she had swallowed, the domestic harmony which she had disturbed, the laws of the land which she had insulted and outraged, the peace of mind which she had invaded, and, finally," (said he) "as if all this were not enough, the liver—the goose's liver—*my* liver—my unoffending liver—" ("and lights," said Mr. Schnackenberg) "which she has burglariously and inhumanly immolated to her brutal propensities:" on all this Mr. Deputy executed such a bravura, and the sins of Juno chased each other so rapidly, and assumed so scarlet a hue, that the council instantly negatived her master's proposition; the single dissentient voice being that of Mr. Mayor, who, with tears in his eyes, conjured Mr. Schnackenberg not to confound the innocent with the guilty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which Misfortune empties her last Vial upon the Head of Mr. Schnackenberg.

Exhausted by the misfortunes of the day, towards evening Mr. Jeremiah was reposing at his length, and smoking in the window-seat of his room. Solemn clouds of smoke expressed the gloomy vapours which rested on his brain. The hours of Juno's life, it seemed to him, were numbered; every soul in B—— was her sworn foe—bipeds and quadrupeds, men, women, dogs, cats, chil-

dren, kittens, deputy-recorders, rabbits, cooks, legs of mutton, to say nothing of goose-livers, sausages, haunches of venison, and "quilts."—If he were to take country-lodgings for her, and to send her out of B——, what awaited her there? Whither could she go, but some butcher—some butter-woman—some rough-rider or other had a private account to settle with her?—"Un-
2 X 2

happy creature!" ejaculated the student, "torment of my life!"

At this moment Mr. Schnackenberg's anxious ruminations were further enforced by the appearance of the town-crier under his window: inert as the town-council were in giving effect to their own resolutions, on this occasion it was clear that they viewed the matter as no joke; and were bent on rigorously following up their sentence. For the crier proclaimed the decree by beat of drum; explained the provisos of the twelve hours' truce, and enjoined all good citizens, and worthy patriots, at the expiration of that period, to put the public enemy to the sword, wherever she should be found, and even to rise *en masse*, if that should be necessary, for the extermination of the national robber—as they valued their own private welfare, or the honour and dignity of the state.

"English fiend!" said Mr. Schnackenberg, "will nothing reclaim thee? Now that I am rid of my German plague, must I be martyred by my English plague?" For be it mentioned that, on our hero's return from the council, he had received some little comfort in his afflictions from hearing that Mrs. Sweetbread had, upon her return to B——, testified her satisfaction with the zealous leader of the butchers' boys, by forthwith bestowing upon him her widowed hand and heart, together with the Sow and its appurtenances. "English fiend!" resumed Mr. Schnackenberg, "most edacious and audacious of quadrupeds! can nothing be done for thee? Is it impossible to save thy life?" And again he stopped to ruminate. For her *metaphysics* it was hopeless to cure; but could nothing be done for her *physics*? At the university of X—— she had lived two years next door neighbour to the Professor of Moral Philosophy, and had besides attended many of his lectures without any sort of benefit to her morals, which still continued of the very worst descrip-

tion. "But could no course of medical treatment," thought her master, "correct her inextinguishable voracity? Could not her pulse be lowered? Might not her appetite, or her courage, be tamed? Would a course of tonics be of service to her? Suppose I were to take her to England to try the effect of her native air; would any of the great English surgeons or physicians be able to prescribe for her effectually? Would opium cure her? Yet there was a case of bulimy at Thoulouse, where the French surgeons caught the patient and saturated him with opium; but it was of no use; for he ate * as many children after it as before. Would Mr. Abernethy, with his blue pill and his Rufus pill, be of any service to her? Or the acid bath—or the sulphate of zinc—or the white oxyd of bismuth?—or soda water? For, perhaps, her liver may be affected. But, lord! what talk I of her liver? Her liver's as sound as mine. It's her disposition that's in fault; it's her moral principles that are relaxed; and something must be done to brace them. Let me consider."

At this moment a cry of "murder, murder!" drew the student's eyes to the street below him; and there, to afflict his heart, stood his graceless Juno, having just upset the servant of a cook's shop, in the very act of rifling her basket; the sound of the drum was yet ringing through the street; the crowd collected to hear it had not yet withdrawn from the spot; and in this way was Juno expressing her reverence for the proclamation of the town-council of B——.

"Fiend of perdition!" said Mr. Schnackenberg, flinging his darling pipe at her head, in the anguish of his wrath, and hastening down to seize her. On arriving below, however, there lay his beautiful sea-foam pipe in fragments upon the stones; but Juno had vanished—to reappear no more in B——.

* This man, whose case I have read in some French Medical Memoirs, was a desperate fellow: he cared no more for an ounce of opium, than for a stone of beef, or half a bushel of potatoes: all three would not have made him a breakfast. As to children, he denied in the most tranquil manner that he ate them. "'Pon my honour," he sometimes said, "between ourselves, I never *do* eat children." However, it was generally agreed, that he was *pædophagous*, or *infantivorous*. Some said that he first drowned them; whence I sometimes call him the *pædobaptist*. Certain it is, that wherever he appeared, a sudden scarcity of children prevailed.—*Note of the Translator.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

And set you down that in Aleppo once—Othello.

The first thing Mr. Schnackenberg did was to draw his purse-strings, and indemnify the cook-maid. The next thing Mr. Schnackenberg did was to go into the public-room of the Gun, call for a common pipe, and seat himself growling in a corner.—Of all possible privileges conferred by the laws, the very least desirable is that of being created game: Juno was now invested with that “painful pre-eminence;” she was solemnly proclaimed game: and all qualified persons, i. e. every man, woman, and child, were legally authorised to sink—burn—or destroy her. “Now then,” said Mr. Schnackenberg to himself, “if such an event should happen—if any kind soul should blow out the frail light of Juno’s life, in what way am I to answer the matter to her purchaser, Mr. Fabian Sebastian?” Such were the thoughts which fumed away from the anxious mind of Mr. Schnackenberg in surging volumes of smoke.

Together with the usual evening visitors of the public-rooms at the Gun, were present also Mr. Von Pilsen, and his party. Inflamed with wine and insolence, Mr. Von Pilsen began by advancing the following proposition: That in this sublunary world there are marvellous fools. “Upon this hint” he spake: and “improving” his text into a large commentary, he passed in review various sketches from the life of Mr. Schnackenberg in B——, not forgetting the hunting scene; and every where threw in such rich embellishments and artist-like touches, that at last the room rang with laughter.

Mr. Jeremiah alone sat moodily in his corner, and moved no muscle of his face; so that even those, who were previously unacquainted with the circumstances, easily divined at whose expense Mr. Von Pilsen’s witty performance proceeded.

At length Von Pilsen rose and said, “Gentlemen, you think, perhaps, that I am this day in the best of all possible humours. Quite the contrary, I assure you: pure fiction—mere counterfeit mirth—put on to disguise my private vexation; for vexed I am, and will be, that I can find nobody on whom to exercise my

fate were mine, if any man would take it into his head to affront me; or if any other man would take it into his head to think that I had affronted him, and would come hither to demand satisfaction!” So saying, he planted himself in a chair in the very middle of the saloon; and ever and anon leered at Mr. Schnackenberg in so singular a manner, that no one could fail to see at whom his shafts were pointed.

Still it seemed as if our hero had neither ears nor eyes. For he continued doggedly to work away at his “cloud-compelling” pipe (*νεφελιγερα Σχνακενβεργερ*), without ever looking at his challenger.

When at length he rose, every body supposed that probably he had had badgering enough by this time, and meant to decamp quietly. All present were making wry faces, in order to check their bursting laughter, until Mr. Schnackenberg were clear of the room; that done, each prepared to give free vent to his mirth and high compliments to Mr. Von Pilsen, upon the fine style in which he had “done execution upon Cawdor.” Decamping, however, entered not into Mr. Schnackenberg’s military plans; he rather meant to encamp over against Von Pilsen’s position: calmly, therefore, with a leisurely motion, and *gradu militari*, did he advance towards his witty antagonist. The latter looked somewhat paler than usual: but, as this was no time for retreating, and he saw the necessity of conducting the play with spirit to its *denouement*,—he started up, and exclaimed: “Ah! here is the very man I was wishing for! framed after my very heart’s longing. Come, dear friend, embrace me: let us have a fraternal hug.”

“Basta!” cried Mr. Jeremiah, attaching his shoulder, and squeezing him, with a right hand of “high pressure,” down into his chair—“This is a very good story, Mr. Von Pilsen, that you have told us: and pity it were that so good a story should want a proper termination. In future, therefore, my Pilsen,

When you shall these unhappy deeds relate, be sure you do not forget the little sequel which I shall furnish: tell

And set you down that in Aleppo once—”

Here the whole company began to quake with the laughter of anticipation—

“And set you down that in Aleppo once—

when a fribble—a coxcomb—a puppy dared to traduce a student from the university of X—

I took the circumcised dog by the nose,
And smote him thus——”

at the same time breaking his pipe calmly on the very prominent nose of Mr. Von Pilsen.

Inextinguishable laughter followed from all present: Mr. Von Pilsen quitted the room forthwith: and next morning was sought for in vain in B——.

CHAPTER XXV.

Which contains a Duel—and a Death.

Scarcely had Mr. Schnackenberg withdrawn to his apartment, when a pair of “field-pieces” were heard clattering up stairs—such and so mighty as, among all people that on earth do dwell, no mortal wore, himself only except, and the student, Mr. Fabian Sebastian. Little had he thought under his evening canopy of smoke, that Nemesis was treading so closely upon his heels.

“Sir, my brother,” began Mr. Student Fabian, “the time is up: and here am I, to claim my rights. Where is the dog? The money is ready: deliver the article: and payment shall be made.”

Mr. Schnackenberg shrugged his shoulders.

“Nay, my brother, no jesting (if you please) on such serious occasions: I demand my article.”

“What, if the article have vanished?”

“Vanished!” said Mr. Fabian; “why then we must fight, until it comes back again.—Sir, my brother, you have acted nefariously enough in absconding with goods that you had sold: would you proceed to yet greater depths in nefariousness, by now withholding from me my own article?”

So saying, Mr. Fabian paid down the purchase money in hard gold upon the table. “Come, now, be easy,” said Mr. Schnackenberg, “and hear me.”

“Be easy, do you say? *That* will I not: but hear I will, and with all my heart, provided it be nothing unhearable—nor any thing in question of my right to the article: else, you know, come knocks.” “Knocks!” said Jeremiah: “and since when, I should be glad to know, has the Schnackenberg been in the habit of taking knocks without knocking again, and paying a pretty large percentage?”

“Ah! very likely. That’s your concern. As to me, I speak only for myself and for my article.” Hereupon Mr. Schnackenberg made him acquainted with the circumstances, which were so unpalatable to the purchaser of “the article,” that he challenged Mr. Schnackenberg to single combat there and then.

“Come,” said Mr. Fabian; “but first put up the purchase money: for I, at least, will practise nothing that is nefarious.”

Mr. Schnackenberg did so; redeemed his sword from Mrs. Sweetbread by settling her bill; buckled it on; and attended Mr. Fabian to the neighbouring forest.

Being arrived at a spot suitable to their purpose, and their swords drawn, Mr. Schnackenberg said—“Upon my word it’s a shocking thing that we must fight upon this argument: not but it’s just what I have long expected. Junonian quarrels I have had, in my time, 747; and a Junonian duel is nothing more than I have foreseen for this last week. Yet, after all, brother, I give you my honour that the brute is not worth a duel: for, fools as we have been in our rivalry about her, between ourselves she is a mere agent of the fiend, and minister of perdition, to him who is so unhappy as to call her his.”

“Like enough, my brother; have’nt a doubt you’re in the right, for you know her best: still it would be nefarious in a high degree if our blades were to part without crossing each other. We must tilt a bit: Sir, my brother, we must tilt. So lunge away at me; and never fear but I’ll lunge as fast as you.”

So said—so done: but scarce had Mr. Sebastian pushed his first ‘carte over the arm,’ which was well parried by his antagonist, when, with a loud outcry, in rushed Juno; and,

without troubling herself about the drawn swords, she drove right at the pit of Mr. Sebastian's stomach, knocked the breath out of his body, the sword out of his hand, and himself upon his back.

"Ah! my goddess, my Juno!" cried Mr. Schnackenberg; "*Nec vox hominem sonat, oh Dea certe!*" "*Nec vox hominem sonat?*" said Mr. Fabian, rising: "Faith, you're right there; for I never heard a voice more like a brute's in my life."

"Down then, down Juno," said Mr. Schnackenberg, as Juno was preparing for a second campaign against Mr. Fabian's stomach: Mr. Fabian, on his part, held out his hand to his brother student—saying, "all quarrels are now ended." Mr. Jeremiah accepted his hand cordially. Mr. Fabian offered to resign "the article," however agitating to his feelings. Mr. Jeremiah, though no less agitated, protested he should not. "I will, by all that's magnanimous," said Mr. Fabian. "By the memory of Curtius, or whatever else is most sacred in self-sacrifice, you shall not," said Mr. Jeremiah. "Hear me, thou light of day," said Mr. Fabian, kneeling. "Hear *me*," interrupted Mr. Jeremiah, kneeling also: yes, the Schnackenberg knelt, but carefully and by circumstantial degrees; for he was big and heavy as a rhinoceros, and afraid of capsizing, and perspired freely. Mr. Fabian knelt like a dactyle: Mr. Jeremiah knelt like a spondee, or rather like a molossus. Juno, meantime, whose feelings were less affected, did not kneel at all; but, like a

tribrach, amused herself with chasing a hare which just then crossed one of the forest ridings. A moment after was heard the report of a fowling-piece. Bitter presentiment of the truth caused the kneeling duelists to turn their heads at the same instant. Alas! the subject of their high-wrought contest was no more: English Juno lay stretched in her blood! Up started the "dactyle;" up started the "spondee;" out flew their swords; curses, dactylic and spondaic, began to roll; and the gemini of the university of X., side by side, strode after the Junonicide, who proved to be a forester. The forester wisely retreated, before the storm, into his cottage; from an upper window of which he read to the two coroners, in this inquest after blood, a section of the forest-laws, which so fully justified what he had done—that, like the reading of the English riot act, it dispersed the gemini, both dactylic and spondaic, who now held it advisable to pursue the matter no further.

"Sir, my brother," said Mr. Fabian, embracing his friend over the corpse of Juno, "see what comes of our imitating Kotzebue's plays! Nothing but our nefarious magnanimity was the cause of Juno's untimely end. For had we, instead of kneeling (which by the way seemed to 'punish' you a good deal), had we, I say, vested the property in one or other of us, she, instead of diverting her ennui by hunting, would have been trotting home by the side of her master—and the article would have been still living."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Funeral Games.

"Now then," said Mr. Schnackenberg, entering the Double-barreled Gun with his friend,—"*Now, waiter, let us have Rhenish and Champagne, and all other good things with which your Gun is charged: fire off both barrels upon us: Come, you dog, make ready—present; for we solemnize a funeral to-day:*" and, at the same time, he flung down the purchase-money of Juno upon the table. The waiter hastened to obey his orders.

The longer the two masters of

Juno drank together, the more did they convince themselves that her death was a real blessing to herself, who had thus obviously escaped a life of severe cudgeling, which her voracity would have entailed upon her: "yes," they both exclaimed; "a blessing to herself—to her friends in particular—and to the public in general."

To conclude, the price of Juno was honourably drunk up to the last farthing, in celebration of her obsequies at this one sitting.

Ὡς οὖν ἀμνηστων τὰς ἐκταφικὰς λειτουργίας.

END OF "MR. SCHNACKENBERGER."

STANZAS.

1.

SAY what is worse than blank Despair?
 'Tis that sick hope—too weak for flying,
 That plays at fast and loose with Care,
 And wastes a weary life in dying.

2.

Though Promise be a welcome guest,
 Yet may it be too late a comer;
 'Tis but a cuckoo voice at best,
 The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer.

3.

Then now consent, this very hour
 Let the kind word of peace be spoken;
 Like dew upon a wither'd flower
 Is comfort to the heart that's broken.

4.

The heart whose will is from above,
 Shall yet its mortal taint discover;
 For Time, which cannot alter love,
 Hath power to kill the hapless lover.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

1.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be
 To Winter's cold and cruel part?
 When he sets the rivers free,
 Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—
 Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,
 But in the whiteness of thy brow?

2.

Scorn and cold neglect are made
 For winter gloom and winter wind,
 But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
 Breathing it to words unkind,—
 Breath which only should belong
 To love, to sunlight, and to song!

3.

When the little buds uncloset,
 Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
 And that virgin flow'r, the rose,
 Ope her heart to hold the dew,
 Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
 With no jewel in its cup?

4.

Let not cold December sit
 Thus in Love's peculiar throne;—
 Brooklets are not prison'd now,
 But crystal frosts are all agone,
 And that which hangs upon the spray,
 It is no snow, but flow'r of May!

T.

Tom Hood

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

No. V.

OF OTHER FAULTS IN RHYMING.

THE faults in rhyming, which have hitherto been noticed, arise from some imperfection in the rhymes themselves; but there remain other faults to be pointed out, which are independent of any such imperfection. Of these, some may be attributed to the inadvertence or negligence of the writer. Of this sort is the recurrence of the same rhymes at short distances. By the *same* rhymes is meant, all those which rhyme together, though consisting of different words; as, bay, day; lay, may; pay, say.

Our age was cultivated thus at *length*,
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in *strength*:
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at *length*,
Our beauties equal, but excel our *strength*.—Dryden.

Here the same rhymes, and even made by the same words, are separated by one couplet only.

A fault similar to this is the frequent repetition of the same rhymes, as in this example:

Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy *dead*?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirise with nothing—but their *praise*?
Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are *dead*,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison, is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run:
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius *will*.
Doubly distrest, what author shall we find,
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly *dead*?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing *ill*?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise;
What will not men attempt for sacred *praise*?—Young.

Here, within the distance of ten couplets, are two rhymes twice repeated, and one three times. Again,

For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there *grows*:
Just in that space a narrow slit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we *close*,
In whose moist womb th'admitted infant *grows*.
But when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree;
And in the solid wood the slip *enclose*;
The battenning bastard shoots again and *grows*.—Dryden.

The fault is still greater when two couplets together have the same rhyme; as,

With soothing words to Venus she begun;
High praises, endless honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy son:
Two Gods a silly woman have *undone*.—Ibid.

Nor is the fault much less, when the rhymes, though not the same, are so near as to differ only by a single letter: these are instances.

Ere this no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found :
No fences parted fields, nor marks, nor bounds,
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds.—*Dryden*.
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promised crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground.—*Ibid*.

The following couplets in Pope's *Rape of the Lock* are very remarkable :

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued :
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw.—*Canto 5*.

The three first couplets have nearly the same rhymes ; so have the two others : and to mark the poet's negligence in this passage, the rhymes of the first and fourth couplets have the additional fault of being identical.

These are faults which, though not inexcusable in a long work, are by no means to be allowed in short pieces : for in such to be correct and polished makes a considerable part of their merit.*

Another fault to be mentioned here, is the introduction of words merely for the sake of rhyme. This is done in various ways. 1st, by unnecessary and superfluous words ; as,

Rome, the terror of the world,
At length shall sink, in ruin *hurld*.

Again,

So, when a smooth expanse receives *imprest*
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast.
Parnell.

That is, when a smooth piece of water reflects natural objects. Now in both these instances the rhymes are made by words that had better been omitted ; and the last not only clogs the sentence, but gives a false idea ; for, the objects which are reflected by a mirror are not *imprest* upon it.

This fault is sometimes committed when a rhyme is wanted for a word that has but few rhymes to it in the language. The term *world* is one of these ; there are not above five that will pair with it ; two of which are *furl'd*, and *hurld* ; and these being more pliable than the others, are therefore often worked up into some distorted phrase to furnish a rhyme ; for example,

Let Envy in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world.
Churchill.

Cudworth, whose spirit flew, with sails unfurl'd,
Through each vast empire of th' ideal world.—*Cawthorn*.

In him He all things with strange order hurl'd ;
In him, that full abridgment of the world.
Cowley.

Another way of making this fault is, by first pitching upon some rhyme, to which all the rest of the sentence is to be held subservient ; and then, for want of a proper word to match with the rhyme already determined, the poet is often obliged to substitute such as he can get. A couplet from the epistle of *Eloisa to Abelard* will explain and exemplify what we mean. Pope had to express in rhyme and measure this sentence, " I would rather be the

* This frequent repetition of rhymes may be, perhaps, allowed, or, at least, will not be severely condemned in lyric compositions, where the return of the regular stanza lays the author under a greater restraint. An instance of such repetition occurs in *Gray* :

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood these shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye.—*Ode on the Prospect of Eton Coll.*

mistress of the man I love, than the empress of Cæsar." Of this he took the strong energetic part for his close, "Make me mistress to the man I love;" and having thus fixed his rhyme, he sacrificed the other line to it: for, as the sentence afforded him no second word to match with the rhyme he had taken, he was driven to make out the sense, as well as he could, by some substitute. He, therefore, substituted the term *prove*, as an equivalent to *be*; and the ardent sentiment of Eloisa was enfeebled by these expressions:

Not Cæsar's empress would I *deign to prove*;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
Pope.

The notice we have taken of this fault leads us to the mention of another very similar to it. Our versifiers, for the most part, are well acquainted with poetical language; and possess a store of terms and phrases which are very fit and proper to be employed in the composition of verse; but they often commit mistakes in the application of them. Among their errors one arises from this; that they consider certain words to be universally synonymous, which are only partially so. For instance, a head of hair, and tresses, frequently mean the same thing; but we cannot properly give the name of tresses to every head of hair. Again, waves and water are the same; every wave is water; but water in every situation and quantity is not to be called a wave. The misapplication of such terms as these, and the indifferent use of one for the other, as if they had the same signification in all cases, is a blemish in our poetry, and it deserves animad-

version. It is admitted, sometimes for the purpose of supposed poetical ornament, and sometimes for the more urgent purpose of supplying a rhyme. It is found oftenest among young versifiers, yet traces of it are to be seen in writers of a much higher order. In Pope's Windsor Forest the river Thames is described thus:

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old Father Thames advanced his reverend head.

His *tresses* dropp'd with dew, and o'er
the stream

His shining horns diffused a golden gleam.

Tresses* are braided hair, and the term is generally, if not always, used to signify the hair of a female head. They would make an incongruous appearance in the head-dress of a *reverend old man*, if taken according to their meaning; but they are here put for hair of the head in general, which is a misuse of the word.

The following expression occurs in the epitaph which Mason composed for his wife, who died of a decline at Bristol wells:

To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling
care

Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the
wave.

This phrase, which is to signify *drinking a glass of water*, had never been brought into the verse but for want of a rhyme to this just preceding it:

Take that best gift which Heaven so lately
gave.

Beside these faults it has been reckoned another to make the great majority of rhymes with monosyllables. Goldsmith was censured for this in the sixth volume of the Transactions of the Irish Academy, p. 101;†

* Milton had occasion to use this word when describing Adam and Eve in Paradise; and he marks, by many distinguishing circumstances, the wide difference between the male and female head of hair, in those whom he represents as perfect models of human beauty.

His hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden *tresses* wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils.—*Par. Lost.* b. 4.

† He was farther blamed for admitting as rhymes monosyllables of the most familiar class: *fire* and *round* were given as proofs; and objection was made to this couplet:

Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground.—*Traveller.*

But the blame is unjust: the terms *fire* and *round* are not so familiar, as rhymes, as to be rejected for that: on the contrary, they are fit and eligible before a great num-

and Gray, in his remarks on the poems of Lydgate, says, "We (the English) are almost reduced to find our rhymes among the monosyllables; in which our tongue too much abounds. In Pope's *Ethic* epistles (that to Lord Burlington), I find, in the compass of forty lines, only seven words at the end of a verse which are not monosyllables." *

That it is a fault to rhyme with such monosyllables, as are insignificant or trifling words, is acknowledged, and has already been observed; but to object to monosyllables for rhymes, merely because they are so, is fastidious; nor is any reason apparent why the objection is made.

But there still remains a fault connected with rhyming, which ought not to pass unnoticed. It is the insertion of a word in the course of a line which rhymes with the end of it; as,

Here passion *sways*, but there the muse
shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

Waller.

Tyrannic *rhyme*, that cramps to equal
chime

The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime.

Smith.

When the rhyming word is accented, and happens at a pause, as in these instances, it is more open to notice, and, of course, more offensive. Such a rhyme in an unaccented syllable will sometimes pass with little observation; it ought, however, to be avoided. So likewise are any rhymes which come together in a verse, though they do not rhyme with the end; example:

And nearer *hears* the rider's threatening
voice.—*Hooke.*

To teach each hollow grove and shrubby
hill.—*Bp. Hall's Sat.*

This last line was noted and ridiculed by Milton, in his *Apology* for *Smectymnuus*.

ber of our words, because they are long and sonorous syllables. In fact, the versification of Goldsmith is excellent, and not liable to censure, except for the want of more variety in his rhymes.

* In this passage, to which Gray refers, none of the rhymes are made by little insignificant words. The ground of his objection therefore is, probably, that those monosyllables he speaks of will encumber the last foot of the verse with consonants; and so make rough measure in that part of the line which particularly ought to be smooth and flowing. If this be his objection, the passage does not bear him out: for, of the thirty-three lines, which, he says, end with monosyllables, the majority end likewise with a pure iambic foot; as in these four together:

What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto, have a taste."
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.—*Pope.*

Neither, to speak of our language in general, is the frame of it such, that a writer should hesitate to admit a monosyllable at the end of his verse, through the fear of being embarrassed with consonants. For although the monosyllable should begin with a consonant, yet the language supplies so many words terminating in a short vowel, viz. both the articles, the sign of the infinitive mood, the numerous class of adjectives and adverbs ending in *y*, beside various others, that he, who with these materials, cannot make an iambic foot as often as it is proper, and he chooses, has not a sufficient mastery of style to compose in verse.

The clouds are black, and heaven begins to frown,
A sheet of fleecy snow falls thickly down.

Here the class of words above-mentioned join with monosyllables to form pure iambic feet. The pronouns *we*, *you*, *he*, &c. are serviceable to the same end, for example:

We straight pursued where'er *you* led the way,
And the close act *he* did *they* soon brought into day.

Pope has often employed the relative, *who*, for the same purpose.

The young *who* labour, and the old *who* rest.—*Epistle to Lord Bathurst.*

Who plants like Bathurst, or *who* builds like Boyle.—*Epistle to Lord Burlington.*

We have adduced all these instances to show, that monosyllables may enter into a verse without any injury to the smoothness of its measure, that they can be introduced without difficulty, and that no just objection, upon these accounts, will lie against the use of them either in the end of a line, or in any other part of it.

OF DOUBLE RHYMES.

Under the name of double rhymes are comprehended all those which are made by more than one syllable, of how many syllables soever they may consist. And they may consist of as many syllables as follow the last accented syllable of a word, together with that syllable. Example, *glory, story: beautiful, dutiful: censurable, commensurable*. As in single rhymes it is required that all which follows the vowel shall be identical in sound; so in double rhymes all which follows the last accented vowel, both consonants and syllables, should in sound be identical: see the examples above.

Double rhymes are but sparingly used in our serious poetry: the reason may be that they are considered as having too sprightly a character to accord with it, the rhyme of two syllables being a trochee, and that of three, a dactyle: but in earlier times this discordance was either not perceived, or not regarded. The double rhymes in Shakspeare's Rape of Lucrece sometimes occupy an entire stanza, as this:

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear
her:

When sighs, and groans, and tears may
grace the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might
bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the
letter

With words, till action might become them
better.

The rules or custom of a more correct age abridged, in serious poems, this large use of double rhymes; and what was still allowed, was under certain limitations; as, first, that the rhyme should not con-

sist of more than two syllables; and second, that it should not, like some in the stanza above, be made of two words.* Under these restraints the double rhyme sometimes appears, and not without grace, in our lyric poetry; as here,

O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.—Gray.

But the most suitable place for the exhibition of double rhymes is where ludicrous subjects are treated of in a burlesque style.

In verses of this class, the rhyming syllables may be as many as follow the last accented syllable of a verse, including that syllable. (We mean here that verse which ends with a polysyllable.) Our language has not many polysyllables where the accent is thrown farther back than the antepenultima; and therefore we have but few rhymes of four syllables: and these are hardly made, but by some whimsical and far-fetched expressions. Swift, who indulged himself much in these trifles, will furnish an example:

For this, I will not dine with *Agmondesham*;

And for his victuals let a *ragman dish'em*.

Words, accented on the fifth syllable from the end, are extremely rare, and, of course, rhymes to them nearly impossible to be found. We have met with a single instance.†

Why did old Euclio take his only child,
And shut her in a cloister *separatory*?
Because she was a rebel whig, and wild,
And he resolved to tame and *keep her a tory*.

In this species of rhyme there are

* This rule is to be understood of the grave and higher kinds of poetry: in familiar subjects it may be neglected, as Pope has done:

The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.—*Prologue to the Satires*.

† The rhyme is extended to five syllables in the following couplet:

Dick, you're as faithless as a *Carthaginian*,
To court at once Doll, Susan, *Martha, Jenny, Anne*.

But this is not according to rule, or the genius of English rhyme; for the last accented syllable, in *Carthaginian*, is not the fifth, but only the third from the end; which, therefore, was the proper limit of this rhyme.

some faults which cannot be allowed, some licences which may be taken, and some particulars which make a rhyme better than common.

The faults are, a discordance in the first syllable ; as,

Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers.—
Hudibras.

Or, on the other hand, identity ; as,
Or idly play at boo-prep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather.—*Ibid.*

In the second and following syllables, any difference is a fault, as in these :

We read in Nero's time, the heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren.—*Ibid.*

As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.—
Ibid.

The licences that may be taken are, first, such in the leading syllable as are permitted in single rhymes ; viz. a slight difference of the vowel sound ; and, second, any small difference in the remaining syllables.

So lawyers, lest the bear defendant
And plaintiff dog should make an end on't.
Ibid.

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals.—*Ibid.*

Hail ! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon.
I chose these rhymes out for their difficulty ;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye ?
Swift to Sheridan.

In these last instances the difference is in the unaccented syllables ; and therefore passes with little offence to the ear ; so that such licence may be allowed.

The common double rhymes are those made by single words, and particularly that endless tribe which terminates in *ion* ; example :

Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts o'th' nation ?—
Hudibras.

But when more words than one are taken to make up the rhyme, it gives opportunity, by the combination, to frame new rhymes, which is pleasing, and not unexpected, in this species of composition. When Butler wrote, this was a new rhyme :

The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away, to cry No Bishop.—*Ibid.*

And when the rhymes are of more than two syllables, though the difficulty of making them will be much greater, the opportunity of new combinations for rhyme will be increased proportionably.

To produce this novelty is a species of wit ; of a very inferior order indeed, yet such as cannot be exercised without great facility in composition, and command of language. There are poems of a very modern date which will prove this assertion, from whence we conclude that our contemporaries, some of them at least, are superior in these points to the generality of former writers. But the verses of Swift, upon the ancient dramatic authors, exhibit the most extraordinary specimen, of the sort of rhymes we are now considering, that the English language contains. He had superior abilities in rhyming, and he appears to have set himself down to this piece, merely for the purpose of exerting them. The following lines are an extract :

I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand, just where the new
pole is ;

For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.

He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high ;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede*
hence,

My judgment of the old comedians.

Proceed to tragics : first, Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a' days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's ;
And that a woman, in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade in.
At least, I'm well assured, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please,
kill us.

And now I find my muse but ill able
To hold out longer in trisyllable.—

To Dr. Sheridan.

We shall conclude this subject of double rhymes with laying before the reader what Dryden has said upon it. " The double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire ; for it turns earnest too much to jest, and

gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly, with a kind of pain to the best sort of readers: we are pleased ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. He (Butler, of whom he is writing) might have left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three

syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought."—
Dedication to Juvenal.

OF THE ARRANGEMENT OF RHYMES.

By arrangement is to be understood the order in which rhymes ought to stand, that they may produce the best effect, i. e. to satisfy the ear: for the ear will be better pleased with rhymes that are perfect, if they stand in one order than another; and a skilful management, in ordering those that are imperfect, will render them less displeasing.

In the arrangement of rhymes, whether perfect or not, for serious poetry, care is to be taken to set them at due distance from each other. A rhyme returning at the distance of three or four syllables only is intolerable. This was touched upon when we treated of the combination of verses: but it will not be superfluous to give here other instances of good and bad arrangement. Cowley will afford both.

I little thought, thou fond ingrateful Sin,
When first I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary heart,
That thou would'st e'er have grown
So false and strong to make it all thine own.
Love's Ingratitude.

These verses, however false and unnatural the thought may be, are of a serious character: but the arrangement of rhymes in the first couplet tends to destroy that character; for the quick return gives to the second line a levity unsuitable to the preceding: this arrangement is therefore bad. On the contrary, in the concluding couplet, the rhymes are arranged properly, being set at such a distance that the last line is an heroic verse; which is a grave and dignified measure.

A rhyme at the end of a short verse will have a pleasing effect, if set at a proper distance from its corresponding rhyme; as here,

I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath and empty sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flattering
gale
Upon her airy wings. *Watts.*

But it is far otherwise in these lines:

By my love, long, firm, and true,
Borne to you;
By this pipe, which nights and days
Sounds your praise. *Davison.*

The effect produced here is ridiculous; for each short verse replies to the preceding like the unmeaning sound of an echo.

Rhymes, on the other hand, may be put at a distance too great from each other: but this will be noticed under the head of Lyric poetry.

A proper arrangement of imperfect rhymes will, in many cases, take off from the offence which they are apt to give to the ear; while, on the contrary, by an improper arrangement, the imperfection will appear more striking.

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
Pope.

Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And spritely hope, and long-enduring joy.
Dryden.

It is plain to sense which of these two arrangements is the better; and we shall endeavour to assign the reason of it; but first we will produce some instances, to show the different effect of these imperfect rhymes according as they are differently arranged.

The stream of Lethe, and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
Mickle.

If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And earth must pay for their divine abodes.
Rowe.

Whom thus the Queen address'd ; since
mighty Jove,
The king of men, and sire of gods above.
Pitt.

She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd through the clouds the fiery bolts
of Jove.
Ibid.

To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd
rest.
Prior.

Sublime my court, which Opher's treasures
blest,
My name extended to the farthest east.
*Ibid.**

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.
Garth.

Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,
Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down
the deep.
Pitt.

Upon reviewing these couplets it will be found that, in each of them, the vowel-sound of one rhyme is broader or longer than that of its corresponding rhyme ; and, when it stands in the first line of the couplet, that the discordance between them is not so disagreeable as when it comes in the close.

A careful arrangement may likewise salve the imperfection of rhymes when it arises from the different sound of consonants ; such as the difference between the hard and soft sound of *s*, *th*, and some others ; example :

Fly where thou wilt, O sea,
And Jordan's current cease !
Jordan, there is no need of thee ;
For at God's word, whene'er he please—
Cowley.

Here the hard sound of *s* is in the concluding line : the rhyme is better arranged thus,

Her empire, boundless as the main,
Will guard at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.
Whitehead.

Concerning words of many syllables, which have no accent on the last, and which, therefore, some critics will not allow to be capable of making a rhyme, it is generally un-

derstood that they ought to stand in the second line ; yet they are sometimes put in the first, even by very correct authors : as,

Learn each small people's genius, policies ;
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees.
Pope.

The rhymes made by such words are often imperfect, always weak ; their right place, therefore, is after the word to which they correspond.*

Now in each of the foregoing rhymes it may be remarked that one of the rhyming syllables has a longer, or a harder, sound than the other ; which, if it be set in the conclusion, must dwell longer upon the ear, and so render the imperfection more manifest : whereas, if the rhyming syllable which has the shorter, or lighter, sound, be set in that place, the imperfection will not be so observable ; because the dissonance will pass more quickly, and leave but a slight and transient impression upon the sense.

There is also an arrangement respecting double rhymes which ought not to be neglected. For the purpose of making such rhymes it is allowable to change, in a word, the place of its accent ; thus,

And Mars we all know was a quarrelsome
bully,
That beat all his neighbours most unmerci-
fully.
Byron.

Or to require an accent for a word which properly had none,
When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick,
Hudibras.

In both these instances, the word that has not changed its accent stands in the first verse, which is its proper place ; because it prepares the ear for that license of rhyme, which would sound harsh or affected if the verses stood in the contrary order : whereas, if they are arranged as here, the reader is led, by the expectation of rhyme, to pronounce the words so as to make it, though he deviates from the usual manner of accenting them.

* Some polysyllables have their last accented, as, *amateur*, *disappoint*, *unadorn'd* : of course this rule does not apply to them ; neither should it be extended to words that are to be set to music ; because the closing note of a grave tune requires, if any way practicable, to be sustained by a long and full-sounding syllable.

THE FLOOD OF THESSALY, THE GIRL OF PROVENCE, AND
OTHER POEMS. BY BARRY CORNWALL.*

The first work, by which Mr. Cornwall became known to the world, was one of extraordinary simplicity and sweetness---written with singular tenderness and truth, and published in a form the most unassuming. It could be but little expected, that the public should feel the earnest and unaffected pathos of the "Dramatic Scenes," at a time when they were surrounded and confused with poetry of an utterly opposite nature;---Mr. Cornwall, however, did become suddenly the observed of all observers, and at a time when it seemed that the eye of the world was lured to objects in quite an opposite direction. Lord Byron was at that period banqueting on Fame's most luxurious viands. His nobility---his piratical daring in poetry---his contempt of private and of public opinion---his haughty bearing in life and literature---all tended to fix him as the poet of the day. His books were in the fairest hands---the brightest eyes shone upon them. There was something about the ungovernable *hate* of his lovers, clothed as it was in haughty, and towering, and fierce language, that, indeed, "dared all readers to forget." The Corsair's name was whispered at the dance---the Giaour was at the rout: no lady could be "at home," but Lara was with her, "brow-beating her fair face, and troubling her sweet form." It was at this very time,---when the gloomy thunder of Lord Byron's popularity was at the loudest---and when Moore, too, was dazzling the town with all the jewels of Lalla Rookh---that Barry Cornwall ventured forth, and honestly offered his rich, yet unvarnished tales to the public. The pathetic truth of the Dramatic Scenes soon became felt in spite of all disadvantage and opposition. The Broken Heart spoke to all hearts---and drew real tears from gentle eyes. The lovers of poetry at once acknowledged the natural, and yet elevated beauty of thought and expression shown in "the Falcon," and in the other "scenes,"---allowing

at once that the lofty might be reached without getting into the clouds---and that the simple might be chosen without the aid of vulgarity, or childishness. Barry Cornwall, we rather think, at this time, enjoyed about as pleasant and unsoiled a reputation, as ever fell to the lot of a young poet;---for his genius was too quietly asserted, and too genuinely felt, to make it safe for Envy to damn with hints or faint praise, or for critics to indulge in shrewd malice and sage condemnation.

The "Dramatic Scenes" were followed by the "Sicilian Story,"---a story sweetly and naturally told,---and dwelling, like the previous poems, upon the heart, and all its wealth of sorrow, mischance and happiness. By these two works Barry Cornwall delighted most readers---but most of all those readers in whose hearts young poets are best pleased to be welcomed. Woman found, in his poetry, fancy and truth---and he became one of her distinguished favourites.

"Marcian Colonna" followed the Sicilian Story---but in this production we have a fresh instance of the erring ambition of a poet---for not content with the fame which he had reaped from the tender, gentle, and romantic style of his first poetry---he sought to elevate himself into a higher fame by attempting the lofty---the agonizing, and the mysterious: the consequence was, that "Marcian Colonna" rather detracted from than advanced his popularity. The admirers of involved and gloomy poetry remained to be won: while his old lovers---those who felt and prized the simply and sweetly pathetic---found him estranging himself from them. One poem, however, in the book, as if to maintain the amity between the poet and his first fair friends, still spake to the heart an unaffected tale. "Amelia Wentworth," was ready to be sent forth over the troublous waters, and sure to return with the branch of peace!

* Colburn, London, 1823.

A short time after the publication of "Marcian Colonna," Mr. Cornwall tried the stage, and produced the tragedy of "Mirandola," with enviable and marked success. To succeed in the composition of a tragedy, is to achieve a task which none but a poet can accomplish. *Mirandola* was finely performed, — was printed, — and was read and lauded by the best dramatic judges.

We have taken a short and hasty review of Mr. Cornwall's literary life, and are now come to the work which he has just published, and which we are desirous of introducing to our readers.

The Flood of Thessaly is a fragment, — a grand but broken description "of the event which desolated the earlier world." It tells of the deluge — and in poetry so gloomy, rich, and unfinished — that it seems to be a fragment of that watery ruin. The poem opens with a pleasant and romantic description of the way of life of "Pyrrha and the young Deucalion."

The lives of the Titan and his bride are beautifully told — and form a fine prelude to the dire disaster which follows. The waving trees — the myrtles shaking "their white buds to the moon," — the greenness of the grass — the flower-starred dells — all these are filled with pathos, from a sense of the burying water which must so speedily roll over them.

The water comes. The day of the Deluge breaks in awful darkness. This passage is extremely powerful.

Morn came : but that broad light which hung so long
In heaven forsook the showering firmament.
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
Rivers had grown to seas : the great sea
swol'n

Too mighty for his bound broke on the land,

Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
Devoured. — Upon the mountains now were
seen

Gaunt men, and women hungering with
their babes,

Eying each other, or with marble looks
Measuring the space beneath swift-lessening.
At times a swimmer from some distant rock
Less high, came struggling with the waves,
but sank

Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers
then

Wept without hope, and aged heads struck
cold

By agues trembled like red autumn leaves ;
And infants moaned and young boys
shrieked with fear.

Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls,

Whom once the day languished to look
on, lay

On the wet earth and wrung their drenched
hair ;

And fathers saw them there, dying, and
stole

Their scanty fare, and while they perished
thrived.

Then Terror died, and Grief, and proud
Despair,

Rage and Remorse, infinite Agony,
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sub-

lime,
Birth-strangled ; and strong Passion pe-
rished.

The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad,
the good

Fell on their faces, struck, — whilst over
them

Washed the wild waters in their clamorous
march.

Still fell the flooding rains.

(*The Flood of Thessaly*, p. 25, 26.)

Deucalion, at length, from the
mountain top launches his frail bark,
and so leaves "the failing land."

"Whither, ah ! whither — to what hap-
pier shore
Steer'st thou thy way, Deucalion ?" Pyrrha
spoke.

He, glancing at the sky, just where the
North

Is cut by the eastern light at early dawn,
(The mid-point of the compass) bade her
gaze :

"What see'st thou — nought ? — Poor girl,
thine eye is dim :

For hope still lives. — Come ! Bride of my
despair,

(Now of my hope) we'll live or die together.
Along the deserts of the deep we'll go,

Along the wide and wave-blown wilderness,
Undaunted and untiring. Some fair land

There is which Jove designs shall be our
home :

Believe it. O Thessalian Pyrrha !

(*The Flood of Thessaly*, p. 36.)

Deucalion long floats about in de-
spair — but at length "the world is
saved — from Deluge — from decay !" —
and Pyrrha and her husband are
safely wrecked. They are bewildered
at first, but at length

— Recovered from their trance, and so re-
freshed

As the tired spirit is by food and sleep,
The wanderers looked around. On one
fair side

Rage hills, and gentle waters murmured
near,

And vernal meadows where the wild rose
 blew
 Spread their fresh carpets. In the midst
 upsprung
 A mountain, whose green head some ancient
 storm
 Had struck in twain : rich forests deck'd
 its heights,
 And laurel wildernesses clothed the sides,
 And round it flew harmonious winds,
 whose wings
 Bore inspiration and the sound of song.
 Lower, and in the shade of that great hill,
 A temple lay ; untouched by storm or flood
 It seemed, and white as when, just hewn, it
 caught
 Ionian beauty from the carver's skill.
 Thither they went, perhaps by some strong
 star
 Drawn, or the spirit of the place unseen,
 To ask their doom or own the ruling God :—
 Thither they went, first parents, whom no
 child

Solaced, yet with hearts lighter than of yore ;
 The woman paler than when first she flung
 Her curling arms around Deucalion's neck,
 And he more gravely beautiful, less young,
 But nearer heaven and like a dream of Jove.
 (*The Flood of Thessaly*, p. 58, 59.)

They enter the temple—and, from
 the lips of Themis, hear that the
 wrath of Heaven hath passed, and
 that Earth is ordained to be re-
 peopled by Deucalion collecting the
 stones, and casting them over his
 shoulders. The oracle is obeyed—
 and, with a beautiful description of
 the revival of the young world, the
 poem suddenly breaks off.

“The Girl of Provence” is a story
 suggested by a passage in Mr. Col-
 linson's Essay on Lunacy. The pas-
 sage relates to a young girl who fell
 in love with the Belvidere Apollo—
 the statue of Phidias, but it is not
 directly alluded to until the close of
 the poem. The tale of the Girl of Pro-
 vence is admirably told. It is richly
 worked in the Italian stanza ; and
 might well be all extracted if we had
 room for it. The following stanzas
 will show the spirit in which the
 poem is composed.

She was Apollo's votary, (so she deemed)
 His bride, and met him in his radiant
 bowers,
 And sometimes, as his priestess pale be-
 seemed,
 She strewed before his image, like the
 Hours,
 Delicate blooms, spring buds and summer
 flowers,
 Faint violets, dainty lilies, the red rose,—
 What time his splendour in the Eastern
 glows.

And these she took and strewed before his
 feet,
 And tore the laurel (his own leaf) to pay
 Homage unto its God, and the plant sweet
 That turns its bosom to the sunny ray,
 And all which open at the break of day,
 And all which worthy are to pay him due.
 Honour,—pink, saffron, crimson, pied, or
 blue.

And ever, when was done her flowery toil,
 She stood (idolatress !) and languished
 there,
 She and the God, alone ;—nor would she
 spoil
 The silence with her voice, but with mute
 care
 Over his carved limbs a garment fair
 She threw, still worshipping with amorous
 pain,
 Still watching ever his divine disdain.

(*The Girl of Provence*, p. 117, 118.)

“The Letter of Boccacio” is the
 third poem. It contains fine pas-
 sages—but we like it the least in the
 volume. The Tasso's Lament of
 Lord Byron has, unfortunately, pre-
 ceded it—and precedence, even in
 point of time, is fatal in poetry. It
 is also so doubtful whether Boccacio
 ever had an object, to whom he could
 have addressed his letter, that we
 feel while reading no great sympathy
 with the unjustifiable intensity of his
 passion.

“The Fall of Saturn” is a vision,
 and is full of the wildest dreaminess
 and most daring enthusiasm. It is
 irregularly written,—and many pas-
 sages are rich in sounding music.

He rushes through the air : the sullen air
 Avoids him, and his wings, out-spread in
 vain,

Flap on the void. His strength departs :—
 he falls.—

As some brave swimmer whom the waves
 o'ermatch

Looks far to land—in vain,
 So doth the aged Saturn's starting eye
 Glare on the faithless sky its red reproach,
 Its first,—its last. The fiery Phœbus
 Sheds all his ire on that unsheltered brain.
 He falls ; and not a voice

From Earth or Heaven is heard to speak for
 him ;

No tears (though false) are shed : no heart
 is touched

With human anguish for a God dethroned.

He falls,—he falls—he falls,

Ten thousand fathoms down,

And the dusky crown

Is stripped for ever from his kingly brow.

His son ?—*His son is King !*

Hark !—the Heavens ring :

Jove is elected Lord of life and war :

His thunders speak; his lightnings come
and go:
His pomps are all around;
Bright light and mighty sound
Attend him, and his radiant armies flow
Like rivers round the throne;
HE IS GOD ALONE.

And where is Saturn?—On what silent shore
Doth he lament his wrongs and old exile?
In what dull woods whereon no Summers
smile,
And all the Springs (if any were) are o'er?
Where Autumn and her bounty are not
known;
Where Winter pineth for his icy crown,
And the long year, breathing one endless
sigh,
Stripped of the seasons hath not learned to
die?—

(*The Fall of Saturn*, p. 171, 172.)

“Tartarus” is a grand sketch—
shadowy, but magnificent—loaded

with the spirits of the heathen
world. We must refer our readers
to the poem itself; for no extract
can give an idea of it.

We pass over “the Genealogists,”
an attempt at a humorous tale;
which is, to our notion, unworthy the
poetical company into which it is in-
truded:—there is much grandeur
in the poem on “Babylon, with the
Feast of Belshazzar,” and consider-
able spirit in the “War Song.”

In closing the book, we are not
disposed to find petty faults. There
are a few incoherencies, and some in-
accuracies—but they are redeemed
by a thousand beauties—and we can
honestly advise those, who are de-
sirous of reading true poetry, to
open the pages of “The Flood of
Thessaly.”

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE Opera-house was completely
filled on the night of the Concert for
the benefit of the Royal Academy of
Music. The heads of the Selection
were given in our last number. It
was unquestionably a magnificent
one, though most of the auditors
with whom we have conversed speak
of it as “heavy.” The remark is only
in keeping with the taste of the times.
He that relishes Dr. Crotch will have
no great passion for Signor Rossini;
and although there is a vast region to
traverse between the two, containing
abundance of pleasant places, the
man who has arrived in the country
of the latter will disregard all that
he has passed, in the contemplation
of the gay and gaudy scene before him.
But the public taste has been gra-
dually led to the lightest possible style
through that addition of parts which
always attends the almost inevitable
departure from simplicity in the pro-
gress of art. Dr. Crotch’s act, spite
of its grandeur, killed all the rest,
while the length of the concert wore
down the mind of the hearer. The
most remarkable point in this per-
formance was, the battle between
Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree. It is
well known that the rivalry of talent
between these two vocalists has been
carried to an extremity, by the col-
lision in which they are placed at
Covent Garden theatre. On this oc-

casion they sung Mozart’s duet, *Sa-
ria*, from *le Nozze di Figaro*; and
the object seemed to be, not to give
the composer’s notes, or to exalt the
expression of his music, but to ma-
nifest the ingenuity of the ladies (or
their masters) in invention, and their
facility in execution. To do them
justice, they contrived to obliterate
almost every trace of the original,
and they were rewarded by an *en-
core*, for which they were, of course,
prepared with a double set of double
refined refinements. This, if we re-
collect right, was the only *encore* of
the night—a fact which displays
judgment in one particular at least,
for the concert, as it stood, lasted
till after one o’clock in the morning.
Is it matter of wonder that it seemed
tedious? What mind can stretch
out attention during five long hours
of music in a hot theatre, in May,
after a day of previous fatigue? But
all the great singers must be invited
to assist at such a celebration!—no
doubt—and all the great singers must
do something! Beyond all question.
Such being the postulata, the conclu-
sion is inevitable—the audience will
be as weary as long sitting and over-
worn faculties can make them.

The profits to the institution were
considerable; but will not the sub-
scribers and the public inquire into the
benefits to be derived from the appli-

cation of these funds? And will they not pause as to the results, when they find that an establishment involving an expenditure of from three to five thousand pounds per annum, is erected, for the purpose of educating about thirty musicians? Such, however, is the fact; and as the details of the management become more known, we may venture to anticipate that the astonishment of the public will be augmented. We have now neither time nor space for the developement; but at some future period, when the passing musical events are less interesting, we may, perhaps, endeavour to elucidate the claims of the Royal Academy to public support. In the mean time, however, we would clearly be understood, neither to impeach the *motives* of the promoters (which we believe to be excellent), nor the *principle* of the institution, which is nationally important; but as far as relates to the plan and to the actual management, we may venture to pronounce, that funds furnished by public liberality have seldom been more unfortunately misdirected.

It were an endless task to speak individually of the numberless concerts now giving in London. Every night has its performance; but recent circumstances, it should seem, have determined the Lord Chamberlain not to license more than one concert on the same evening. Those of Mr. Vaughan, Mr. F. Cramer, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Pio Cianchetti, have been the principal during the present month. That of the first named singer, at the Hanover-square Rooms, perhaps, was the most numerously attended. Mr. Sapio has a host of patrons, for which he is in some degree, we believe, indebted to the effects of aristocratic blundering. The committee of the Royal Academy fixed their concert on the night Mr. Sapio had previously advertised, not considering it possible that a Professor could stand for a moment against their *fiat*. Mr. Sapio, however, not only had right on his side, but those who were determined fearlessly to uphold that right on behalf of the profession at large; and in the end the noble committee were content to purchase Mr. Sapio's concession of his right, by the extended patronage which appears at the head of his bill,

and by payment of all expenses incurred by the engagement of the room, &c. By this relation we do not purpose in the slightest degree to prejudice Mr. Sapio's deserts. He is not only a singer of distinguished ability, but the singer, *par excellence*, of rising estimation. Mr. Braham is a ruin, a splendid ruin, indeed, but completely a ruin. Mr. Vaughan retains the high place he has so long preserved, with the same quiet and unpretending air that appertains to his beautiful polish and acknowledged perfection. His course is as measured and as certain, as it is exalted. But, Mr. Sapio comes a new star into the musical sphere, is sought, and is admired.

The theatrical singers have introduced little concerts as *intermezzi* at their benefits, in aid of plays and operas. At Miss Paton's, Mr. Escudier, a violinist, played; but the hour was exceedingly late, the audience completely exhausted, or departing. No judgment could be formed of his ability.—There has been nothing new at the Opera, except the appearance of Garcia in *Otello*, at Curioni's benefit. Garcia is a fine musician, and *has been* a singer of almost unlimited powers; but like our great English Tenor, his voice is in decay; and to cover its failure he has recourse to florid execution, and exertions which serve only to enforce the opinion they are meant to invalidate. Thus in *Otello* he sang above his voice, and substituted mere force for expression, to the annoyance of every judicious auditor. *La Donna del Lago* is the only opera brought out this season that keeps the stage; nevertheless, we cannot be induced to regard it as equal to many of the former compositions of Rossini. With the exception of the little piece of melody, "*O mattutini albori*," there is scarcely a single strain that would take possession of the mind. The performance of this piece has brought into notice the uncommon improvement Madame Ronzi de Begnis manifests, in her advance towards the character of a serious singer. Her sensibility is exquisite; and the vast alteration in her manner leads us now to believe she will in a great degree correct those defects of tone and execution which so lately gave the impression that

she must confine herself to the Opera Buffa. We certainly never recollect to have observed so rapid a change before in any great public singer.

Mr. Ebers has hired the King's Theatre for two years. It is reported, that the ubiquitous M. Bochsa, not finding sufficient employment in his imperial vice-royalty at the academy, in teaching, composing for Drury-lane, conducting the oratorios, and writing for the shops, actually meditated engrossing the management of the Opera-house, in conjunction with some city gentlemen, who made an offer for the theatre. Mr. Ebers has, however, certainly engaged it for the time above stated.

Signora Corri, we understand, has been received with great applause at Venice, where also Sinclair is said to have performed with great credit to himself. Since the example of Billington, England has begun to make some return for the vast importation of vocalists she has so long enjoyed from Italy.

In Mr. Bishop's new Opera, *Clari of Milan*, brought out at Covent-Garden, there is little to commend as to composition. The opening of the serenade, which is the first thing in the piece, has so near a similitude to Hayes' *Wind gentle Evergreen*, that we presume it to be an adaptation. The duet between Master Longhurst and Miss Love is *My pretty page*, decies repetita; and *Sweet Home* is in sentiment and imagery exactly the counterpart of a ballad published by Mr. Parry seven or eight years ago. It is greatly to be lamented that a composer of Mr. Bishop's ability should be tied down to remodel exhausted subjects in this way: *Clari of Milan* does not exhibit one single trait that has not been produced and reproduced over and over again.

Five Grand Musical Festivals will take place this summer; so powerful has been the example of Birmingham. The triennial meeting at that town, one at Oxford in June, one at Liverpool in September or October, and one at York, will be held, beside the meeting of the three choirs at Worcester. At Norwich also there will be two or three Grand Concerts in October.

The private musical parties in town have been, and still are, very numerous this season; but foreign music

and foreign artists every where predominate.

The publications this month are superabundant.

Two Airs for the Pianoforte. The Variations composed for, and dedicated to the Princess Augusta, by J. B. Cramer. These compositions remind us of some of Mr. Cramer's best works.

Mr. Ries has an *Air with Variations*. The subject, *When Meteor Lights*, a German air from the melodies of various nations, has an animation which pervades the piece.

Mr. Rawling's *Divertimento for the Pianoforte and Flute, introducing the Scotch Air, Kelvin Grove*, must please. It is light, elegant, and melodious; the flute part not difficult, though sufficiently prominent.

M. Bochsa has an *Andante and second Rondo on a favourite Quadrille for the Harp*.

Madame Dussek has arranged "*Di Piacer*" for the harp, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte. The brilliancy of the theme is retained, and even augmented, although it can hardly be said that the most is made of many of its passages. There is also by the same hand a short and easy lesson for the harp on a Scotch air, *The Campbells are coming*. It makes few pretensions, but will be useful to beginners.

M. Meyer's *Divertimento*, for the same instrument, is in an agreeable style, and is just sufficiently difficult to be interesting both to the young performer and her audience.

La Bella Capricciosa, for the Pianoforte, by J. N. Hummel, conforms to the character of excursive fancy its title implies: "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," is exactly expressive of its nature, and caprice was seldom more captivating.

M. Moscheles' *Rondoletto* is extremely pleasing, but more simple than the general works of this great master of the instrument.

M. Meves has arranged the old glee, *Here's a health to all good Lasses*, as a Rondo for the Pianoforte.

M. Holst, in his *Greek Air with Variations*, has put together the passages best adapted to facilitate execution in a form more interesting to beginners than an exercise, and he has succeeded in producing an attractive little piece.

Un' Offerta alle Grazie, by Mr. Harris, fails in interest; the subject is insignificant, and does not fasten upon the ear sufficiently to carry it through the variations: it wants character.

The new adaptations are *Books of the favourite Airs from Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, arranged for the harp and flute, by M. Bochsa; also, by the same gentle-

man, *Book X. of favourite Airs from Rossini's Operas*, consisting of a first selection from *La Gazza Ladra*, for the harp and pianoforte, with an ad libitum flute and violoncello accompaniment. *The second Book of Selections from Pietro l'Eremita*, is published by M. Latour, as Duets for the Pianoforte. *The two first Books of the Airs from La Donna del Lago* are also arranged by M. Latour, for the pianoforte and flute; and, in this shape, the music of the opera is more beautiful and interesting, than as heard from the orchestra of the King's Theatre.

Mr. Clementi has arranged *Mozart's celebrated Symphony, The Jupiter*, for the pianoforte, with ad libitum accompaniments, for flute, violin, and violoncello.

Amusemens de l'Opéra, being a selection of the latest operas and ballets of Rossini, Weber, Paer, Winter, Galleinberg, &c. arranged for the pianoforte, Nos. I. and II.

The Antologia Musicale is of the same description. The Twelfth Number contains a specimen of the style of Leopold Mozart, the father of the great composer of that name.

No. VIII. of *Boosy's Selection of*

Overtures, is Beethoven's Overture to the Ruins of Athens.

Mr. Killick, an organist at Gravesend, has commenced an arrangement of Handel's Overtures for the organ or pianoforte.—The first number is from the occasional oratorio.

Mr. Burrowes has adapted the beautiful old music in *Macbeth*, as duets for the harp or pianoforte, with ad libitum accompaniments for flute and violoncello.

The vocal list is very meagre; there is scarcely any thing worth notice. *The Fairy Queen*, a duet, in the manner of the old writers, by Dr. Carnaby, is upon words of no very poetical structure.

The Jassin Wreath, a canzonet, adapted from Carafa, is an agreeable song, but by no means equal to *Fra tante Angolcie*, the only work of the author known in England.

Queen of every moving Measure, by Mr. Dannelly, is equal at least to the general run of ballads.

Mr. W. Collard has brought out two more of his very commendable series of moral songs.

THE DAISY IN INDIA:—

SUPPOSED to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary, at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. The subject was suggested by reading a letter from Dr. Carey to a botanical friend, in England, an interesting extract from which is given at the foot of these verses.

1.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

2.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

3.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:

Thou, only Thou, art *little* here,
 Like worth unfriended or unknown,
 Yet to my British heart more dear
 Than all the torrid zone.

4.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
 Of early scenes beloved by me,
 While happy in my father's bower,
 Thou shalt the blithe memorial be :
 The fairy-sports of infancy,
 Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
 Home, country, kindred, friends,---with thee
 Are mine in this far clime.

5.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
 I'll rear thee with a trembling hand :
 O for the April sun and shower,
 The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
 Where Daisies, thick as starlight, stand
 In every walk !---that here might shoot
 Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
 A hundred from one root !

6.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
 To me the pledge of Hope unseen :
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
 For joys that *were*, or *might have been*,
 I'll call to mind, how---fresh and green,
 I saw thee waking from the dust,
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
 And place in God my trust.

J. MONTGOMERY.

*Extract from a Letter of Dr. Carey, in India, to Mr. J. Cooper,
 of Wentworth, Yorkshire.*

“ With great labour I have preserved the common *Field Daisy*, which came up accidentally in some English earth, for these six or seven years ; but my whole stock is now only one plant. I have never been able, even with sheltering them, to preserve an old root through the rains, but I get a few seedlings every year. The proportion of *small* plants in this country is very inconsiderable, the greater number of our vegetable productions being either large shrubs, immense climbers, or timber trees. By the kindness of yourself and other gentlemen, who have lately sent me roots or seeds, our number of small shrubs is much increased, and our stock of bulbous plants become very respectable. Still, however, tulips, hyacinths, snow-drops, most of the lilies, &c. are strangers to us. I have a great desire to possess honeysuckles, especially the common woodbine. I mix the seeds which I send you with twice or thrice their bulk of earth, and ram the whole in a box (a cask would be better), and nail or hoop them up close. I have no doubt but a quantity of most of your wild seeds, and many others, would succeed here, if well packed in earth as I have done with this box. A cask of your peat-earth, thus full of seeds, would be an invaluable treasure, as the earth itself would be of great service in the culture of many plants. We have no peat in India. All our soils are either strong clays, deep loam, or loose, but fertile, sands. I need not say, that the seeds should be packed as soon as possible after they are ripe. Old seeds have scarcely ever succeeded in this country.”

THE CHILD ANGEL:—A DREAM.

I CHANCED upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical, thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder, "what could come of it."

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes: which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dims the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants—but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—O the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that-cheering nectar,

—which mortals *caudle* call below—

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem—so dextrous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young Present, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures (not grief), put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their etherial minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is to know all things at once), the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Hu-

manity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Mirzah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A pensive hue overcasts its lineaments;

nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is as a shadow, or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else irrevocable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Mirzah sleepeth by the river Pison.

ELIA.

THE FAIRY MILLER OF CROGA.

I wish my story so well as to wish it had happened in some more noted nook of earth, where Fame had already sounded her trumpet, where Nature had been less frugal of her sweets, and where Fiction might delight to place her heroes. But I have no wish to plant lilies where nature sows nettles, nor breathe a foreign perfume among the wild bells and foxgloves of a rustic landscape. Nature is ever wise, and men would do well to step as she steps, and hold by the skirts of her many-coloured and ever changing robe, even as a child clings tottering to the side of its mother. The man who knows more than Nature, knows far too much; she has made no hill wholly desolate, and no land utterly barren; she has scattered every where the most rare and remarkable things; and he who seeks to embellish her beauty is no wiser than the lunatic who called his grace of Queensberry a fool for not planting the vale of Nith with raspberries.

It happened one fine evening nigh the close of autumn,—when the corn wore its covering of broom in the stack-yard,—when the nuts began to drop ripe from their husks, and the

morning flowers hung white with hoar frost, that two riders entered the southward gorge of the wild glen of Croga. It was wearing late,—the moon had still a full hour to march before she reached the tops of the western hills,—the lights began to disappear from the windows of the peasantry, and, besides the murmuring of the water of Orr, which winded among the rocks and trees, an anxious ear might hear the cautious step and the lifting latch of some young ploughman holding tryste with his love. It was a market night, and to these soft and pleasurable sounds might be added the sharp, shrill, and rapid admonition of woman's tongue, when a late hour, a pennyless pocket, and a head throbbing with drink, called forth a torrent of sage and gracious remarks on her husband's folly and her own wisdom and forbearance.

But of those sounds, if such sounds were, the two riders seemed to take no note; they entered the glen abreast, and inclining their heads beyond the graceful uprightness of good horsemanship, laid them together in the true spirit of confidential communication. It may be imagined

that as they were of different sexes, love, or some such cause of mutual attraction, inclined them to this friendly fellowship. I wish to leave no room for such unfounded suspicion. One was a man in years, of a douce and grave exterior, with much of that devout circumspection and prudence of look, which might mark him out to the parish minister in a nomination of elders. His dress, like himself, seemed fit for the wear and tear of the world,—firm of texture and home-made; a good gray mixture, adapted to the dusty labours of a mill,—and a miller he was, and one as good as ever wet a wheel in water—the miller of Croga mill, and his name was Thomas Milroy.

Of his companion I ought to say something; but how can a man less than inspired touch off the sedate simplicity, the matronly demeanour, and that look of superstitious awe and love for the marvellous, which belonged to Barbara Farish, the relict of the laird of Elfknowe. Her very horse seemed conscious of his load of surpassing sanctity and knowledge, and looked on the dapple gray nag of the dusty miller with an arched neck, and an eye worthy of the steed of so good and so gifted a dame. Her gray riding skirt hung far beneath her feet, and nearly reached the ground; a black silk hood, lined with gray, covered her head, and was fastened beneath her chin; while over a nose, long and thin, and transparent as horn, looked forth two deep-set and searching eyes, of a light and lively blue. I have said they were in earnest conference;—I must let the voice of the miller be heard first.

“Ye say true, woman,” said he of the sieve and the millstone: “all ye have spoken is as true as that my outer wheel runs round, and my hopper holds corn. There are elves about, woman, and strange spirits,—Croga glen is swarming with them:—I have heard them at the dead hours of night, and I may say I have as good as seen them, and that in broad day.” “’Deed, miller,” said she of the Elfknowe, “we all ken full well that the mill of Croga has two millers,—one of flesh and blood, and as douce a man as ever wet corn with water, even yourself, Thomas;—but for the other, I wish

I could honestly say as much of him:—he is never seen, and he is often heard;—but he’s a brave miller, and I have tasted meal of his grinding myself:—But that was in my youthful days, when I had less of the fear of God and the grave afore me:—we have been all foolish upon a time, miller,—but it’s the surest saint that has had the soundest fa’,—a proverb that ought to have been in the gospel.”

“And ye have tasted meal of the Elf-miller’s grinding, good-wife?” said the miller:—“hegh, woman, but ye’re a fearless bodie. Now, touching the miller, I could tell something of a tale myself. It was ae fine summer night,—I mind it well,—it was just the time lang Tam Freysel died, and that I lost three mug ewes in the side-ill. The wind was down, and the moon shone so clear ye might have gathered saxpences on Croga-hill, and seen needles and pins in the bottom of my mill-dam. I went out to pray at my own house-end,—for to tell ye nae fiction, I am far from being so bold as one with so clear a conscience might be, who never wronged a man aboon the worth of three handfulls of meal at a time. So to my knees I went,—and I mind well I was petitioning against the drought of summer, for the streams were parched up, and a drove of oxen would have drunk Croga mill-dam dry; but I trow I got a raising. I heard a sound as of the rushing of water,—the clapper of my mill began to clap, the wheels went dunnery round, the dust streamed out as thick as a corn sack from door and wicket, and I heard the din as of twenty tongues making merry over a meller of meal. Now, said I, through might from aboon I shall see who they are that run off my mill-dam with this wicked speed,—but it was may be for my soul’s health, that I was not to be made so wise. I had reached the brink of my mill-dam, and the lights shone, and the mirth abounded, more than ever. Judge ye now, good wife, if it was ought good that beguiled and befooled me sae; instead of my bonnie mill-dam shining beneath the summer moon, what beheld I but a palace of burning gold, rising before me with carved pillars nae doubt, and sculptured porches I’ll warrant,

and a roof,--O sic a roof!--the roof of heaven was but a spider web to it,--for every star there were ten:--I grew dizzy to behold it. I stood astonished, as ye may guess;--and the more so, because I heard the sound of dulcimer and flute, and all manner of profane music, coming sounding from the porch,--a sound like the falling of water on my outer wheel, when the hopper's heaped and the stone's geared,--but mair sweet, mair sweet. A weel, said I, the hand of some sonsie spirit has been here,--for I was right bold at the time,--and I should have told ye before, that as I prayed, black Will Smith, the smuggler, rode past, and I had tasted just as much brandy as did me good. And as I looked on the fairy palace, and on its portals, I forgot myself, and, lifting up my staff, I knocked at the door, saying, peace be here:--but, O the deceit of Satan,--o'er the head I plumped in my own mill-dam,--swash, like a salmon of fifty pound weight at the trout-loup of Croga. 'Now, Gude protect us a,' quoth our wife, 'for the miller's drowned;' and down with a shriek and a clapping of hands came she. 'Na, na,' quoth I, 'I'm no drowned, but gloriously dooked;--Croga elves, by the aid of a bright moon and their own magic, turned the mill-dam into a palace of gold, and gloriously dooked am I.' "

"Miller," said his companion, "all this may be accounted for in a natural way. That smuggled brandy's a deceitful servant. I have tried it for the cough, for shortness of breath, and for dimness of sight, and may therefore speak. A cupful of it makes the floors seem walls, and the walls floors, and ten thousand lights dance before one's eyes. It's a deceitful friend, and a deluding servant, and nae wonder ye were misled. But to let that drop,--what I am about to tell ye has perplexed me and the minister to explain, and ye maun ken a drop of smuggled sinful had not passed my door for a full month before I saw what I shall tell ye. It was in that sad year, the seventeen, that the sun dried up the land, and scorched the standing corn; no rain fell for forty days, and there was sore want in the earth. The very grasshopper ceased to sing. And that brings me in mind of the

wicked laird of Lauriebank, auld Gomorrah, as he was called, and not unjustly;--he was an old man then, and I but a young quean, no aboon a year married. I saw him sitting among his scorched-up corn, and heard him crying to the clouds, whenever he saw one arise: 'Come hither, if ye be a minister of rain, and no a bearer of fire, come hither, for Lauriebank is cracking and fizzing, and would singe the wing of a laverock. Will ye cast away rain on the Solway sea, and so much good corn in the country perishing for lack of water? One may roast eggs on the banks of Burnbourack, and make tenpenny nails among the burning sand of Topplestarvit;--will ye no come hither?' A weel,--to forsake the auld sinner and his sayings--I was a new married body then;--beginning the world, and all to buy, and little to buy it with. The plague of drought came upon the land, as I said; the milk of life refused to come into the ear of corn; the cattle came from the parched uplands into the lowland marshes to cool their mouths with frog-pipes, and the people were in sore want. I dwelt then in a lonesome house at the foot of Kinharvie-hill, and no other sound heard I for the livelong day, but the sound of my spinning wheel, the gushing of the little burn, the cry of the plover, and the pleasant sound of my goodman's voice as he returned at e'en from distant labour."

"I kenned the place well," said the miller; "monie a bonnie burn trout have I neevied in that stream; monie a bonnie gray moorcock have I shot on that hill; and monie a bonnie hour at even have I wasted, sitting by the side of a sonsie lass at the warm hearth of Kinkarvie. But that was before the time ye talk of, good wife, and I'm stopping your story."

"It was a bonnie place," said Barbara, "and I have aye a warm side till it yet: a place where ane has been happy in,--and bore monie a bonnie bairn in,--and tasted some of the rebuke of affliction and poverty in, is dearer than all meaner places. But I was young then, and carried my head high, for sorrow had not bowed my neck,--and trimly I kept my house, tidily kept I myself, and kindly loved I our goodman;--I

have never thought of another, though I was in my prime when I lost him;---and I made it a point to have a kind look, and something comfortable and warm for him when he came home at even. So as the sun was setting I baked a cake, and put it over the embers,---for weel he loved a kneaded cake, and ane brander'd brown;---I never knead a cake now but I think of him. So the cake was on the embers, and a sweet smell it made;---for the meal was white and warm from the mill-ee, and I sat beside it to watch and turn it. As I sat I thought I heard a foot on the floor, and looking o'er my shoulder who saw I but a wee wee womanie! A wee wee womanie, and snodly was she clad, and fair was her face; and without halt or curchee close came she to my side. I think I see her yet and hear her words. 'Barbara Macmurdo,' said the wee wee womanie, using my maiden name, 'I live nigh thy house,---I live on the same bread, and drink of the same water. But water waxes scant, and bread is far from sure; and those who gather earth's sweetest fruits for me are now in Guiana and Araby, seeking spice, and cloves, and myrrh, and will not be with me sooner than morning. The smell of thy new-meal cake is sweet, and we felt it underground, and my little babes love it. Therefore give me some, and when the next meller is ground in Croga mill I will repay thee. Give and prosper---refuse and pine.'

"So I looked at the wee wee womanie,---the least I ever saw,---with her fair face, and her lang curling hair, her jupes of broom blossom, and her kirtle of peagreen. 'Willingly will I give,' said I, 'a hot cake and a bason of new meal;---but, O ye are a wee wee lady, and weel would I like to see yere bairns; are they as fair and as little as thee?' She laughed and clapt her hands, and stamped her foot, and lo and behold there started up at her side two of the sweetest bairns I ever saw; they were no longer than twa daffodils: this gray hood of mine would have robed them both like kings, and thy whomelled hopper would have made them a palace. And they flew about like birds. 'Bairns,' I said, 'here's a cake

of the sweetest bread, and a bason of the fairest meal, for your mother and you, and mickle good may they do ye.' So the woman becked, and the weans bowed, and taking my presents, vanished from my hearth like a flash of will-o'-wisp light. 'His presence be near me,' said I, 'I have been communing with elves, and giving Christian bread to the imps of darkness.'"

"I never heard a tale like that," said the miller, "but saw ye ever the wee wee womanie again?" "Again," said Barbara, "aye truly did I, man, and that in two or three weeks. It was between light and dark, and I was baking bread, when in came the wee wee womanie,---her hair was curling down her back,---and her kirtle of green was sown o'er with something that glittered like stars, and set thicker than the gowans on Croga bank in the spring. 'Mortal,' she said, 'ye gave us what ye could ill spare, and I give you what we can weel want. For the sweet supper ye gave my bairns and me, take this bason filled with fairy meal; human hunger shall never empty it, and it shall be ever full: But if ye feed brute or bird with this sacred food the charm which blesses it is broken.' And melting into the twilight, I never saw her more. But many a day have I blessed the charmed bason, and tasted of its blessed food,---and a rich wife and a prosperous I became." "O woman," said the miller, his eyes dilating with a joy not without some small mixture of fear,---"I would give ye a forpit of gold for such a blessed heir-loom as that,---but d'ye think it is cannie, and according to the revealed word, to keep it and profit by it,---I have my own doubts on that point."

"Miller," said Barbara, "cast nae doubts on the permitted fee and bounty of God;---did not the winds of old waft quails and manna on the chosen people, and did not the ravens, that in these accursed days pick out the eyes of our lambs, carry food to the inspired prophet? But the blessed cup of my prosperity is gone; I was bereaved of it by the gowk laird of Haverland; and how, ye shall hear. He was out hunting, and in came he with his three hounds, as I sat making the bairns' breakfast,---

the charmed bowl sat beside me,—he seized it and gave it to his dogs. I think I see the poor dumb brutes now,—the first mouthful they took turned into ashes and chaff—the second mouthful seemed lapped blood, and the third mouthful became burning fire. The hounds howl'd, and the laird swore, and I wept. One hound stretched itself out on the floor and died,—another ran to Croga hill top, and there it sat night and day barking at the sun and moon till it died also,—and the third raised up a howl at my hearth-stane as if it had started a hare, and away it flew over hill, and through dale—and, hapless hound, it is running yet with the elfin hare before it;—and I wish the laird himself was doomed to follow the chace."

"Aboon all breathing folk, goodwife," said the miller, suppressing a laugh with some difficulty, "ye are the rarest teller of a wild tale that ever was possess'd with the belief that the world has such impish inhabitants as elves and fairies. And so there was an end to your charmed cup, and its blessed meal! Ah, goodwife, there is a mighty lack of marvels in the land now; and yet wonderful to hear as your tale indeed is, it's but shellen seeds to sifted meal compared to what happened to my own simple self here in the saddle where I sit. Ye maun ken, lass, that in my youthful days I was nae doucer than I should be; I ran to fairs, and preachings, and trystes, and wooed many maidens in many parishes. And I think ye are nae o'er proud to forget that I once or twice had a gliff of daunting with yere bonnie sell. Ye need na wave yere hand, and geck yere head sae, for I dare say ye remember the occasion. Conscience, lass, ye can wave yere head as wantonly now as ye did in the year of repentance seventeen hundred and twelve. Ye were a bonnie lass then, and a merry one too, goodwife, and made mony a clever lad sigh after supper time,—for ye were as proud as a peacock and as distant as a wild doe. There was bonnie Jamie Elshonhaft, he never did mair good after ye scorned him at Bankfoot Kirn,—and was nae I a proud lad when I could whistle ye out to the lee-side of Croga-bank thorn, with nae better

light to wooe by than that of the summer stars. But I am seventy and odd years old now, and these days are flown away,—and what's worse there's no wiling o' them back. And yet it is pleasant to think upon them,—though they are sprinkled, as John Rowatt says, with the dews of morning sin, and strewn with the blossoming flowers of early iniquity."

"Ye are mad, miller," said she of the Elfknowe, "what are tryste thorns, and midnight hours, and stolen interviews, to two such feckless bodies as we? Our first tryste place maun be the fellowship of worms under the kirkyard sod; and that's the consummation all courtship comes to. But could I with a wish grow young again, and bring a score of lads to the smiling of my eye, and the waving of my hand,—as may be I have done in my day,—at fairs too, and dances, and, what was more sinful, I'm afraid, at preachings also, I'm no sure that the wish would be uttered unless I could also be sure that I would be wiser and better;—and when I think on poor human nature among the tempting teens, I'm no so certain that I should escape sae clean as I have. Sae never wish, man, for auld days back again. There will be maids to wooe, and lads to smile, aneath the summer stars and the winter moon as heretofore;—there will be vows in the dark, and kisses given to the lip, when we are ripe and rotten. There will be the lover and the beloved; the deceived and the deceiver, the warm heart and the cold, as have ever been,—and so the world goes on, and why should we wish to go back?"

To all this the miller replied not, but casting a suspicious and a startled glance on the right hand side of the glen, where a thick bower of mountain ash and holly overhung its bosom, patted his horse's neck, and said in a low voice, "Dustyfoot, my man, what look ye at, lad? Faith, Barbara, the dumb brute sees something, and sees nought that's good, for he shakes under me like a leaf o' the linn, and your horse is snorting and smelling too. Grace be near us! see ye yon elfwoman, wi' her bairn in her bosom, seated by the side of Saint Dervorgoil's well?—as sure as

corn grows and water runs she's there for nae good to us." And they both made a full halt,—gazed as if they would gaze through the rocky side of the glen,—nor was it Superstition's fear, that artist of wonderful forms, which was at work to dismay them.

I have, when a boy, drunk water out of the well of this Galwegian saint, which spouts up through a little trough of stone in the glen of Croga. Virtues are imputed to it by the old people; and those whom it frees from sickness or pain leave a small offering at its brink—at the time I saw it two pieces of ribbon and a ring were tied to a branch of holly, which partly shaded it, and a piece of old silver, the coin of one of the earlier Scottish kings, lay shining at the bottom,—the offering of a mother for the health of her child. At the side of this well the miller and his companion saw a woman seated with a child in her bosom,—a fair young woman from a distant place. She seemed unconscious or careless of the presence of strangers, and gazed alone at the moon, with its red edge resting on the hill, and at the stars shining in multitudes above her, and at the little well sending forth its silver thread of water among the grass at her feet. She took from her bosom a token of silver, and dropt it into the well, and in

a low voice began to chaunt, like one singing to soothe a child, the following verses. It is true that but a few scattered words of this mystic lyric survived in the memories of the two listeners, and that, after the lapse of years, the measure of the melody, and the original strain of sentiment, had alone been secured from oblivion. But dismembered and imperfect as it was, I recited it to one of the peasant poets of the district, who assured me it was a genuine antique, modified by some gifted person to suit the circumstances under which the young woman sung it,—a kind of change, he observed, which many of our national and domestic lyrics had undergone; and with that tenderness and regard which one man of genius feels for the suffering labours of another, he filled up the gaps which former forgetfulness had made. For this he made something of an apology,—saying, the rudeness of his own interpolations would soon be singled out by the critical sagacity of the age,—modern dross was easily distinguished from antique gold; but he had a pleasure of his own in ekeing out the ancient mutilated melodies of his country, and he cared little for the opinion of those "chippers and hewers,"—the men who sold their judgment to the public either monthly or quarterly.—But for the song.

OUR LADY'S BLESSED WELL.

The moon is gleaming far and near,
The stars are streaming free,
And cold comes down the evening dew
On my sweet babe and me.
There is a time for holy song,
An hour for charm and spell,
And now's the time to bathe my babe
In our Lady's blessed well.

O thou wert born as fair a babe
As light ere shone aboon,
And fairer than the gowan is,
Born in the April moon:
First like the lily pale ye grew,
Synce like the violet wan;
As in the sunshine dies the dew,
So faded my fair Ann.

Was it a breath of evil wind
That harm'd thee, lovely child;
Or was't the fairy's charmed touch
That all thy bloom defiled?

I've watch'd thee in the mirk midnight,
 And watch'd thee in the day,
 And sung our Ladye's sacred song
 To keep the elves away.

The moon is sitting on the hill,
 The night is nigh its prime,
 The owl doth chace the bearded bat,
 The mark of witching time ;
 And o'er the seven sister stars
 A silver cloud is drawn,
 And pure the blessed water is
 To bathe thee, gentle Ann !

On a far sea thy father sails
 Among the spicy isles ;
 He thinks on thee, and thinks on me,
 And as he thinks, he smiles,
 And sings, while he his white sail trims,
 And severs swift the sea,
 About his Anna's sunny locks,
 And of her bright blue ee.

O, blessed fountain, give her back
 The brightness of her brow ;
 O, blessed water, bid her cheeks
 Like summer roses glow !
 'Tis a small gift, thou blessed well,
 To thing divine as thee,
 But kingdoms to a mother's heart,
 For Ann is dear to me.

While she sung this singular lyric, she removed the mantle from her child, took all covering from its body and limbs, and lifting it towards the moon, showed a form much withered and wasted away. She muttered a prayer over it, and then taking water from the well with her hands, showered it plentifully over its body ;—the child, perhaps accustomed to such ablution, was silent. “ Goodwife,” said the miller, “ as sure as mill stones run round, that's an elf-woman and that's an elfchild,—or they are the fair resemblances, made by the foul spirit, of a mother and bairn, for deceiving thee and me, and bringing us to shame. Let us ride back and waken the goodman of Pyetstane ;—he's a bold body, and can face aught,—and he never swears but when he's sober, and I vow, before sunset, I saw him staggering like a smuggler when his cargo's discharged.”

“ Fool, man,” said she of the Elf-knowe, “ see ye not that it is a poor young woman benighted under the dark cloud of ancient belief, douking her unweel bairn in the spring well, accounted holy in Catholic times ?

Ah, lass, Saint Dervorgoil has lost her charm now, and the water of her blessed well has had little virtue since the reformation. Ye may as well wash it in evening dew, and lay it out to be cured by the influence of the stars on the top of Fardinrush hill, as daft Nell Candlish did, when her babe was found by the shepherds frozen in the morning cold, like a flower. Alas ! the spirit of salvation, if ever such a spirit was there, has departed from the blessed well, and there's no a pool in Croga but what would do the same wonders for the flesh of man. But, alas ! it's hard to make a mither believe that there's nae charm can heal the sick babe at her bosom ; and there's nae doubt this poor young creature has come many a weary mile to bathe her child in the blessed fount of Saint Dervorgoil. There was Willie Maclellan's mither carried him hither out of the wild roons of Galloway, and a bonnie bairn she made him ;—there's a natural virtue in pure spring water, that cannot be made stronger by the best saint o' the calendar.”

“ After all, goodwife,” said her more scrupulous companion, “ she

may be a fairy mother come to wash her imp in the blessed well, so that it may seem every seventh day a douce Christian. Od, I have heard of such things, and it would nae be an unwise thing to ride back to the Manse, and have the minister's opinion." "Whisht, man, whisht," said Barbara, "the young woman has bathed her child; she is now wrapping it up, and see, she comes down the bank:—Hame shall she come with me, for she is a stranger in a strange land, and carries a fatherless babe in her bosom, and that's both right and reason why she should come to the house of Elfknowe." The young woman spoke as she approached. "A pleasant way and welcome at hame to ye baith, and the good wishes of a stranger go with you. I have come from the Solway shore to bathe the babe of my bosom in Saint Der-vorgoil's blessed well;—thrice have I come at the full hour of the moon, and the babe is recovering even as a parched flower when the summer rain comes. Sore was it faded, and had ceased to leap in my arms and smile in my face;—but look at the sweet wee innocent now; it has light in its eyes, and life on its brow, and the bloom has come back to its cheek;—my blessing upon the blessed well of Croga." And removing the mantle from the face of her child, she held it up amid the light of the departing moon, and smiled.

"O woman," said Barbara, "ye are a kind mother, but a wondrous idolater,—a worshipper of wells and springs, and times of the moon, and set and appointed places. And yet ye have many a douce body's judgment to countenance ye in your belief in old influences. I had a brother myself who fell asleep once in the Fairy-Ring of Croga, and when he awoke, his bloom had faded, and his strength was nigh gone, and for many a blessed hour he went two-fold over a staff. Now my father was an elder of God's kirk, and mickle he prayed for the bairn's health, but health came not, and my mother stole him out, and dipt him thrice in the blessed well of Croga, and he grew a stalwart man, and went to a ripe grave in his grey hairs. So as the night's cold, and the way long, had ye no better come with me to Elfknowe, and stay till

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the sun shines?" "Alas! no, good-wife," said the sailor's spouse, "for I maun be on the shore of Solway at the first come of the tide, and all to dip my bairn in the increasing waters. There's a charm in the full moon-tide; and it's sweet to hear it sug-hing and singing among the shells and pebbles; away maun I gang, and I am o'er long here." "Woman, woman," said the dame of Elfknowe, "thou wilt slay the child with spells, and take away its sweet life with charms;—but go thy ways,—for a mother who wishes weel to her babe is a wilful creature,—go thy ways:" and the woman and her child were soon lost among the woods of Croga.

Miller Milroy and his companion moved quietly homewards along the bank of the water, till they came near the mill, on the dusty summit of which the moon threw a level and a parting beam. The miller rode foremost,—he passed the shellen-hill, where several worn-out barley mill-stones and fragments of old machinery lay strewn about, and when he came between the mill-dam and the door he made a full halt, raised the broad blue bonnet from his brow, muttered a hasty prayer, and said; "God have his hands about us! saw ever man such a sight?—there, the Elfin Miller of Croga has loosed my dam, and flooded the wheel;—hear ye nae how the wheels and stones dunner and shake?—Alas! there will be a fairy curse pronounced on hop-per and sieve, and what will come of my merry mill and my deep mill-dam?" He wrung his hands in agony.

Now the dame of Elfknowe drew up her horse close to that of the miller, held her hand before her eyes to concentrate her powers of vision, laid back the remainder locks from her ears, to let all sounds have free access, and gazed with an earnest eye on the mill and the mill-dam, and said, "May the powers aboon open my sight that I may see all these marvels;—nor elf nor fairy see I. There stands the dusty mill with the door closed,—the milldam flowing o'er,—the outer wheel standing still, and nought hear I save the drop and dribble of the trows, and nought see I save five ducks sleeping with their heads aneath their wings. Preserve me, miller, are ye sure ye're no win-

nelskewed?" "Winnelskewed!" re-echoed the miller; "I would give my barley millstones for a pair of quairns to think that my een wronged the scene before me. Round dunnor the wheels, the dust flies out from the wicket, the lights stream from door and window;—see ye nae that long gleam of blue will-o'-wisp light quivering as far as our horses' feet? and there's the clap clattering as audible as a woman's tongue when the brandy flows free at the gossipings. Deil mend your een, d'ye no see the diminished dam?" "Nothing of all you have named see I," said the dame of Elfknowe,—and another earnest and considerate look took she.

The miller laid his chin close to the horse's mane, motioned with his forefinger to his companion, and nodded as if he had got something particularly curious to say. "Goodwife," said the hero of the sieve and hopper, "I can read this fairy riddle now. Ye maun ken, lass, that dues are paid to the folk of Elfland just the same as multure is paid to a miller, or kain to the laird of the ground. To them belong all the o'er-ripened grain which is shaken before the sickle cuts it,—all the leamed nuts which drop out of the husks with ripeness—and all the wild apples, and all the honeycombs of the wild heath bees,—and many more perquisites which ye would laugh to hear named. Now at or about this time of the year, the elves gather in all the shed grain, which they call 'crop of the mools,' and carry it to some noted mill to grind it into elve-meal; and this is the very work they are this night about. They are a conscientious race, and will leave me the mill dues in the lewder,—so let us pass away home in quietness and in peace."

"All this is mere moonshine in the mill-dam, like your golden palace," said Barbara, who mustered up all her superstitious faculties in vain, to make something of the miller's vision. "Behold your outer wheel, it's as dry on its axle as ye're in the saddle; and as for the mill, it's as dark as the grave, and as silent as Glencairn kirk." "Nay, but woman," said the miller, rubbing his elbow, and puckering his face like an ill-tied sack-mouth with sheer vexa-

tion, "Will ye no be convinced? D'ye no see that faint stream of light glimmering out at the door?" She shook her head. "And d'ye no see that little brown elf tasting the new meal in the hollow of his hand?—he's nae longer than a new born bairn, and as white with meal as a booting-bag,—he's the Elfin Miller doubtless." She looked as if she would look through the mill door, and sighed to think the mysteries of Elfland were hidden from her sight. "A-weel," continued the miller, "and there can be no doubt that ye see the new warm meal gushing like snow from the mill-ee, and three elves, no longer than ane's leg, all sifting like distraction. Lord! woman, but they are the queerest wee bodies I ever saw,—see, see, some half a score of them are fluttering like gray moor-cocks in the middle of that long stream of elfin light which comes glancing out so gaily. O for drunken Frank Farish here, with his gun loaded with silver sixpences, that he might have a shot at these bastard imps begotten between grace and perdition."

"Whisht ye, fool man," said Barbara; "speak lowne, ye profane body, speak lowne. If the race be there ye describe, ye may as well shoot at a sunbeam with the hope of putting out day-light, as bend a gun against them." "If there be aught there!" said the miller, incensed at having his accuracy of sight questioned; "Lord! woman, the elves are sporting on my mill floor as thick as motes in the summer sunbeam,—as thrang as shellen seeds in the west wind,—as plentiful as mill dust when I grind by candle light. But bide ye a bit,—ye shall speedily be sensible of their presence by the ear, since ye will not by the eye,—there's a fairy film drawn over your eyes, so that they can see nought less gross than mere mortality. Lend your ears now." And Barbara bent forward—with her hand held up, and her lips apart;—the stirring of a grasshopper would not have escaped her. The miller went on. "Now look at yon queer, wee, out-of-the-world elf, that sits nae bigger than a cock partridge on one of the sack-heads; it has got a bog reed in its hand, and meikle mirth it will make wi' it. And then see yon wee elf dancing about like a

leaf in an eddy:—it has got a long paddock-pipe in its hand, and it moves it round and round like an unskilful fifer seeking a hole to blow music out of. But most of all see the miller elf himsel;—he has got a flute of hollow hemlock, and he sits on the rim of the mill sieve; Lord! goodwife, we'll have rare music belyve. Harken now. There they begin—deil split my hopper into brimstone spunks, if that's no the queerest thing I ever saw or heard. I ken the tune; 'the Miller and his Multure' is but chaff to corn compared with it;—how can ane's heels hold from dancing when we hearken it?—this surpasses all." And having stopt a second or two to give breathing for fresh enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "Harken;—there's a sang too, —and such a sang;—hear how the roof-tree rings with it;—d'ye hear it distinctly now?—I'll answer for't, ye may hear it on the top of Croga-hill. The elf who made it has been a miller himself, for the verses have all the harmony of well hung machinery, well laid-on water, and well geared millstones; the music of mere men's tongues is but an auld wife's cough compared with it;—I ken the the sang every word."

Barbara looked east and looked west, and, like the shepherd in the old ballad, she gave an under look, and in a tone between resignation and sorrow said,—“Aweel, ye see what I cannot see, and ye hear what I cannot hear; and since all sense of

spiritual presence is denied me, even let me hear ye repeat this same song, which ye heard sung by the elfin miller. I'll warrant it will give ye some new light anent increase of multure. This will be a brave sang to sing when ye tell the tale of the palace of burning gold, ye ken."

With much earnestness, and with no subdued voice, did the miller of Croga chaunt in the marvelling ears of his companion the song of his elfin associate in the labours of the mill. Of this curious and genuine fairy lyric, it was the unhopèd-for good fortune of him who seeks to revive for a few brief days the story of the *Elves of Croga*, to obtain a copy, and that too from a descendant of the miller himself, even Reuben Milroy. That it has escaped the research of our ballad antiquaries, and eluded association with music and ten thousand thousand accompaniments for all manner of instruments, must be imputed to its intense locality, and to Croga being an unrifled nook, into which those gentlemen who describe all the milestones and molehills in the country had failed to penetrate. To such associations I deliver it up now; and as the lyric itself is of an original character, and altogether unlike any of the gentle songs which flutter in the world, I have some hope that the name of the old minstrel will be discovered; so that Galloway may have to boast of another bard whose fame rests upon a single song.

SONG OF THE ELFIN MILLER.

Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist;
Come taste my fragrant meal.
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower;
Work, fairies, fast,—for time flies past;
I borrow'd the mill an hour.

The miller he's a worldly man,
And maun have double fee;
So draw the sluice of the churle's dam,
And let the stream come free;
Shout, fairies, shout; see, gushing out,
The meal comes like a river,
The top of the grain on hill and plain
Is ours, and shall be ever.

One elf goes chasing the wild bat's wing,
 And one the white owl's horn,
 One hunts the fox for the white o' his tail,
 And we winna have him till morn ;
 One idle fay, with the glow-worm's ray,
 Runs glimmering 'mang the mosses,
 Another goes tramp wi' the will-o'-wisp's lamp,
 To light a lad to the lasses.

O haste, my brown elf, bring me corn
 From bonnie Blackwood plains ;
 Go, gentle fairy, bring me grain
 From green Dalgonar mains ;
 But, pride of a' at Closeburn ha',
 Fair is the corn and fatter ;
 Taste, fairies, taste, a gallanter grist
 Has never been wet with water.

Hilloah ! my hopper is heaped high ;
 Hark ! to the well-hung wheels,
 They sing for joy ;--the dusty roof,
 It clatters and it reels.
 Haste, elves, and turn, yon mountain burn
 Brings streams that shine like siller ;
 The dam is down, the moon sinks soon,
 And I maun grind my meller.

Ha ! bravely done, my wanton elves,
 That is a foaming stream ;
 See how the dust from the mill-ee flies,
 And chokes the cold moon-beam.
 Haste, fairies, fleet come baptized feet,
 Come sack and sweep up clean,
 And meet me soon, ere sinks the moon
 In thy green vale, Dalveen.

When the water of Croga bursts the mill-dam, and floods the outer wheel at Lammas fathom deep in foaming water, it scarcely descends with a more deafening sound than did the dame of Elfknowe come down with pith of tongue, and nearly with strength of hand, on the devoted miller. " Out, thou profane rhymer !---this fiction of thine is worse than the stolen gowpin of meal out of ilka sack-head, worse than a false weight and a large multure ladle. Elves, quoth I,---my truly, when will lies leave the land, and truth-telling come in fashion ? Let man trust ye no more with the measuring of meal." " Measuring of meal, goodwife ?" said the unruffled miller, " and wherefore no lass ?---we can measure it with the blessed fairy cup of Elfknowe, and bring the gowk laird and his three dogs to taste the meller. Aha ! lass, take ye tent of that. But grace be around us, say I ;---what's to happen now ?---the mill's darker than midnight, and

as mute as moonshine ;---the mill-dam is running over, and the water-wheel is as motionless as the green hill of Croga. Elf and imp are up and gone, but I'll warrant the iron gudgeons of my mill are fit to fire the wheels, sae furious has been the friction." " Miller," said the dame, " since ye have seen all ye are desirous of imagining, and conceived a very marvellous story, let us go home. But when ye wish to tell the tale of the Elfin Miller of Croga mill, name na me as a witness to your wild marvels ;---I have seen nought this blessed night---more wondrous than thyself and me."

Homewards they went, and when they approached the humble house of the miller, his horse neighed as he drew near the well-known door, and the rider whistled his favourite tune of the " Miller and his Multure ;" but no ready hand came to the bridle, and no well-known tongue was heard to say, ' Welcome home !' No light shone in the window, and

no sound was heard in the house. "Now," said the miller, "ye shall know from this that evil spirits are abroad. I never before came home, but that a light streamed from my window, and my bairns' tongues welcomed me at the door. But the elves of Croga have silenced my house, and extinguished its kindly light." "Aye, now indeed," said the dame of Elfknowe, "I can bear witness to what ye say; but call aloud, man; call on all and sundry." Down leaped the miller, and called aloud, "Kate, Jane, and Elspa,—open the door, I say;—are your tongues charmed, and is the door locked by a spell?" "It is the voice of the evil one," muttered a female voice from within; "on your salvation I charge ye open not the door." "As sure as ae wheel's wet and another's dry in Croga mill," responded another voice, "it is our father;—I ken the neigh of Dustyfoot,—there's no an elf in Galloway can mimic that."

Slowly and cautiously the door opened, and forth came the miller's wife, and said, "Elfs' flesh or man's flesh, ye have the form and voice of ane dear to me, and touch ye I shall;" and laying her hand on the miller, she exclaimed, "It's my ain dear auld man, and all the elves of Croga may gang and seek for the other end of the rainbow. But, oh! Thomas Milroy, I wish ye had heard what we heard; we stood on our door-stone even now, and heard the Elfin Miller sing his elfin song,—and to our bended knees went we." Loud laughed the dame of Elfknowe, and

said, "The husband's folly is the wife's salvation;" and away she rode silently home.

From that time to the present has the glen of Croga been divided against itself. The people of the eastern side of the vale express their fixed faith in the wondrous elves of the mill, and chaunt the fairy lyric with more of fear and trembling than of joy and gladness. The people of the western side sing the song to ridiculous tunes, and declare that the Elfin Miller, and his wild song, were both evoked from the miller's fancy, heated as it was with superstition and strong drink. At the head of one faction stood the miller; at the head of the other the redoubted dame of Elfknowe. Both long ago went down to the grave,—the former bequeathed his mill and his belief to his only son,—the latter transferred Elfknowe, and all her doubts and scruples, to her only daughter;—the former caused the fifth verse of the ballad to be engraven on his grave stone,—the latter bound her descendant to leave her riches to none who had faith in the elfin Miller of Croga. The wrath and dissension which burned of old between the east and west is smouldering still; and the stranger who visits the vale would be wise to maintain a judicious silence on that mysterious event. The writer of this imperfect account,—a firm believer in the Elfin Miller and the fairy song,—narrowly escaped stoning to death in the west, and caressing to death in the east:—may his warning be welcome!

NALLA.

TABLE TALK. BY WILLIAM HAZLITT. VOL. II.

THE volume of Table Talk before us is a strong original work, written directly from the author's own mind, and not filched from the world of books in which thievery is so common. Each essay is the pure gathering of the writer's thoughts upon the subject of which it treats; and if it be not always strictly just in its deductions, and complete in its conclusions, it is sure to strike out some bold and original thinking, and to give some vigorous truths in stern

and earnest language. The style of the book is singularly nervous and direct, and seems to aim at mastering its subject by dint of mere hard hitting. There is no such thing as manoeuvring for a blow. The language strikes out, and, if the intention is not fulfilled, the blow is repeated until the subject falls. Those readers who like the graces of a dancing dazzling style will be disappointed in Mr. Hazlitt's pages; for his sentences have "no limbo

and outward flourishes;" they are determined bodies only! His periods do not chime round like a peal of well-ordered bells; but they go right on, until they run against a full stop. His passages are not laid out, like Pope's *Head-Alleys*, which "have their brothers;" they are solitary useful paths, leading to wise temples and true prospects. We must say we think that Mr. Hazlitt might at times, without any compromise of his earnestness, use commas and semicolons a little oftener. In reading his papers, we now and then drop upon a page, the passing through which is like the passing through the toll-style of Waterloo Bridge. It catches at every move. You advance, but to be impeded. It is a series of full stops!

The volume contains twenty-seven essays, on subjects of various interest. The first three papers are well known to the public, having already appeared in certain periodical works of the day: the rest of the book is, however, composed of entirely new brain-work, and is well worthy the perusal of all those who are desirous of being informed and delighted at the same time. We will now, as well as our limits will permit, touch upon a few of the most interesting papers, and select one or two passages which appear to us eminently striking and beautiful. The task of selection, from a work of this nature, is extremely difficult; but we reviewers are accustomed to hard tasks, and do our duties without a murmur.

The essay on the Coffee House Politicians is a pleasant little cluster of characters at the Southampton,—some of them real,—some, perhaps, a little exaggerated,—some, no doubt, brought there by the resistless call of fiction. We are glad to see that Mr. Hazlitt has a relish of your *old But-ton's* about him; that he is not above the custom of the early essayist; that he can take "his ease at his inn," and see men sitting in sensible quiet, discussing their fellow men and things. The following character is drawn with a nice hand:—

M—— without being the most communicative, is the most conversible man I know. The social principle is inseparable from his person. If he has nothing to say, he drinks your health; and when you cannot from the rapidity and carelessness of

his utterance catch what he says, you assent to it with equal confidence: you know his meaning is good. His favourite phrase is, "We have all of us something of the coxcomb;" and yet he has none of it himself. Before I had exchanged half a dozen sentences with M——, I found that he knew several of my old acquaintance (an immediate introduction of itself, for the discussing the characters and foibles of common friends is a great sweetener and cement of friendship)—and had been intimate with most of the wits and men about town for the last twenty years. He knew Tobin, Wordsworth, Porson, Wilson, Paley, Erskine, and many others. He speaks of Paley's pleasantry and unassuming manners, and describes Porson's long potations and long quotations formerly at the Cider-Cellar in a very lively way. He has doubts, however, as to that sort of learning. On my saying that I had never seen the Greek Professor but once, at the Library of the London Institution, when he was dressed in an old rusty black coat, with cobwebs hanging to the skirts of it, and with a large patch of coarse brown paper covering the whole length of his nose, looking for all the world like a drunken carpenter, and talking to one of the Proprietors with an air of suavity, approaching to condescension, M—— could not help expressing some little uneasiness for the credit of classical literature. "I submit, Sir, whether common sense is not the principal thing? What is the advantage of genius and learning if they are of no use in the conduct of life?"—M—— is one who loves the hours that usher in the morn, when a select few are left in twos and threes like stars before the break of day, and when the discourse and the ale are "aye growing better and better."

This is vivid work. Porson is, indeed, "in his habit as he lived," and comes out on the canvas of the Southampton Table Talk, like a rich old picture wetted by the connoisseur.

The essay on the Aristocracy of Letters is equally lively and clever. The following is a delightful tribute to the intellectual wealth of the Burneys.

There are whole families who are born classical, and are entered in the heralds' college of reputation by the right of consanguinity. Literature, like nobility, runs in the blood. There is the B—— family. There is no end of it or its pretensions. It produces wits, scholars, novelists, musicians, artists in "numbers numberless." The name is alone a passport to the Temple of Fame. Those who bear it are free of Parnassus by birth-right. The founder

of it was himself an historian and a musician, but more of a courtier and man of the world than either. The secret of his success may perhaps be discovered in the following passage, where, in alluding to three eminent performers on different instruments, he says, "These three illustrious personages were introduced at the Emperour's court," &c.; speaking of them as if they were foreign ambassadours or princes of the blood, and thus magnifying himself and his profession. This overshadowing manner carries nearly every thing before it, and mystifies a great many. There is nothing like putting the best face upon things, and leaving others to find out the difference. He who could call three musicians "personages," would himself play a personage through life, and succeed in his leading object. Sir Joshua Reynolds, remarking on this passage, said, "No one had a greater respect than he had for his profession, but that he should never think of applying to it epithets that were appropriated merely to external rank and distinction." Madame D——, it must be owned, had cleverness enough to stock a whole family, and to set up her cousin-germans, male and female, for wits and virtuosos to the third and fourth generation. The rest have done nothing, that I know of, but keep up the name.

Madame D'Arblay, however, had no right to be inflicting "the Wanderer" upon the family character. We cannot resist another extract from this paper, because we think it written with great vigour and feeling, and because it conveys the spirit of the author's essay with a force of truth and compression, which must carry it to the minds and hearts of all readers.

There is not a more helpless or more despised animal than a mere author, without any extrinsic advantages of birth, breeding, or fortune to set him off. The real ore of talents or learning must be stamped before it will pass current. To be at all looked upon as an author, a man must be something more or less than an author—a rich merchant, a banker, a lord, or a ploughman. He is admired for something foreign to himself, that acts as a bribe to the servility, or a set-off to the envy of the community. "What should such fellows as we do, crawling betwixt heaven and earth;"—"coining our hearts for drachmas;" now scorched with the sun, now shivering in the breeze, now coming out in our newest gloss and best attire, like swallows in the spring, now "sent back like hallowmas or shortest day?" The best wits, like the handsomest faces upon the town, lead a harassing, precarious life—are taken up for the

bud and promise of talent, which they no sooner fulfil than they are thrown aside like an old fashion—are caressed without reason, and insulted with impunity—are subject to all the caprice, the malice, and fulsome advances of that great keeper, the Public—and in the end come to no good, like all those who lavish their favours on mankind at large, and look to the gratitude of the world for their reward. Instead of this set of Grub-street authors, the mere *canaille* of letters, this corporation of Mendicity, this ragged regiment of genius suing at the corners of streets in *forma pauperis*, give me the gentleman and scholar, with a good house over his head, and a handsome table, "with wine of Attic taste," to ask his friends to, and where want and sorrow never come. Fill up the sparkling bowl, heap high the dessert with roses crowned, bring out the hot-pressed poem, the vellum manuscripts, the medals, the portfolios, the intaglios—this is the true model of the life of a man of taste and virtue—the possessors, not the inventors of these things, are the true benefactors of mankind and ornaments of letters. Look in, and there, amidst silver services and shining chandeliers, you will see the man of genius at his proper post, picking his teeth and mincing an opinion, sheltered by rank, bowing to wealth—a poet framed, glazed, and hung in a striking light: not a straggling weed, torn and trampled on; not a poor *Kit-run-the-street*, but a powdered beau, a sycophant plant, an exotic reared in a glass-case, hermetically sealed, "Free from the Sirian star and the dread thunder-stroke"—

whose mealy coat no moth can corrupt nor blight can wither. The poet Keats had not this sort of protection for his person—he lay bare to weather—the serpent stung him, and the poison-tree dropped upon this little western flower:—when the mercenary servile crew approached him, he had no pedigree to show them, no rent-roll to hold out in reversion for their praise: he was not in any great man's train, nor the butt and puppet of a lord—he could only offer them "the fairest flowers of the season, carnations and streaked gilliflowers,"—"rue for remembrance and pansies for thoughts"—they recked not of his gift, but tore him with hideous shouts and laughter, "Nor could the Muse protect her son!"

We pass over the essay on Criticism, and that on Great and Little Things; though there is much of the author's power of thought and language in both. The first, however, is a little bitter. The latter essay contains a beautiful passage on the author's early enthusiastic hopes, and his later disappointments, which

we are only prevented from extracting by its length. This passage is written with such genuine fervour and such a lapse of passion, as to make it in the author's cooler moments necessary for him to beg in a note "that it may be looked upon merely as a specimen of the mock heroic style, and as having nothing to do with any real facts and feelings."

The next essay on the Familiar Style is full of good matter for flowery writers. The author is, perhaps, a little hard upon his familiars.

The paper upon "Effeminacy of Character" is not so good as its companions: it is diffuse, and wandering. The inquiry "Why Distant Objects please," is, however, in Mr. Hazlitt's best style, and makes all effeminacy of character forgotten. Is there a reader whose heart does not throb to the truth of the following passage?

If I have pleasure in a flower-garden, I have in a kitchen-garden too, and for the same reason. If I see a row of cabbage-plants, or of peas or beans coming up, I immediately think of those which I used so carefully to water of an evening at W——m, when my day's tasks were done, and of the pain with which I saw them droop and hang down their leaves in the morning's sun. Again, I never see a child's kite in the air, but it seems to pull at my heart. It is to me, "a thing of life." I feel the twinge at my elbow, the flutter and palpitation, with which I used to let go the string of my own, as it rose in the air and towered among the clouds. My little cargo of hopes and fears ascended with it; and as it made a part of my own consciousness then, it does so still, and appears "like some gay creature of the element," my playmate when life was young, and twin-born with my earliest recollections.

The inquiry whether "Actors ought to sit in the boxes?" is an inquiry which ought not to be made. Why should *they* be excluded; Mrs. Siddons in the boxes, is a different person from Mrs. Siddons on the stage!—Nay, half the charm of a theatre is the sight of some bright favourite of the world casually caught there. A glimpse of Mrs. Garrick,—who now, alas! will revisit our glimpses no longer;—a peep at old Bannister crawling up by the side of his namesake, to be amused himself, as he has so often

helped to amuse;—Miss M. Tree decorating the front of the house with her beauty, and looking like her own voice,—a breathing sentiment! Is a casual glimpse of this kind fatal to the illusion of the drama? If so, who would sit down in the same room, or walk the same streets, with Mr. C. Kemble, or Mr. Liston? The actors in such case must, like Captain Absolute, "get an atmosphere and a sun of their own." The same excluding system, if allowed upon the grounds on which Mr. Hazlitt would establish it, ought not to stop with the actors: it should extend to authors and forbid *their* exits and *their* entrances, out of, or into, this working day world. What business has Mr. Godwin to sit in that box, full of respectable unintellectual people, and so, to take away the dream we have of him through his books? What! Does the author of Caleb Williams find any pleasure in Miss Paton's Polly?—Is St. Leon a venerable looking bald-headed gentleman? Does Fleetwood wear spectacles? Alack! Alack! Authors must be shut up. Talk not of Actors scattering the illusion by their bodily presences:—Authors!—dull, lubberly, awkward poets, and hard uncomely prose-writers, are the men to make havoc with the fancy, and crush conceits to death. Let *them* be tied up! Let *them* be kept in their cages! Let *them* be prevented from coming out by day or candlelight to impoverish the enthusiasm of mankind, and give their own works the lie!

The mistake into which Mr. Hazlitt has fallen, appears to us to be this—he would exclude actors from sitting in the boxes under the belief that he would thus, by not seeing Cato in undress, preserve the illusion of the drama untarnished; whereas, the only thing to be observed is strict privacy behind the curtain. The boxes may be open to all the world; the stage should be forbidden ground to all but the actors. We cannot confound Cato in his robes, with John Kemble in his own dress; but if we saw him behind flat deceitful columns, or turning to the prompter for his eloquence; if we saw Cato walking arm in arm with Mr. Colman, or beheld Coriolanus chatting with Caleb Quotem;

—the illusion *would* be gone! The dream would be scared—and all Mr. Hazlitt's erring anticipated results, of actor's enjoying themselves as men, would indeed be arrived at.

The essay "On the Disadvantages of Literary Superiority," is powerfully written; but is, we think, constructed upon a wrong basis.

Our limits forbid us to notice the four concluding essays in this clever volume—on Patronage and Puffing,—on the Knowledge of Character,—on the Picturesque and Ideal—and on the Fear of Death. They are all

written with infinite spirit and thought.

We have now, we trust, shown that this volume of Table Talk has more than ordinary claims to the attention of the public. It has its faults, to be sure,—abruptness of style, occasional vehemence of expression, exaggeration of thought, and conceit; but on the other hand, it has abundant beauties to delight all lovers of nervous English prose, let them be ever so fastidious.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

ALTHOUGH, according to the French papers, there have been decisive movements, valuable surrenders, and most skilful evolutions, since our last, still our amount of foreign intelligence for this month is scanty indeed. When we look at the bulletins now published in the official Parisian papers, we can scarcely believe that this is the same, at least nominal, army, which so lately, under Napoleon, recalled the days of Hannibal and the Cæsars. The truth seems to be, that though, according to their own accounts, they have entered many towns, and taken some unimportant fortresses, and been received in every place with universal acclamation as deliverers, they have made but little way in the menaced subjugation of the country. That they would advance to Madrid without any serious opposition, and even uninterruptedly for a time occupy that capital, was never doubted before they crossed the Pyrenees; the policy of the Spaniards was notorious, and, indeed, too obvious to be concealed, even had secrecy been intended; the removal of the King and Royal Family from Madrid spoke plainly the intention of leaving the capital open to the enemy. This was their system during the late war: Joseph Buonaparte was long in peaceable possession of Madrid; and it is surprising that the Bourbon government can either believe themselves, or imagine they can dupe others into believing, that so defenceless a capital is even a preliminary to the conquest of so, both naturally and artificially, defensible a

country. To follow minutely the march of the Duke d'Angoulême would afford but little information or interest to our readers—his bulletins are either very dry accounts of his daily progress, and his nightly rest, or else inflated descriptions of battles gained without a shot fired, and triumphal entries into, or exits from, depopulated towns, always "amid the acclamations of the inhabitants." One of these bulletins, almost the very last, we give verbatim, and by it leave our readers to judge how little they lose by the omission of the remainder. As it is so late, it will also show the advance made by the French. "May 16. The French army continues to advance upon Madrid. His Royal Highness, with the corps of reserve, arrived on the 9th at Lerma, from Burgos. Marshal Oudinot arrived on the 8th at Valladolid. His advanced guard is on the Duero. General Obert will be on the 14th at Almaran." Such is the sum total of the intelligence generally to be gleaned from those official documents. A movement of Mina's has, however, given some interest to the accounts, in despite of the studied mystery in which they are enveloped. This celebrated chieftain is, it seems, at the head of a formidable army; and the commander of the Allied French and Spanish forces had, by every manœuvre, endeavoured for above ten days to bring him to a battle, or to drive him within the walls of Barcelona, where it was hoped the want of provisions would soon force him to surrender. His talent, however, completely

generalised his antagonists; for instead of retreating in the way in which they intended, he turned upon Ripoll, drove Romagosa and a division of the French troops before him, and, with the greatest part of his force, marched upon Berga. He is now on the frontier of France, and the greatest apprehension is entertained that he will actually make an irruption into the country, and raise there the standard of insurrection. If he should decide on this, it is difficult to say what may be the consequences; he has with him a considerable corps of French refugees, commanded by Colonel Fabvier, a distinguished officer, who, in such an enterprise, must afford him effectual facilities. Indeed, it is hard to speculate upon what may be the designs of such a chieftain as Mina—his is the Guerilla system of warfare, and in its operations he is considered as unrivalled. During the late invasion, he seemed often left without a single adherent, and then suddenly appeared at the head of thousands—his cannon he buried in the mountains when there was danger, and had them dug up again when they were wanted; he never suffered himself to be either exasperated or goaded into battle, but hung upon the skirts of the enemy, either endangering their success, or adding to their misfortunes—he contributed to their annoyance in a thousand ways, cutting off their stragglers, intercepting their supplies, impeding their artillery, and adding to their embarrassment by generally appearing in the very quarter where he was least expected. Such a man, in the kind of operations now carrying on in Spain, is almost an army in himself, and would prove of incalculable annoyance, from his general local knowledge, in case the invaders sustained any reverse. The French papers, though they cannot conceal his movement, endeavour to undervalue it, and declare it only “retards” his ruin; that he has caused them considerable alarm, however, may be gleaned from the fact that Curial, D’Eroles, and Donadieu, have received orders to pursue him; and the anticipated consequence is, that they will be able to effect but little in *Catalonia*. This has had, at all

events, the effect of detaching a considerable body of the French from the main army, which is now calculated altogether at only 67,000 men. Moncey is said to have demanded a further reinforcement of 25,000 men.

By an article dated Madrid, April 30, it appears that the Spanish government had received dispatches from General Ballasteros, dated from his head quarters at Tarragona, April 19. He gives an account of a skirmish on the 18th, between a part of his forces and a very superior body of the French army, in which the Spaniards, after obstinately contesting the unequal combat, were able to effect a most skilful and orderly retreat. Ballasteros speaks of this in terms rather of triumph. By letters from the north of Spain, it seems that the bands of the Faith are daily diminishing; that Quesada has been deserted by almost all his troops, and that the other chiefs have been entirely abandoned. This defection has been partly caused by the ill-advised proclamation of the Regency organized under the auspices of the French government. This proclamation went so far as to authorise a formal disavowal of all the acts of the Spanish government, political and administrative, since the 9th of March, 1820, which includes in its proscription most of the respectability of the country. The immediate consequence of this was, the preparation of all the leading inhabitants to quit Madrid, including the members of the public offices, the bureaux, and the municipal administration.

Abisbal, whose activity is incessant, was also concentrating his troops and preparing to quit the capital. With the addition of the forces, who left Burgos on the approach of the French, his division is calculated at between 15 and 20,000 men. His route was considered uncertain, whether into Andalusia or Estramadura. He has issued a vigorous proclamation, declaring all persons who shall support, or even adhere to the French, or even remain in the towns and places occupied by them, to be traitors to their country. All the men able to bear arms are to find out and unite with the national army in whatever part of Spain it may be stationed. On the 23d of

April, the deputies having arrived in sufficient numbers at Seville, the Session of the extraordinary Cortes was resumed. The president, Senor Florez Calderon, delivered an animated speech, in which he declared the resolution of the Cortes, to resist to the last extremity the insolent dictation of foreigners and never "to tamper with iniquity nor with any thing which might compromise the honour of the nation." This address, which was received with acclamation, was followed up, on the 24th, by a message from the minister of the interior, communicating the following declaration of war on the part of Spain.

Office of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The King has been pleased to address to me the subsequent decree—

"Whereas the Spanish territory has been invaded by the troops of the French government without a declaration of war, and without any of those formalities which custom has sanctioned; and whereas this act of aggression can be viewed in no other light than as a violation of the rights of nations, and an open commencement of hostilities against Spain, I, being bound to repel force by force, to defend the integrity of the states of the monarchy, and to chastise the audacity of the invading enemy, have resolved, after consulting the Council of State, pursuant to the provision in article 236, of the political Constitution, to declare war, as in fact, I do now declare it, against France. Wherefore I charge and command all the competent authorities to carry on hostilities by sea and by land against France, by all the means in their power consistently with the law of nations. I farther order, that this, my declaration of war, be published with all due solemnity. You shall hold it to be promulgated for execution, making provision for printing, publishing, and distributing it.

(Subscribed by the Royal Sign Manual.)

To Don Everisto San Miguel,

April 23. In the Alcazar of Seville."

At the same time, a partial change of ministry was announced; merely, however, it would appear from this decree, a change of persons, not of principles; the change did not displace San Miguel, who may be regarded as the life and soul of the Constitutionals. Many decrees were at the same time proposed for the formation of Guerilla corps, and amongst them was one for the organization of a foreign legion, to be called the "Liberal foreign Legion,"

in which the officers are to have the same rank which they held in their own countries, and the regulation and promotions to be the same as in the Spanish army. Such are some of the preparations, and we can as yet only call all they have done preparations, which the Spaniards have made, and are making, to resist their invaders. To talk of a pitched battle, under the peculiar plan which they seem pursuing, is quite out of the question. Their system is completely *Fabian*. When the enemy advances they retire—when he approaches any weak or doubtful place, they abandon it—when he assails any fortress sufficiently strong to stand a siege, they resolutely defend it, and thus divide and delay the forces opposed to them. The Guerillas too have begun to make their appearance, and are reported in a Bayonne paper to have already captured a military convoy; indeed, this system of predatory warfare is their own peculiar province, and though without much glory in the aggregate, is still of most especial annoyance to a foe obliged to support himself in a hostile territory.

We have seen a most intelligent British officer, who highly distinguished himself in the late peninsular war, and who has lately passed through and actually inspected the two belligerent armies; his rank as a British officer gave him an introduction to the Duke D'Angoulême, and his services to the Spaniards against Napoleon ensured him equal access to the Constitutional General; he reports, that the conduct of the Spaniards is altogether the result of a previously organized and deliberate plan, and that its results were already commencing amongst the French troops. Disease and partial want were apparent; and although the peasants, tempted by their gold, for they have scrupulously paid for every thing, had hitherto supplied them with provisions, still it was quite understood that the slightest deficiency in payment would instantly convert the purveyors into Guerillas. Rumours were afloat of various kinds, one that negotiations for peace had already commenced between the French and the Cortes, another that the government were determined to remove the royal family to Cadiz, or even to the Canaries, if necessary;

but rumours are the natural attendants upon a camp, and we cannot trace these to any authentic source. Every thing, however, seems to announce that the war is as yet but in its infancy. News has arrived from Paris concerning the Portuguese rebel General Amarante. It seems, after quitting Portugal, he endeavoured to join the French army, by threading the secluded mountainous passes with which the peninsula abounds. He had, in part, succeeded, but on offering his services to the Duke D'Angoulême, they were declined, on the ground that France was not at war with Portugal. Whether this determination arose from the scanty supply which Amarante brought, or from fear of the spirit which has lately begun to show itself in the British Parliament, we are at a loss to know. That it was actuated by no very national spirit, however, we may learn from the intimation which is said to have accompanied the refusal, namely, that there could be no objection to the Portuguese forces assisting the army of the faith, and that in their further progress the French would pay their expences. Don Jose Louis de Sousa, the late ex-minister in London, was understood to have been the organ of Amarante with the Duke d'Angoulême, and remained at the French head-quarters, as a channel for future correspondence. The consequence was, that Amarante had withdrawn to Castile, followed and watched by the Constitutional General Rego, with an army of 6,000 infantry, and 2,400 cavalry. If this account be true, it is impossible not to admire the good faith of the French Bourbons towards Portugal, with whom, according to the Duke D'Angoulême, they "are at peace."

The French Chambers were dissolved on the 9th of May, by a proclamation from the King. The Paris press says, they separated with cries of *Vive le Roi*. The entire of the left side, however, were absent, and, indeed, they seem to have studiously remained so since the expulsion of Manuel. The latter debates were remarkable for little, except some half flattering, half recriminatory answers on the part of Chateaubriand to the speeches in the British parliament.

The Paris papers are quite animated with an account of a grand fête, lately given by a Madame du Cayla, to all the fashionables of that gay capital. This lady is, it seems, divorced, or separated from her husband, but in some degree consoled by the (no doubt) religious regards of old Louis le Desiré, and her notes of invitation accordingly ran in the exact style of the especial female favourites at the Courts of Louis the 14th and 15th. All the Ministers, Foreign Ambassadors, and chief Nobility of the French Court, were present; but the King, unfortunately, could not attend, in consequence of some pious procession in which he was obliged to perform a part in Paris. Madame is said not to be quite devout enough for the Duchess D'Angoulême, but that makes no difference with the Ultras, however violent or fanatic, so long as she retains the good graces of the Monarch. The rumour goes, that she placed Peyronnet in the Cabinet, and retains Villele in the Presidency; the latter sat on her right hand during the fête. The King, they say, lately made her a present of a chateau, at St. Ouen, near St. Denis, situate on the site of a late Royal residence, and upon which he expended nearly three millions of francs. It is quite delightful to see the morality of the old regime thus characteristically revived by a Monarch almost old enough to be coeval with it.

A strange rumour is in one of the French ministerial papers, which really seems to have some foundation, from the fact of its having passed uncontradicted in a quarter where one would suppose there should exist every interest to discountenance it, if untrue. This rumour, they say, arises from letters received in Constantinople, by the way of Bucharest, announcing that a coalition had been formed between the Mahrattas and several Sovereigns of Indostan; and that this coalition had, after the departure of Lord Hastings, declared war against the English. The same accounts declare, that the English had, in order to defend themselves, withdrawn the garrisons from their posts on the Persian gulf. Other reports say, that all our troops in Western India had mutinied, in consequence of some reduction of

their pay. These are rumours of so dangerous a nature that, if they be untrue, no time should be lost in giving them the most public contradiction. Letters from Constantinople announce, that the Greeks will not now negotiate with the Porte, except on the basis of their entire independence. We trust sincerely that this may prove to be the fact, because it would clearly tend to show, that the Greeks were daily gaining a confidence in their cause, which must be dear to every friend of literature, religion, and liberty. While on this subject, we feel happy in noticing, that the glorious struggles of this interesting people have at length attracted the attention of a high spirited portion of the British community. A meeting has been held in the metropolis, for the purpose of co-operating with societies in France, Switzerland, America, and Germany, and a committee formed, consisting of many patriotic and intelligent individuals. A liberal subscription was also opened, and the following communication shows, that opportunities exist for its effectual application. "The Greek committee have been for some time occupied in deliberating on the best means of promoting so glorious a cause. They have opened a direct communication with the existing authorities in the Morea. They have also been actively engaged in correspondence with the different continental committees; and believing that they have now ascertained the most effective means of assisting the objects of their solicitude, they come before the public in the assurance of finding that co-operation on which alone they can rely for success." We hope and trust this call will be amply answered, and that England, at least, will not look tamely on, while a noble Christian people are being extirpated. From our hearts we say to this committee---*I pede fausto!*

Russia, for some unavowed purpose, appears to be collecting a considerable force on the Vistula. This is reduced to more than rumour by a confession of Mr. Canning in the House of Commons. The Foreign Secretary stated, in answer to a question put to him on the subject, that he believed a Russian army had been assembled on the Vistula, but whe-

ther large or small he could not say. Indeed, we believe there are more men in the world than our diplomatic Secretary, who cannot exactly fathom the policy of Alexander; the time, however, if he goes on collecting and concentrating armies, may not be very distant, when our ignorance may be enlightened. The ambition of Alexander has been long notorious, but that this quality is not confined to mere legitimacy is pretty plain, from the following short extract of a speech of Mr. Baylies, the Member for Massachusetts, pronounced lately in the American Congress. "Gentlemen are talking of natural boundaries; Sir, *our natural boundary is the Pacific Ocean*. The swelling tide of our population must and will roll on, until that mighty ocean interposes its waters, and limits our territorial empire. Then, with two oceans washing our shores, the commercial wealth of the world is ours, and imagination can hardly conceive the greatness, and grandeur, and the power that await us." This, though not the ambition of a legitimate, is certainly a legitimate ambition, and so long as America pursues her present course of freedom and toleration, we can scarcely say we wish it disappointed.

The debates latterly in the Houses of Parliament do not possess very considerable interest. The House of Commons has been much occupied with the tedious and dull inquiry into the conduct of the Dublin sheriff, a subject merely of local interest; and, considering the way in which it proceeds, not likely to prove of very general advantage. The gist of the inquiry is, as our readers know, whether the sheriff returned a partial or impartial panel on the late trials in Dublin--the examination of witnesses at the bar has proceeded already to an unlooked-for length, and the result has not yet appeared even in the distance. When it does occur, we shall of course communicate it.

Sir James Macintosh has made another ineffectual attempt to introduce an amelioration of our criminal code. He prefaced a series of resolutions with an eloquent speech, and concluded by moving the first, namely, "that it is expedient to take away the punishment of death from larceny from houses, shops, and navigable

rivers." This was opposed by Mr. Peel, in a speech of considerable length, and finally negatived by a majority of 86 to 76. Sir James then moved his entire series, merely, as he said, for the purpose of having them recorded on the journals of the house. There certainly never was a code which more required amendment and modification than the criminal code of England.

A motion was made by Mr. Sykes for a repeal of the duty on tallow candles, which was negatived without a division. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in opposing it, declared, that Government had already remitted taxes to the amount of 2,300,000*l.* and that it was further intended to reduce the duty on Scotch and Irish spirits; the remaining duty on salt was also to be repealed in 1825; and there were various other taxes, such as those on tea, coals, tobacco, and other articles, which he thought called for repeal, when practicable, in preference to that now proposed. The Right Hon. Gentleman also intimated, that this was the last year in which he meant to propose any lottery resolutions. This we consider a great public benefit, though but little credit is due to those who now abandon this tax, if, as Mr. Curwen stated, they have only done so when it has ceased to be a profitable concern.

In answer to questions put to Mr. Canning, relative to some claim of Russia upon part of the north western coast of America, he stated, that his predecessor had, at the Congress of Vienna, protested against these claims; that the protest had been renewed, both at Verona and subsequently; and that negotiations were at this moment pending on the subject. These claims, it was stated, not only concerned the dignity of the British crown, but the freedom of navigation, in this and all maritime states.

In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, with respect to a violation of the Greek flag by British cruisers, Mr. Canning acknowledged that information had been received, in one or two instances, of such violation, but that orders had instantly been transmitted to the proper authorities, requiring them to observe a strict neutrality in future, and to respect

equally the blockades of both belligerents. Certainly, if Englishmen violate the neutrality at all, we hope it will not be in favour of the Turks.

Among the parliamentary returns respecting bankrupts it appears that on the average of three years, the debts of English bankrupts amounted to the sum of 3,456,382*l.* a year! The dividends fell short of 4,500*l.*—little more than half a crown in the hundred pounds.

A motion was made on the subject of the gradual abolition of what remains of the slave trade, which was withdrawn, Government fully acquiescing in the principle.

Mr. Cobbett has petitioned the House of Commons against a bill now in progress, authorising the sale of game in lords of the manor; the petition also complained of the general tendency of the game laws, and stated as a fact, that at the last sessions for Berks, out of seventy-seven prisoners, committed for criminal offences, twenty-two were charged with poaching.

Mr. Huskisson made an important communication to the country, namely, that it was his intention to place the trade between England and Ireland on the same footing as between any two ports in England; and also, as far as he could, to do away all restrictions on commerce. This is certainly both just and politic.

Mr. Grey Bennet has failed in an attempt to introduce a bill, abolishing the punishment of whipping, inflicted by a magistrate, and we are sorry for it. He stated, that it appeared, by returns presented to that House, that no less than 6,959 individuals had been flogged in prisons during the last seven years! A bill to abolish bull-baiting and dog-fighting was also thrown out.

There is little further domestic news, unless we except such renewed accounts of outrages in Ireland as have rendered the continuance of the Insurrection Act necessary. But this is, in fact, no news. Lord Ennismore and Sir Nicholas Colthurst recommended additional severity.

AGRICULTURE.

Notwithstanding the backwardness of the season, the sowing of spring corn has been generally well completed, though somewhat later than

usual; and where the plants begin to show themselves, they look thrivingly. Oats, in some instances, lay three weeks in the ground before they appeared; and the long continuance of cold winds chilling the air has had a similar effect upon all the spring-sown crops. Grass, both in pastures and meadows, has also been retarded full fifteen days beyond its usual period by the same causes; and even the late rains, and warmer weather, have failed to bring the clovers and sucklings to their customary growth at this period of the year. The wheats look thin and slightly yellow in some districts; but upon the whole, if no after evil from blight or mildew arise, the crop, it is thought, will be good. The lands never worked better for turnips, being rendered friable by the frosts; and a great breadth has been gone over by the harrow in a day, while indeed less cleaning has been required, from the check given to weeds by the nature of the winter and spring. Wool is improving in price. Bark sells in the midland counties for from eight to ten pounds, but it is thought will be worth even more, from the scarcity of leather. Fat stock is rather scarce. Meat in Smithfield has risen a little during the month, and the supply has been short rather than otherwise. Beef is quoted as high as 4s. 6d. Mutton took a start on Friday, and in some instances, even in Monday's market (when the prices receded a little) 5s. 2d. was obtained for choice Downs, though the general run did not average more than 5s. Lamb has become a little cheaper.

The price of wheat, to which the whole country now looks with considerable curiosity, if we may not say anxiety, has risen from six to eight shillings a quarter during the month. In some of the provincial markets it has even fetched 72s. a quarter, and 68s. is a common price. The farmers, indeed, now complain, and particularly the small occupiers, that the advance is an injury instead of a benefit to them, as they have been compelled to sell their crops, and that the middle-man is the only gainer by the rise. But this is not the question which interests the nation, however pitiable the case of the individual may be. What is re-

quired is, to ascertain the relation of demand and domestic supply—to the end that the legislature may determine on what principle it is most beneficial to proceed respecting the trade in corn. The supply for the last six weeks, which brings our statements up to the present day, (May 22,) compared with that period last year, still indicates a defalcation, though to no great extent, the quantities brought to Mark-lane being as follows:—

1822, six weeks,	38,921 qrs.
1823, do.	37,053

It is to be presumed, that holders will continue to keep back on a rising market sparingly supplied. On the other hand, persons who travel the country declare, they never observed so few stacks abroad at this season of the year. Opinion is therefore still divided as to the possibility of the ports opening for wheat,—for oats it seems greater. At present, the average price of 57s. 8d. is a long way off the rate at which importation is permitted. The aggregate average of the six weeks preceding May 15, by which importation is regulated, is still further distant, being no higher than 52s. 9d.

COMMERCE.

With the exception of the important article of corn, we have, in fact, but little that is worthy of observation in the state of the markets for this last month. We stated in our preceding report some reasons for conceiving that more favourable prospects were opening to the corn trade. These have been already realized in part. The Portuguese government has again opened the port of Lisbon for the admission of 7000 Moyos (21,000 quarters) of wheat; seventeen cargoes, consisting of about 4000 Moyos, had been admitted, and found a ready sale at good prices. It is probable that the next Lisbon mail will bring the news of permission having been granted for the importation of another 7000 Moyos at least, and some Lisbon merchants are even of opinion that a still farther supply will be required in the sequel. There has been, in consequence, some inquiry for bonded wheat, and rather higher pr

been obtained. The aggregate averages of the last six weeks are,

Wheat.....52s. 9d.	Rye29s. 7d.
Barley32s. 8d.	Beans30s. 4d.
Oats23s. 3d.	Peas34s. 2d.

By these averages, we see that the ports are now open to the admission of barley and oats from the British colonies in North America, at the high duties. It seems probable, that in the August quarter, the ports will be open, duty free, to oats bonded before May 1822, and that fresh importations will then be allowed, at the duties specified in schedule A. of the new Corn Act, as it may be anticipated that that article will soon attain and support an average of 27s. It is to be observed, that the weekly averages have been gradually advancing for some time past. Those of last week, were wheat, 57s. 8d.; oats, 25s. 4d. The great importation of oats in the last fortnight, 40,000 quarters, that of last week having been nearly 10,000 quarters English and 16,400 Irish, has made the trade dull, and the stock is so very large, that it will hardly be cleared off without submitting to

some reduction. Colonial produce has experienced some fluctuation during the course of the month, but prices are now lower than they were. The state of political affairs is not favourable to commerce. The great German fairs continue to fall off rather than to improve. The Leipsic Easter fair is represented to have been extremely unfavourable. The Greek revolution kept away the numerous purchasers from Greece and Turkey, and the Russian Tariff those from Russia and Poland. No new Tariff has yet been published by the Russian government. By the latest accounts from the United States, it appears that the Russian government has actually proceeded to enforce its monstrous and inadmissible pretensions to exclude all other nations from the north-west coast of America, and has sent frigates to warn off all vessels that shall approach within 100 Italian miles, according to the ukase which we noticed on its first publication. It may be considered as certain that neither Great Britain nor the United States will submit to an assumption of power equally unjust and preposterous.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have heard it remarked by many persons who pretend to be judges of works of art, that the Exhibition this year is very inferior to any of its predecessors; but we are disposed to think that this opinion arises from the known propensity in the world to elevate the dead at the expense of the living. It should be remembered too, that so little encouragement is given to Historical Painting, that he must be a very rash or a very aspiring artist indeed who shall be resolute enough to devote himself to that branch of the art. An historical picture, particularly if of any magnitude, is pretty sure of remaining in the painter's collection; for there are few private patrons who will encourage it—and in our churches, painting finds no home. There was some hope for the historical painter when the houses of noblemen were decorated by the hand of the artist; but such a mode of enriching a mansion has long since past away—and, we believe,

Mr. Stothard was the last person whose pencil was employed in this way. Indeed, so opposed are now the high and the wealthy to indulging in the luxury of painting their rooms, that landlords, your only encouragers of art, are compelled to bind down their tenants by their leases, to "paint twice or oftener in seven years with good oil colour," or it is more than probable that even this necessary prose department of the art would be neglected. The Exhibition this year abounds more perhaps in *portrait* than that of any previous year: but in this branch there are some works of matchless excellence in drawing and in colour; and so long as it shall be ordained for artists to have *insides*, and for their co-mortals to take a pride in having their likenesses multiplied—so long shall we behold Malthus's apprehensions realized in art, and find the *heads* outnumber the *houses*, and all other objects. Man,—aye, and woman too, likes to see its fea-

tures,—softened by art, held up to be gazed at by the world. The pencil goes so lightly over defects—and dallies so delicately with the beauties. But with all the excess of *portrait* in this Exhibition (which we are compelled to admit) there are a few works in the loftiest department of the art, of which it is almost impossible to speak in too high terms; and it is quite clear, to judge by them, that it is in the power of the English artist, if it were the will of the English patron, to elevate art in this country to the summit of excellence and fame.

Having indulged in these brief introductory remarks, we propose turning to the catalogue, and pointing out to our readers those pictures which have appeared to us most worthy, on account of either any particular or general merit or defect, of being noticed; at the same time, we beg to have it understood that we do not by our silence wish to imply that we think unfavourably of such as we pass over. It would be impossible in the small space allotted us to select the titles even of all those which we are desirous of noticing.

No. 13. *A Scene from the Spoiled Child.*—*Mrs. Harlowe, Mr. Tayleure, and Miss Clara Fisher, as Miss Pickle, Tag, and Little Pickle.* G. Clint.

(*Tag sings*)

O thou wert born to please me.

This is a picture decidedly unpleasant in its style, and yet certainly cleverly painted in its way. It evinces considerable talent in the artist—but is the stiff imitation of an imitation; that is, the faithful formal copy of dramatic characters, which are copies (at the best) from life. The likenesses to the actor and actresses are distressingly correct.—There is something of the French school in the finishing.

21. *The Solar System.* H. Howard, R.A.

Hither as to their fountains, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,

.....
Wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song.

Paradise Lost.

This is a highly poetical picture. The invention is full of genius, and the execution, though light, full of
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beauty. The sun is represented by Apollo, who, tuning his lyre, is seated in the centre. The planets, delicately personified by nymphs, with starlight on the forehead, or illuminated lamps in their hand, are floating round and taking their light from him. The satellites of Jupiter, Saturn, &c. are sylph-like forms, with small urns of light, or streaming diadems. And the whole effect of the picture is starry—ethereal—beautiful. The broad mass of shadow is cleverly managed, and gives a fine brightness to the focus of light above it. Mr. Howard's is a delicate pencil, and we only wonder that his pictures are not purchased with twice the eagerness, and with double the liberality hitherto evinced.

22. *The Dawn.* H. Fuseli, R.A.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
What time the gray fly winds her sultry
horn.—*Lycidas.*

In this picture, we have the repetition of one painted many years ago, and introduced by Mr. Fuseli, in his celebrated gallery from Milton. Perhaps, in some respects, it is an improvement upon the original. The thought is in the highest degree poetical and touching: and the tone of colour is finely expressive of the effect of twilight; indeed, all Mr. Fuseli's pictures seem under the influence of twilight. The distant light in the horizon indicates the near approach of the orb of day.

28. *Portrait of the Archbishop of York.* Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.—We have here a dignified and characteristic portrait. The head is admirably painted; as, indeed, all Sir Thomas's heads generally are. The effect of the picture is much advanced by the judicious back ground of columns, &c. The lawn-dress—and the peruke in neat but full flower—are sad drawbacks upon a portrait, and yet the President has contrived to make them even picturesque in this picture. The lawn falls easily down from the shoulders, and the legs in their black dress seen through it are most cleverly painted.

58. *Portrait of Captain Nicholson.* R. R. Reinagle, R.A. elect.—This is a good half-length, in which the spirit of the artist has gone its full length.

59. *Salisbury Cathedral, from the*

Bishop's Grounds. J. Constable, A.—The landscape and cows are extremely well managed; and speak of that rich fat country ever to be found about the church. The cathedral perhaps does not appear of sufficient magnitude; but there is great merit in the picture. This artist seems to have taken for his model the style of Hobbima, which is certainly doing nature no great wrong.

77. *The Bay of Baia, with Apollo and the Sybil. J. M. W. Turner, RA.*—The distance in this picture is beyond all praise, and the picture itself is full of fancy and genius. The rich golden foreground, with two figures sitting above the bay in the soft shade of a lofty tree; the distinctness of the two high and graceful trees against the lustrous warm and azure sky; the irregular descent of the water—deeply, intensely blue—the airy distance—in which the eye seems to measure space from mountain to mountain; all parts indeed seem to combine to form a picture for a poet. The sunshine is really *hot* to the eye. Possibly (we must find fault) a greater degree of force, and a solidity of character in the foreground and in the middle ground, with more shadow in those parts, would have added much to the effect of the whole, rendering it perhaps one of the finest landscapes ever painted. As it is, it is enough to call Claude from the tomb, to see how well his pencil becomes an English hand.

78. *Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. T. Phillips, RA.* A gorgeous portrait. The Duke shines out in all his robes. We can imagine the good people of Liverpool dreaming over the Coronation, when they see this figure, in his habit as he walked.

83. *Portrait of Dr. Harrison. M. A. Shee, RA.*—An easy intelligent portrait. The Doctor is sitting at his table, with an open book before him, the pen in his hand. He reminded us, we scarcely know how, of Cowper's Ballad upon Kempenfelt: it seemed the same simple unaffected description of a man at his ordinary occupation.

84. *Lord Francis Conyngham. Sir T. Lawrence, PRA.*—This is executed with all the boldness and yet playful-

ness, of pencil which we admire in Guido or Vandyke. The head is spiritedly drawn.

88. *Scene in Borrowdale, Cumberland. W. Collins, RA.*—There is great chasteness and soberness of colouring in this, and we can pronounce it to be an interesting pastoral landscape. The little children at the brook are sweetly introduced; and we could, as Wordsworth says of the House-lamb Child, "have almost received the heart into our own," of that little fair-haired, Sir Joshua-headed thing leaning over the pan of fish.

89. *The Countess of Jersey. Sir Thomas Lawrence.*—The Countess is sauntering in an evening dress in her grounds. She looks the woman of fashion—and more than that—for her head is full of spirit and penetration. There is a fine courtly spirit in this picture. The warm rays of the setting sun are finely introduced, striking through the trees upon the ground and part of the figure. We fancy we could walk the sun down with her—talking "of queens and kings."

117. *The Muse Erato. T. Stothard, RA.*—This is one of Stothard's muses, and therefore a muse at which a poet might jump. We like it, although it has all the artist's defects in a very small compass. The spirit of beauty never deserts his outline.

124. *The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Thomas Lawrence.*—A head to delight Gall. The organ of calculation is extremely prominent. The countenance is manly and sensible, the drawing free, and the colouring rich. He appears quite forgetful that he is sitting for his picture, and seems considering only whether he could not impose a trifle on the President's brush.

128. *The Reconciliation. J. P. Stephanoff.* This is not an ill composed picture, but it is artificial in its arrangement and character, and deficient in force of colour. The girl returning married to her father, is like an Irish giantess creeping into the bosom of Mr. Paap. And the youth, with his extremely correct legs, seems fit only for a tea-board.

131. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of York. D. Wilkie,*

RA.—A small whole length of his Royal Highness sitting reading, with his back to the window. This is admirable for its force and truth of light and shadow. The Duke is there—and we only wonder all the army list are not pressing their petitions upon him. The effect of the light shining through the white blind, and showing itself upon the carpet and floor under the window, is perfect.

135. *The Parish Beadle.* **D. Wilkie, RA.**—This picture is thus mottoed, from Burn's Justice: "And an officer giveth sufficient notice what he is, when he saith to the party, I arrest you in the King's name; and in such case the party at their peril ought to obey him." A poor Italian boy, with his monkey and dauncing dogs, followed by a man with a bear, and a woman with a hurdy-gurdy, is being taken to the watch-house. To the right of the picture, a man is unlocking the little prison door in the shade, and in the left hand corner, some boys are engaged in beckoning—we rather think to the monkey. The woman with her dark gipsy face, is entering her protest against the cocked-hat—who is lugging the poor offender along with great earnestness. The boy looks quite woe-begone, and the monkey on his shoulder is lost in sympathy. The bear is finely painted, and seems to have as much disgust at the watch-house as any of the company. We think the boys beckoning are too unobservant of the bear, who is evidently growling at their very knees. A fair is seen in the distance, and the freedom of it forms a beautiful contrast with the confined precinct of the prison. The expression is richly varied throughout this picture, and the light and shadow are most forcible. Indeed, Wilkie is one of the old masters. He may say what he likes, dress as he pleases, talk *Scottishly* to the utmost—we are sure he is an old master—a painter of centuries ago.

136. *Christ crowned with Thorns.* **R. Westall, RA.**—We are not aware that this picture is bespoke,—and we were really not led to expect that Mr. Westall, who is known so well as a profit-making artist in the trade, would have ventured upon a large

historical picture without a commission; the spirit which has roused him to this grand hazard, has had its fine effect upon the work—for there is more of the subject and less of *Mr. Westall* in the design and execution than we ever before remarked. Resignation and dignity characterize the principal figure—and other parts of the picture have much merit,—especially the head of the Pharisee on the left of Christ, and the figure of the Ecclesiastic with a long white dress and black cap, holding a roll of parchment, at the extremity of the canvas, opposite to the left hand of the spectator. This latter is finely conceived, and is natural. We doubt the propriety of surrounding the head of the Saviour with a glory at the moment of humiliation and suffering. Others have committed the same error—but that is no justification of its repetition.

142. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* **Sir H. Raeburn, RA.**—A highly finished half length:—the head is excellent.

158. *Dutch Market Boats, Rotterdam.* **A. W. Cullcott, RA.**—This is an admirable painting. The fine force of the fore-part of the picture is beautifully contrasted with the misty and indistinct buildings in the back. The distance between the two market-boats is forcibly determined—and the distance between them and the city is equally so. The flatness and transparency of the water is beyond all praise. It has the dark, brown, oily, glossiness of pool water. The water about a quay has a character of its own.

164. *Portraits of Horses, the property of J. Allnutt, Esq.* **J. Ward, RA.**—An excellent little picture; the horses, five in number, are at liberty in a wild country, and are admirably varied in their attitudes and characters. The landscape is simple and appropriate.

179. *Study of Trees.* **J. Constable, A.**—This is painted with great boldness of pencil and force of effect, though apparently the work only of a day.

189. *Portrait of J. T. Barber Beaumont, Esq.* **H. W. Pickersgill, A.**—This is a whole length sitting, and is an excellent and well studied picture. The legs and thighs are remarkably well drawn; the latter so skilfully

foreshortened, indeed, that the magistrate appears absolutely sitting in his chair. The head is, perhaps, a little too large and wide. We have heard that the Original has a long head. On the whole, we think, that this picture does great credit to the artist.

193. *Portrait of a Young Lady.* Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—This is a whole length figure. The action is natural and animated. She is drawing on her glove whilst walking on rapidly. Sir William has caught her on the wing. The colouring is not forcible.

194. *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Agar Ellis.* J. Jackson, R.A.—This is a striking head in a black hat and feathers; it is evident the artist was thinking of the Chapeau de Paille of Rubens.

196. *Comus with the Lady in the Enchanted Chair.* W. Hilton, R.A.—

——— One sip of this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and
taste. Milton.

This is a very masterly performance: the colouring is exquisite, and we must say that, in our opinion, it far exceeds any other work of the artist, both in conception and execution. The figure of the lady is shrunk up from every thing but its own beauty; and the luxurious flowing form of Comus, with his flushed cheeks, and easy symmetry of limb, seems to show her off doubly calm and fair. The cold gathered looks of the lady appear to defy temptation: in them is the chaste and fixed mind. She is seated in a marble chair, by the side of some white marble pillars of a temple; and all around are dancing and tumbling satyrs, overexcited with wine and music. The glowing shoulders and backs of these nut-brown revellers show off against the cooler tints of the picture, like ripe fruit in white porcelain. In this dazzling autumnal richness of colour,

we are continually reminded of Rubens. The trees of the forest, the portentous sky, the wealth of colour, make this picture quite a poem in itself.

233. *The Battle of the Angels.* W. Y. Ottley, H.—This picture, in its spirited drawing, and in its great conception, reminds us of a work of one of the old masters. It is a battle of the Angels; a study, in chiaroscuro, unfinished. In the extreme distance, at the top, the general combat is alive—while nearer to the eye, the rebel army of spirits begins to give way before the phalanx of the good angels; and in front, where Michael has overthrown Satan, the rout is complete!—In chiaroscuro only ought such a subject to be treated; for what pencil could give the brightness, the heavenly lustre of angels, the fiery light of their warfare, the gloom of their terror, the darkness of their defeat? We trust the artist will leave the study as it is, and not by temperate after-touches attempt to perfect what can only approach perfection by being done under the inspiration of the first conception.

244. *A Cottage.* J. Constable.—A delightful cottage scene, true as ever woodman smoked beside! It is little, if at all, inferior to Hobbima.

261. *L'Improvisatrice.* H. W. Pickersgill, A. A very pleasing and cleverly painted half-length of an Italian female playing and singing to her guitar. She seems, however, scarcely up! Inspiration is wanting. We should have preferred the portrait of an Improvisatrice in full song, with all the light in her eyes and over her forehead, and with the music parting from her lips.

Here for the present we must stop; in the next Number of our Magazine we hope to be able to do justice to those artists whose works are left unnoticed.

EPIGRAM,

Written on a Picture, in the Exhibition, called "The Doubtful Sneeze,"

The doubtful sneeze! a failure quite—
A winker half, and half a gaper—
Alas! to paint on canvas here
What should have been on tissue-paper!

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Clari, or the Maid of Milan.

A SERIOUS opera from the French is a serious evil. The light gossamer pieces which are woven from that source, on sultry summer nights, look bright and glittering for their hour, and then pass away. But a long solemn heavy drama of three acts, as long as Jenkinson's legs, constructed on a foundation of false sentiment, is too much. We can cry our eyes out with any gentlemen living, for three quarters of an hour, at a murder miraculously discovered by a brace of ravens flying over the ruffian's head on the night of Easter Monday, when he has his best clothes on; and can damp as many white pocket handkerchiefs as our betters, at the girl and the spoon, where she is involved in trouble by the natural means of a magpie, who puts the spoon in the spout of the church, until a person in the nick of the moment takes it out of the spout, or, to speak less slangly, redeems it. These temporary troubles please us well enough, and we love the gentle dishonesty. But when the extravagance and pestilent pathos of the French come to be forced upon us for three hours, we beg leave to dry our eyes, pocket our cambric buckets—button up our pockets, and protest as stoutly as we can, against our tears and our money being so plentifully drawn upon.

Clari is the work of Mr. Howard Payne, the American Roscius; and, certainly, to adapt an expression of Mr. Coleridge, in this instance a *very American* Roscius. The story which runs, like Pickford's Manchester Van, solidly through the night, is of a girl who is trepanned, not seduced, to quit her father's house, and to make love at the mansion of the Count Vivaldi. The Count now opens his heart—aye—candidly, for he wishes to love without marriage; but though he wishes thus to be the master—she declines being the mistress, and the abomination of his deceit and villainy drops her ladyship and the drop scene; ending the first act of Parisian dulness done into English

by an American. The second act is taken up with Clari escaping from a room in the Count's mansion, by moonlight, in a light chip hat. The third act shows her return to her father's cottage; a sweet spot by the side of a waterfall (for, as Clari's French papa would moralize, water is liable to its falls, as well as woman): here Mr. Fawcett lives on a moderate income, with a corn-rick, a gun, a white head, a pair of gaiters, and a wife. The daughter comes home from her lover, and Mr. Fawcett from rabbit-shooting, much about the same time. He is in despair. She is in the farm yard. The mother brings her veiled to hear the terrible denunciations of an angry father against a fallen and lost daughter; in the course of which, the acting manager looks like Mrs. Chaponne in gaiters. Clari takes off the veil (we hardly thought her pure enough ever to have taken it) at the moment when Mr. Fawcett has elevated himself to such a pitch of didactic retrospection, as to look the Editor of the Critical Review—she shrieks—the father hears she is innocent, and then very prudently forgives her. Count Vivaldi enters, unfolds his determination to marry Miss Tree (Clari), and all the difficulties are overcome—the third being made the Marriage Act.

The characters are all old friends with very indifferent new faces. Clari and Louisa Venoni are two for a pair; and Fawcett is a revived parent, out of a play called (if we remember rightly) *Grieving's a Folly*. The Count is a moral seducer, not at all uncommon. The language is French-English, which is not the best of styles.

The performers did their utmost. Miss Tree, in Clari, was interesting, and made it more natural than any other lady could have done. In the last scene, where she comes dejectedly in at the old gate, in the face of the bright old waterfall, crawling by the old golden corn-rick, as though *they* were the same on purpose to rebuke *her* for the change, she is beautiful, and, it would be unjust not to

mit, deeply pathetic. The loud moral controversy that follows is, however, an overplus of pathos that undoes the truth abominably. Fawcett played his little bit of agony in the last act with so much zeal, that we really thought Miss Tree, or some young lady, had trod upon the toes of his moral indignation. He shook his white hairs, and worried the pathos like a terrier. Mrs. Chatterley, who played the mother, perceived like Desdemona "a divided duty," all the evening, and went between father and daughter every moment.

The scenery was beautiful, and would have saved a worse play. The music by Bishop had none of Bishop's power; but one song, "Home, Home," was most tenderly composed—and Miss Tree sang it delightfully. Our hearts beat to the truth of the words of this song all the Opera. "Home, home, there is no place like home."

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

8l. 10s. 1d. *If quite convenient.*

One joke will no more make a farce, than one swallow will make a summer. This money piece brought no money. Elliston did not realize the name in his receipts. The farce was damned,—as all pieces with clever names generally are. Liston had one request to make throughout two acts—for he rode the joke to death,—realizing the proverb that if you set a *Beggar* on horseback he will ride to the devil. The farce was damned. The one joke broke down in the second scene. The audience yelled at 8l. 10s. 1d. and the manager, to use a phrase out of Mr. Hume's calculating mouth, "took his change out of that." At the end of the piece, when all the better part of the audience had withdrawn, the piece took the hint, and was withdrawn also. Poor Liston! he dies a hard death.

SONNET.

Is there another world for this frail dust,
To warm with life, and be itself again?
Something about me daily speaks there must,—
And why should instinct nourish hopes in vain?
'Tis Nature's prophecy that such will be—
And every thing seems struggling to explain
The close-seal'd volume of its mystery:
Time wandering onward keeps its usual pace,
As seeming anxious of eternity,
To meet that calm and find a resting-place.
E'en the small violet feels a future power,
And waits each year renewing blooms to bring;
And surely man is no inferior flower,
To die unworthy of a second spring!

J. C.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE COMMERCE OF GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

At the commencement of the year the markets had not offered for some time any very remarkable fluctuations, and the chief interest excited, arose from the varying reports, importing the probability of war between France and Spain. As it was presumed that England would remain neutral, great advantages were anticipated to the English commerce, from the inactivity to

which it was supposed war must reduce that of France; it being taken for granted that the sea would soon be covered with privateers under Spanish colours. In such a state of things, all articles of maritime commerce must be obtained through the medium of the neutral powers, especially Great Britain, and all warlike stores would of course be in great demand and increase

in price. This naturally caused every report tending to favour such an opinion to be received with little examination, but the effect was transitory; till the speech of the King of France, removing all uncertainty on the hostile intentions entertained against Spain, all colonial articles continued to rise. Meantime a great sensation was excited here, by the information that Great Britain had demanded from Spain an indemnity for all losses sustained by English subjects from pirates under the Spanish flag, and that this demand had been enforced by a threat of sending a fleet, to detain Spanish vessels to the full amount of the indemnity claimed. As it was stated to have been acceded to, and it did not transpire in what manner, it was presumed that some very great commercial advantages were to be conceded to Great Britain, in the Spanish West India possessions, and it was hoped that Cuba would perhaps be given up to our government. Even now, however, the arrangements made between the two countries do not seem to be perfectly known and understood, but there can be little doubt that a perfectly good understanding subsists between the two powers. Thus it has been said, that Porto Rico was given up to a British squadron, and that the British flag had been hoisted, while other accounts only say, that the Governor of that island had given assurances, that Spanish cruizers from that island should not molest British vessels, even if bound to blockaded ports of the Spanish Main, unless they should have arms or ammunition on board. It is supposed that the same assurances have been required from the Columbian government, and that this has been the object of the mission of the commanders of his Majesty's ships that have been sent along the Spanish Main. Notwithstanding the actual commencement of the war, yet the effect has not been such as was anticipated, which is doubtless to be attributed to the manner in which it is carried on, and the great uncertainty respecting its duration. Hitherto nothing has taken place that can lead to an expectation of any material advantage to the commerce of this country. Should the war be protracted, it is probable that considerable quantities of corn, rice, &c. may be required for the French army. This, and the permission to import a certain quantity of corn into Portugal, may clear our magazines of a large proportion of the bonded grain with which they have been so long filled.

We now proceed to take a general view of the state of the markets, as far as concerns the principal articles of commerce, since December 1, 1822.

Sugar.—In December, the prices remained nearly unchanged throughout the

month, rather tending to decline, though the printed price currents did not state any alteration. Towards the close of the month, refined goods improved in consequence of favourable accounts from Hamburg, &c. In the month of January and February, the prices continued to advance every market day, and immense sales were effected, amounting to 1000 or 2000 hogsheads in one market day; on the 18th of February, indeed, the sales were from 2500 to 3000 hogsheads, of which 1000 were sold by a single house. The demand for refined goods was likewise brisk and extensive, and several parcels purchased in December having been offered for sale, readily found buyers at an advance of 6s. to 7s. per cwt., the market being inadequately supplied. No lumps were to be had under 85s.; loaves, ordinary, about 90s.; Hambro', 92s.; Molasses, 30s. There was a general and extensive demand for yellow sugars; 38s. were obtained, and 40s. subsequently asked for yellow Havannah; for fine white, 50s. were obtained, and an advance of 2s. or 3s. was afterwards asked. At a public sale of 59 casks of Brazil sugar at the end of February very high prices were obtained, viz. good and strong white, 46s. to 47s.; yellow, 33s. to 33s. 6d. In consequence of the very extensive sales in the month of February, and the small quantity remaining in the hands of the importers, the trade became very quiet, and the sale limited for a time: in the middle of the month the demand revived; but there being few parcels on sale, the purchases were not extensive, the prices, however, were rather higher. For some time after this, the market remained on the whole nearly stationary, the fluctuations being very inconsiderable. In April, the prices continued rather to decline till the last week, when there was an advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. on Muscovades. Lumps were scarce and in request, the lowest brown being at 88s. and very few to be had at that price; the general prices were 89s. to 90s. In this month, May, low Muscovades have maintained good prices, but good and fine descriptions have declined. On Friday the 16th, there was a public sale of 327 casks of Grenada sugars raw, and of very excellent quality; the bright yellow and strong grey, 62s. to 63s., which was 6d. to 1s. below the prices by private contract; the good, 60s. to 61s. also a shade lower; the inferior quality, 58s. 6d. to 59s. 6d. sold rather high.

The refined market is in an uncommon state: there are very few goods on show except fine descriptions; no parcels of lumps to any extent can be bought except for forward delivery, yet the market is heavy, and the finer sorts offered at very low terms. Molasses are 28s. to 28s. 6d.; 122

purcheons of good Grenada Molasses sold last week in public sale at 24s. 6d. to 26s. The value of refined sugars exported in the first three months of this year, was 337,580*l.* of which about 122,000*l.* went to Hamburgh, 120,000*l.* to the Mediterranean, 42,000*l.* to Rotterdam, 27,000*l.* to Antwerp, 13,000*l.* to the Baltic, &c.

Coffee.—After the market had been for some time in a languid state, and but very inconsiderable public sales had taken place in the latter half of December, there began to be a general demand for such descriptions as are used for home consumption, and any parcels offering for sale fetched very high prices. There were many inquiries for coffee as an article of speculation, but the holders did not appear anxious to sell or press their stocks in the market, which evidently showed that the general opinion was favourable to a revival of the trade in the spring. The prices, in fact, continued to improve, so that the ordinary coffee was calculated to have advanced from 8s. to 10s. per cwt. from the 1st of December (which was the lowest point of the market) to the 14th of January; good ordinary Jamaica, for home consumption, which would have sold at the former period at 95s. a 96s. having been sold at 105s. This, however, related only to ordinary Jamaica; but, in general, the advances might be stated at 5s. per cwt. No great alteration took place for some weeks, and at the beginning of February, the want of public sales made it difficult to ascertain the actual market prices; 108s. or 110s. were paid for good ordinary Jamaica, and 113s. refused for good ordinary. At a public sale on the 6th of 223 casks, 85 bags British plantation, 5 casks, 85 bags Foreign, the former sold about 2s. below what were considered as the market prices by private contract; fine ordinary Jamaica 111s. to 115s., good ordinary clean, 108s., rank, 105s. and 106s., ordinary Cuba, 102s. to 104s. by private contract, good ordinary St. Domingo, 110s., fine ordinary, 112s. The holders asked very high prices. Their expectations, however, were not realised; large sales at the latter end of February went off without briskness, and all descriptions, except Demerara and Berbice, sold 2s. per cwt. lower than the prices by private contract. Little was done for some time after these sales, till 252 hogsheads of Jamaica were sold on the 4th of March, which fully established the market prices; the fine was rather lower than by private contract; good middling, in considerable parcels, sold 134s. to 137s. 6d.; ordinary middling, or fine ordinary, sold high; small bean, rather brown colour, at 117s. and 118s.; good ordinary sugary, 105s. to 107s. The whole went off steadily, and the prices were maintained

for about a week; they subsequently fluctuated, but, on the whole, declined, till in the last week in March ordinary Jamaica fell at once from 4s. to 5s. per cwt., other ordinary coffee, 1s. to 2s., the middling and fine qualities remaining steady. The weekly reports since the 1st of April have stated a continued decline of about 2s. per cwt. every week; good middling Jamaica, which two or three weeks ago would have fetched 138s. to 140s., has been sold at 126s. to 126s. 6d.; fine middling sold at 132s. It is the middling and finer qualities that have declined the most; St. Domingo maintains its price better than any other, good ordinary, 92s. to 101s.; very good, nearly fine ordinary, 102s. to 102s. 6d.

Cotton.—The market was at the end of November in a very languid state, and the sales inconsiderable, but the sellers were not disposed to accede to any reduction. The prices were about as follows, in bond. Surat, ordinary, 5½*d.*, good fair, 6*d.*, and very good, 6½*d.*; Madras, good fair, 5½*d.* Bengals, fair, 5½*d.*, good fair, 5½*d.*, good, 5½*d.*, very good, 6½*d.* and duty paid; Demerara and Berbice, good fair, 9½*d.* and 9¾*d.*; West India, fair, 8*d.* The market remained without interest, till about the middle of December, when it transpired that a most extensive speculation in East India cottons had been entered into; the buyers had purchased regularly and quietly for a considerable time, so that the extent of the speculation (stated at 11,000 bags) was not known till all their purchases were made. They gave about the average prices of the preceding India sale, and it was remarkable that notwithstanding these extensive purchases, the prices did not improve. The trade remained dull, and the fluctuations of price very trifling, with a tendency to decline on the nearer approach of a great sale at the India House on the 7th of February. Though this sale consisted of 14,300 bales of Bengal, and 6450 Surat, and 6200 Madras, it went off with great spirit, the whole (except a few bales of Madras, which were of too inferior a quality to bring the taxed prices) found buyers, the Surat and Madras at the previous current prices, and the Bengals at ½*d.* to ¾*d.* per lb. advance. After this sale, the market continued to improve for some weeks, and was, on the whole, in a satisfactory state, till the end of March. In April it was rather heavy, but there was only a small and partial reduction in the prices, which were in very few instances below the average of the India sales, though the speculators showed at the beginning of May a great inclination to purchase at a reduction of ½*d.*; and though it was believed that the heavy prompt day at the India House, on Friday, May 16,

would bring large parcels into the market, at prices rather below what had been paid at the sale, the holders were prepared to meet it, and would not submit to any reduction. The purchases in the week ending the 20th instant were 1750 bales, viz. in bond, 300 Surats; ordinary to good, from 5½d. to 5¾d.; 1200 Bengals, ordinary to good fair, 5d. to 5½d.; 130 Madras, fair and good fair, 5½d. to 5¾d.; 20 Boweds, good fair, 7½d., 70 Smyrnas, 7½d. to 8d.; and 50 Demeraras, 10½d. duty paid. At Liverpool, the sales have been 254,000 bags, the arrivals about 250,000.

Saltpetre, which was very much depressed, was of course affected by the reports of war. At the end of November, it was 24s. per cwt.; and, at the commencement of December, rose to 29s., but within a fortnight, it fell again to 26s. Thus it continued till the end of January, when it advanced to 30s., and with some small fluctuations, continued to rise till the latter end of February, when it was at 40s. per cwt. At the commencement of March it began to decline, and has been for some weeks at 25s. to 26s. 6d.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow, were all at low prices at the beginning of December. *Tallow*, however, which was at 37s. rose by the middle of the month to 40s. but gradually declined again. This seems to have been the highest price. It continued to fluctuate, and at the end of March was as low as 32s. 6d. to 33s. In the middle of April it realized 35s. and has been very steady during the present month. On the 20th it was 35s. 6d. for parcels here, and 37s. for arrival. *Hemp* continued heavy till the last week in January, when it rose 2l. per ton. It continued in good demand, or rather improving, till the government contract at the beginning of March, which being for no more than the usual quantity in time of peace (3000 tons), rather disappointed the holders, who, in expectation that more would be wanted, had been asking high prices. The contract was, however, taken at 43l. for Riga, and 39l. 9s. for St. Petersburg, which being good prices, did not greatly affect the market. It afterwards became heavy and lower in price, but has been for two or three weeks rather more firm. *Flax*, after continuing for some time without variation, has been scarce and rising in price since the middle of March. It is still exceedingly scarce, much wanted, and consequently dear.

Tea.—At the Company's sale in December, the prices were nearly as at the preceding sale. *Bohea*, 1d. lower; *Congou*, nearly the same as the last sale; fine descriptions 1d. lower; Company's *Hyson* 6d. higher, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 10s.; *Twankay*, 3s. 4½d. to 3s. 6d.; *Hyson Skin*, 3s. 3½d. to 3s. 7d. about ¼ lower than the last sale.

At the March sale the prices were nearly the same; the news of a dreadful fire at Canton, in which 30,000 chests of tea were said to be destroyed, did not affect the prices here.

Indigo.—Without tracing the fluctuations in the prices for the last six months, we think it best to give the statement of the India-house sales, that have taken place during that period.

January Sale.—Fine blue and violet, 11s. 6d. to 11s. 8d. per lb.; fine purple and violet, 11s. 3d. to 11s. 5d.; fine violet, 11s. 1d. to 11s. 3d.; good and middling violet, 10s. 10d. to 11s.; fine and good violet and copper, 10s. 6d. to 10s. 9d.; middling ditto, 9s. 6d. to 10s.; fine and good copper, 9s. to 9s. 6d.; ordinary and low, 4s. 6d. to 8s.; consuming qualities 8s. 6d. to 9s. 9d.; Madras, 8s. to 10s. 4d.

The following is a statement of the number of chests at each price, viz.—182 chests, from 11s. to 11s. 8d.; 1017, 10s. to 11s.; 1009, 9s. to 10s.; 603, 8s. to 9s.; 402, 7s. to 8s.; 521, 6s. to 7s.; 286, 5s. to 6s.; 328, 4s. to 5s.; 40, 3s. 2d. to 4s.—14 bags warehouse sweepings, from 2s. to 2s. 5d. per lb.

At the April sale of 3410 chests, the good and fine qualities sold at nearly the prices of last January sale; the middling shipping indigo, and the sorts for home-consumption, 6d. to 9d. per lb. lower; the ordinary and very bad at the reduction of 6d. to 1s.; the Madras, 4d. per lb. lower. The quantity taken in for the proprietors, about 800 chests, is chiefly of the lower qualities; the holders ask an advance.

Spices.—There has been nothing remarkable in the market for some time. *Pepper* has best maintained its price.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—At the beginning of December brandies were very firm; the warlike reports made the holders of rum more backward in selling, and an alteration in the Dutch distillery laws was announced, which was likely to cause *hollands* to advance 2d. or 3d. per gallon, which caused a rise here. At the end of the year rum had declined; but brandies had advanced in consequence of the high prices in France. Geneva was scarce and improving in price. At the end of January the rumours of war, and the unexpected declaration of a government contract for 100,000 gallons of rum, caused much speculation; and the prices having been so very low, the trade seemed anxious to get into stock, and above 2000 puncheons were purchased in two weeks; the prices rose 2d. per gallon. The market continued favourable till a public sale on the 25th of February, of 226 puncheons of Jamaica, had a very unfavourable effect; but the very unexpected declaration of another government contract for 100,000 gallons

(even before the late contract was delivered into the King's warehouses), created a great sensation, and an immediate rise; the contract, however, being taken on the 4th of March at low prices, viz. 45,000 gallons at 1s. 9½d. and the remainder at 1s. 9¼d. the market became depressed, and has remained ever since in a languid state. The prices are reduced, but there are few buyers. Brandy kept up longer, but has now likewise declined. The best market offer free on board to arrive at 2s. 10d. to 2s. 11d.

Other articles have not undergone any extraordinary fluctuation. Seed oils were for a time high, on account of the scarcity of seed.

THE FUNDS.

To give a satisfactory view of the fluctuation of the principal stocks; viz. Bank, 3 per Cent. Consols, 4 per Cents. of 1822, we shall take each month separately.

DECEMBER, 1822.

Bank Stock, on the 2d, 246; 4th, 242½; 30th, 246½.

3 per Cent. Consols at 80½ on the 2d; 79½ the 3d; shut till the 30th, when they were 80½; and 79½ on the 31st.

4 per Cents. of 1822, 100½ on the 2d; 99½ on the 3d; shut the rest of the month.

JANUARY, 1823.

Bank Stock 1st, 245½; the highest price 246½ on the 19th; then declining to 241½ on the 28th; on the 31st, 236.

3 per Cent. Consols, on the 7th, 79½ ex. d. remaining nearly the same till the 18th, when they were 78½; they continued generally to decline, of course with occasional fluctuations, being 77½ on the 22d; 76½ on the 27th; and 74½ on the 31st.

4 per Cents. of 1822, on the 7th, 99½; on the 20th, 98½; declining to 96 and 96½ on the 28th; on the 31st, 93½.

FEBRUARY.

Bank Stock, on the 4th, 239½; on the 7th declining to 237, and subsequently to 234; but recovering to 238 on the 22d; and reaching 239 again at the end of the month.

3 per Cent. Consols, on the 1st, 75½; up to 77½ on the 4th; but declining to 76 and being down to 73½ on the 11th; fluctuating between that and 74½ for the rest of the month; but on the 28th, at 72½, 73.

4 per Cents. 1822, on the 1st, at 93½; up to 95½ on the 4th; as low as 92½ on the 11th; recovering and keeping generally about 93½, and 92½ at the end of the month.

MARCH.

Bank Stock, on the 1st, 236½; shut the rest of the month.

3 per Cent. Consols, on the 1st, 72½; rather improving, reaching 74 on the 11th, fluctuating ½ per cent. above and below 74, and closing before the Easter holidays at 74½.

4 per Cents. 1822, on the 1st, 92½; then, till the 18th, between 93 and 94; and for the remainder of the month above 94, but never reaching 95.

APRIL.

Bank Stock, on the 7th, 204½ ex. d.; the 11th, 206; the 14th, 211; the 26th, 214½ to the end of the month.

3 per Cent. Consols, on the 7th, 74½; improving to 75, 76, and on the 12th, 77; rather below 76 till the 22d, and then 77 and a fraction to the end of the month.

4 per Cents. 1822, on the 7th, 92½ ex. div.; this stock improved simultaneously with the preceding, reaching successively 94, 5, 6, 7, and 8, and closing at 97½.

MAY.

Bank Stock, on the 2d, 215½, rising to 217 and 218, between which it has since fluctuated; on the 28th, 220.

3 per Cent. Consols, on the 2d, 78½, rose to and above 79, fell below 79, and has since risen to above 80.

4 per Cents. 1822, on the 2d, 96, and has since risen to above 100.

The most striking circumstance in the above account of the Stocks is certainly the *Bank Stock* opening, in April, 30 per cent. below the rate at which it closed in March; which was owing to the very unexpected and unwelcome declaration of the directors, that they found it advisable to reduce the half yearly dividend from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent., which, notwithstanding the opposition of some proprietors, was acceded to, without any precise statement of the reasons which induced the directors to propose so great a reduction.

The prices of bullion have not much varied; foreign gold has been constantly at 3l. 17s. 6d.; new doubloons from 3l. 14s. to 3l. 16s., now 3l. 15s.; new dollars from 4s. 9½d. to 4s. 9d. and silver in bars standard 4s. 11½d. to 4s. 10½d. the present price.

Foreign exchanges have risen in this half year; Amsterdam from 12-3 to 12-10; Hamburg from 37-7 to 38-4; Paris from 25-50 to 25-90; Petersburg fallen from 9½ to 8½; Madrid from 37½ to 36½; Palermo from 118 to 115; Lisbon from 52½ to 51.

In foreign funds, the most remarkable fluctuations have been in Spanish and Columbian Bonds, which, from doubts respecting the securities, have been depreciated 23 per cent. The Columbian, which, from 73, fell to 48, are now again, at 66.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following Works are in the Press :—

Imaginary Conversations of eminent Statesmen and Literary Men, Ancient and Modern. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Journal of a Tour in France in the Years 1816 and 1817. By Frances Jane Carey, 8vo.

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Historical Notices of Two Characters in Peveril of the Peak, to be printed in Post 8vo. uniform with that work.

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WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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BIRTHS.

April 22.—In Great Cumberland-street, Lady King, a daughter.
20. The lady of S. Crawley, Esq. MP. a son and heir.
— The lady of Capt. J. P. Wilson, of the Hon. Company's ship, Hythe, a son.
May 4.—At his Royal Highness' the Duke of Clarence, Bushey-park, the Countess of Errol, a son and heir.
3. At Islington, the lady of A. W. Law, Esq. chief officer of the Hon. Company's ship, Hythe, a daughter.
7. In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of John H. Peilly, Esq. a son.
8. In Grosvenor-place, Lady Tullamore, a son.
12. Mrs. Captain Protheroe, of Hampton, a son.
16. In Upper Brook-street, the lady of Michael Bruce, Esq. a son.
18. In Manchester-street, the lady of Sir R. P. Jodrell, Bart. a son.
— At Hampstead, the wife of J. B. Nichols, Esq. a daughter.
— At Harperley-park, Durham, the lady of G. H. Wilkinson, Esq. a son.
22. At Merry-hill, Bushey, Herts, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Charles Dance, a son.
24. At Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, the lady of Thomas Moore, Esq. a son.
25. In Upper Bedford-place, the lady of Nathaniel Ellison, Esq. a daughter.

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At Ardincaple-castle, Lady J. Campbell, a son.
At Aberdeen Manso, the lady of Dr. Bryce, a daughter.
At Holmer-house, Ayrshire, the lady of James Fairlie, Esq. of Holmes, a son and heir.

ABROAD.

At Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, the lady of H. Matthews, Esq. his Majesty's Advocate Fiscal, a daughter.
At Florence, the lady of Lieut.-General Sir Geo. Walker, GCB. a son.
At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Lady Catherine Caroline Bricknell, daughter of the Earl of Portmore, a son.
At Gurruckpore, the lady of Lieut. Arch. Dickson, Bengal Infantry, a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 24.—By the Rev. Dr. Moore, the Rev. Robert Moore, Rector of Winbourne St. Giles, in the county of Dorset, to Sophia Elizabeth, eldest daughter of R. Henshaw, Esq.
29. David Holmes, Esq. second son of the late R. Holmes, Esq. of Ballyadam, Limerick, to Anne, third daughter of the late Sir Charles Price, Bart. of Spring-grave, Surrey.
May 1.—At St. Mary-le-bone, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Chester, John Herbert Owen,

Esq. of Doldarvan, Montgomeryshire, to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. C. Johnson, of South-stoke, Somersetshire, and Prebendary of Wells.
1. At Chelsea, Charles Schreiber, Esq. of Minchelsea-lodge, Hants, to Amelia, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir John Cameron, KCB.
2. At Brighton, by the Dean of Hereford, St. Leger Hill, Esq. Captain of the 12th Lancers, son of the late A. Hill, Esq. of Donerally, to Catherine, second daughter of the late J. Nugent, Esq. of Clay-hill, Essex, and niece of the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke.
7. At St. Martin's Church, John Barclay, Esq. of Barnes, Surrey, to Martha, youngest daughter of John Hawes, Esq. of Spring-gardens.
8. At Mary-le-bone Church, Christopher, eldest son of the late C. Cusack, Esq. of Furno-hall, Essex, to Frances, eldest daughter of H. Deulson, Esq. of York-street.
— At Wandsworth, Surrey, the Rev. J. Whitlock, to Frances Benedict Anastasia, only daughter of J. Pritchard, Esq. of Gray's Inn-lane-road, and niece to the late Sir Willoughby Aston, Bart.
18. At St. Mary-le-bone Church, Capt. Job Hammer, RN. of Holbrook-hall, Suffolk (nephew of Sir T. Hammer, Bart.), to Harriet, daughter of the late T. Dawson, Esq. of Edwardston-hall, Suffolk.
— At Mary-le-bone Church, D. Moenamara, Esq. surgeon N.R. to Frances, eldest daughter of G. Fennell, Esq. accountant to the Treasury of the Navy.
— Mr. A. De Symmons, of Bush-cottage, Wandsworth, Essex, to Matilda, youngest daughter of the late J. Israel, Esq. of St. Mary Axe.
15. At St. James's Church, the Rev. Walker King, eldest son of the Lord Bishop of Rochester, to Anne, third daughter of Dr. Heberden.
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— At Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, by the Rev. A. Steward, T. Steward, Esq. of Norwich, to Lucy, only daughter of J. B. Tuthill, Esq. of Helgham Lodge.
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22. At Horsey, by the Rev. L. Coghill, DD. the Rev. Richard Haygarth, Vicar of Stapleford, Nottinghamshire, to Elizabeth Catherine, only daughter of the late S. Leach, Esq. and niece to the late T. Leach, Esq. of Maxwell-hill,

